

Peter van Oossanen

THE PROTECTOR
HIS ORIGIN AND RISE

**THE HISTORY OF A MAN WITH
SUPER-HUMAN ABILITIES AND HIS QUEST
TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE**



Buijten & Schipperheijn
Amsterdam



Jointly published by Buijten & Schipperheijn and
Van Oossanen Academy Publishers

Copyright © Peter van Oossanen, 2020
(p.vanoossanen@oossanen.nl)

Peter van Oossanen has asserted his right under the Netherlands Auteurswet
to be identified as the author of this work.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not by way of trade or
otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the author's
prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published
and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the
subsequent purchaser.

First published in the Netherlands, January 2021

Buijten & Schipperheijn,
Paasheuvelweg 44,
1100 DE Amsterdam, Netherlands
www.buijten.nl

Van Oossanen Academy Publishers
Nude 46, 6702 DM Wageningen, Netherlands
www.vanoossanenacademy.nl

ISBN: 978-90-827682-9-9

Printed and bound by Buijten & Schipperheijn,
Paasheuvelweg 44,
1100 DE Amsterdam, Netherlands

This book is dedicated to my mother. She was my most staunch supporter at a time when support was of decisive significance – to the extent of determining my destiny.

All geographical features described or referred to in this book are real and exist. These include rivers, mountains, valleys, islands, beaches and glaciers. All man-made features on this planet referred to or described, are also real and exist. These include cities, suburbs, towns, farmland, highways, roads, streets, paths, (hiking) trails, airports, railway stations, golf courses, universities, campuses, schools, hospitals, police stations, industrial estates, other public buildings and houses. Some of the events that this book refers to or describes are part of Earth's history, but the majority are fictitious, as are all of the characters that play a part in Sam Stanton's quest. Any resemblance to existing people, either in name, appearance, or behavior, is totally coincidental.

Contents

<i>Beyond the Skies (poem)</i>	6
1. The Beginning	7
2. Emergence	13
3. The Experiment	25
4. A Chance Meeting	35
5. Inception	43
6. Michelle Bennett	59
7. Cedars-Sinai	67
8. The Trap	79
9. Runaway	93
10. Reethi Rah	103
11. Taking the Initiative	117
12. Rescue and Reconnoiter	129
13. Checkmate	147
14. On Set	159
15. The Picnic	183
16. Lunch with the Mayor	193
17. Return to Los Angeles	209
18. Priorities	225
19. Resuming the Hunt	233
20. Dr. Fletcher	247
21. Determination	257
22. Confrontation	269
23. Light in the Darkness	281
24. The Reckoning	293
25. Reconciliation	299
26. The Final Act	309
27. Return to Reethi Rah	315
<i>List of People That Play a Role in Sam Stanton's History</i>	331
<i>List of Abbreviations</i>	333

Beyond the Skies

Looking beyond the skies, see the stars so far away.
Shining bright through the night, till one of them brings us day.
Rigel, Arcturus, and Sirius too.

Which one a red giant? Which one a massive blue?
Through the right set of eyes, you can see them up close.
Or look to the moons, the planets we gaze upon the most.

The red world, the ring world, the big orange ball.
The burning world, the ice world. Can you name them all?
Floating in this emptiness, around the sun we race.
Floating in this black world, this place we call space.

And beyond our own neighborhood, there's more and there's more.

Looking above the clouds, to see what's in store.
Andromeda, the crab nebula, the famed horse head.
So far apart in this universe, almost forever we're spread.

There's pulsars, there's quasars, and neutron stars.
Neutrinos, and black holes, and moons covered in scars.
Comets and asteroids and big clouds of gas.
Some objects that don't seem to move at all, and some unbelievably fast.

Looking beyond the heavens, there's just so many things.
From huge supernovae to impossibly small strings.
Everywhere you turn, there's always much more.
So much to discover, with an infinity to explore.

But the most amazing thing we know of, to which the universe has given birth.
The most overlooked place of all, the planet we call Earth.
And because we're down here, and we look up there.
Just maybe, there has to be, more life somewhere.

