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Book 1: Classified Project

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Chapter 1: A Midnight call from the President.

It was 1.45 PM when the cell phone of James Bauer rang. Cursing the midnight intruder, he picked it up. Next moment, he heard a serious female voice directing him to hold the call for the President of the United States of America. James froze for a second.

James had no connection with the White House whatsoever. Although he and the current President, Pelvin Palmar were under graduate mates, he didn't expect him to remember him after so many years. While he was wondering about the same, a hard but husky voice spoke, "Jamie, my buddy, I guess this is a surprise call."

James recovered quickly and flushed like a young girl despite being 60 years old. Inwardly, he recalled young Palmar calling him, 'Jamie' during their young days. 'It sure is Mr. President. I am happy you still remember me. May I know what this call is about?'

President Palmar laughed aloud "Wouldn't you like to know? You were curious in our young days. I hope it is the same as well."

James blinked twice and replied, "Interesting choice of word Mr. President. Of course, I am curious as ever. I hope being curious is good."

"As good as it can ever be. Well, let me get to the point. I am heading a highly classified operation. It is called EMIB, it stands for 'Exploration of Multiverse for Intelligent Beings', and I wish to recruit you as my Chief Scientist." President Palmer's voice suddenly became serious and instructive.

"I hope this is not a bluff call Mr. President." James almost stammered after hearing about the classified operation EMIB and specially, the term 'Multiverse' that has had a lot to do with him.

"The President of the United States never bluffs. I mean what I said. Now, grab your travel case and be at the White House at 10 AM tomorrow for a confidential meeting. I can assure you this is going to be as curious as it can get and I want you to be a part of it." James heard the click sound and next moment, the connection went dead.

For the next five minutes James sat on the couch and began to analyze the call. He realized that he had not accomplished anything notable (considering Multiverse) as he had expected. Presently he saw the opening of a window. And, the President of the United States has just opened it to him. Once he realized it, James ran like a mad man and packed all the essentials into his old travel case. Once done, he called and booked a flight to DC and made sure that he would reach before 10 AM next morning. Satisfied with himself, he booked an airport cab. After 20 minutes of waiting, the cab reached his house.

James pulled his travel case and locked the main door. A cool breeze nudged him and made him feel ecstatic. Taking in the breeze, James screamed like a small child "To the White House and beyond," and ran towards the waiting airport cab.

**

At the same time Samuel Bard rolled over in his bed. At 52 years old, he had done his best to keep up his fitness. However, his only issue was insomnia. Since the death of his little daughter Monica in a road accident, he hasn't been able to get a natural sleep. On that fateful day, he was picking her from school. While midway, suddenly a puppy appeared in front of his car. With the natural instinct of a secret service agent, he swirled left to avoid the puppy. The only mistake he has made is to misjudge the speed of another car coming from behind that has decided to overtake at that same moment. Unfortunately, the other car's side mirror slammed right into the back head of his little daughter, who was peeking dangerously outside at the open window looking at a toy store.

Monica died on the spot!

Samuel's life changed quickly after that. His dear wife believed and strongly expressed that his reckless driving caused the untimely death of their daughter. The couple lived together for another two years while trying to cope up with the tragedy that has befallen on them. During those tough periods his wife made sure to curse him at every single opportunity and made him feel utterly guilty. Although by heart, Samuel knew that was not entirely true, his wife's constant allegation made him go mad and he began to mentally believe that he was the cause for his daughter's death. As most men would do, he became alcoholic to forget the pain and of course, to sleep at night. After two years of nagging, Samuel couldn't take any more of his wife's accusation and one bad night, he lost control of himself and slapped his wife hard.

Earlier, his wife who accused him for the death of their daughter now began to feel unsafe and termed him a violent man. In no time, with the help of her parents' provocation, his wife decided to divorce Samuel. After managing to give a huge amount of alimony, Samuel was appeased of his wife's constant accusation and lived alone. Having completed 25 years of service at the White House as a secret service agent, he took voluntary retirement living on whatever little savings he has left. To Samuel, alcohol was the sole solace in his broken life. Lately, even the alcohol couldn't help him to get enough sleep. Cursing his pathetic life, Samuel went to the washroom. He returned after five minutes - only to see a young man clad in a black suit waiting for him.

