

The Salvador Dalí  
FORMULA

D. LABOVICH



The thoughts and quotations of theorists, artists, and scientists mentioned in this book, as well as the descriptions of works of art, are accurate and real. The secret knowledge, the laws and descriptions of the experiments in this novel were awarded several Nobel Prizes, and they have been implemented and proven many times.

All the characters and the plot in this novel are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

### **The Salvador Dalí Formula**

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**Dedication**

For the most enlightened person I have ever met,  
my father, Radojica M. Labović



**Thanks**

I thank my husband for the clarification and cooperation in understanding the Copenhagen interpretation, retro-reasoning and other laws of quantum physics, whose evidence can only rely on the existence of God.





***“If the growth of Christianity had been arrested by some mortal malady, the world would have been Mithraic.”***

Ernest Renan

***“Intelligence without ambition is a bird without wings.”***

Salvador Dalí



# Prologue



JANUARY 25TH, LONDON 1989

A man in a leopard fur coat swayed from the highest spike on the massive dark iron gate leading to the Palace of Westminster.

A leather ribbon holding a small wooden cross cut deeply into the skin of his emaciated neck. His thin, black mustache turned up like bull horns, curving against his sunken cheeks. The irises of his bulging eyes showed serenity, hinting he had finally found peace with God. The deceased clutched a stone, tied with a Solomon's knot.

A few feet away, while the police sirens howled in the distance, the driver of a black Rolls-Royce stepped on the gas. A fresh pool of blood glimmered like a small, calm pond under the dim light of a streetlamp on the asphalt behind him. At that moment, a child's cry was heard.

\*

A few hours earlier...

“I will end this agony, Donald Wilson. The Secret Five from Oxford will be destroyed!” the man in the leopard fur coat said while picking the lock to his colleague's two-story house, a respected physics teacher from Salisbury.

The smell of vanilla pancakes filled the air.

He washed his hands in the sink, then moved the kitchen table, where the greasy traces of children's fingers were clearly visible. He unfolded the carpet from over the door in the floor. The smell of damp and cold earth wafted through the small slit. He descended into the hidden passage that led to the secret archives of Donald Wilson, a physicist. In front of a mirror that hung over a desk cluttered with souvenirs, notebooks, and books, he saw his reflection. He took a thin, overly curled, long, artificial mustache out of his pocket and glued it over his lips.

“You took a great secret to the grave! Salvador Dalí, rest in eternal glory!” he whispered.

He approached the right wall and bowed before the portraits of Salvador Dalí, Einstein, Newton, and Galileo. Finally, he kissed the icon of the Madonna, the last picture hanging in the row.

He began opening drawers and leafing through scattered notebooks, notes on crumpled sheets of paper, and books with the old Oxford library stamp on the cover. Under one book, called *Metaphysics in Contemporary Physics*, someone had drawn an image of a key whose round head was

centered over a cross. A teacher told him about a network that used symbols to keep secret passwords among scientists and priests. The imposter knew it was no ordinary key. It was the ANKH, an Egyptian hieroglyph, a magical symbol of wisdom, and the key to secret knowledge.

He circled the room, searching for a secret place that could have a keyhole. Finally, he moved the icon of the Madonna aside, revealing a carved-out square in the wall. It had a small hole. He inserted the key, and the concrete door opened. It hid an object, a gilded urn crusted with gems in its center. Runic letters were carved in its body above the symbol of an equilateral cross within a circle.

He took the urn in his hands. To his surprise, it was light. Its base must be made of wood. He lifted the urn and shook it, not caring that the dust of the dead might come out of it. A paper folded into a square fell to the floor. He grabbed it, unfolded it, and stared at a formula that resembled an odd rebus. Under the formula was the inscription *Atom Dalí*.





# Chapter 1



LONDON, JANUARY 18TH, 2019

If only I could wake up as a genius! Anything I ever wanted to accomplish – I would accomplish, everything I ever dreamed of – would become a game for me, Charles Clark, a reporter at a small London TV station called UK-Minutes, thought after reading the strange message that had just landed in his inbox.

In the suburbs of London, in a small red brick house with a roof partially covered with greenish moss, the impure tone of the song echoed – “Feeling Good” performed by Michael Buble. Leaving his smartphone on the pillow, Charles rubbed his eyes, tucked his feet into his woolen slippers, put on a blanket, and walked over to a cheap plastic desk. He opened the email via his laptop and clicked again into an odd message that landed in his inbox. The email was an invitation to a press conference celebrating the occasion marking the thirtieth anniversary of the death of the most mystical figure in the history of art, the genius of the twentieth century, the Surrealist, Salvador Dalí. The invitation was for journalists around the globe at the Museum of Modern Art, or MoMA, as most people knew it, in New York.

“Salvador Dalí January 23rd, 1989 – January 23rd, 2019”

Signed by Julian Mellon, art historian

Organization The Great Five

Museum of Modern Art, New York

Not every artist was destined to become a millionaire during his lifetime. Charles nibbled on an old salty snack he left on the table last night. As usual, he had just taken the prize coupon from the bag and put it in the pocket of his leather jacket, which hung messily on the armchair.

It was his friend, Ethan. Like Charles, he was almost forty, not doing what he loved for a living. Losers with women as with finances.

“Charles, did you see the letter?”

“I am reading it now.”

“The media director has lost his mind! He says that an incredible scandal is being prepared at the MoMA! This news will shock the world but most of all the UK!”

“What the hell is this about?”

“I have no idea Charles, but as ordered, we must be there!”

“Shouldn't they have invited someone from the BBC or ART TV?”

“Who says they didn't? But our small television will be among them.”

“What a challenge!” Charles said enthusiastically.

“You have one day to prepare.”

“One day! But I have to have original questions!”

“Charles, this is your chance!”

Ethan sounded like he wasn't telling the truth. Their lazy media director was never concerned with the “popular



face” of their small TV station and even less about unnecessary expenses for travel costs. Despite the fact that Charles did not understand much about art, this time he did not have the opportunity to choose. If he agreed, he would do the right thing. Debts to the throat could not wait any longer. A few more weeks, and the landlady would finally kick him out of the apartment.

That disgusting feeling came again when he admitted to himself that he was doing what he didn't like. Now, for who knows how many times, he once again felt all the hatred towards his own long-ago decision. He used to make the biggest mistake of his life. He left the Faculty of Architecture and chose the job of a journalist, which he hated. The line of easier resistance had always been his strong side, and now, it was hitting him on the head again. He will have to prepare material again that he does not understand.