G. Johnson

1. THE BEGINNING

On a dark night in the year in which both the Soviet nuclear reactor at Chernobyl and the Space Shuttle Challenger exploded, lights could be seen descending from the sky four miles east of the Salinas River, ten miles north of King City in California. The region was flat and sparsely populated, consisting mostly of farmland. The lights became brighter as the object neared the ground. It made a barely audible humming sound. A man, if present, would have seen that the disposition of the lights revealed that it was large, about fifty-five yards across. The conclusion that he was looking at a spaceship was inevitable, irrespective of his degree of ignorance of space travel. The lights were extinguished as soon as it landed and the humming sound stopped. After a few minutes, a large panel in its outer surface slid open and a ramp appeared. The inside of the ship could now partially be seen. Two men emerged, one of whom was carrying a basket. Without hesitating, they started walking across the fields sown with various salad greens in a south-easterly direction. Every now and then one of them consulted a hand-held device, at which point they would often slightly alter their direction. After having progressed about one-third of a mile they arrived at a sprawling single level homestead, with a large barn approximately thirty yards to one side. The entire property was surrounded by trees. The men again consulted the device and, having satisfied themselves that they were at the correct location, placed the basket on the veranda near the front door. Little was said, but when there was something to say it was in a language that no one on Earth would have recognized. Having achieved what they set out to do, they returned to their spaceship which lifted into the sky as soon as they were on board.

The homestead at which the basket had been left was occupied by John Stanton and his wife Mary. They had inherited the farm on which the house stood five years ago when John's father passed away. As usual, they were up and about early because the farm required considerable work. When John opened the front door to walk to the barn, he was surprised to see the basket. He bent down to see what it was and flinched when he discovered that it was a baby, all but covered by a blanket. He called out to Mary to come to the door.

The color drained from Mary's face when she saw the baby. John placed his arm around his wife when he realized that she had become very emotional at the sight.

"Someone in the Valley must have left it here during the night."

John was referring to someone in the Salinas Valley.

“Do you know if anyone in our neighborhood was expecting a baby?” John asked Mary in a somewhat indifferent tone so as to normalize the situation.

Mary had now recovered sufficiently to answer the question with a simple “no”. She removed the blanket to pick up the baby, only to discover that it was naked and that it was a boy. He was fast asleep. They judged him to be no more than two weeks old. Mary took the boy in her arms.

“He’s adorable,” was her only comment.

They went inside the house where Mary wrapped a towel around him.

“I will drive to the City this afternoon to tell the police that someone left a baby on our doorstep.”

John said this in a matter-of-fact tone, as if it was clear what to do.

“No ... I won’t let you!” Mary almost shouted these words.

John was surprised at this reaction from his wife. He knew that, since their marriage five years ago, they had been unsuccessful in starting a family. Two years ago, hospital tests had revealed that Mary was unable to become pregnant. She had been diagnosed with primary infertility. During these last two years they had on and off discussions about adopting a child. They had agreed to start the application process with an adoption agency soon.

“So what do you propose we do?” John asked his wife.

Mary’s response was filled with emotion.

“You know how much I wanted children of my own. I went through hell after finding out that I couldn’t become pregnant. There wasn’t a night that I didn’t cry myself to sleep. This baby is a godsend, an answer to my prayers. I want to keep him.”

John realized that his wife had made up her mind, and that to try to coerce her to decide otherwise would upset her dramatically. On the other hand, he knew that they should talk this through, and that he should warn her of the consequences.

“All right ... I love you, you know that. I want you to be happy. But let’s look at the consequences so that we both know what we could be in for if we keep the baby.”

John stopped talking for a moment to see if Mary had something to say about what he had proposed. When there was no reply, he continued.

“First of all, it’s against the law to keep a baby that is found on someone’s doorstep. The police want to be informed so that they can investigate who the mother is. In some states, keeping the baby would be considered kidnapping.”

He paused again to see what effect this statement had on Mary, but she was holding the baby, with a smile on her face. John decided to continue explaining the consequences.

“So, if after a few days the mother had second thoughts and approached us to claim the baby, we would be in serious trouble if the police found out that we hadn’t reported the find ... and how do we explain the presence of a baby in our house to our relatives and friends?”

