



**GEMINI**

**A Heritage Project**

**by**

**Artistry Employs**

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# Prologue

A janitor lumbered around an abandoned school yard picking up scattered trash that the wind blew in or vagrants left. The footfalls of his work boots made crunching sounds on the frozen grass. He left footprints like a Yeti. His old coat and gloves made him clumsy but kept him warm. Still, the janitor had pretty good aim at his old trash can. He rarely looked to see if the trash landed in the can. He only looked to make the toss. “Clink!” was the sound as he threw glass bottles into a trash can. “Clunk!” was the sound of deflated basketballs as they landed in the can. He threw another glass bottle at his trash can. This time he heard a “clink” noise and a “clank”.

He turned to see a small child enter a hole in the metal doors of the abandoned school. As the janitor approached, the child was placing the metal sheet of the door back into its place. “That’s how he gets in!” the janitor said. The janitor lumbered for the door as fast he could.

Jabari Turner Jr. was only about five years old. His skin was dark brown. He had black eyes. His denim jeans

were worn in some places. He was badly in need of a haircut. His jacket was in good shape but fit him more snugly than he wanted. He wore a sweat shirt that had one small hole in it. He carried a plastic bag with a sandwich and two small cartons of milk. He thought he entered the building unseen. He imagined he was as stealthy as one of his cartoon heroes.

“Hey you! Get out of this school building! You are trespassing!” a voice demanded.

Jabari lurched and spun in the voice’s direction. Jabari Jr. boldly said, “Shut up you ol’ fart! Go mind yo’ own business!”

The janitor fumed, “Oh yeah? You just wait a minute! I got keys to this door!” The janitor quickly got the door opened. The janitor saw the halls were filled with old office chairs, school desks stacked on top of each other, old gym equipment and various other things.

Jabari bolted for a space under one of the desks. He quickly moved through tiny spaces between the stacked furniture and equipment in order to emerge in another hall. Jabari knew the janitor could not get through. He was sure the Janitor only had that one key. The other doors to the abandoned school were locked from the inside by chains with a heavy lock. He crouched down and waited. He heard the janitor yell a threat that scared Jabari very much. Jabari did not move until the sound of the janitor’s car faded in the distance.

Jabari carefully made his way to a room that had once been used for teaching culinary arts. Jabari had already broken the door’s window. He always unlocked the door from the inside to gain entry. He covered the hole with foil and tape. He entered the room with a feeling of ease.

Adofo Willingham waited on Jabari. Adofo was about Jabari’s age. He was Jabari’s homeless friend. Adofo was of average height and weight for a child of

about five years old. Adofó's hair was dark brown with natural wavy curls. His hair was neatly brushed but needed a trim. His eyes were brown which were slightly darker than his skin which was almost tan. Adofó was dressed in a heavy, black leather jacket, a sweater and a good pair of denim jeans. He wore blue sneakers. Adofó's *pearly white* teeth almost flashed when he smiled.

Adofó asked, "What did you get to eat?"

Jabari said, "I got a sandwich and two cartons of milk. I almost dropped them runnin' from that stupid janitor. Here. One for me and one for you. We can split the sandwich. What about you?"

Adofó said, "I got some soap. I got some napkins and some chocolate."

Jabari did not hide his disappointment. He said, "That's okay. Christmas is almost here."

Adofó asked, "What does that mean? Do you believe in Santa Claus?"

Jabari did not know the answer to that question. He said, "Well, people are nicer around Christmas. Also, that janitor will not be at work."

Adofó sipped his milk and bit half of a sandwich. He said, "This room is warmer than the others. Why don't you sleep here?"

Jabari said, "I can't see the light from the apartment where I used to live. One day, my family will come back for me. I just have to keep the light on."

Adofó said, "Light? Okay." Adofó had seen enough. He decided that Jabari was a good soul based on their short time together.

Adofó pushed the chocolates forward and said, "You have got to try these chocolates. They have mint in them. I almost ate all of it."

Later, the two made their way to the upper floors. Jabari checked for his "light" in the distance. Then they

both laid down on cushioned mats once used for gym classes. Jabari drifted off to sleep first.

Adofo got off the mat. He pulled a cell phone out from under old cloths. He called a number and said, “My target is sedated. Pick us up.”