Surrealism used to attract Charles only in architecture. Apart from the fact that he was one of the first Surrealists and that there is a street, café or gallery called Salvador Dalí, in almost every capital of Europe, he knew almost nothing about the artist and his works.

Charles approached the window bordered by damp steam, looking towards green fields whose borders were lost in fog. The Merlon Orphanage had a view similar to this. Nothing’s changed. A storm was coming again. It suffocated his last hope. He could not get out of depression for a long time, and now, because of the infantile director of the media, he had to deal with a topic that was not at all interesting to him. Salvador Dalí.

Charles saw his powerful body in the glass reflection. He often hated his good looks. He inherited facial features from his father. However, a tall, muscular body resulted from an unhappy childhood. If not spiritually, he had to get strong, at least physically. Now, just like in those days in that infinitely long room on the third floor of the Merlon Orphanage, where his only possessions were one bed among a hundred identical cots and the memory of his parents, he felt indifferent.

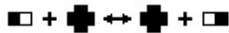
It had been more than half a year since he no longer shared the rent with his now ex-girlfriend. He spent two hours on the way from home to work, which meant four hours a day, twenty hours a week, or eighty hours a month. During this time, Clark would scratch gambling tickets at kiosks or markets near bus stops.

“When are you going to accept that you’re a loser?” his ex would ask when they fought, tossing the caps and pictures he’d collected.

“To become a winner, first you must become a diligent participant,” he’d reply through his teeth while lifting weights in the room’s corner.

He still had the will to live, even if it was reflected in childish nonsense. As if that was the last time he laughed.

“Feeling Good” had just stopped sending a message of absurdity. The CD player squeaked just as his inbox alerted him to another email. He approached his desk and opened the new message. Its subject was blank. The sender’s name was “Adept.” He clicked on the touchpad and a strange formula entitled “Atom Dalí” opened before his eyes.



*Atom Dalí*

He noticed an attached JPEG file. He clicked to open it. The picture was so gruesome that unbearable nausea overwhelmed him. The dark shadow of the past lurked to swallow him.

# Chapter 2



FOR SEVERAL HOURS NOW, Charles hadn't seen a single cloud above the ocean. He doubted he had done a good thing. A little more money as a bonus for a business trip would not drastically change the situation. He would need to find alternative accommodations when he returned.

It was that time of year he always avoided remembering, but the email he received from the person calling themselves the Adept forced him to think about his parents' grave, and what he had buried there. He recognized the architecture of the Palace of Westminster in London. He remembered when he saw this magnificent building for the first time in his life. The gleam in the eyes of a small child from the south of England shone like a precious stone. His mother had said, "We will start a new life. In France. Paris is an exquisite city. You'll like it!" Father had been packing suitcases into their family camper. Charles was proud of his father. That night, his father had something important for Parliament. "From London, we go straight to the English Channel." And then darkness came. That was the same night he lost his parents. Through the small window of a Mercedes camper, while his feet stood in a pool of his own blood, he saw his dead father being carried away. A man had hung from the gate of the Westminster Palace, the same building that looked so harmless now. Just the one from the photo he got in the email. That night, only he survived.

When Charles zoomed in on the photo, he noticed a small wooden cross on the dead man's neck. He could also notice the tall, thin mustache that now terrified him to the mustache of Salvador Dalí.

Dizziness fueled nausea in his belly. The murmur from the passengers around him irritated his nerves while he tried to drive away his thoughts and memories. He glanced at the MoMA brochure he had bought at the airport. In the article about Salvador Dalí, in addition to the interesting paintings "Virgin Mary" and "Gala" whose portraits were made of atoms, Charles saw the painting *Persistence of Memory*. There were mystical melting clocks on it.

He shook his head. "What madness! Clocks that melt due to the force of the earth's gravity!"

Ethan sat beside Charles. "Surely it's not the first time you've seen that painting?" The American Airlines flight attendant stopped. The British accents of two forty-year-old guys seemed to thrill her.

"I don't remember." Charles shrugged.

"Sometimes you seem more miserable than you are. Those who see *The Persistence of Memory* never forget it." Ethan concluded, lowering his cap with the NY emblem over his bright blue-dyed hair.

"There must be secret magic that helps a person realize his desires." Charles looked at the beautiful legs of the flight attendant. "Salvador Dalí achieved everything! One of the few artists who became a millionaire during his lifetime. What do you desire, Ethan?"

"To become a millionaire!" Ethan smiled under the bill of his cap.

Charles kept his eyes on the magazine in the seat pocket in front of him. A photograph of the latest Bugatti Chiron model was on the cover. *Fly with a pure heart! Comfortable in the air, but on earth as well!* Charles remembered reporting on the Geneva Motor Show in 2018. That was the first time he laid eyes on a Bugatti Chiron Sport. It cost around 3.5 million dollars. He was very happy for the opportunity to sit in that car for a whole thirty seconds.

“I want to drive the best sports car, find the love of my life, preferably a hot chick, get promoted, and I want one of my architectural projects to be recognized.”

“Don’t tell me you want all that to happen in one day!”  
Ethan burst out laughing.

“I forgot another wish. I would like to see my parents once again.”

This forced Ethan to become serious. Storms filled his eyes, as if anger and love were spiraled into molecules wrapping around their hearts. After a few minutes of silence, he finally said, “You don’t stand a chance. You’re a kid from an orphanage, just like me.”



# Chapter 3



SLIGHTLY FRIGHTENED, Cambridge University physics professor Stephen Redstone sat in his smoky office. The dim light from the high window of the gothic church fell exactly on the seal stamped in dark wax on the envelope on his desk. Redstone had just arrived home after a two-day stay at the European Organization for Nuclear Research. CERN, the world's largest laboratory, sat on the French-Swiss border. The total number of physicists involved in this project was about ten thousand.

Although he knew they were very close to discovery, Redstone feared they had a long way to go. Maybe even decades. He was convinced that if they revealed the secret of the God Particle at CERN, it would explain many doubts about the archaeological heritage, architecture and function of the pyramids, and dolmens and circular monuments around the world. In this way, UNESCO would justify the goal of preserving many cultural heritage sites around the world. The God Particle would finally clarify the doubts of every scientifically educated atheist.