John stopped there, for fear of becoming overly dramatic. He decided not to mention the problem of obtaining medical treatment for the baby when necessary, a birth certificate and a social security number. Instead, he asked for a response to what he had said.

“Please Mary ... say something.”

Mary looked at him but didn’t answer immediately, as if to ponder what to reply.

“I have it all figured out,” she finally said. “The only person who knows that I cannot become pregnant is my gynecologist. I told your family and mine, and some of our friends, that we were trying to raise a family, but so far without results ... nothing more. So we could tell them that I have just now given birth to a healthy boy and that I didn’t know that I was pregnant until a few months ago. As you know my periods are very irregular and it wouldn’t be difficult to convince both family and friends that I didn’t know about the pregnancy during the first six months. Also, we haven’t had family or close friends visit us these last ten weeks. No one will know that I haven’t put on weight. So I think we should wait a few days to see if anyone is going to claim the baby, but if that isn’t the case we should inform family and friends of the birth. There will be some explaining to do, but I think we can do that convincingly. We should then download the forms required to apply for a birth certificate and drive to the City with the baby to have the completed forms notarized.”

John was amazed at how his wife had thought this through. He respected her all the more for it. He realized that there were flaws and dangers involved in what she proposed, and he decided to raise at least one or two of these before giving in to her.

“Okay ... what do we do if someone turned up to claim the baby after we’ve told everyone about the birth?”

“That’s the only real risk as far as I can see,” Mary replied.

John realized that Mary had hit the nail on the head ... that indeed was the single, greatest risk of the undertaking. Was that risk worth it? He thought the question through for a while. He then decided that they should keep the baby, primarily because it would make Mary truly happy for the first time during these last two years.

“Dear Mary, I love you with all my heart. Let’s do this and see where it leads,” he said.

Mary started to cry. She returned the baby to his basket and embraced her husband.

“Thank you John,” she whispered.

They then attended to the baby. Mary prepared a list of items that John needed to buy immediately. Mary went to look for the baby clothes she had purchased after they were married, believing that she would soon be pregnant. She then dressed the boy, which caused him to start crying. He was obviously very hungry, she thought. She waited impatiently for John to return with the necessary items she had listed for him to buy. This included feeding bottles, formula milk, a baby crib with a mattress, blankets and sheets, disposable diapers, wet wipes, a changing mat, a swaddle cloth, and pacifiers. Mary would have loved to have bought these items herself, but the emergency they were in required her to stay with the baby.

John returned from one of the baby stores in King City after two hours. His purchases were made in a hurry, and he hoped that Mary would approve of the choices he had made. The baby boy was now crying in earnest. As soon as John entered the house she took one of the feeding bottles and the formula, heated water to a lukewarm temperature, and prepared to feed the baby. John passed her the boy after she had settled into a comfortable chair. The crying stopped as soon as he felt the nipple of the feeding bottle.

John sat down and looked at his wife. She looked content with the situation, while he felt unnerved. The speedy purchases in the City at a store he had not been in before, buying items he was not familiar with, hadn’t helped to calm him down.

“What are we going to call him,” John asked his wife after five or so minutes.

He realized that people would be asking that question as soon as they were informed that Mary had given birth to a baby boy.

“I want to call him Sam, short for Samuel,” she replied.

Mary again surprised him with this answer. She had been one step ahead of him ever since they had discovered the baby on their doorstep.

“Is there a particular reason for choosing that name?”

“Samuel is a Hebrew name meaning ‘God has heard’. I can’t help but believe that this baby is God’s answer to my prayers.”

John and Mary were not religious in the sense of belonging to a Christian denomination, but Mary had received a Christian upbringing from her parents.

“I like the name and what it means,” John said.

After the boy was fed and had fallen asleep again, John and Mary set to work rearranging a small room off to one side of their bedroom into a nursery. Mary realized that they needed to go to the store again to buy a host of other things, if they were to transform the room into the cozy space she wanted. She prepared a list, and after they had a cup of coffee, she left to drive to the City leaving John to mind the baby. By the end of the day they had finished their preparations. There was now nothing to do other than to tend to the baby and wait to see if someone was going to claim him.