Jabari awoke from the best sleep in his memory. He awoke freshly cleaned with a new haircut. He was in clean pajamas. The bed was huge. The covers were soft with fresh laundered smells in them. The room was larger than his parents’ apartment. Christmas wreaths hung on the outside of the windows. He heard Christmas music in the air, “Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong”.

At that moment, Adofo walked in dressed in expensive white pajamas with a red robe with matching red slippers trimmed in white fur. He had a Santa Claus hat on his head.

Adofo said, “Finally awake! Merry Christmas!”

Adofo inhaled and said, “Smell that! Eggs, bacon, sausage, grits, pancakes, waffles and juice. Breakfast is ready. Welcome to COR! Come on!”

Jabari Jr. leaped out of bed and ran with Adofo to the COR breakfast table.

## Chapter 1 - Reflections

About ten years later, James Mack turned fitfully in his bed as his dream continued. He dreamed he was in an ancient land dressed in clothing that looked Egyptian but was not. The buildings and land had the look of ancient Egypt but were not. Somehow he sensed he was somewhere else. He saw happy people in that *dream land*. The best architects had luxurious housing available. Food and water were plentiful. He never missed a rejoicing over their many blessings at the many festivals in that dream land. The *dream people* were always embracing and encouraging each other to aspire to even greater accomplishments. The intellectuals, musicians, dancers and artists were the best that the earth had to offer.

The scene of the dream changed. A white dust storm blew up out of a distant horizon. It blinded everyone in that dream land. The storm even blocked the sunlight. When it passed, the *dream land* was a wasteland. Many of the people began to fight among themselves for the few provisions left there. They forgot who they were. Only a few, *rag tag* people gathered together who remembered their magnificence. James Mack was in that crowd. The

threat of mob violence and psychological deprivation threatened from all sides. Then James Mack heard a voice.

The voice said, "Son of Cush, come to me and all things will be restored."

James Mack followed the voice to a small, pyramid shaped temple that somehow remained undamaged. Desert sand covered most of it. He entered the temple and saw an idol in the form of a North African Amphiptere. The idol began to glow brightly. The idol called to him. It promised him the power to restore all things. James was mesmerized by the voice calling him. The voice set off music in his heart silenced due to the white dust storm.

He grabbed the artifact. Immediately, power flowed out of him from it. He could see the restoration beginning from the temple outward. Then *a friend*, Aaron Avalon, slapped the artifact out of his hands with an iron rod. The restoration stopped. James Mack screamed in rage and anguish. The dream ended.

James Mack snapped out of his dream into a sitting position on the bed with the abruptness of a mouse trap. He looked around the bedroom of his penthouse estate and reflected on his dream. He didn't understand why his dreams about the artifact returned.

Now that the dreams returned, he was especially plagued by the idea of *rag tag* people wandering about without any hope. Mack knew of animals with more hope than the people wandering the streets. He refused to go back to sleep. He went into his spacious bathroom, took off his silk pajamas and showered. Luxury was everywhere - even in his bathroom. He left his shower and put on a black pullover, black pants with black shoes. He refused to speculate on why he chose all black.

Not only did he own the penthouse, he owned the entire hotel where his penthouse was. The penthouse of James Mack was called the "double cross". His penthouse had two floors shaped in the form of a Christian Ethiopian-

Orthodox cross symbol. On both floors, at least one room was located at each point on the cross symbol. Since The Renaissance Hotel was shaped like a circle, the angles between the cross symbols were open terraces which overlooked the skyline of the city. Two out of six elevators were programmed to go to James Mack's "double cross". Stairs were located in front of the elevators to allow movement between the two floors.

The first floor of Mack's penthouse had five major rooms. The elevators exited into the spacious art gallery used for display of weapons of ancient days to modern days. The floor of the gallery was paneled with polished oak wood covered in expensive oriental rugs. To the right of the gallery was the kitchen with a connecting dining room. A full bathroom was adjacent to the kitchen. Directly in front of the gallery was a guest bedroom. To the left of the gallery was a guest bedroom. Behind the gallery was a guest bedroom.

The second floor of Mack's penthouse had five major rooms as well. The upper gallery displayed works of art in the areas of music, paintings and sculptures. To the right of the upper gallery was an exercise room with its own sauna. A full bathroom was adjacent to the exercise room. Directly in front of the gallery was the master bedroom with its own full bathroom. To the left of the gallery was a living room. Behind the gallery was a combination of a library and study.

