



Part 1

The Eyes Of Zars

Paolo Raphael Magazine
Series



1 More Than coincidence?

By
Paolo Raphael

Paolo Raphael Magazine
The Eyes Of Zars

Part 1
More Than Coincidence?

First Edition
American English version

Written and illustrated

by

Paolo Raphael



www.paoloraphaelbooks.com

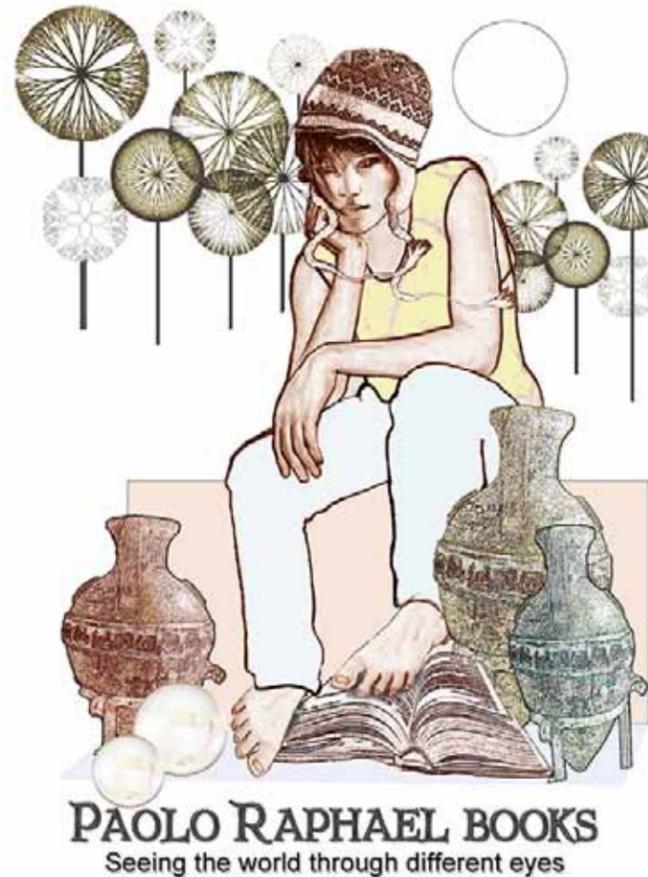
© Nick John-Child 2012

The time and creative effort taken to produce this ebook is a gift I wish to share with you. However, you may not modify or resell this product or any part of it. All we ask is that you try to share this ebook with at least two other people to help us with our *Time To Save The World* literary mission. Thank you, Paolo Raphael.

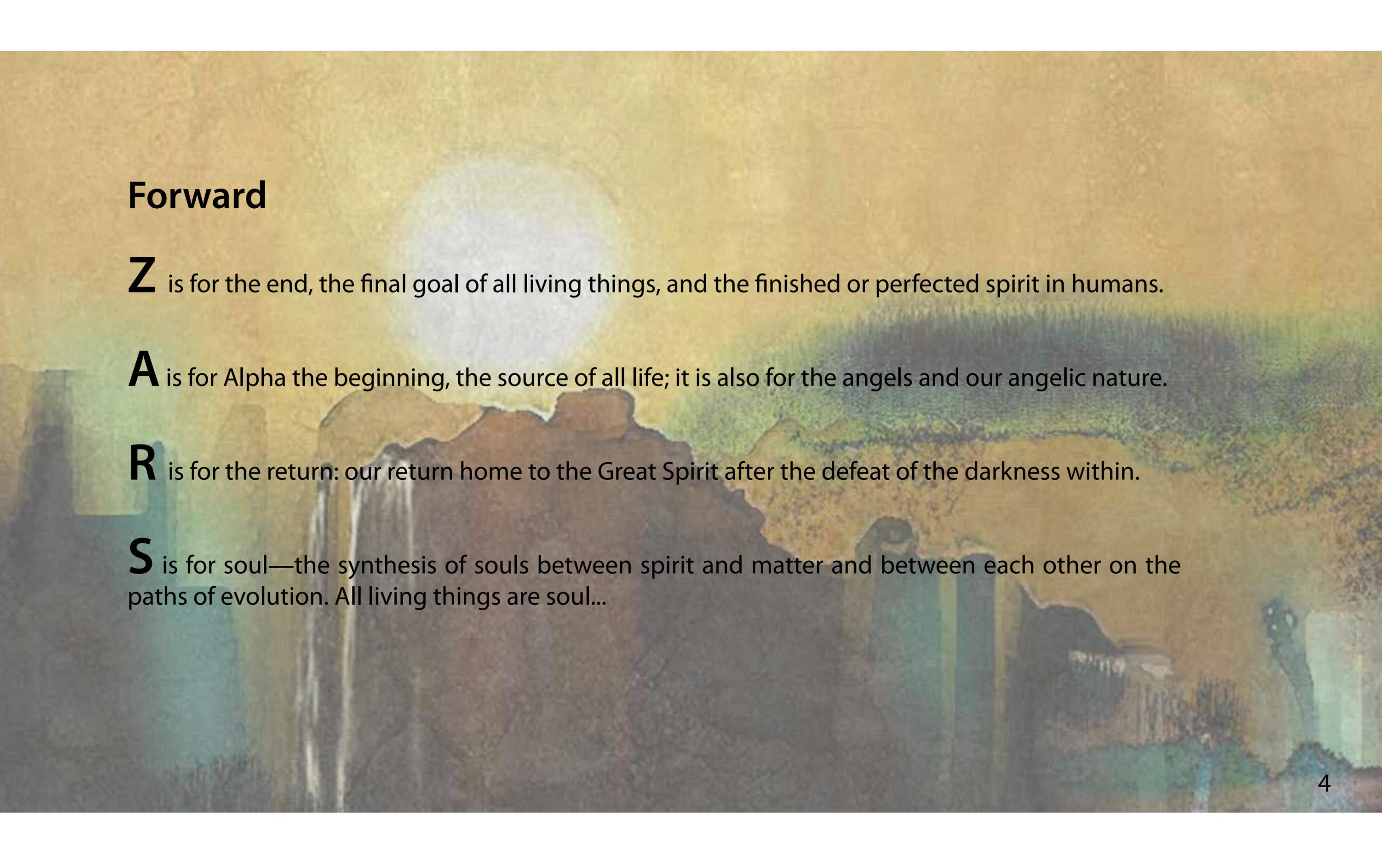
Dedicated to the future, the human imagination, and the freedom to be creative in whichever way we choose, for the benefit of our world.