The next two days passed without anyone visiting them. Mary had busied herself with the baby and improving the nursery. She was overjoyed with the situation. John noticed that she was often humming to herself. He hadn’t noticed her doing that for a long time. He remained anxious and worried that someone would visit the house to lay claim to the baby. He was also worried about not being able to tend to the farm, because some of the crops needed attention, but he didn’t want to leave the house for fear of someone visiting them while he was away.

On the morning of the third day they decided to ring family and friends to inform them that Mary had given birth to a baby boy. Mary rang her parents and John rang his mother. The conversations were not straightforward, but the respective parents believed them after they had satisfactorily answered the various questions that were raised. Mary’s parents lived in San Francisco. They said that they would drive down the following day to give Mary a hand with the baby. John’s mother had left the Salinas Valley after her husband died. She now lived in Seattle. She too said she would come to see her grandson, after Mary’s parents had left.

As time went by, John came to be at ease with the situation. No one had come forward about the baby, and their family and friends had accepted the explanation about Mary’s strange pregnancy and the unanticipated birth at their home in the night prior

to their announcement. John and Mary had since taken the little Sam to the City to have the Certificate of Live Birth notarized in the procedure leading to obtaining a birth certificate. That also proceeded as they had hoped it would.

2. EMERGENCE

The school bus, on its way to one of the elementary schools in Glendale in the greater Los Angeles area, with sixteen children on board, had been seized by a man who had driven it to the entrance of Forest Lawn Memorial Park. He had forced the driver out of the bus at gunpoint and told him to inform the police that he would kill the children one by one unless they met his demands. The police had surrounded the bus, and a negotiator was talking to the hijacker from a distance by means of a megaphone. The situation was tense and the police knew that he was close to shooting the first child. It was then that some of the people in the crowd watching the drama unfold, believed that a man appeared next to the bus. He entered through the front door, which was open so that the kidnapper could voice his demands. The noise of a gun firing a single shot was heard, before the kidnapper was seen to fall to the ground through the open door. The police had been waiting for an opportunity to overwhelm him by force, and they now rushed forward and arrested him. When the children were questioned about what had happened, they told that something or someone had entered the bus and surprised the kidnapper, who had aimlessly fired his pistol before he was hit hard in the face, forcing his head to jerk backwards. He was then thrown out of the bus. No one had seen the rescuer leave.

The incident was a major item on the news that evening in Los Angeles. Reporters had interviewed some of the bystanders. All were convinced that some strange anomaly had occurred, leading to the release of the children.

Two days later, a fire was raging in a high-rise residential building in downtown Los Angeles. The fire department had been hard at work to rescue the occupants. Most of them were away at work, and all but an elderly couple had been evacuated. The couple lived on the top floor, which was out of reach to the fire fighters. The fire had formed a barrier between them and the apartment where the couple lived. A large crowd had assembled on the street, and a helicopter was filming the blaze. A man suddenly appeared on the roof of the building. He was seen by the crew of the helicopter to enter the door that gave access to the stairwell. Two minutes later he reappeared, in the company of the elderly couple. They walked to the center of the roof, where all three vanished. The elderly couple were later located in the house of nearby family who had informed the police that they were safe. On hearing what had happened, the media rushed to interview them. Disbelief could be read from their faces when they heard what had transpired. A man had appeared at the door of the apartment

where the couple lived. The door had been left open by them to facilitate a rescue. He was dressed in some kind of uniform. He took the couple up the stairs to the roof, where they suddenly saw a rectangle of light in front of them, some distance above the ground. A ramp had appeared, and they were assisted up its incline through the rectangle, that proved to be the entrance to some type of flying machine. The man sat them down in seats and fixed an elaborate safety belt system. The entrance to the machine had then closed and the couple had experienced an accelerated motion, both vertically and horizontally. The man had not spoken very much, but he now enquired about the address of family where he could take them. The flight to the given address had seemed to last less than a minute. Decelerated motion had told them that they had arrived. The entrance panel had opened and the man had helped them out of their seats. They had found themselves in the garden of the property owned by the family to whom the man had taken them. After disembarking the craft by means of the ramp, they had walked to the back door of the house. As an afterthought, they had turned around to thank their rescuer, but he was no longer there.