With a natural instinct, Samuel reached his bed to pull out the revolver under the pillow and pointed it at the dark suited young man. For a long second the two pairs of eyes met.

"Samuel, put down the gun. I represent the White House." The younger man said as calmly as he could.

“Credentials?” Samuel replied crudely, tightening the grip on the trigger.

“Go easy Sam, allow me to show it.” The young stranger with black suit requested.

Samuel nodded and took a step back. The young man quickly took out his ID card and handed it. A quick glance confirmed the identity of the strange man. Indeed, he was representing the White House.

Samuel pushed him towards a small sofa and sat on the edge of his bed and asked, “You could have just ringed the front door bell, couldn’t you?”

The other man smiled confidently before replying back, “Sam, secret agents can’t resist the thrill of entering a house unknown and unseen. Don’t we all? Anyways, we haven’t been acquainted since I joined the secret service after your volunteer retirement.”

Samuel relaxed and motioned the young man to sit on the sofa. The young man made himself comfortable and began to take in the surroundings, his eyes lingered long on the half-full bottle of whiskey.

Samuel sat on the edge of his bed and met the eyes of the young agent and defended, “If you must know, I don’t drink during the day. Now, tell me why you are here?”

“The President wants you to head the security operation of a highly classified project. A confidential meet up has been set up at 10 AM tomorrow at the White House and he wants you there. That’s all I know.”

For a long moment Samuel said nothing. After taking deep breaths, he reflected, “I’m flattered. Sadly, I don’t want to do it. I am good on my own.”

The young man nodded his head, “I understand that Samuel. If I were you, I would have met the President before making any decision.”

Sam took his sweet time to think. After two minutes, he announced, “Let the President know that I will be there at 10 AM tomorrow.”

**

Dr. Logan drove towards his house in the anticipation of a good sleep and he needed one. He had just successfully finished a surgery on a 76 years old man. The Patient, a rich old man, had a cardiac attack when he was directing his attorney to make a new Will. As per his attorney, previously the old man’s will was favoring his family members. In the turn of events, the old man has learned the deceptions of his family members and decided to change the Will. He wished to donate everything to an orphanage that he used to visit frequently. Just before the old man could sign in the new Will, he collapsed due to a major cardiac arrest. His attorney did CPR while his assistant dialed 911. Thanks to them, the old man was brought to the right place at the right time. The 56 years old Dr. Logan, filled with tons of experience, did the rest to save him.

The road was quite empty and Dr. Logan began to cruise home up anticipating warm food and bed. Suddenly, Dr. Logan observed a car speeding up from behind. Before he could do anything, the car overtook and blocked his way. For a moment Logan thought it might be the cops who had caught him for speeding. After a quick observation, he noted that the car was black and there were no top light bars on it. To his further dismay, two gentlemen clad in black suits claimed out and walked towards him in long strides. Both looked serious and one of them walked towards his window.

Dr. Logan began to panic as he thought they might be the muggers. The man who had walked towards his window gestured to drop the window glass. Dr. Logan hesitated and did nothing. The dark suited man sensing the fear of Logan took out an ID card and held it close to the window. Logan had a quick glance and to his surprise, the credentials showed them as secret service agents representing the White House. Slowly, Logan lowered the glass of his window. The man in the dark suit bent down and offered politely, "Dr. Logan, no need to fear. We are the agents from the White House. We need you to be at the White House by 10 AM tomorrow. And sir, it's a Presidential Order."

Dr. Logan, not able to make the head and tail of the situation, opened the car door and climbed out. Eyeing the agent, he asked, "May I know what this is all about?" The two agents exchanged a look. The other agent who was silent until now walked closer and replied with a thin smile on his face, "Sorry Doctor, we are not supposed to reveal it. Please just follow us to the airport and we will take the next flight to Washington DC. The President personally wishes to see you."

At once Dr. Logan looked concerned and asked, "Is the President all right?"

The first agent smiled politely and replied, "He is Doctor. Please ask us no questions and follow us."

Logan nodded his head and got inside his car. The two agents walked fast and began to drive towards the airport. Logan simply followed them like a lemming.