Time To Save The World!

Paolo Raphael



Special thanks for all the love to *'The White Cat'*



Forward

Z is for the end, the final goal of all living things, and the finished or perfected spirit in humans.

A is for Alpha the beginning, the source of all life; it is also for the angels and our angelic nature.

R is for the return: our return home to the Great Spirit after the defeat of the darkness within.

S is for soul—the synthesis of souls between spirit and matter and between each other on the paths of evolution. All living things are soul...

Introducing: **The Eyes Of Zars**

Introduction to Zars

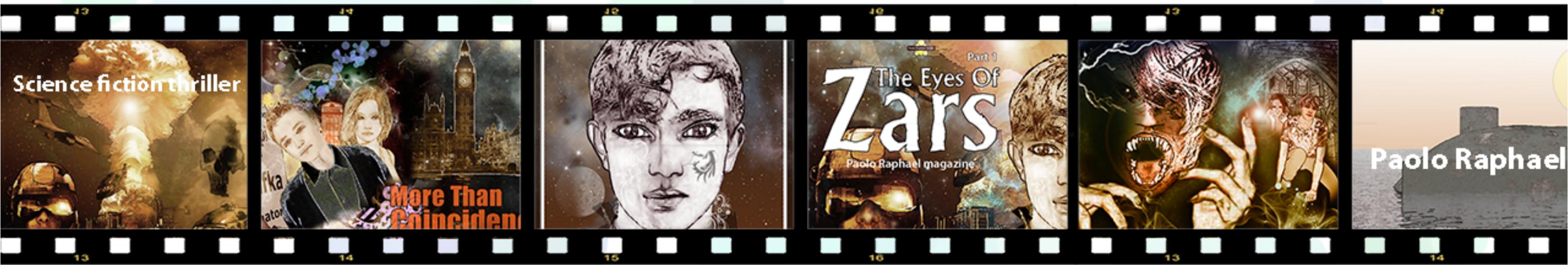
A chance meeting by two young people Ben Bentham and Paula Delaney, triggers a series of events that propel them into the journey of a lifetime, or indeed of many lifetimes. After an accidental encounter with a banker causing him to mislay his USB drive, they are pursued by a sinister force that reveals to them many dark secrets about the collapsing world government.

Zars is set in the backdrop of a virtually unreported global war for control of planet Earth. The Patriots from America and a group known as the Earth Alliance, were fighting for global control against the dark Lords Of Tremens. These dark Lords were a secret consortium of bankers and corporation controllers who had been attempting to destroy our world to remain in power. The power and control of these Lords had permeated into secret rogue elements within the militaries of America and some of her allies, and for a time, the bad guys had completely controlled the world and its financial system, but that control was now being contested.

For various reasons the Zars story characters find themselves in Venezuela, South America. It is here that they become entangled in a struggle between a proxy army of rogue mercenaries trying to control the countries vast oil reserves, and local resistance fighters who know exactly what is going on. It is whilst visiting South America, that Ben and Paula meet Zars, a young stranger from another world. When Zars sets his gaze upon someone, the truth is revealed as it really is; he can read the soul of a person and know the truth of any given situation as it really happened. Zars can also help Paula resolve her own personal tragedy, the childhood abduction of her twin brother Daman, who Paula senses is still alive somewhere and trying to contact her. In the midst of this chaos Paula is torn between the love for her missing brother, and her growing affection for Ben, the courageous young man who has recently entered her life.

The Eyes Of Zars reaches an incredible climax in its depiction of the true horror of the secret world government; its underground genetic mutation facilities and supernatural mind control. For many people however, this is not just a story, but a testament to the incredible times we have been living through, supported by the testament of many whistle blowers and documentaries revealed by the resistance and patriotic media. The world is changing but as Paula Delaney writes in her diary, *“Unfortunately it seems like the truth about why we need to change is our worst nightmare; a web of evil and deception by people we had trusted that is scarcely believable, and that is why so many don’t believe it.”*

1 More Than Coincidence?



<http://paoloraphaelbooks.com/>

1 More Than Coincidence?

London, December 29th 2011. From down a dark London alley two figures were being observed running towards the city centre, they were gasping for breath and in a state of panic. The couple, a young man and a woman, both in their early twenties, knew that someone or something was following them. This was no ordinary stalker, judging by its ability to keep up with them, it was something supernatural, something that could walk through walls and read their thoughts; they sensed a great malevolence in the air around them. At the end of a quiet back street behind a warehouse, they paused for a moment to listen, they had lost all reasoning, they were in survival mode. As they waited, they had that feeling again, that they were alone then a shiver up their spines and intuitively they turned around determined to face their stalker. Gripping each other tightly, they raised their heads to look upwards through the darkness and attempted to call for help, but some strange phenomena prevented any sound from ever leaving their lips. Then suddenly it was there, a tall dark creature at least three metres tall was sniffing the air. The creature's partially cloaked body revealed a protruding humanoid sinuous skeletal structure. Occasional flashes of light from distant traffic also gave glimpses of unnaturally white carnivorous teeth and blood red luminous eyes hidden under a menacing black hood. The creature leapt across the alley buildings above as if it was searching for prey, then suddenly directed its gaze towards a source of fear. It finally rested in front of the two runners who were weak and sick with fear. As they moved back into the shadows they noticed something else, they observed the air within the shadows around the beast, was beginning to distort and appear almost liquid in its transmuting texture. They also noticed some kind of military insignia upon the upper chest of this creature but they could not make it out. They felt so terribly alone, it seemed as though the creature was controlling this encounter by generating fear in its wake, they simply had no frame of reference for an experience like this. Was it some kind of alien abduction, or a real ghost of some horrific nature? They looked around nervously for some kind of escape but were afraid to run in case they provoked an attack. Then when