However, not even the fifty-billion-dollar laboratory, with the most magnificent and unique atom breaker in the

world, was a means that would guarantee the discovery of the God Particle with absolute certainty. Redstone joked he would no longer be alive by the time it maybe bore fruit. Until today.

He approached the window suspiciously and looked out into the garden, making sure his guard was still there. The stamp that disturbed him had an engraving of the ANKH carrying the message. Redstone could guess who the sender was.

He had hired his guard after last year's brawl at a pub where a very religious student tried to break his head with a mug of beer. The fountain, overgrown with dry bare bushes, sprayed three thin streams of water. Uncut grass blocked the stone path and reached almost half of the iron gate. In the distance, through a thick gray fog, the blurred shapes of the four peaks of Cambridge's King's College Chapel. Apart from the thick fog and flocks of tiny black birds that flew from one tree canopy to another, there was nothing unusual.

Redstone returned to his desk and opened the letter. He ran his fingers over his black eyebrows, leaned his beret closer to his nose, and plunged into the armchair.

Sender: Founder of The Great Five (Multidisciplinary Research in Arts and Social Sciences), Professor Bertrand Bonnet, Sorbonne University, Paris.

In the envelope, he found an article cut from the scientific journal of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at Sorbonne University. Professor Redstone got up from the heavy leather armchair, took off his beret, and took out his reading glasses from the pocket of his plaid shirt.

*At the European Scientific and Technical Directorate for Investigation and Development of Technical Means for Collecting Information, there was talk today about the possibility the Secret Five from Oxford wasn't fabricated.*



The wrinkles on Redstone's forehead grew deeper and his black eyebrows – which were in stark contrast to his white short, cropped hair – joined at the bridge of his nose.

*Never revealed, the Secret Five, a group of fanatics obsessed with the works of Spanish artist Salvador Dalí, was on the verge of revealing a secret that, according to legend, believers and scientists have kept for centuries.*

*Art historian Bertrand Bonnet, a professor at the University-Sorbonne and a member of UNESCO, has been working on this issue in an effort to support a large number of atheists around the world. - Signature: Adept.*

“What! Adept! This is a direct challenge!” Professor Redstone cried out as he unbuttoned his shirt collar. “I don't know a scientist who believes in Jesus Christ and the resurrection more than Bertrand Bonnet!”

He got up from his chair and walked across the dark colorful carpet to a glass door display case. He took a cigar from within and lit it, releasing the earthy scent of tobacco.

The letter led him back to what he had once been forced to forget. There was evidence of a scientific-religious secret agreement. A smile lit up his face.

He opened another drawer and took out a small folded paper that a courier had delivered to him the day before he left for Switzerland. He opened it. The formula, Atom Dalí, was written on it.



# Chapter 4



ON THE OPPOSITE COAST, art historian Julian Mellon eagerly waited for a call in his office at the MoMA while he cleaned his plastic prosthetic hand.

He had just finished talking to the largest media directors about the event marking the thirtieth anniversary of Salvador Dalí's death. The conference was scheduled for January 23 at six p.m. All the cultural elites of New York City had been invited, as well as various representatives from culture programs from around the world.

As he stroked his greasy hair back, he smiled when the name Stephen Redstone appeared on his cell phone.

"The courier will arrive soon. We will meet the Adept's challenge." Although his raised voice trembled slightly, Stephen Redstone sounded mostly sure of himself.

"Adept?"

"We have been waiting thirty years for this chance! Someone from a higher circle sent me the formula, Atom Dalí, a few days ago."

“Atom Dali? You don't think she has anything to do with the student formula and Donald Wilson's death, do you? I thought the Adept had not been alive for a long time.”

“The formula was excavated in the remains of an ancient church near Stonehenge. The paper is only about thirty years old. Does that tell you anything?”

Mellon looked down at his plastic fist. He had been disabled for thirty years. Ice needles pierced his heart. The usual slight redness on his cheeks now took on the color of red wine.

“Are you saying the Adept could have buried it there?”

“I don't know who buried it, but the legend is true, Mellon! The formula exists! The Adept was right! ”

“What?” Mellon's voice became excited.

“Scientists and religious leaders have kept the secret for centuries! The God Particle exists! And the ancient architects knew about it!”

“I knew it existed! I never stopped believing!”

“At the conference, we will show the formula to the entire world. That will be enough to anger the Adept if he is indeed still alive. This may lead us to discover the secret!”

A gust of wind opened Mellon's office window. Mellon approached. It was a sunny January day. He looked at the apartments of the Rockefeller family and the beautiful sculpture garden, the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden. He closed the window and clutched his head with both hands, then went to the small refrigerator for a cold bottle of water. A scarlet color of fear grew along the cheeks of his scarred face. He untied the green scarf wrapped around his neck.

“Discovery is possible only by fathoming the mind of a genius.” Mellon recalled Adept's first sentences when he joined his secret group at Oxford as a student. Blindfolded, unaware

he put his life at risk by joining them, he swore to keep their secrets.

He typed the name Bertrand Bonnet with his plastic prosthetics. On the night of the great tragedy, all five scientists lost their game in their own way. He stared at his plastic fingers again. Every time he used his hand, he would remember the fire. On the night of the great tragedy, he managed to save only the daughter of his colleague.

He was startled by Bonnet's voice from a YouTube channel. It read at the bottom: "The International Conference Realities in Contemporary Physics in Paris."

"As an introduction to this wonderful evening, I would like to present our youngest member, anthropologist Anita Ruiz!" Bertrand Bonnet announced, then left the amphitheater's center stage.

"At least the little girl looks happy now," said Mellon aloud, looking at the pretty young Spaniard with the face of an intellectual and the eyes of a deer.

A knock on the door interrupted him. A small man dressed in a long dark cloak with a hood over his head entered the office without waiting for permission. He had to be Stephen Redstone's courier, though he looked more like a Catholic monk. The man turned his back on the camera, and Mellon motioned to him that it was okay. His face was almost invisible. The shadow of a deep hood that touched the tip of his nose covered it.

The man threw an envelope on the table. Mellon tore open the envelope and pulled out a flash drive along with a folded piece of paper. For a few moments, Mellon just stared at the symbols on the paper.

"Atom Dalí," he said aloud.

As the courier left the office, the muscles of Mellon's face twitched with laughter as he sobbed.

Mellon quickly picked up his cell phone and dialed. After a short signal, he heard a bitter voice.

"Bonnet, we have news!" Mellon paused for a moment to catch his breath. "Atom Dalí formula."