News of what had happened that day, and two days before, was aired on nationwide television. The conclusion drawn by experts that were interviewed on various programs, was that both events were accomplished by someone that had mastered the science of cloaking, allowing a person or object to become invisible. Some commentators openly suggested that both the children in the bus and the elderly couple had suffered from delusion due to the stress they had been subjected to, causing them to mix fact with fiction. Little did they know that the accounts the children and the elderly couple gave of what they saw were accurate.

From that day forward, the man in the uniform was frequently sighted. In nearly every case these sightings were in conjunction with accidents, catastrophes, or criminal acts. There was the case a few days later in Chicago when he was seen assisting rescue workers and paramedics at the site of a train crash. A train had overrun the bumper at Chicago Union Station, which had caused the front cars to derail and collide with a train on an adjacent track. Some people had been killed and many were injured. The injured passengers were clamoring for help when he arrived, not invisible as before. He effortlessly carried the injured passengers who could be moved from the wreckage to the medical teams that were then arriving. In the aftermath of the accident, witnesses told the media that the man had been wearing an unidentified uniform and that he was extremely agile and quick on his feet. Inspection of the photographs of the wreckage only showed blurred shapes of him. These did little to uncover more about him. Conjecture about who he was and where he came from went viral.

A particular event, some weeks after he had first been sighted, was important in more ways than one. Members of a criminal organization were meeting in a warehouse on the Long Beach waterfront. The discussion between those present was about the distribution of a large shipment of drugs that had just arrived. During that meeting, every person present was knocked unconscious by an invisible force, one after another. Two of those present starting firing their guns in various directions but, not being able to see what was causing the strife, their efforts to stop the attack were futile. After this incident, the Los Angeles Port Police received a phone call informing them of the shipment of drugs that was kept at the warehouse, and that the men responsible for its distribution had been knocked unconscious and tied up. The police soon arrived and the four persons they found, and the drugs, were taken into custody. After a few days the police released the men involved. After this incident, the highest ranking police officer, the Chief of Police of the Los Angeles Police Department, received a phone call from someone who wanted to meet with him. At first, this high ranking police officer refused to meet with a stranger who had somehow succeeded in calling his direct line, bypassing the various officers and administrative personnel that surrounded him. But when the caller informed him that he was responsible for saving the children on the hijacked bus, and for extracting the elderly man and woman from the burning building in downtown Los Angeles, the Police Chief agreed to meet with him at ten o'clock the following morning.

At precisely ten the following day there was a knock on the door of the Police Chief's office. He called out "enter". The door opened, but no one appeared. The door then closed, and a few seconds later a man suddenly materialized out of nowhere in front of the Police Chief's desk. He extended his hand and said: "I am glad that you were willing to see me".

The police officer was visibly shaken by this dramatic entrance. He shook the visitor's hand and sat down again, stammering something about the meeting being important. He made an effort to gather his wits, and after gesturing that he could sit down, asked the stranger who he was and where he came from. The reply was short and to the point.

"I cannot disclose who I am or where I come from. I want to talk to you about the release of the criminals that I had tied up in the warehouse at Long Beach, where they were meeting to arrange the distribution of a significant shipment of drugs."

The Police Chief was surprised by the business-like manner with which this was said. He sensed that there was a trace of animosity in the manner in which his visitor had

answered his question. Nevertheless, he felt that he needed to pose at least one more question that this person might consider to be annoying.

“Let us talk first about the authority you think you have for doing what you are doing,” he said.

The answer was just as short and to the point as before.

“I have been equipped with attributes that you wish your police department possessed. My record in these last few weeks speaks for itself. You cannot but consider me a valuable asset in fighting crime, and in helping people that are in dire circumstances.”

The Police Chief waited before responding to this statement. He pondered the situation. He couldn't deny that the person sitting opposite him was responsible for some remarkable feats, favorably influencing the all-important weekly police statistics on solving crime and police aspects of dealing with tragedies. He now studied his visitor in more detail. He was wearing a black suit that resembled a wetsuit. It covered his entire body, including his hands and feet, only leaving his head bare. The suit possessed a head cover add-on which now hung folded behind him at shoulder height. He couldn't help but consider his visitor in awe. He decided not to aggravate him any further.