means of escape seemed possible, it was almost as if an angel had appeared to protect them, for from a distance, the sound of a car could be heard gradually approaching, its headlights growing ever brighter as the vehicle came closer. There was a sudden commotion in the darkness as the beast recoiled from the approaching lights, next there was an insidious hissing sound and the creature dissolved into the shadows cast by a late December moon. The couple ran towards the car which suddenly veered off, the driver probably oblivious to their plight, but they had made their escape. As they ran from the scene everything around them was still, not even the wind stirred a deathly silence. The sky grew darker as clouds covered the moon and it began to rain but in that same instance, the sound of the London traffic became louder as the lights changed somewhere near by. The roar of car engines could be heard and the young couple gave a sigh of relief as an atmosphere of normality began to return.

‘Ben, what is happening, can you believe what we just saw, was it real?’ asked Paula burying her head on his chest.

‘I saw it, but I don’t know; we must have been hallucinating, did we share a drink together?, something that could have been...

‘No’ said Paula emphatically.

Ben Bentham and his new friend Paula Delaney continued walking the streets nervously looking over their shoulders for any sign that they were being followed. Ben put his jacket over their heads to repel the rain as they strolled exhausted into the central London nightlife. But only moments later another problem arose. They caught a glimpse of two sinister looking men who at once, on making visual eye contact with Ben, made their way hastily towards him. The two men were careful not to break into a run, they did not want to attract too much attention. Ben grasped Paula’s hand pulling her to run faster. As luck would have it, they eventually ran into an office party crowd where they could mingle and get lost amidst the festive-season celebrations; surely, no one would dare attack them in the open.

‘The man you bumped into on the bus must have sent them,’ said Ben as they merged into the crowd.

Only a few hours earlier, in the late afternoon, Paula Delaney and her new acquaintance, Ben Bentham, whom she met whilst they were viewing different apartments in the same building, decided to take a bus together and check out the local high streets for shopping and amenities. It was whilst getting onto the bus that Paula had collided with a man who was clearly agitated about something. He was in a state of panic and wanted the driver to stop the bus. The man had somehow caught his umbrella through Paula's bag strap as he pushed past her. As he tried to pull away from Paula, some papers were prised from his hands; he also dropped a few coins and a USB flash drive, which all fell outside the open bus door. The man jumped off to pick up his belongings and Paula naturally apologised to him, although it was clearly not her fault. Ben came to her aid, he reassured her then asked the man if they could help him for he looked as though he had lost something very important.

'Do you need any help?,' asked Ben.

The smartly dressed man just eyed Ben but remained silent. In his dress he had the appearance of someone involved in banking or insurance in the city of London.

Paula suggested they should just forget about the incident and Ben reluctantly agreed having formed the opinion, that the man owed Paula an apology. The bus driver told people he was closing the doors then continued on his route.

From the rear of the bus Ben could see a man waving furiously for it to stop, but the figure faded from sight in the early evening winter drizzle. Paula looked around the bus floor to see if anything had been dropped, but nothing could be seen. Other passengers did not notice anything either and shrugged their shoulders.

As Ben and Paula looked through the bus rear window, they could see what looked like police or ambulance lights flashing in the distance. The commotion appeared to be near to where the agitated man had alighted the bus. He had presumed that there had been an attempt to rob him or perhaps steal his identity by taking a USB flash-drive which contained important personal information about himself. He had not seen that the USB drive had disappeared down a road drain when it fell from the bus. Many people like this man seem to think the worst all the time; they buy insurance for everything in a fear

driven world. In a world of increasing banking fraud and international crime to try and keep control of the collapsing monetary system, information was becoming a new commodity, information which could always be sold to someone who wanted power. Knowledge of the missing USB drive may have sent reverberations around the City of London underground.

‘Hey why don’t we go for coffee somewhere, or may be a glass of wine?—we can just chill out for a while,’ suggested Paula. About twenty minutes into their London bus journey the weary travellers decided to continue their journey by foot. There was the sound of police sirens everywhere which was not unusual in a large city like London; but shortly after they had left the bus, they noticed from a discrete distance, that the police had flagged it down amidst the London traffic, they appeared to question the driver before departing at speed on motorcycles. An unusual occurrence, and it was enough to make Ben and Paula suspect that something was clearly not right; perhaps they may have become implicated in some imagined crime, perhaps the two of them should spend some time together, just long enough to figure out what to do. Should they straighten things out with the police, or just not get involved; after all, they had nothing to hide.

It soon began to rain quite heavily so Paula wanted to go to her temporary accommodation to make some phone calls; then they could grab a bite to eat and a drink somewhere. After some time walking together the conversation departed from what had just happened. They were happy to take their minds off the incidents that had occurred earlier that evening.

‘I’m a graduate in Fine Art actually,’ said Ben at one point, ‘What did you do in America?’

‘I was an undergraduate studying journalism but dropped out.’