There was silence on the other end of the phone. Then the disconnect signal sounded.

# Chapter 5



CHARLES HAD HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOSHIO TANIGUCHI, the Japanese architect who redesigned the facades of the MoMA entrance in 2004 and added extra elements to the rooms. He was fascinated by the very idea of spatiality. Anything that radiated an “extraordinary architectural mind” had always attracted Charles. Even as a student, he used to dream of a building made of glass hypercubes, a visual optical illusion. Each hypercube would represent a separate suite of some ultra-fascinating hotel group. The building would be a mandatory destination for the elite in all the world's metropolises. Still, the imagination of the fourth-year student was ridiculed. The reaction to his project, to say the least, was arrogant. Such a project could hardly be called high tech. Those were his mentor's words.

Charles and Ethan met up with Julian Mellon at the glazed entrance of the MoMA. In his tight yellow jacket and green scarf that tightly gripped his long neck, the sixty-year-old art historian and museum director, Julian Mellon, looked like a Ken doll from a Fifth Avenue display case. Because of his big, slicked back sideburns, Mellon looked like the most standoffish New Yorker, haughty because he worked in the most influential modern art museum in the world, just as if he had ruled it.

“Our guests of honor from England?” he asked with a forced smile on his pink scarred face, trying to read the names on their badges.

“Yes, right from London,” Ethan replied.

“Have you been informed of the event?”

Charles and Ethan looked at each other suspiciously.

“We have a letter about the appearance of a certain Person X!” Mellon smiled as if making up a salty joke.

“I hope it's nothing dangerous?” Charles asked, listening to the quiet echo that broke through the whiteness of the main hall as clean as a science lab.

“The director of our TV company warned us that the evening would be turbulent. Who is our mysterious Person X?” Ethan asked.

“A very important person from the art world. Come with me.” As they walked through the main hall on the ground floor, Mellon said, “The museum is closed for a few days because of preparations for the twenty-third. I believe you have good questions regarding our Salvador Dalí. You have two more days.”

*Yours? You don't mean an American, do you?* Charles thought, realizing that he still didn't have any original questions about Salvador Dalí.

Charles felt a well-known discomfort. Mellon was getting on his nerves. His intuition never failed him when certain people were concerned. However, he couldn't leave now.

“The MoMA houses many works of inestimable value. It was founded only ten days after the crash of the stock market, at the very peak of the Great Depression.”

“We read about it!” Charles said, a little cynically, rattling the metal zip of his leather jacket.

“It means you are versed in the mystique of billions of dollars, among which we are now walking.”



“It must have been used by all these great geniuses!” said Charles, looking up at the first floor, which was separated by an airy, large cavity with a glass fence.

“What they have used, Mr. Clark?” Mellon stared again at Charles’ badge hanging from his jacket.

“There must be a formula by which any man can become a genius. The opening of Albert Einstein’s brain after his death proved that man is not born a genius. ”

“Taboo topic!”

Mellon laughed, and unease churned Charles’ stomach.

“On opening night, the museum presented eight etchings and one painting, and forty-seven thousand people attended. The first exhibition was in year nineteen twenty-nine. Three ladies – John Rockefeller Jr’s wife, Lillie Bliss, and Miss Sullivan – founded the museum. Apartments of the family Rockefeller are still behind the museum, overlooking Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden. The garden houses sculptures by Rodin, Picasso, Matisse, Miro ... All contemporary painters from the entire world within the past hundred and fifty years have a piece in the museum. Over forty thousand paintings, over six thousand architecture projects, over four thousand sculptures, three hundred thousand books, over twenty thousand photographs, and the biggest collection of movies in America, about ten thousand ...”

The words *six thousand architectural projects* now resounded in Clark’s ears, as if it meant a lost six million pounds, a lost profession, a lost opportunity to ever become known, recognized and useful to the world. It angered him.

Mellon’s phone buzzed.

“I suggest you visit the bar while I take this.” Mellon turned and walked towards the exit.

“Weirdo!” Ethan whispered.



# Chapter 6



ON ANOTHER CONTINENT, six thousand kilometers away, a professor of art history at the Sorbonne, Bertrand Bonnet, seethed with rage. After their argument during the last meeting, when he refused to take part in the Paris project, he did not expect an invitation from Julian Mellon.

“Atom Dalí! Who has been digging through my old secret archives in Salisbury?” He paced up and down the living room of his villa near Paris.

The network of like-minded people, whom he called the Great Five, and had spent years organizing now seemed to be broken. Once, he had buried the Atom Dalí formula into oblivion. Yet Redstone and CERN were so close to discovery. Proof of the God Particle would open the way to a new era, and there would be no more atheists in the world. That is why Bonnet entered UNESCO. He had to follow their every move. He was the only one who knew the secret because UNESCO took the most valuable cultural monuments under its wing.

Combing his graying, long hair back, Bonnet approached his desk. In front of him, stood a magazine from which he had recently cut an article signed by Adept. He was shocked when he read the article that morning. The Adept from

their past has reappeared. He sent it to Redstone, intending to warn him. But he did not expect the Adept to go all the way to New York! Even to Mellon! The Adept found the proof! The Atom Dalí formula is already in Mellon's hands! The Adept will go over the corpses again just to clarify the formula!

As it echoed in his head, Bonnet thought again about revealing his identity. This could mean the collapse of his career at the Sorbonne and at UNESCO – as well as the collapse of the Great Five in which he invested more than a decade.

Still, he no longer felt fear. The distant, dark past that changed everyone's lives on that terrible night had long since become his only motive for living. This time, he will finish what he should have done a long time ago.

He opened his laptop and typed the words:

Wilson Family, Salisbury, UK.

The following text appeared on the screen:

*The unsolved case of the Wilson family from Salisbury is closed. They did not find the body of a physicist. His wife and ten-year-old son were killed. His colleague committed suicide after a terrible crime, hanging himself at the gate of the British Parliament building.*

Under the text, Bonnet saw his old photograph. He was only thirty. However, he did not need that photo. He needed a photo of his former family home in Salisbury. The Wilson's house. After a dozen clicks, fresh information finally came. In the last Google Maps video, the Wilson house looked the same as it did thirty years ago. It updated the images depending on the amount taken from aircrafts, satellites, or aerial photography systems. However, there was one rule. In 99.9% of cases, it renewed the recordings every two weeks. He felt relieved for a moment. Nobody bought the house, still.