“I cannot deny that you have achieved some spectacular results during these last few weeks. I would indeed wish to use your qualities in various areas of the Los Angeles police force. Is it possible to come to some sort of collaboration?”

This reply was obviously pleasing to the man in black. He smiled.

“That would be more than I thought we could accomplish. What sort of collaboration are you thinking of?”

The Police Chief thought for a moment, staring at the ceiling.

“Let's start this conversation anew,” he said. “My name is Derek Johansson. What do I call you?”

The answer came after a moment of silence.

“I appreciate the turn you want to give to this conversation but, as I indicated before, I cannot reveal my name because I need to remain anonymous for obvious reasons. But you can call me Sam.”

At that point the man in black frowned before continuing.

“Before we consider the possibility of working together, I would like you to tell me why the criminals I referred to earlier were released a few days after they were apprehended.”

The Police Chief decided that his visitor had the right to know the reason for the release.

“Lack of evidence,” he replied. “These particular criminals are served by a team of criminal defense lawyers who nearly always manage to get their clients acquitted, usually on the basis of a lack of hard evidence. To put these criminals behind bars for a long time requires that they are caught red-handed dealing drugs, or in the act of a more sinister crime. The men that you captured actually accused you of molestation and assault causing bodily harm. That was also a reason for the judge to order that they be released.”

The Police Chief was startled by the response to this statement.

“So we would be better off if these people were to suffer an injury when caught, to the extent that they are no longer able to participate in wrong-doing?”

There was an awkward silence at that point. Both men looked at each other intently.

“Sam, I propose that we take a walk up to the roof.”

Nothing more was said as the Police Chief stood up from his chair and walked to the door of his office. His caller became invisible after having pulled the head cover of his suit over his face and pressed a device he had in a pocket of his suit. They made their way into the stairwell and up the flight of stairs leading to the roof, where the Police Chief walked to a location in the shadow of a large air-conditioning structure. The man in black again pressed the device he had in his pocket and became visible. He then removed the head cover. He was curious to hear the reason for continuing the conversation on the roof. He listened closely to what the Police Chief was saying.

“What I am about to say may never be revealed. You seem to be the kind of man who will keep a promise. Do you promise not to talk to anyone about what I am about to say?”

The man in black nodded and replied, stating that everything that they had discussed should be kept to themselves, including the fact that they had met. The police officer agreed.

“I suggested that we go to the roof because of the possibility of being overheard. The

walls of these offices are thin and some of my staff know that I was to meet with an important visitor this morning. I assume that by being able to become invisible, you bypassed all of the security measures we have implemented in this building before you stepped into the elevator to reach my floor, so no one actually knows you are here. Nevertheless, I thought we should continue our talk up on the roof to be safe from being overheard.”

There was a long pause after this explanation. The Police Chief’s visitor sensed that the man he was talking to was uneasy about what he was going to say next. He waited patiently for him to continue.

“What I first want to explain is that the Los Angeles police are faced with some serious issues. One of these is that a number of my officers are actually on the payroll of criminals and gangs. That is to be expected when you consider that this city employs about twelve thousand police and civilians working for the police. We know this to be a fact because information on some of our activities are leaked to the criminals concerned, causing these activities to be to no avail. We are also seriously impaired in putting thugs behind bars by our judicial system. The lawyers hired by lawbreakers are good in finding small procedural errors or shortcomings in our work leading to their arrest, with the result that the courts have no option but to acquit them when they stand trial. The release of the gangsters that you caught is a case in point. During the preliminary hearing, the judge found the evidence insufficient to justify holding them accountable. To us it was obvious that they possessed an enormous hoard of drugs and that they were meeting to discuss its distribution. The judge was probably also convinced of that. But there was insufficient evidence to that effect. The lawyers had prepared their defense well. They informed the judge that they were simply using the warehouse for their meetings, not knowing that it was also used for hiding drugs. The judge was compelled to release them. It’s all very frustrating ...”