Paula told Ben she had considered teaching English abroad for a while until she could decide what to do with her life. Her mother had remarried and had not been in touch for the last two years. Her family like a lot of Americans recently, had been experiencing financial problems and Europe seemed to make sense for a while. Paula also told Ben that she had come to the UK looking for her father and some friends. Her parents got divorced a several years ago and her father came to Europe to work; he was an academic who had been living in the UK and recently moved to Germany. She also mentioned a personal family tragedy that had caused her family to drift apart. There was something they were all trying to forget—in their own

ways. Ben nodded sympathetically as he listened to Paula but did not want to pry any further. Paula continued her story because she felt she could trust Ben, she had already decided she would like him as a friend. Eventually they arrived at the end of the road leading to a place where Paula had been staying. Suddenly they halted almost in disbelief and their hearts sank. It now dawned on them they must be in some kind of big trouble. There were police all over the building of which Paula's room was a part of. The pulsating lights of law enforcement vehicles could clearly be seen and both uniformed and plain clothed personnel were entering and leaving the building with a sense of urgency. It looked like a major crime scene, but why? Paula placed her head in the hands, she was trying to focus on reality, the reality as it was only a few hours ago when all was well. Surely, this must all be a coincidence and probably nothing to do with her. It was all too much for one evening and Paula did not want to find out the truth behind it just now; may be she was mixed up in some terrible mistake.

'I think we should just go and talk to the police,' said Ben.

But they both had an intuitive feeling that something was not quite right, they just glanced at each other, then turned to walk away slowly, so as not to attract any attention.

'OK let's have that drink, anywhere will do,' said Ben.

Minutes later, they were both sitting at a table ordering drinks and looking at the menu, though food was the last thing on their minds right now. The ordinary everyday surroundings helped to calm them both down and they ordered a couple of drinks, a beer and a red wine, then they returned to trivial conversations about their family histories and work experience, that sort of thing.

'So how are you finding it here in the UK?,' asked Ben.

'It's different, but there's a lot that is the same. It's a little more relaxed than the U.S.—well with the exception of tonight of course.'

They both laughed nervously and as Ben looked up and gazed thoughtfully through the window for a moment, it became apparent that their nerves would be tested once again. He glimpsed someone watching them from outside, but the person quickly stepped back into the shadows. He could not clearly make out the figure clearly because of the rain on the

window panes. His immediate thought was not to alarm Paula so he just suggested they moved to a table further inside the room, it would be warmer. Suddenly standing to his feet Ben excused himself to use the washroom. As soon as he was out of sight he quickly made a detour to check the fire escapes for a possible means of escape. Ben was was a intelligent innovative sort of guy, always thinking ahead of the pack.

When he returned, they finished their drinks and felt relaxed enough to order two more but kept an eye on anyone passing the window outside.

After about hour, the decision was made to leave.

'We should go to my friend's place,' said Paula abruptly, then she left the table heading for the washroom only to return after an unusually long time, this agitated Ben under the circumstances. The two of them cautiously made there way out onto the high street once again, but the alcohol they had consumed had made them less cautious. And so it was, that someone observed the two of them leaving the building, presumably to look for somewhere to stay for the night.

It was at this point that our story takes us to where we began: *where Ben and Paula were being pursued by a supernatural beast of some kind. Eventually they would break into a run and make their way down a dark alley behind a large warehouse. There, they would gradually begin to sense that something else besides the two men was following them. Moments later, they would be confronted with the terrifying creature which had stalked them, before making their escape into the London crowds.*

After their escape from what they were rationalizing as a supernatural experience with the hooded beast, if such a thing could be rationalized, they came to a halt. They were full of indecision and had no idea about which way to continue their journey to Paula's friend's house. They desperately needed some kind of distraction to take their minds off recent events and decided they may even go and see a movie.

Finally their luck was about to change, for a while at least. Sometimes in life, there is a blessing that comes to the rescue in the most unlikely of ways. On a poster near to where they were standing there was an announcement by a Spiritualist society. It stated that a new medium would be 'channelling information' from beyond the Earthly realm. There would be alien contact information that would shock the audience and change the way they saw their world forever. After studying the poster Ben decided that such a bizarre meeting may possibly shed some light on their supernatural experiences earlier that evening. The venue appeared to be attracting a lot of interest and it would be a good place to hide for a while. As they walked towards the entrance they noticed some commotion in the distance and when Ben looked across the street he noticed one of the men who had been tracking them earlier, worst still, he had made unintentional eye contact with him. The decision was made for them, quickly he ushered Paula in to the Spiritualist venue doorway.

'Ben, what's the problem?' she said aloud

'Sssssh they're here—it's one of the men who's been following us, and I think he knows we're on to him,' replied Ben.

They continued their way into the Spiritualist meeting hall for it seemed as good a place as any to be safe for a while amidst the crowd.

'Are you sure it's them?' asked Paula as they looked for what they thought may be the safest seats.

'Yes it was definitely one of them—the men we saw before.'

After making a donation they took their places in seats near the centre of the group where they felt more secure. There was an excitement in the air and a feeling of well being in the room which put Ben more at ease, but he noticed a tremble in the sound of Paula's breathing as she inhaled deeply for relaxation.

After various announcements by a Mrs Hemmings, one of the event organisers, the lights in the room were dimmed and the guest speaker was finally introduced.

'Well, nice to see a few new faces this week,' said the announcer, looking in the direction of Ben and Paula who were trying to be inconspicuous.

'And without further delay we would like to introduce a very special guest this evening, some of you have already had the

pleasure to meet our speaker and channel for tonight. A man with a larger than life persona in more ways than one—we present to you the very gifted and profoundly interesting Dr. Kafka, known in some circles as the Illuminator.’