He had to take action. But that's why he needed help. He thought of his colleague. Anita Ruiz. Professor Stephen Redstone from Cambridge suggested Bonnet think about welcoming Anita Ruiz into the Great Five after they met at one private dinner for collectors. A young anthropologist with an excellent knowledge of art would bring greater importance to their organization, the Great Five.

That was ten years ago. It was a magical snowy night in Paris. December twenty-fourth. Christmas Eve. Le Centquatre in La Villette Park.

"I use the works of Salvador Dalí to search the formula of genius," she told Bonnet that evening, leaving him breathless.

"Genes are like icicles. While melting, they form new authentic structures of molecules. Still, they are imbued with the same hydrogen particles, which are strongly influenced by magnetic and electric fields," Bonnet replied, enchanted.

When he saw her the last time, she was a five-year-old girl. Mellon saved her from the fire. He knew Anita couldn't remember him. But he and Redstone remembered her very well. At that moment, he remembered her unfortunate parents and the little black-haired girl. The brilliant world of Salvador Dalí captivated her, just like her father.

He approached a tall window. The stone villa in which the family of winegrowers once lived had long since been turned into a quiet haven. Surrounded by a small overgrown vineyard, the quiet haven was separated from other houses in the Paris suburbs, which became more and more populated every year. As he watched the dormant vineyard covered with hoarfrost, he thought of the long winters spent in England. It was winter then too, but the circumstances were different. It was the most painful time of his life. The tragedy that befell him deprived him of the slightest trace of compassion.

His thoughts were interrupted by a Labrador running around his legs. He remembered when he had found him in the woods near the little French village on the banks of the Lamashna, where a good old married couple had taken care of

him. He approached the warm fireplace and they sat on the dark wooden floor. Bonnet stroked his dog and then took a fine, polished pistol from his woolen sweater pocket. He weighed it in his hand. A spark of determination shone in his pupils. The only person he could trust unconditionally was the daughter of his poor friends. He was hiding the terrible truth about their deaths from her, the fourth member of the Great Five, anthropologist Anita Ruiz.

# Chapter 7



IT WAS SUNSET IN LLORET DE MAR, and anthropologist, Anita Ruiz, meditated. In her seaside villa overgrown with hedges, low palm trees, and wide sumptuous cacti, in the inner part of the house separated from the garden by a glass wall, Anita stood in Tadasana position. She fixed her gaze on the magical sculpture of a bronze watch melting just like in the painting *Persistence of Memory* by Salvador Dalí.

The phone rang. Out of the corner of her eye, she looked at the mobile screen on the floor. A photograph of Bertrand Bonnet appeared on it.

After divorcing Juan Alonso Damas, a philanthropist and art collector from Madrid, she could still enjoy the artwork he selflessly gifted her. Juan especially loved to gift her ornaments designed by Salvador Dalí, who was very special to her in memory of her parents. However, her husband's gifts couldn't buy the thing Anita wanted the most.

"Your participation in the Great Five will be the end of us!" Juan Damas had accused her in fits of jealousy because her fantastically sharp mind could interpret the work of eminent artists better than him. Deep down, Juan knew he "reached the

heights” on private exhibitions held by the great collectors thanks to her. They had common passions. Art, collection, auction, money. After only a few years spent in marriage with Damas, who was already at the peak of his career at the time, the richest art lovers gathered around her, and they trusted her more than him. The meaning of each work of art and their deepest characteristics could best be described only by her, anthropologist Anita Ruiz. That is why Anita gained world fame not only among collectors, but also among those who wanted her only for themselves.

Ignoring the ringing of her phone, Anita Ruiz tried to keep her breathing even in Downward-facing Dog. She wiped the sweat from her tight, naked stomach, took a few steps forward, and sat in a split. Then she leaned her face against the tiles next to her front leg as if nothing in the world could distract her. Her floor was pure white marble. Black square panels formed equilateral crosses, just like those in paintings by Johannes Vermeer. After a few calls in a row, Anita lifted her upper body, tapped the floor three times, and a screen hanging on the wall turned on with a video of professor Bertrand Bonnet.

“Anita, can you hear me for God's sake?” Bonnet's voice brought her back from memory. “Anita! Can you visit Mellon in New York?”

“Why on earth would I do that? They organize the exhibitions in the MoMA well enough without me. And, you know I'm not exactly fond of him.”

“In a few days, Redstone and Mellon will present the formula to the world.”

“What formula?” she asked while trying to inhale the scent of a cut pineapple waiting on the terrace.

“The Sorbonne journal already published one intrigue about the Great Five. We may lose our place at UNESCO. We should not reveal our inner secrets so easily.”

“What are you talking about, Bertrand? What is written in the journal?”



During their meetings at cultural congresses, Bonnet had often wondered where to start if he told her the whole truth one day. One day, he would have to throw the cards on the table. And now, unable to say anything about her parents, he was standing in the same spot as the beginning of their acquaintance.

“Be in New York on January Twenty-Third. At the MoMA,” he replied.

“Thirty years since Salvador Dalí’s death?”

“You will like it.”

Bonnet hung up.

Anita approached the small bronze clock melting on olive branches and ran her fingers over the hand showing 6:56 p.m. Anita lifted the small sculpture and brought it to the spot on the floor where a set of black squares formed an equilateral cross. She placed the clock in the middle and then glanced at her wristwatch. She dialed the number on the phone.

“Buenos días,” came a confident male voice.



# Chapter 8



IT WAS VERY NOISY IN THE HOTEL WHERE THE RESPECTED ARTISTS AND PROFESSORS STAYED. ORANGE, leather booths occupied to the last seat surrounded the semicircular apéritif bar. Cameramen and journalists clustered in the halls.

Picking up a cold mojito from the quietest corner of the hotel bar, Charles spotted two hotel brochures next to the bill box. One advertized a free cocktail for hotel guests. The second brochure was designed to look burned around the edges. On the designer's burnt paper, which was supposed to leave the impression of wise antiquity, it was written at the bottom:

Sponsor of the evening

“Thirty Years Since Salvador Dalí’s Death.”

The organization the Great Five

“I think their organization of cultural and scientific events around the world is a mask for much more,” Ethan whispered.

“What, for example?”

“Getting close to the ‘intellectual elite’ for some specific purpose.” Ethan used his straw to stir the peppermint leaves in his glass. “The task of introducing geniuses to the drivers of change in the world has always been very important among politicians. They take advantage of organizations such as UNESCO, whose programs serve for exchanging knowledge and ideas between different nations.” Ethan leaned closer and spoke as quietly as possible.