**

Melena Hans was confused. At 36, still young and unmarried, she didn't know the trajectory of her life path, although she enjoyed teaching physics to the undergraduate students at Imperial College, London. Even as a kid, she loved conducting science experiments and physics was her favorite subject.

Now sitting on a flight to Washington DC, she tried to contemplate her life. After her post-graduation, she was surprised to receive a job offer from a reputed organization in Manhattan, United States. Being quite young and career oriented, she decided to take it despite the objection from her parents. That was the first time she visited America. Tagged as a weirdo during her college days, she was bold enough to face the challenges of the world on her own terms. Perhaps that was the reason she accepted the job at Manhattan.

During her internship under the James Bauer guidance, a senior scientist, she did her best to impress him. During that time, being just 26 years old, Melena never would have guessed that she would have an affair with the senior scientist. But that did happen and it annoyed her that she still enjoyed that short affair. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she still had that dark desire to continue the affair. She had fallen in love with a scientist who was much older than her - to be precise 24 years older. Presently, it felt like a forgotten dream. During the course of her one year internship and later working as an assistant scientist to James for five years meant a lot to her. The duo did some great research and experiments together. Melena knew that her mentor was a genius, and it showed in his work. Maybe that was the reason she had fallen in love with him. Just like her, he was also termed as a weird scientist by all other employees who mostly worked under his leadership. At least that was a common factor between them. Both were awkward and shy, yet stubborn and persistent in their beliefs.

Things began to change after six years. To start with, having discovered her affair with a senior scientist, her parents persuaded Melena to resign her job at once and come back home. She would have resisted it if James had supported her. Sadly, that was not to be. James, already married, never stood by her side to accept or continue their affair. He himself had many personal family issues to deal with. His wife, a dominant woman, was diagnosed with cancer and the doctors strongly advised James that it was time his wife needed all his attention and care. Considering the same, James apologized to Melena and suggested that it would be in the best of interest if both moved away in their personal lives. Dejected, Melena soon resigned and went back home. Her parents who were so adamant about her marriage had died in an accident soon after four months of her arrival. And, for those four years Melena neither married, nor dated anyone.

It was most surprising when she received a call from the White house yesterday morning. The officer had identified himself as the Chief of Staff of the White House, and informed her that she was immediately wanted at the White House. On further enquiry, he revealed that they are offering her a confidential job as a scientist and she would be considered as a permanent employee working as an Executive Office of the President (EOP) at the White House henceforth. Most shockingly, the Chief of Staff informed that she will be working under the payroll of the President, present and future. Furthermore, the Chief strongly declined to give more information and requested her to be present at a covert meeting set up tomorrow at 10 AM at the White house.

Being curious, Melena booked the flight and now, was flying sitting inside it!

Chapter 2: The Spiritual Masters from India.

It was quite a hot afternoon in Sugganahalli, a small village located in the district of Tumkur, Karnataka, India. The 72 years old man, Ramakrishna Shastry, was narrating Bhagavad Gita to a small crowd who were sitting under the Banyan tree in the open area near the Lakshmi Narasimha Swamy temple. “Karmanye Vadhikaraste, Ma Phaleshou Kada Chana -’ as the old man was about to explain the meaning of the Sanskrit shloka, a car stopped nearby. All the village folks looked at the car with their curious eyes. They seldom had any visitors, save for a few religious folks who came to visit the temple; but then, they never did in the afternoon. The old man too stopped and put a hand on his forehead to see clearly. He has had vision issues for a few years and long objects blurred his vision.

To the surprise of everyone, a young man who looked like a vagabond walked towards them. Although an Indian, his attire and attitude seemed to be western. He stood in front of the old man and folded his two hands in a salute and enquired in English, “Sir, could you please tell me where Mr. Ramakrishna Shastry lives in this village?”

The old man was taken aback. No people from the city knew him by name. He was just an old man living in a village with his wife. He barely had anything to do with modern society. To pass the time and of course, to educate, all he did is to preach ‘Srimad Bhagavatam’ to village folks who cared to listen to them. Especially in the afternoon, when the Sun was high up and working in the farm was impossible.