There was a sudden round of applause which eventually came to a gradual halt. Dr Kafka’s picture was on the posters outside but it did not reveal much of his face, or the or the reason for the surprise Ben and Paula were about to see. The audience waited and were beginning to get restless before there was another dimming of the lights to almost complete darkness. One of the group organisers then lit a few candles to create an ethereal atmosphere. Eventually, the audience would to be disappointed and some of them were temporarily in awe. They were greeted with the sight of an extremely tall and sombre looking man appearing from behind the stage curtains.

Ben immediately whispered to Paula that he was reminded of a sorcerers from an old black and white movies he had seen; and Paula remarked on how tall he was.

‘May be he was a basketball player or something,’ whispered Ben.

‘Kind ‘a scary being that big,’ said Paula, nervously looking around for any signs of their stalkers.

Things were about to get a little scarier when Ben returned his glance to the front stage to see the towering guest speaker was staring right at him.

‘Why is everyone staring at us today?’ he said turning to Paula.

‘Well he’s not staring at me, it’s you he wants,’ she replied smirking.

‘You’re a great comfort,’ whispered Ben.

They considered the guest speaker to be at least seven feet tall, at a guess. There was a deathly silence in the room for a few moments before the speaker broke off his stare towards Ben and smiled benevolently. He looked around the room nodding occasionally as if he had recognised one or two people, then he introduced himself.

‘I am the one known as Dr Kafka, who, as you know from my introduction, I may also be known as the Illuminator,’ He issued fourth these words in an unusually deep voice before seating himself comfortably and taking the first of several deep breaths.

Suddenly his body began to shudder furiously and for a moment, his eyes opened just a little to reveal only their whites as his head fell back. It was as though someone was trying to take control of him, or so it looked. Then just as suddenly, he seemed to compose himself again. The audience waited with baited breath and Paula looked cautiously around the room again. Then quite unexpectedly, almost causing her to jump out of her seat, a high-pitched voice began to emanate from the Doctor. An unfathomable greeting of strange syllables was issued forth and moments later, the voice announced,

‘My name is Zars, a former high priest and custodian of the Zarsian Manuscripts. I was originally from a small planet known as Zarsia, but at this time I am upon your Earth for it is my mission to be here. There are many more moons and planets in your solar system than you have been told, of which Zarsia is one of them. You may refer to me as the Zarsian, I am the head of our priesthood. We are at last, pleased to make contact with you, our Earth brethren.

We have observed the peoples of your world for centuries of your Earth years and we have in our possession, the technology to visit your world in our, shall we say, relatively primitive space vehicles. I should explain that we have been coming to your world secretly for quite some time. We have a need for certain minerals essential for our food chain. We have endured many problems over the millennia and much of our outer planet has been destroyed in the past. As with your own planet however, there is much interior space which could be colonised with the co-operation of those who already live there.

We come to you now, because those of us that represent the forces of good on our world, see a great opportunity to advance our whole civilization by working with the people from Earth for greater understanding between our two worlds. As you will know, if you do your research, there is much evidence to show that people have existed on other planets such as Mars, we have a colony there ourselves. There are many planets just inhabited within their interior where conditions are good.

There was a dark priesthood on Zarsia which kept our people in slavery for long enough, and now is a time for change. We had often thought of asking the people of Earth for assistance with our problems, but as we studied your world from afar, we were able to see that which you could probably not. We began to see that your world was also living under conditions of slavery, albeit in not such an obvious way as on our own world. Your Earth was nonetheless becoming ever more terrible and set on a path of

destruction. We were able to monitor the small group of people that controlled your planet for their self-gain, and their worship of power. Their crimes against you and your planet have truly been great and horrific. As some of you are becoming increasingly aware, everything in your world has been controlled and there is death everywhere—the death of the people, the animals, and of nature. This is through the use of chemicals in your food, water and air, and through your wars and the control of your media. Also from deliberately manufactured diseases, the general destruction of your environment, through the fear and poverty deliberately created by your corrupt banking and economic system. And all this is ignored through the control of your education systems. Education that makes you consider useless details rather than seeing the bigger picture, which they keep for themselves. Through these things, you have been driven towards a great death, the death of your world. Now I will explain about the Zarsians also known as the Zarsusi. I must first make you aware that the Zarsians are very physical beings in their own world, but they mix with discarnate entities and earthbound spirits from your world. These spirits and energies are sometimes used to initiate the psychic attacks on Earth humans in semi sleeping states of paralysis. These attacks, I should make it clear, are often used to manipulate the Earth world by controlling people in power, and this can lead to physical results or situations being played out on Earth, wars for example. This can be done through the control of consciousness, by the manipulation of thoughts that create a fearful imagination. From the negative fear emotions derived from this, your planet controllers energise and create, for want of a better term, your Earth reality. That is to say, these scenarios are then played out in what appears to be your Earth reality according to the news and media your controllers also possess and manipulate. But all this is changing now.'

There was an abrupt silence for a few moments, then unexpectedly,

'Please try to follow,' said the voice from Dr Kafka, who once again appeared to glance in the direction of Ben and Paula. The two of them looked at each other in astonishment.

'My God, I think he knows we are in trouble,' said Paula moving closer to Ben.

Dr Kafka as the Zarsian then continued...

'Although your world appears to have many problems, what you are actually doing is birthing yourselves constantly into a

Ben and Paula, London 2011



etino
W Spi
esents
Kafka
ator

More Than Coincidence?

poster

higher spiritual awareness. This process of growth brings all of us closer to Love and therefore The Creator. You are currently undergoing a metamorphosis of your bodies and consciousness; you are terrestrial moving up to extraterrestrial. This will eventually enable you to see that you are in control of more than you think.