His listener nodded as if to say he understood. The Police Chief then continued.

“So I suppose that if you were to catch someone committing a serious crime and, in doing so, you were to inadvertently injure him such that he was incapable of committing more of such crimes, you would in many cases be offering a solution to the problem of possessing insufficient evidence. In certain cases, that injury would in itself be sufficient punishment for his actions. Mind you, injuries sustained by a felon in the act of arresting him, when excessive, is against the law and when questioned about my opinion on the subject I cannot but state that I do not condone excessive force when an arrest is made unless the officer involved is seriously threatened. You, however,

are a free agent, not under my control, and if a warrant was issued for your arrest on suspicion of having inflicted unnecessary bodily harm on someone, it would probably be impossible to find and arrest you. I know that I cannot stop you from taking that course of action. Please note that I stand amenable to your idea but also note that I cannot permit it officially.”

The man in black nodded again. His response was short and clear.

“I understand your position and I will give the matter some thought. I believe that I will need to weigh each case and to act accordingly.”

They stood silently for a moment looking at each other. The Chief of Police then uttered the question that had been on his mind since his visitor had walked into his office.

“If you won’t tell me your name and where you come from, can you explain why you have this fixation for catching criminals and saving people from the disasters and mis-haps that befall them?”

“To answer that question, I would have to also tell you about my past and where I come from. I can’t do that. But be assured of one thing: I am here to stay, and to devote my entire life for as long as I can to making the world a better place. I have been designated to serve in that way.”

The police officer was perplexed about the meaning of this last statement. He decided not to pursue this matter any further. Instead he raised the subject of collaboration.

“How can we go about working with each other? ... if that is something you want.”

His visitor was prepared for this question.

“I have been listening in on police radio wherever I am so as to obtain information on where I am needed early. I would prefer for someone in the police department to provide me with relevant information even earlier. On considering everything we have discussed I believe that such information would need to come from you.”

The Police Chief considered this for a minute before replying.

“Sure,” he said. “I am willing to comply because that would provide me with a means to steer you away from an event or situation where we do not want your presence.”

The man standing opposite him smiled. He replied that he would not take the role of an agent serving the Los Angeles police department.

“Derek, you need to understand that while I need the information you can provide, I will decide where I am needed and where I am not needed. By all means, do not tell me about an occurrence that doesn’t need my presence according to your judgement, but do not frown when you notice my attendance anyway.”

The Police Chief agreed. He then asked about the mode of communication.

“So, how do we communicate?”

The Police Chief’s visitor dipped into a pocket in his clothing and withdrew some type of necklace.

“Hang this around your neck. The pendant is an advanced type of transmitter. It transmits a signal at a discrete frequency which will not interfere with the frequencies at which radio, television, cell phones, or any other communication devices operate. Its range is about ninety miles, depending on the height at which the transmitter is operated. If I am within that distance I will receive the signal and call you on your cell phone. To send the signal you might want to take the necklace from your neck and place it on some structure as high up as you can ... on the air conditioner on this roof for example. You need to press the button you see on the pendant for about five seconds. A special type of battery inside the pendant generates the power required for the signal to reach the range I mentioned. The device also transmits the coordinates of the location from which the signal was sent. So, in the event of needing my assistance, while not being able to take my call, I will know where you are.”

The Police Chief accepted the necklace and hung it around his neck. He then gave his visitor the number of his cell phone.

“I want you to also take note of my cell phone number for you to use when I don’t respond to your transmission. Don’t abuse my trust in you by checking on the name and address of the person to which this number belongs. Believe me when I say that the person who is registered to this number is not me.”

The man in black had one more instruction for the police dignitary.

“I know that you can trace my call to the location where I am. To prevent that from happening you must be very brief when we talk on the phone. Only mention the nature of the crime or mishap, and its location.”

The Police Chief agreed, and said that he appreciated the conversation they had.

“I must be getting back to my office. Thank you for contacting me and for this discus-

sion. I really hope that this will be the beginning of a long association. Let me know when you want to come in to talk to me again.”