“Where did you find out about that?” Charles asked loudly.

“Keep your voice down! It’s a secret that nobody calls a secret. You know, when you hide something by showing it.”

“That’s rubbish! And who are they going to find here? Art lovers who are rarer than redheaded people with the MC1R gene in their DNA.”

“They also say the Great Five is an imitation of the legendary Secret Five from the nineteen seventies.”

“What are you talking about?”

“How is it possible that an Englishman hasn’t heard of the Oxford groups?” Ethan’s eyes widened in disbelief. “The Secret Five were believed to be a group of Oxford students. They published anonymous texts on the student board at the Department of Physics every Friday for several years. Texts and formulas hinted at the discovery of a secret that has been kept for centuries by scientists and Christians. It was about the so-called God Particle. Everyone who has that secret knowledge will have immeasurable treasures and power, success, and happiness. Yet, no one could ever interpret those formulas. After a while, the Secret Five ceased existing.”

Charles took another sip of his mojito. What Ethan was saying made no sense. And especially, since it had nothing to do with him. Just when he wanted to suggest he get up, because he

still had a little time to work on questions about Salvador Dalí, Ethan hurriedly continued again.

“That’s not all. Researchers have linked the idea of the Secret Five to Salvador Dalí! ‘The secret of my influence has always been that it remained secret.’ Those words by Salvador Dalí are the reason for our arrival in New York.”

“What?”

“Yes Charles! Something suspicious is being cooked here!”

“Are you saying that Julian Mellon is connected to that secret group from Oxford and their research into the genius of Salvador Dalí?”

“Mellon is one of the five members of the Great Five. Not only that, this isn’t the first celebration in honor of Salvador Dalí under the patronage of the Great Five. There were already several of them in Europe. Salvador Dalí has always been an interesting person, and maybe, one of the keepers of the great secrets among scientists and Christians.”

“The secret of the God Particle!”

“The most influential people in the world were delighted with his Surrealist symbolism. At a secret elite ball organized in year nineteen seventy-two by Baroness Marie-Hélène de Rothschild from the richest banking family in history, Salvador Dalí was a participant in the creation of satanic, occult, pagan, and Masonic symbols.”

Ethan picked up his smartphone and typed Rothschild Ball 1972. Charles was surprised that dozens of photos depicted people wearing scary masks, animal horns, bloody heads, or fragments from Dalí’s paintings. He began to read the text quickly:

*The ball was held in the largest and most luxurious castle in France, the Château de Ferrières. The invitations read: Black ties for the gentleman, evening dresses for the ladies, and surrealistic heads for everyone. Audrey Hepburn, who wore a birdcage on her head, also attended the ball. Big tears on a deer head made of diamonds, a table served with broken doll heads, hairy plates, lips, sacrificed mannequins,*

*and everything else resembled Satanism. Salvador Dalí designed several costumes along with the surreal table decorations and masks. However, Dalí himself was dressed in his Salvador Dalí costume. He usually wore a leopard fur coat and his mysterious mustache was recognizable all over the world.*

Charles picked up Ethan's phone and flew over the text. He felt heaviness in his stomach again. He remembered the email. The hanged man was Salvador Dalí's mascot. A Dalían upswept thin mustache gave his face a blissful half-smile. What if his father was also involved in a secret group from Oxford? He was also a physicist and also studied at Oxford. For so many years, he had been trying to forget what he had once seen from a small camper window. Reality suffocated him like poison gas.

# Chapter 9



ABOUT AN HOUR AFTER MIDNIGHT, it became cold in the hotel room. Now that Ethan had bombarded him with superfluous information, Charles had no inspiration to devise a question. The email with Salvador Dalí's mascot did not give him peace. If everything Ethan told him was true, he'd better keep quiet at the conference.

After prolonged, monotonous procrastination, Charles slipped his feet into uncomfortable disposable slippers and went to the toilet. In the mirror, he could see the blue eyes of his young father, but they did not contain his father's faith in God. There was always some bliss in them. Unlike his late parents, Charles never attended church. Everything his parents had taught him vanished from his soul after their death.

He tried to remember his father's face from the only old photograph that the children had destroyed in the orphanage. All at once, dizziness assailed Charles. He could see beautiful endless green fields of Salisbury. They smelled like freshly mowed summer grass. His reflection in the mirror turned into a picture of a little boy who was tightly clasping his father's hand.

Ten-year-old Charles and his father had studied a little hourglass, which they put on a wooden rack in the middle of the green grass. The giant stone pillars that formed the circle were around them. It was an ancient monument, Stonehenge.

“You can also use an hourglass as a sundial,” his father said, showing him the shadow of the narrow hourglass. “That brief interval of time is only an illusion.”

“Does the hourglass measure time accurately?” Charles asked.

“That depends on many factors. For example, are the sand grains of uniform size, and at what speed do they flow through the narrow passage to the lower chamber? The longer you use an hourglass, the worse its accuracy since many grains crumble into even finer particles and the passage between the two chambers becomes scratched.”

Cold sweat ran down his face. Although it wasn't a dream, but a memory he couldn't fight off. Charles didn't handle childhood dreams well. Discomfort overwhelmed him. Those dreams reminded him of life in the orphanage and the infinitely large wound his heart suffered when he heard about his parents' deaths. That wound had never healed.

“You can't go on like this, Charles!” he said aloud. “It's time to forget!”

While shaving his beard, Charles cut himself. Blood trickled down his cheek. A few drops dripped onto the blue leg of his pajama bottoms. He stepped out to breathe in some fresh air and noticed a silhouette on the balcony next to him. Charles saw only the back of a woman hugging her bare shoulders, probably to warm herself. Her long black hair danced in the wind and hid her face.

The woman was only in a thin nightgown. He wanted to offer her his bathrobe to shield against the icy wind. However, he did not want to startle her. The woman turned toward him, but Charles hid behind the glass partition dividing them and crouched behind the chair. Through the opening between the



glass partitions, he could see the curves of her divine body under the nightgown.

Someone knocked on the door of her room. She went to open it. A few seconds later, Charles saw a tall man reflected in the glass door that the girl had left half-open. They spoke something in Spanish. The tone of their conversation grew louder as they began to argue. Charles could understand almost nothing but the word *formula*. The man approached the TV and put a flash drive in the USB port. Charles saw the reflection of the screen on the half-open door. A sequence of squares appeared on the screen. Atom Dalí.