Unfortunately, through a sense of inertia on your human part, largely brought on by the illusion of hopelessness created by your controllers, whom we call The Lords Of Tremens, your world is now on the brink of destruction. We are concerned about this because the destruction of your world, also assures the destruction of our people. However, we are hopeful you will survive because lessons have been learnt from the demise of previous versions of your civilization. I refer of course to Atlantis and Lemuria, the remnants of which lie around your land and oceans for everyone to see. And yet, you do not see, because that is not what your controllers want. However, this is your age of revelations, so expect to learn much that is new. As we observed your planet from Mars, we became afraid to make ourselves known to you, because we knew of the ruthless nature of your controllers—they also had designs on controlling Mars. Secretly your space travel technology is far more advanced than your controllers have told you. Your governments have lied to you about many things—they have many dark agendas, but we could see that at some time in the future we would have to co-operate with humans on Earth...'

Suddenly, Dr Kafka the Illuminator made a deep sigh then paused. It seems that the light of candles or any other dimmed source of light, can make people more receptive to the bizarre and ethereal explanations for many things that happen in our the world. During the silence Paula whispered to Ben,

'You know Ben, some of this doesn't seem that far out. We thought the authorities in the U.S. knew more about my brother Daman's abduction than they would say—that was our family tragedy that I mentioned earlier. I lost my brother, he simply vanished. My parents felt they were not being told the truth but we could never prove anything.....and I've been having these dreams lately, this recurring vivid dream, and he just keeps calling to me, Daman I mean, he was only seven when they took him.'

Ben listened sympathetically. Paula became more emotional and tears begin to well up in her eyes as she recalled her lost brother, the way she had remembered him.

'He wants me to follow him, but I don't know where,' said Paula almost beginning to cry.

Although Paula had spoken to Ben in a whisper, it seemed as though Dr Kafka had heard every word and was interested in what she had said.

After his pause of a couple of minutes as if there had been a break in his transmission for some unearthly technical reason, the doctor continued in the strange high pitched voice he used when acting as a medium.

'There are new energies activating your world and preparing you for much change. That is all for now my friends.' The huge figure of Doctor Kafka then fell silent to the dismay of some of the crowd.

The Spiritualist meeting began to draw to a close as the organisers indicated there was a break in the connection to Dr Kafka, from the Zarsian priest. As the lights came up people began to look around for their belongings and refreshments were announced.

Suddenly Paula's heart jumped; she gave Ben a nudge discreetly directing his gaze to the rear left of the room. It was definitely him; one of the men who had been following them. A second man then joined him but they separated so as not to appear too intimidating in front of the guests.

The presenter left the stage after the brief announcements to offer refreshments in the building opposite. People gathered their belongings and headed for the doorway. As the guests began to leave the room, Dr Kafka remained seated and silent, his eyes still closed. The terrible thought entered Ben and Paula's minds that Dr Kafka may be in league with the men following them and they looked around for a possible escape route.

No one seemed to notice the two uninvited guests at the rear of the room and one of them quickly made for what appeared to be the fire escape exit. It looked as though he was attempting to block any escape that way. The audience was about to disappear to the refreshments room across the grounds.

Ben saw their chance and was about to usher Paula out of the room following the last of the audience. But there was a slight commotion outside and they both noticed the shadowy figure of someone hiding against the wall to the right of the doorway. They could only assume it was a third man waiting in ambush. Paula felt it would have been better to run amongst

the guests outside, but the third man was enough to hold them back from any sudden evasive action and in an instant, their chance to run was gone.

In a moment of desperate courage, Ben dragged Paula back by the arm then turned to face one of the men who had followed them. The man looked strong, two or three days of stubble and cold grey eyes that gave the impression no-one was at home. He seemed almost robotic in his movements. The perfect assassin, thought Paula as she tried to calm herself with the thought that if Ben was attacked, she could scream until help came, but would help come in time? The main door was now closed and there was no escape from the room. To make matters worse they suddenly noticed that the tall doctor continued to sit perfectly still with his eyes closed. It was as if he was controlling the situation and something terrible was about to happen.

The man in the room in front of them quickly pulled a knife and he also held a needle and syringe in his other hand. It could have been filled with some poison or anaesthetic. Ben found the courage to confront him again,

‘Who are you and what do you want?’

‘You’ve got the wrong people,’ added Paula.

‘Oh I don’t think so,’ said the assailant with a wry smile in a cold emotionless voice.

There was a sound out in one of the corridors leading to the fire exit; it sounded as though the second man was returning but then there was silence. They were just waiting for the word from Dr Kafka the Illuminator and they were finished.

But as Ben was about to speak again, the huge figure of Doctor Kafka rose to it's feet so fast that even the assailant seemed to jump. It was as if the attacker with the knife had thought the huge man had been a theatrical stage prop and was not even real. Dr Kafka’s eyes opened at once and he quickly stepped forward towards the man who was confronting Ben and Paula. His long right arm suddenly grabbed the killers hand with the syringe and forced him to break it on a near by table. The doctor then held the man's arm with his left hand whilst using his right hand again to block an attempted stab from the assailant’s knife. He then held the man’s arms in a cross over his chest. The assailant seemed unable to move at all, and although he looked a very powerful individual, he was no match for the gargantuan Dr Kafka. It had not been taken in to

account the sheer strength of a man over seven feet tall with such a huge bone structure.

Dr Kafka abruptly grabbed the man by an arm and his neck and the attacker simply passed out lifeless and dropped to the floor. Ben and Paula just looked aghast. They were waiting for the second man and perhaps others to join the fight, but they did not come. Whether the second man was still in the shadows or he had run, they could not tell.

‘He is not destroyed,’ said Dr Kafka suddenly, looking at the body before him. His usual deep voice had returned indicating he was no longer in any kind of trance.

‘I must ask you to trust me,’ said the Doctor.