“Yes young man, I am Ramakrishna Shastry.” The old man replied in perfect English and that surprised the young man who thought that he would be having trouble communicating with the old man whom he thought may not know English.

“Great Sir, I am glad to locate you. I hope you can speak English.” The young man showed his perfectly aligned white teeth while he smiled.

“I can. Now, please sit down and tell me why are you looking for me?” The old man pointed his hands towards a patch of greenery. The young man hesitated as he thought his jeans might get muddy and dirty.

“It is mother earth, young man - she won’t make you dirty. Please sit down.” The old man insisted. His tone had a mischievous note.

“All right, if you say so.” The young man sat on the ground filled with grass and continued, “I have a special message for you. Sir, you are to come to Bengaluru City with me. It is the order of the President of the United States.”

The old man chuckled. “The President of the United states of America doesn’t rule India. And, for your information, I don’t take orders from anyone save Lord Narasimha Swamy whom I worship from my heart.”

The young man at once became extremely nervous. He just didn't expect such subtle rudeness from the old man. Scratching his head, he replied, "I am sorry sir, if I have offended you in any way. However, this message is to honor you. As I understand you are the Author of a spiritual book and I am told that the President of the USA has personally read it after it was recommended by none other than our Prime Minister of India. In fact, they consider you as the Spiritual Master."

The old man's eyebrows flexed together as he kept thinking. After what seemed to be a long time, he replied, "Yes, I have Authored a book years ago, but I doubt it has reached our Prime Minister and it is astonishing to hear that the President of the USA had read it too. I am a simple man who serves lord Krishna in my own way."

The village folks, who couldn't understand the conversation that was taking in English, scratched their heads in confusion. The young man, now being more confident, looked deep into the eyes of the old man and said, "For reasons unknown to me, the present President of America thinks that you can serve his mission as well. And, the Prime Minister of our India has approved the same."

The old man chuckled before replying, "I never could understand the mystic ways of Lord Krishna. Yet, I am unsure how I can render this service, for I am an old man who is awaiting his death. Secondly, I am a desire less man who has no interest in the activities of the modern world including 'Name or Fame'".

The young man at once took the hands of the old man in his and whispered in his ears, "You can consider me as your grandson if you wish, and I would urge you to come with me to Bengaluru where an online meeting is to happen tonight at 7.30. You will be primarily talking to our Prime Minister and then, if you wish to continue, you can directly interact with the President of the US to know how you can serve him. Of course, this will be an online meeting."

The old man looked at the sky and after a few seconds, he said, "it's the Maya of lord Krishna, what else can I say? Anyway, give me some time so that I can inform my wife and arrange for someone to stay at my home while I stay away. I hope I don't have to stay more than a day."

"Yes sir, please do that while I visit the temple and offer my prayers to the god. And, I don't have any information about how long you are away from your home. For now, all I know is that you will stay today in a five star hotel in Bengaluru."

The old man spoke to the village folks in the local dialect for a few minutes and they nodded their respective heads in understanding. Soon, the old man looked at the young man and pointed his finger towards a house not far away from the temple. As the young man nodded his head in understanding, the old man began to walk towards it.

The International flight coming from Saint Petersburg, Russia, landed in Washington DC at 3 AM. Boris, one among the many passengers, was feeling tired and jetlagged. Thinking of the long procedures including 'Immigration', 'Baggage Claim' and 'Customs', that lay ahead made him feel exhausted. Yet he understood that it is mandatory to go through all these tiresome procedures before entering American soil.

Just as he was walking towards the long queue of immigration, he saw a sign board that had his name, 'Boris Ivanov'. Surprised, Boris waved his hand. Immediately two people clad in black suits approached him and introduced themselves as secret service agents from the White House. Next, they asked for his travel documents. With a slight hesitation, Boris handed them. Soon, the agents asked him to follow them. To the surprise of Boris, soon the agents directly whispered something in the ear of the senior officer at the immigration, who nodded back in agreement with extreme courtesy.

Less than 5 minutes later, Boris was out of the main door of Dulles International Airport (DCA) while one agent pulled his baggage. Feeling relieved, he looked at the secret service agent and whispered, "That was quick!" The agent smiled and replied back, "Sir, you have an official Passport and it was issued based on the request of the President of America."