He picked up his cell phone and called Buchanan (Buck) Wilder. When Buchanan answered, he said, "Buck, this is Mack. Get up. Come and get me. I want to do some street *pick ups* personally."

When Buchanan asked Mack why, he gruffly replied, "Don't ask why! Just get over here! Bring a few of the guys with you too."

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Shakara Howard was with Dr. Aaron Avalon preparing to return to the U.S. Shakara said, "Aaron! Smile, Smile, Smile." She whispered to him through a very beautiful but fake smile.

Dr. Aaron Avalon did just as Shakara instructed. She was his personal assistant. But, she was also a publicist for a very exclusive organization called Children Of Renaissance (COR). Aaron was a part of the organization since birth. He and Shakara were almost joined in an arranged engagement. He hated the fake smiles but recognized her wisdom.

Dr. Avalon was furious over a failed medical tour to *third world* countries. At only twenty-five years old, he was considered one of the most brilliant medical researchers in the world. He and Shakara were two of the few African-Americans on the plane. Aaron held his anger in. He smiled widely until finally seated. He couldn't believe the tour was canceled. He was so angry. The cancellation was his fault. However, he didn't want the tour's failure blamed on him.

The service received by Dr. Aaron Avalon on the flight was beyond what most people would experience in first class. Aaron had his own stewardess to wait on his least whim. Food was stocked on the plane especially selected from Aaron's favorite food list. Aaron was hungry too. The food the stewardess brought him smelled delicious.

However, he responded to the stewardess with irritation and said, "I don't want anything. Thank you."

Shakara had seen Aaron in many moods and stressful situations. She had not seen him unwilling to put on a smiling face for the public in a long time. She tried to encourage him to be cordial for appearances. She whispered, "Have something. It doesn't look good. Keep a

smile on your face. You sounded irritated with the stewardess."

Aaron took the food from the stewardess to please Shakara. He used a more pleasant tone and said, "Thank you. I didn't ask for anything but thank you."

Shakara almost gave an apology to the stewardess. She looked Aaron in the eyes and quietly said, "I know you're angry. What happened with this tour is over now. We're returning to the U.S. Dump the bad emotional baggage. You have to be clear headed when you debrief at the U.N. in New York."

Aaron responded and said, "Shakara, I love and appreciate you. You have been counseling me since I graduated med school. I know you're right. But, I want to holler, scream and fight someone right now. I'll put on my *game face* later. Don't rush me."

Shakara responded, "Aaron, COR has critics who are ready to exploit anything. It would be good to reflect for a minute or two. You need to be ready to debrief at the U.N. Forgive me if I'm rushing to assess you. Are you blaming yourself for what happened?"

Aaron disdainfully said, "It is my fault. How can I not blame myself?"

Shakara asked, "What happened to prompt the end of the tour?"

Aaron explained, "The leaders of the countries we were visiting demanded access to all my patented designs and research I use in speeding post-operative healing."

Shakara compassionately said, "I know that. Why were you singled out?"

Aaron was silent for a moment. He reflected on the right words to say. He didn't want Shakara to be disappointed in him. He said, "You know, I love COR. I love the sense of community the organization gives. I especially like working with the children. Watching them developing their talents in art, music, dance and intellectual

pursuits is the closest I've come to raising my own children. I love those kids. You know what? No matter where you go in the world, children are children, especially in Africa."

Shakara listened to the tone of Aaron's voice. She had known him for years. She reflected on the words spoken to her. Almost immediately, she realized something. She exclaimed, "Oh my God. Please tell me you didn't use experimental healing techniques on those children."

Aaron unapologetically said, "My techniques are not experimental. They work. I just haven't explained how they work to the medical community."

Shakara lost her "public face" and lamented. She knew Aaron was a kind hearted man. But, she didn't realize how compassionate he could be to strangers. "Oh, Aaron!" she lamented.

Aaron was indignant over her lamentation and loss for words. He was not feeling apologetic for helping sick children. He self-righteously said, "I saw a little girl and boy sick with fever with stumps for arms and legs. They looked just like the children in COR. I was shocked to discover children with illnesses as a result of living in a war torn nation. They had limbs chopped off by terrorists. They were dying because of men fighting over diamonds in that country! The children's villages were terrorized! Those sick children should be the healthiest children on earth! Those sick children should have diamonds in their ears and on their fingers and live in a mansion! They are impoverished and crippled while the wealth of their land is looted!"