‘Well I suppose we must, after all you saved us,’ said Paula looking at Ben who nodded in agreement. ‘We must join the others in the refreshments building. There is a small room adjoining it and I wish to share some information with you,’ said the Doctor.

‘We’ve got nothing to lose, we need to get out of here,’ whispered Ben to Paula.

The three of them walked across to the refreshments building. Ben and Paula tried to look as composed as possible after what had just occurred. The two of them made their way to a small storage room next to the larger refreshments room and awaited Dr Kafka who was now surrounded by people with questions about what he had said while under the influence of the Zarsian.

‘Ah Dr Kafka there you are,’ one of the society administrators said as she came to shake the Doctor’s hand.

‘I will return shortly, I have some new guests waiting and I wish to answer their questions first, we don't want to lose them,’ the Doctor replied.

He then courteously smiled and made his way to the adjoining room where Ben and Paula were waiting. He turned up the lights in the room to reassure the two timid and confused people before him, that he had no underhanded intentions. He politely asked them to be seated for a moment and they apprehensively accepted. The Doctor then turned his back on them and stood with a hand upon his jaw as if he was in serious contemplation.

‘Yes!’ he said, suddenly turning towards them.

'You need to know more and can I first apologise, for any stress or confusion we have caused you. You must also understand that you really have nothing to be afraid of from myself, or any of our group; we are here to help you as I hope I have already demonstrated. There are others that will help with your, shall we say, predicament, you can rest assured.'

Paula looked at Ben and sighed with relief before speaking.

'Look, whatever is going on there is definitely some sort of misunderstanding'.

'Absolutely,' said Ben, nodding in agreement.

'The men who were following us—everything, is all a misunderstanding. Why can't we simply go to the police?' continued Paula, now standing up and feeling more at ease. She shrugged her shoulders at the Doctor in an act of resignation. 'I am afraid there is much more to it than that,' the Doctor said ruefully and with a tone of sympathy.

'Firstly, I am not sure what the misunderstanding is, but you should be aware that if men like your attackers are employed by someone, the higher ranks of police may either help you, or hand you over to the malevolent ones who are now looking for you. You see, although it may seem incidental coming here, it has involved you in many other things. The unfortunate coincidence of you both being here at this time, may convince the people who sent your attackers that you are definitely the people they want.'

The Doctor then leaned towards Ben and Paula and lowered his voice to a whisper.

'They will stop at nothing to find you, and—' he paused, 'well let's hope they do not find you.'

Suddenly turning away from them, Dr Kafka continued in a more positive mode.

'They may have other things to focus on for a while if I read the situation correctly. So you may relax just a little for the time being. If you need our help, you can contact Mrs Hemmings our society secretary and here is her card. She will know who you are, but we must hurry, you have a plane to catch. You must at least get out of London for the time being.'

'A plane?' said Ben and Paula almost in unison, but without further explanation, they were ushered out of the room by the

Doctor. Quickly the three of them left the building and as soon as they were outside Ben and Paula turned to thank Dr Kafka, but he had simply disappeared, he was nowhere to be seen.

‘Where can he have gone?’ said Paula as she moved closer to and Ben gripping his arm.

Ben looked at her for a moment sensing her vulnerable feminine nature for the first time.

‘Come on, let’s just go,’ he said, pulling his jacket over their heads to keep them both dry from the cold winter rain. Paula agreed.

‘We can make our way to my friend’s apartment from here she’s away for a few days. I said I would check her mail and feed her cat. You can sleep on the sofa bed,’ suggested Paula.

The tired young couple had no idea of the incredible events that would turn their lives upside down in the weeks ahead. The rain had eased a little but was still pouring as their tired dripping silhouettes were secretly observed walking across a busy London road.

Part 2 ‘The Latin Connection’

Paolo Raphael Magazine

The Zars series *The Eyes Of Zars* in seventeen parts

- 1 More Than Coincidence?
- 2 The Latin Connection
- 3 Paula: Strange Dreams
- 4 Revelations
- 5 The Strangers
- 6 Arrested
- 7 Ben Hero
- 8 Escape
- 9 The Zarsian Altar
- 10 The Prophet of Mars
- 11 The Quatrains
- 12 The Hollow Earth
- 13 Awakenings: The Lords of Tremens
- 14 Daman
- 15 DNA: The Terrible Secret
- 16 The New World
- 17 Synopsis

Welcome!

Paolo Raphael Books



Free ebooks

Get the first seven magazines in this series for free.

*simply download the PDFs from paoloraphaelbooks.com free ebooks page
no registration necessary. Offer 2016-17*

art & literature site
Entre

Please visit our site

<http://paoloraphaelbooks.com/>

Other books by Paolo Raphael in the **Earth Tykes** series...next
Download your free copy of the Paolo Raphael Books arts magazine **Earth Tykes Review**



The image shows the cover of the 'Earth Tykes Review' magazine. At the top left is the website 'earthtykes.com'. The title 'the Earth Tykes Review' is prominently displayed in a stylized font. Below the title is the question 'Can these little folks unlock the keys to saving our world?' followed by the text 'Art and discussion. Paolo Raphael free Arts magazine.' and 'Paolo Raphael Magazine'. The cover art depicts several cartoon characters in a desert-like setting with palm trees and butterflies. One character in the foreground wears a blue and white striped shirt and sunglasses. Another character on the right has a small horn on their head and is holding a skateboard. In the bottom right corner of the cover is the website 'earthtykes.com'. A small inset image in the top left corner shows the cover of 'the Earth Tykes Book 1 by Paolo Raphael' with the subtitle 'Introducing Time to Save the World!'.



“We’ve been living far too long in black and white, now it’s time to start living in colour...”