“By the way, the men you caught in the warehouse all had a small scorpion tattooed on their inner wrist,” he added as an afterthought. “For that reason we now call them the Scorpion Cartel. We believe that all of the people working for the organization will have such a tattoo, except for their leaders perhaps.”

On having said that the Police Chief extended his hand. Their handshake was firm, such as is common between men wishing to convey strength and warmth. He then walked to the door leading to the stairwell, leaving his visitor alone. He stood there for a few minutes, and then walked to another part of the roof. As he walked, a panel in an invisible object slid open, and a ramp appeared. He walked up the ramp and entered the opening, which closed after the ramp had been retracted. Someone looking into the object’s interior before the opening closed up, would have come to the conclusion that it was some type of aircraft. It was now again totally invisible. A slight humming sound emanated from where it stood. The sound quickly dimmed as it flew away. Its occupant had not entered police headquarters through the front door and ridden the elevator to the top floor, as the Chief of Police had thought, but gained access to the roof, and simply walked down a single flight of stairs to his office. The name on the door of the office had told him where he needed to be.

The man who was able to render himself invisible was particularly instrumental in solving crimes after the meeting with the Chief of Police. He was nearly always the first to arrive at the scene of a murder, a robbery, a terrorist attack, or a shooting incident. It was obvious to some that he was receiving information on such incidents before they were aired on police radio. People who were following his exploits noticed this, and openly discussed the possibility of him collaborating with the police or the FBI. He was seen everywhere in the United States, although as many as half of these sightings were in the Los Angeles region. The media became obsessed with him. Daily reports were issued on his feats. One of the nationwide television channels launched a show entitled ‘Guardian Angel’. It became one of the most popular programs ever. Video coverage of his appearances, when available, were screened time and time again. Scientists were regularly invited to talk about invisibility, cloaking, and the aircraft he was using. More than one university established a team to study cloaking more intently than before. An element of their studies was aimed at finding out where he stayed when not on a mission, so that they could interview him. One of the methods to determine this utilized the time between the occurrence of a particular event

somewhere, and his appearance. Maps of the distribution of this parameter across the country were produced and shown on the Guardian Angel program. This revealed that this increment in time was longest in the east of the country and shortest in the west, particularly in the Los Angeles region. They had concluded that he must therefore be based in Los Angeles. There was much conjecture about this result, since the time required to reach destinations on the east coast was still extremely short, implying that his aircraft was capable of speeds that were at least six times faster than anything that had been flown before. This had intrigued aircraft companies across the country. New studies were initiated on aircraft propulsion systems that had hitherto been nothing but ideas. After three months people were calling this most intriguing person 'Guardian', following the use of that term on the Guardian Angel program.

Police Chief Derek Johansson met with the man called Sam frequently. These secret meetings nearly always took place in the Chief's office, or on the roof of police headquarters. They discussed various topics, but fighting crime was always their main focus. Although the police officer was anxious to find out more about his newly found ally he withstood the urge to ask questions thus directed. In a sense they became comrades in arms. Their discussions rarely strayed to topics other than those that were considered important for the task they stood for. The subject that was most often addressed concerned the Scorpion Cartel. It was the most evil organization in the Los Angeles region. Sam was determined to rid the city of this organization, responsible for many of the crimes, the most distressing of which were homicide, kidnapping, blackmail, drug trafficking, prostitution, grand theft auto, and money laundering. The Scorpion organization was run with an iron fist. Any person who was considered a risk was killed. Most of the abductions that were reported were carried out by members of this organization. The Los Angeles police were no match for them, primarily because they had infiltrated the police force. Both Sam and the Police Chief were unable to define a plan that would lead to their elimination. They were only able to solve singular crimes performed by individuals of that organization, usually because Sam was often at the scene of a crime early enough to catch those responsible. Their leaders remained hidden.

After the first meeting with the Chief of Police, the perpetrators of atrocious acts, captured by Sam, were often found injured when they were taken into custody. In some cases, these injuries were of a serious nature, preventing the perpetrators from repeating such acts. One particular occurrence led to considerable discussion in the media. This concerned the shooting of a young girl, who had been kidnapped and held to ransom. The parents of the girl had approached the police, even though they