Shakara momentarily lost her temper. At the young age of 25 years old, Aaron had won every conceivable award for excellence in medicine. She was afraid he was going to make a catastrophic mistake out of distress. She

said, "Aaron, you can't change that! We are too late! They are crippled now! They may even die!"

Aaron paused at her exclamation. He regretted omission of key facts. When he responded to her he said, "No. No, they aren't sick."

Aaron paused to allow his words to sink in and then said, "They are not crippled – not anymore."

Shakara let the shock of realization explode on her face. "Oh my God!" she said. She looked around apprehensively and became silent.

She was determined to fulfill COR's faith in her. They hired her to help Aaron in a situation just like this. She immediately began to strategize. She imperatively said, "We need to go over what we need to say at the debriefing. Make no mention of miracle-like healings." Shakara rapidly itemized a list of things to say and not say.

Aaron politely interrupted her. He said, "Shakara, it felt good to help them that way."

He held her hands compassionately and said, "It was cathartic. I want to do it again. But, I agree with you. I don't know how Mack gets away with the things he does. I can't do anything without some kind of censure."

He paused and looked out of the plane's window dreamily. He looked back at Shakara, smiled and said, "I wish I was Mack. I love being a doctor. But, to get away with the things Mack does *just once* would be so fulfilling."

## Chapter 2 - Salvage

Shortly after Mack called, Buchanan did just as James Mack asked. He picked up Mack from the luxurious Renaissance Hotel with two other men in the back seat of a black luxury van. With a wry smile Buchanan asked, “Couldn’t sleep again?”

Mack grunted and only said, “Drive.”

The black van had more computer equipment than any police car of that year. The equipment was also more sophisticated. Mack could sit in the van and watch Buchanan and the other guys interact with people in any area within camera range. The equipment also allowed Mack to speak to each man. The men heard Mack with their wireless ear phones.

Mack disdainfully asked, “Where’s the good garbage?”

Buchanan stoically said, “First up is Matilda. Matilda has completely lost it. She lost her job. She hasn’t been home in a week. Her sister is taking care of her children. She tried to slip out and make a little money on the street but ended up buying drugs and alcohol with the money she made.”

Mack sadly asked, “Confirmed? No rumor?”

Buchanan replied, "Yes. One of my guys sold her drugs himself."

Mack said, "Alright. Pick her up. Have one of our ladies make up a story. Tell her family she was picked up as a derelict and confined to a treatment center or something. Tell her sister our 'treatment center' will begin immediate disability payments for the children."

Buchanan responded, "Just pick her up? She's not a guy. I don't want her to go into shock. What if someone tells?"

Mack became irritated and said, "You know *no one* says anything about what I do. They don't dare."

He paused, stared at Buchanan and coldly said, "Alright. Be 'Mr. Nice Guy' then. Offer to feed her drug and alcohol binges. Take her to a cheap motel. While she's asleep, inject her with a tranquilizer. Then throw her in the van and take her to my sanctuary in the Caribbean."

Buchanan said, "The Caribbean facility? That's more like it. Let's see. There's a cheap motel around the corner from where she is. Pick me up from there in about two hours after I go in the place."

Mack casually said, "Fine. Who else is in the garbage?"

Buchanan said, "We've got some pretty good homeless guys."

Buchanan pointed to a man in the back seat and said, "Ralph did homeless duty for months. We've tracked the targeted homeless guys. They have been forgotten by their communities for years. You know the story. They were popular party guys with the ladies. They had a lot going on in their pants but not above the shoulders. Or at least, they were lazy about everything but sex. They lost their minds on cheap drugs. A few years later, they look twenty years older than they are."

Mack said, "Good. Pick them up before you pick up Matilda."

Buchanan said, "No problem."

Mack became reflective and asked, "Any foreigners?"

Buchanan replied, "Plenty."

Mack stared at him a moment and asked, "Do you have any foreigners like Haitians or anyone from Africa?"

Buchanan replied, "We have some that are in a bad condition. The ones we've watched are struggling. Some are homeless. Some did get into drugs."

Mack replied, "Pick them up and take them to the Caribbean facility. Go! All three of you, go."

Immediately after exiting the van, Mack ordered, "Make sure the mini cameras are running."

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Five homeless men in worn, soiled clothing picked up paper off of the floor of an abandoned building. They started a fire in a barrel to keep themselves warm. Suddenly, they heard a crashing sound. They realized someone had just broken down the door to the building. They became frightened. They couldn't find a place to hide or escape.