Soon, the agents escorted him inside a white limousine parked nearby. Once inside, the agent who took the driver's seat spoke, "Sir, we will directly take you to the Hotel room. You can rest for a few hours. We will escort you to the White House at 9 AM for the meeting." Boris nodded and relaxed back on his seat as his first journey began on American soil.

Leaning back Boris recalled the secret call that he had received a day ago. The caller who identified himself as the Chief of Staff of the White House had briefly informed him about the covert project EMIB and Boris's involvement in it as a scientist. Although intrigued at first, Boris knew that this was an opening that he had been looking for long. A year ago, he had been successful in getting a breakthrough considering multiverse travel. However, the Russian government was critical and had shown no interest in funding for the equipment needed for it. They were more interested in military science and nothing else. After a long thought, a frustrated idea evolved in his mind. Initially he thought it was the silliest and unpatriotic idea, nonetheless, being extremely ambitious and with a dream fuelled with emotional passion, he sent a letter to the President of USA requesting him to fund his discovery that could change the notion of Multiverse travel. To add, he had attached the two documents, one; the complete details and list of all the needed materials to build a Multiverse travel machine and second; the process of assembling them in order. No reply came back-until yesterday.

And Boris accepted to be a part of EMIB without a second thought.

**

At 12 O'clock in the middle of the night, a Chinese descendant American Doctor Ming Sue couldn't get any sleep and sat up on her bed at once. She had a choice to make

regarding her career. She was soon to take the position of the 'Chief' in the 'We Care U' hospital located at Houston.

'We Care U' is the biggest and well-known hospital in Houston. It was popular for its success rate, with a measure of 98 % compared to 2 % mortality. Surprisingly, unlike other hospitals, Psychology was the prominent department although other departments such as General Surgery, Cardiology, Psychiatry and other minor departments worked in tandem. A career in such a hospital meant a lot to the employees. And, Ming Sue was no exception. At 42 years of age, she had enough experience in Psychology. With a Master degree in Psychology (MS) and Doctorate in Osteopathy (DO), she joined this hospital 8 years ago after working as an intern and junior psychiatrist in two other hospitals before. The main goal of Sue's life was to become the Chief of 'We Care U' hospital. And she was offered the same after eight years of her dedicated service. There were few big hospitals where the position of Chief was offered to a Doctor with Master degree in Psychology and Doctorate in Osteopathy.

Ming Sue had received the news with great excitement and was getting prepared to accept the role and responsibility that came along with the Chief Position. However a disturbing call received yesterday afternoon changed her thoughts and made her hold back. The caller was the Chief of Staff from the White House, Washington DC, and he said the White House is offering her a better opportunity.

Further, she was asked to be present at a confidential meeting that was scheduled for 10 AM, the next day, and the location was White House. She was informed that she will have the chance to directly interact with the President himself. With a dual mind, Sue looked at the clock, it was nearing 12.30 and she had very less time to decide. Suddenly, Sue recalled the term the Chief of Staff had used yesterday while speaking-it was 'Multiverse'. Just as Sue repeated the word aloud to herself, she felt a special thrill and observed the goose bumps forming on her both hands.

Ming Sue suddenly knew what she had to do!

**

The ever calm Matha Radhadevi smiled at the man and put her right hand on top of his head to bless. Earlier, the man was brought to her who had expressed all the symptoms of an intoxicated angered man and revealed the reason for his anger. After 15 years of marriage, his wife has disclosed to him that she had once slept with another man, although accidentally. To make the matter worse, that another man was his close friend. At first, the man in sheer anger wanted to kill his wife and his friend. But after recalling the young faces of his two teenage daughters, he just spat on his wife's face and went outside.

Later after drinking enough liquor, the man walked out of the restaurant. Unable to control his movement, he had fallen on the footpath of the street near the Ashram. A volunteer who worked for the Ashram of Matha Radhadevi took pity, and brought him to the Ashram. The intoxicated man revealed everything to Matha Radhadevi with tears in

his eyes and she noted that the blazing anger was still persistent in his face. At once Matha ji instructed her disciple to give him a good bath and feed him with sattvic food.