Charles hurried into the room and got dressed. He had to find out who sent him the photo. As he pulled on his shirt, he heard the door slam. There was no one in the hallway; the elevator display showed the ground floor. He returned to knock on the black-haired girl's door. Nobody opened it. When he returned to the balcony, there was no light in the next room.



# Chapter 10



JANUARY 23RD, 2019

At around three o'clock in the afternoon, a line formed in front of the MoMA. Showing their passes to the event, Clark and Ethan entered first. Among the cameramen and journalists at the entrance, Charles tried to find the black-haired girl and the man from the next room. However, Ethan hurried him.

“We need to get in before the building is completely full. I have to get great photos!”

A kind museum curator welcomed them and suggested they begin the tour from the sixth floor while the crowd on the ground floor grew.

The twenty-century works fascinated Charles. On the fifth floor, they encountered Surrealist artworks from Picasso, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Rousseau, Modigliani, Miro, Monet, Matisse, Malevich, Klimt, and other prominent artists.

As he separated from Ethan, who was constantly clicking the camera, Charles approached the now-familiar painting from the Salvador Dalí catalog, *Persistence of Memory*.

The painting is too small, Charles thought.

The sense of persistent memory that has followed him ever since the doctors in the hospital told him he had lost his parents thirty years ago was elusive. He felt dizzy again. He looked around. There was no one. Charles sat on the floor, turning his face to the small painting that had made Salvador Dalí famous.

“The instant a desire is born, a result is also born. But that may happen at the other end of the world. You just have to make the connection. Then time loses its significance.”

He heard the echo of his father. The voice sounded real.

Connection? What was his father talking about? He thought, watching the frozen hands on the clocks. His phone vibrated in the inside pocket of his faded leather jacket.

*Félicitations!!! (Congratulations!) 6:56 p.m.*

Six fifty-six p.m. It was also the time shown by the clock running down the table like melted yellow cheese.

He thought it was ordinary spam again. A French word in the middle of American roaming. The phone vibrated incessantly until Charles turned it off.

It was six p.m., and the conference would soon begin.

“He was born on May Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred and Four, as Salvador Domingo Felipe Jacinto Dalí, in Figueres, Catalonia.” Julian Mellon stood on the small stage in front of a projector screen. “Although he showed immense talent at a very young age, Dalí began selling his paintings as late as nineteen forty-three after a wealthy couple from Colorado, Reynolds and Eleanor Morse, saw his works at an exhibition. They became

Dalí's lifelong patrons. Since then, the prices of his paintings began rising steadily.”

While listening to Mellon, Charles was scribbling questions that came to his mind when he saw a picture on the video behind Mellon's back. However, when the projector behind Mellon's back showed the painting *The Persistence of Memory*, which he had seen only a few moments ago, he concentrated more than usual. Wanting to hear what message that artwork conveyed, he closed his red notepad with his fingertips and listened carefully to the uptight sixty-year-old art historian.

Now a painting of Gala whose face was made of atoms appeared on the screen. “Dalí's wife Gala, his only muse, was born as Elena Ivanovna Diakonova. His wife's most important saying, which Dalí often mentioned in his books, was ‘Once a person sees it, they will never forget it.’”

His eyes wide, Charles turned to Ethan, remembering he had told him exactly that phrase on the plane.

“Most people don't know certain facts about Salvador Dalí. For example, an anonymous donor gifted *The Persistence of Memory* to this museum in year nineteen thirty-four. His name remains unknown even today.” Mellon turned his upper body toward the screen. “This very painting made the twenty-eight-year-old Dalí world-famous. Some critics argue that this work is a response to Einstein's theory of relativity, a symbol of space and time. I think they are not far wrong. Dalí painted a new version of this painting in year nineteen fifty-four and named it *The Disintegration of Persistence of Memory*, which supports their theory. His soft clocks are now disintegrated into atoms.

“The atomic bomb thrown at Hiroshima in year nineteen forty-five fascinated an outstanding figure of the twentieth century. Not for ethical reasons, but because of his faith in the scientific works of Erwin Schrödinger and Werner Heisenberg, who studied matter on the atomic level.

“Dalí himself said, ‘In the age of Surrealism, I wanted to create an icon of the wonderful inner world of my father, Sigmund Freud.’ However, Freud didn’t like Surrealism. Yet, after meeting Dalí, he uttered the famous sentence: ‘I am inclined to look upon Surrealists, who have apparently chosen me for their patron saint, as absolute cranks. The young Spaniard, however, with his candid, fanatical eyes and his undeniable technical mastery, has made me reconsider my opinion.’” Everybody in the audience laughed.

“While standing in front of his new painting, *The Disintegration of Persistence of Memory*, Dalí added, ‘But today, the outside world has transcended the world of knowledge. Today, my father is the theoretical physicist, Dr. Heisenberg.’”

The journalists stirred contentedly.

“Thus, that explains the twenty-year gap between the creation of those two famous paintings. But what mystical theory did Salvador Dalí believe? What kind of genius had he used to conquer the entire world?”

At that moment, the door to the conference room opened. The audience turned as a tall man appeared. Charles recognized him from the room next to his. Something in him began to tremble like electricity. What if he sent him a photo of his parents' killer? He will approach him as soon as the conference is over.

“Charles, are you okay?” Ethan asked, seeing his white face.

“Worse than you can imagine.”

# Chapter 11



A TALL MAN WALKED TO THE STAGE. Black hair slicked back. A handsome forty-year-old who looked like a primordial Spaniard even in polished, patent leather shoes. He kept his hands in the pockets of his bomber jacket. He looked Julian Mellon straight in the eye. Mellon took a quick break and nodded respectfully. Obviously, that person was very influential.

“He’s the richest patron in the world, owner of the largest art collections and organizer of the largest auctions. Juan Alonso Damas,” Ethan whispered as he took a photo.

Person X, Charles understood Mellon's message. He turned to the door, expecting to see the black-haired woman, but she wasn't with him. Charles tried to find her among two hundred journalists, but to no avail. Why did they send him an email? Which of them is the Adept who signed the email? What do they know about my parents' death? He thought as he devised a plan for how to approach them.

After a brief pause, Mellon continued to speak.