One of the homeless men said, "Grab anything to hit with! There are five of us!"

Before the homeless men could find anything to use as a weapon, they saw three large and powerfully built African-American men rush toward them. They were only able to glimpse men dressed in white pullovers, jeans and boots before the men were upon them swinging their fists. The strength of the invaders terrified the homeless men. The invaders rendered each homeless man unconscious with one punch.

One of the larger men touched his earpiece and said, "Mack, we need a pick up on the first targets." All three

men bound the homeless men with plastic straps as handcuffs.

Mack responded, "I can see that Buchanan. I'll bring the van. I should be there soon after you leave."

He paused. With amusement he said, "Uh, Buchanan."

Buchanan asked, "Yeah Mack?"

Mack continued, "I thought you were going to use the tranquilizer pistols?"

Buchanan replied, "I was just trying to be kind. I didn't know what the bums had in their system. I didn't want to cause a bad allergic reaction."

Mack laughed to himself. He caught his breath and said, "Oh, I see. Uh, carry on. Next target."

Buchanan and the other two men moved on to the other targets. They did the same thing to the illegal aliens and foreigners who had fallen into dire straits. They punched them into unconsciousness, bound them and called for the van to pick them up.

Buchanan convinced Matilda to go to a motel room with him as planned. He gave her a sedative with her drugs. She fell asleep. Then he took her away from the country to Mack's sanctuary in the Caribbean.

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When Mack returned to his penthouse atop the Renaissance Hotel, he felt slightly relieved. His special kind of community service work always made him feel more relaxed. He was sure he would sleep better that night.

However, he knew his dreams would continue until the desired priceless artifact was in his hands. He went out on the balcony of his penthouse and just admired the view. He reflected on the costs for all the material needed to build his luxury hotel. He reminisced about buying furniture and art for the hotel's interior. His hotel cost a great deal but

was not priceless. He let the word reverberate in his mind again and again, “Priceless. Priceless.”

Mack couldn't take it anymore. He needed to act. He called the head of security for his company, Mack Enterprises. Mack Enterprises was a research and development company. When the head of security answered, Mack said, “Pull all the information on the last known location of 'the artifact'. After you do that, pull a team together. I want the most skilled men on my payroll on that team.”

Mack's head of security asked, “Mack, are you going to take us on another *wild goose chase*?”

Mack replied, “Yes, I am. I want that artifact. I want it now. I don't care if I have to shake it out of its hiding place with bombs. I want it now!”

When he didn't get any more questions, Mack said, “Pull all the experimental combat gear out of storage. I want all the men in *Level 3* combat gear. Pull the *Level 1* combat gear for me. Let's finally give the *Level 1* combat gear a live test. Let me know when everything is ready.”

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About one week later, James Mack assembled a combat team of fifty mercenaries from his company, Mack Enterprises. Mack and his men got on a private plane using his typical style of camouflage. He and his men appeared to be an athletic team. Their gym bags carried their combat gear. Weapons were already on the plane. The chairs they sat in were parallel to the cockpit until arrival at the targeted area. Then the chairs automatically slid parallel to the airplane's walls. Opaque black glass slid over the windows. Their weapons rose before them from the cargo area below them.

Mack's men took off their athletic uniforms and put on *Level 3* combat uniforms. The black combat uniforms

fitted like leather. They described the experience as the opposite of a snake shedding its skin. The combat body suits were bulletproof. Complex mechanics were used to operate the metal bands in the mercenaries' uniforms. Those mechanics allowed the movements of the men to be mimicked and augmented perfectly. Since the bands supported all of their weight, the men felt weightless in the uniforms. The mechanical bands increased each man's ability to move weight by a factor of five.

While the men tested their uniforms, two female scientists in white medical coats brought out a large case with a metallic silver mesh folded in it. The mesh resembled *chain mail*.

Mack removed his athletic uniform. Underneath, he wore a hooded body suit that covered his entire body. It was similar to a deep sea diver's body suit. The white fabric had the consistency of spandex. When he zipped the suit up, it began to glow.

Mack moved near the chain mail type material. He twitched his fingers on one hand. In response to the coded gesture, the chain mail seemed to spring to life. It moved across the plane's floor like an amoeba in a lab dish. The chain mail wrapped around Mack as if an invisible person wrapped a cloak around royalty. The chain mail sealed itself around him. After a coded gesture from Mack's hand, the chain mail glowed with electrical energy. It hardened into one smooth sliver metal around Mack. Several hairline seams allowed joints and muscles maximum movement. The sides and back of the armor were lined with a stripe that was light green to blue in color.