After three hours, the man looked much better and fell on the steps of Radhadevi and requested her to provide a solution to his problem. Matha ji made him sit beside her and began to sooth him like a mother. Then, slowly she explained the essence of life using the verses written in the holy book 'Srimad Bhagavatam'. She explained the meaning of attachment and detachment and how it can either destroy or improve one's life. Further, more importantly, she informed him that forgiveness is the ultimate character that one could cultivate to overcome any problems he or she is facing. After another half an hour of gentle preaching, the man understood the solution. He promised Matha Radhadevi that he would forgive his wife for the sake of his teenage daughters. Further, he took a vow not to hurt (physically and mentally) any one. The man also assured Matha ji that he would give his wife another chance where she has to prove herself to earn his love back.

Convinced by his true words, Matha ji asked him to bring his wife along sometime so that she can speak to her personally and explain the meaning, essence and qualities of a faithful wife in life. The man bowed again and left with a peaceful heart.

Just when Matha Radhadevi was about to retire for a short afternoon nap, she was informed that she has an overseas call. Radhadevi took the phone and began to listen to the caller. After what seemed like a long time, Matha ji handed back the phone to her disciple and instructed him to set up for an online meeting at 7.30 that evening.

Walking towards her bed, Matha ji began to wonder why the President of the United States requested her to be in that confidential online meeting. Again, knowing the mystic ways of God, she calmed her mind informing herself that she would know the answer soon.

**

Ben Becker had an affiliation towards machines. Since boyhood, it was his habit to touch and study any machine that he came across. Hence he was nicknamed 'Machine Man' by his friends and relatives. To correlate, he was told by his father that when he was born, he hadn't cried like other babies. Instead, being all fascinated he was looking at the medical machines that surrounded the hospital room where he was born. Sadly four years later, his Mother was diagnosed with chronic respiratory disease. His father, a farmer living in a village, did his best to take her to the city hospital whenever her condition deteriorated as she needed a ventilator machine. Even so, after another two years, his mother died as there was no machine that could save her life. Since that day, little Becker made a resolution to build machines that could save or at least help people in their day to day life.

During his younger years, after completing a graduate in science, Becker had opted to do a PhD in advanced machine learning. Understanding his son's fascination in

machine, his poor farmer father supported him by working extra hard. Little did he know that his decision would change the destiny of the world years much later?

After his PhD, Becker married the same neighborhood girl who was earlier his playmate in childhood and who had stood to help his family all those difficult years. Now, at 50 years of age, he was proud to have a sweet family consisting of two teenage boys, his childhood playmate as his sweetheart and his aged father. Yet, in his mind Becker was disappointed as he was not able to achieve anything as he had dreamt in his childhood. Of course, he had a nice home in Berlin City and a respected job in a university where he taught science, especially about mechanisms of different machines to university students.

And then, the unexpected call came a day ago informing him about the confidential meeting scheduled at 10 AM at the White House that was to be hosted by the President of America. Becker, at first couldn't believe the role he was offered in a project named EMID. The caller who identified himself as the Chief of Staff at the White House took enough time to convince Becker to book a flight ticket to Washington DC.

**

Mark Kelson had been working as a secret service agent at Number One Observatory Circle for four years. In that short duration, he had saved the Vice President at least six times. The Vice President had the bad habit of giving controversial statements. Kelson, at 6.6' tall, was a black man with extremely sharp eyes. To add, his movements were nimble and his dedication was unquestionable. His earlier training in the secret service was fetching fruitful results, at least to the Vice President.

A day ago, he had received a letter that offered him to transfer his role from Vice President to another covert project that was directly headed by the President himself. Kelson was not excited about it as he knew transfers in the White house were inevitable. Earlier that evening, the Chief of Staff came to visit the Vice President. After the visit, the Chief had enough time to have a little chat with Kelson. That whispering talk surprised Kelson as the Chief of Staff revealed that Mark's better days were coming ahead as he was to be part of something greater good.

Before going to bed that night, Kelson eagerly anticipated the upcoming scheduled 10 AM meeting that was to happen the next day at the White House.