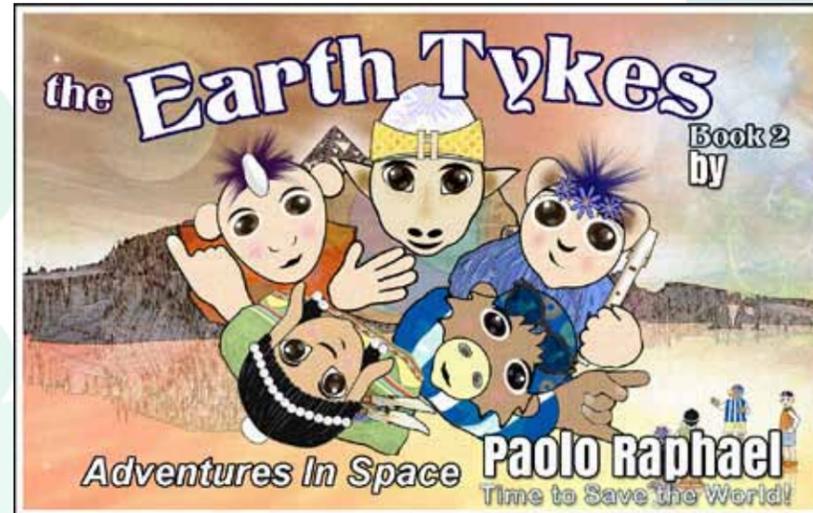
Also tips for creating your own graphics novels, working methods, illustration techniques, inspiration and more!

Other books by Paolo Raphael

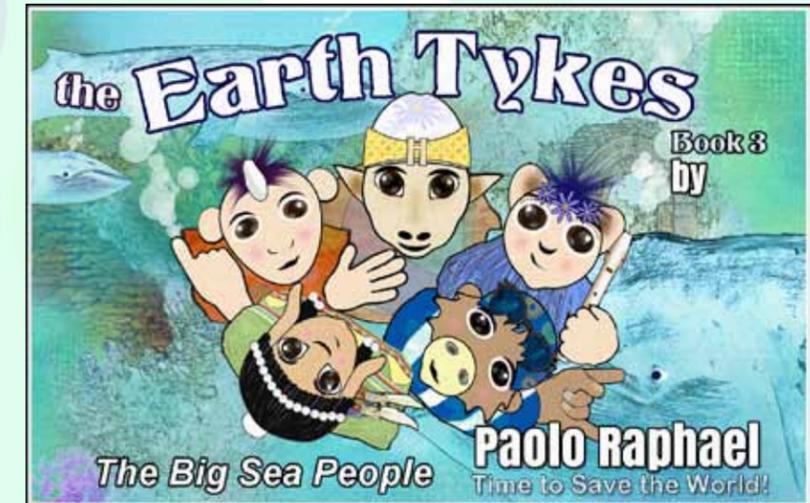
Book 1 **free**
Introducing The Earth Tykes



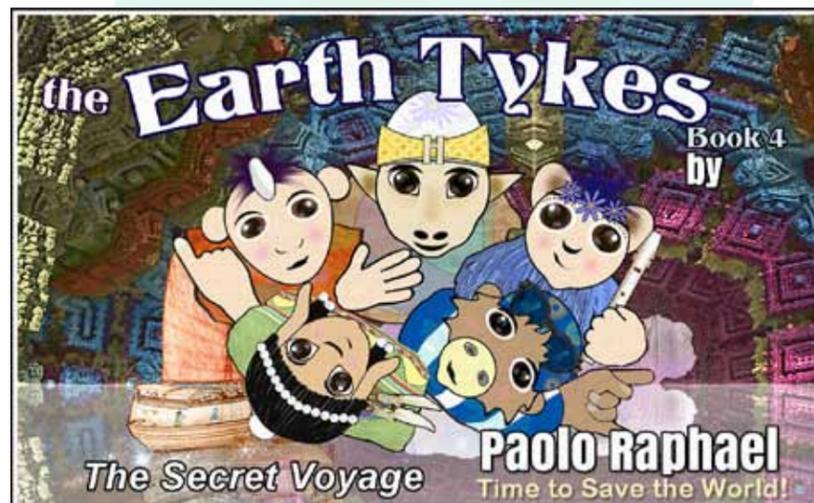
Book 2
Adventures In Space



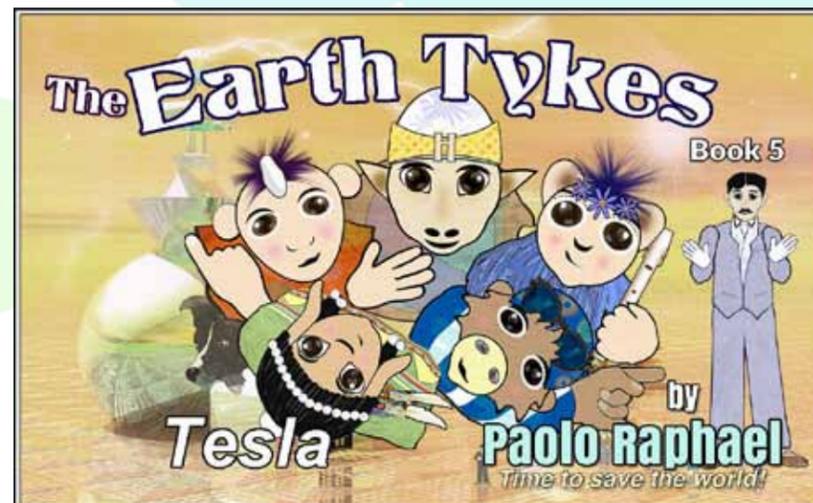
Book 3
The Big Sea People



Book 4
The Secret Voyage



Book 5
Tesla



Earth Tykes Colouring Book 1:
Birth Signs



Available from Amazon



www.paoloraphaelbooks.com