Mack tested the armor's flexibility and response time by running in place, making a few stretching moves, striking bodybuilding poses and making martial arts motions. The armor even mimicked Mack's breathing when it was heavy enough.

The female scientists acted like teenagers. They made sounds of awe and appreciation. They were excited to see the armor being deployed beyond a test situation.

One of Mack's mercenaries joked, "Where's ours?" Everyone on the plane laughed in good humor.

The mercenary looked the new armor over and then said, "Impressive. Let me guess. This is the *Level I* battle armor I've heard so much about."

James Mack smiled with pride. Mack clapped his hands in good humor and said, "Good guess. I'm glad you were keeping up to date with all the planned designs."

He became serious and said, "Listen up! The group we are after is not just a religious cult. 'Cult' is just a front for a form of terrorism. Believe me, they will be armed and deadly. Kill at will! Remember, that artifact is worth more than the wealth of a small country."

After the team's communication equipment was tested, Mack said, "Let's go!"

The plane became completely silent as it hovered a few feet over the target. Mack and his men jumped out of the plane onto the top of a mountain. Even in the moonlight, the silver armor had a glow that made it look mystical. Mack placed twenty-five men at the base of the mountain. He and the other twenty-five were at the top of the mountain.

Mack watched his men embed explosives around a circular area believed to be a helicopter landing pad. The team at the base of the mountain planted explosives also. Mack gave a signal and explosions began. He watched a huge chunk of the mountain's top fall into a deep crevice that extended all the way to the bottom of the mountain.

With weapons ready, twenty five of Mack's men lowered themselves into the interior of the mountain on cables. To an enemy, the mercenaries looked terrifying. To each other, they appeared acrobatic. They playfully destroyed sensors and weapons as they descended.

They signaled Mack. His landing with his armor in *Amphiptere Mode* inspired awe in his men. His silver armor was lined with metallic feathers colored light green to a dark blue from the head to the tail of the armor and along the wings. Mack descended gracefully on jets embedded in the metallic feathers of the wings. The wings retracted into his armor like a switchblade knife. He converted the armor into human mode in a few seconds.

The men reported to Mack like soldiers to a military commander. The men informed Mack a religious chamber was located several yards ahead. They were sure that the *Amphiptere* artifact would be there. At Mack's command, they all rearmed their weapons.

Mack headed the assault. He converted the armor into *Amphiptere* mode in seconds. The silver armor glowed white from the heat it generated. The ground underneath Mack became like soft clay due to the heat. The blades on the armor's wings and tail began to vibrate like the wings of a dragonfly. Streams of fire erupted out of the armor striking the ground. Then the armor dove into the ground like an eel through water.

Inside the chambers, research scientists scrambled to get weapons to defend themselves. Their masquerade as priests of a cult left them with no protective clothing. They held their weapons toward the huge entrance to their underground lair and waited for the attack.

Several feet behind them, the ground began to glow from extreme heat. They felt vibrations in the floor as if it trembled with fear. Then fire erupted from the floor beneath them. They trembled when a huge, metallic winged serpent slithered out of the ground.

James Mack entered the cult's chamber by digging under the cult lair. He exploded out of the hole in the ground with his weapons firing. Mack saw the terror in the cult's face when his armor emerged from the hole in the floor. His armor allowed him to move snakelike across the

ground at a rate of fifty miles per hour. His armor's wings moved the armor even faster. Mack converted his armor from Amphiptere mode to human combat mode with frightening speed. His armor was deadly and efficient.

While the scientists tried to fight off Mack, an explosion occurred behind them. Mack's men blasted their way into the chamber and seized control.

At the end of the battle, Mack screamed in rage. The evidence showed proof of the presence of the artifact at the mountain. However, it was gone. He gave orders to extract information from any cult members left alive.

Before Mack began his interrogation, he heard a scraping sound like metal sliding on metal. He looked around and saw an oval shaped object emerge from the floor like a metallic plant. It began to pulse with light and make sounds in precise intermits. Mack realized what it was. He screamed for his men to run. Since he was the only one in *level one* armor, James Mack threw himself between the metallic object and his men. He only remembered two things after that - the explosion and the pain.