“Although the artist said the cheese, which he and Gala ate after dinner, gave him the basic idea for drawing soft watches, I claim every work comes from an ingenious idea, an

ingenious formula he wanted to prove to us. That ‘ingenious formula’ is, ladies and gentlemen, Surrealism!” Mellon now seemed confident again.

The crowd applauded.

“The symbols in this painting show our subconscious. A self-portrait, ants as a symbol of decay, a mirror, the sea as eternity, an egg as a creation, three clocks as the past, present, and future. In one clock, there is a huge key that is supposedly the key to the truth about humanity.”

The key to the truth about humanity! Charles almost whispered aloud. An invincible persistence forced him to revive memories of his father's words. This can't be a coincidence? His father mentioned the key to the truth about humanity. As if through a fog, he saw his dirty hands waving as he explained something to him.

“Today, for the first time in history, you will see a realistic explanation for Surrealism! You will touch the boundaries where physics and religion meet,” Mellon said.

The assembled guests conversed animatedly.

“I will show you a simple yet incredible experiment, which may help you understand the world of Salvador Dalí better.”

Mellon placed an electron beam discharge lamp in the middle of the stage. In front of it was an obstacle with two parallel slits. Behind the lamp, he put a photosensitive viewing screen, which was supposed to reflect the light.

“If we discharge light through these two slits, the viewing screen will show a pattern of two parallel lines made from traces left by light particles passing through the two slits. However, everything is completely different, surreal, in the microworld! If we do the same with the smallest particle of a particle of light, the photon, which Max Planck named a quantum, we will get a completely unique picture.”

Mellon turned on the photon beam discharge instrument.



“Look! An interference sample appears on the board, thus, more parallel traces. The light electrons are behaving differently, as waves! So, when they pass through the slits, they cancel and intertwine each other as waves do. That is how they make a sample of multiple parallel traces on the board.”

There was a commotion in the audience. The assembled faces revealed amusement.

“The smallest part of the atom behaves differently than the atom itself! What does that tell us?” Mellon asked. “Unbelievable! The smallest fraction of an atom has consciousness! By releasing multiple electrons individually, we get a sample of multiple parallel lines again.”

The shocked commotion proved there wasn't a single physicist in the audience. Even the youngest student of physics had to know about this famous experiment.

“But that is not all, dear guests. If we try to capture when an electron splits in two, it will change its mind just like a living thing and behave as a particle again, leaving the trace of two ordinary lines, two traces of light. Ha! Now, do you realize what a great impression quantum mechanics made on Salvador Dalí, who lived in his surreal world?” Mellon paused. “Depending on whether an observer is present, the smallest parts of the atom decide on their own if they behave as particles or as waves. This is the most exciting moment which makes us doubt in everything we believed so far.”

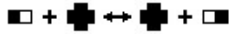
“Impossible!” a female voice came from the audience.

“I am not the one saying that, my dear guests. Albert Einstein proved that light is composed of quanta that can behave as they wish, relying on us – the observers. It awarded Einstein his only Nobel Prize when he proved Planck's theory in nineteen twenty-one.”

“We mistakenly call ‘Surrealism’ everything about the reality of the microworld. You can see all that in the paintings, sculptures, and the entire work of Salvador Dalí,” Mellon concluded.

Wiping sweat from his brow with a handkerchief, Mellon flipped through the video. A vague image that was

neither physical nor mathematical appeared on the projector screen.



“The surprise of the evening!” The historian turned fearfully to Person X, Juan. “Although it looks more like an unusual drawing or rebus, this is a formula that accidentally fell into the hands of the Great Five, the general sponsor of this evening. Now, we present it for the very first time.”

Juan took a few steps forward. Mellon took a step back.

Charles stood up as if scalded. His jaw trembled and his esophagus tightened. He breathed hard. One of them set up an invitation for him.

# Chapter 12



“THE FORMULA BEFORE US HAS AN UNUSUAL NAME. IT IS CALLED ATOM DALÍ.”

Mellon tried to dispel nervousness. He realized that Juan Alonso Damas received information about the Atom Dalí formula, which he publicly presented to the world. Mellon knew that the formula found at Stonehenge could be proof. Artists around the world knew about the secret pact among scientists and believers, so a man like Juan Alonso Damas had to be involved. What if he was on a secret mission?

“Did Salvador Dalí name it himself?” she spoke with a barely perceptible Latin accent.

“The formula was found near Stonehenge,” Mellon answered.

“Or maybe in the ruins of one of God's houses near Stonehenge?” The woman asked again, to which several journalists looked at her with admiration.

“It's possible this is a symbolic solution of some of the ancient religious knowledge.” Giving her a quick and ambiguous answer, Mellon now looked Juan straight in the eye

again. “Our ancient ancestors were celebrated for incredible powers that our modern civilization does not even dream of.

“Miss, I wish I could interpret it. The preliminary results from the lab have revealed that the ink and paper are about thirty years old. But unfortunately, I have not concluded yet,” answered Mellon.

The same sour smile of a self-loving egoist who thought he possessed all the knowledge of this world reappeared on Julian Mellon's face. As if he already knew the young lady from somewhere, he tried in a friendly way to dodge her from further dialogue.

“Then why present the formula tonight? What can we say about it?” Suddenly, asked Person X.

“Do you think Salvador Dalí could be a genius for us if we could interpret his mystery?” Mellon replied. “For decades, historians and scholars have been trying to figure out the reasons behind his ideas. And not only them! Even the Blue Army of Our Lady of Fátima turned to Salvador Dalí for help to reach young people and coax them toward Christianity. The parish priest of St. Mary of Plainfield, New Jersey, founded the Blue Army in nineteen forty-six. He was the one who commissioned a painting that Dalí called *The Vision of Hell*. Salvador Dalí had always been a mystery. The genius of mystery and the mystery of genius.”

While Mellon wiped the sweat from his red nose with a handkerchief, and the journalists clicked with their dictaphones and cameras, the black-haired woman was preparing to say something.

“There will be time for questions later,” Mellon quickly stopped the commotion in the hall.

“Wait!” Charles suddenly sprang to his feet. “She is worthy of an answer! What if time doesn’t exist at all? Not even when we measure it?” Charles spoke in defense of the black-haired woman who turned toward him. As soon as she saw him, her expression grew stunned. However, Charles was too preoccupied with Mellon to look at the girl, so he didn’t notice her astonishment when she saw his face.

“Could you repeat that, please?” Mellon asked with interest. All eyes turned to Charles.

“Imagine time doesn’t exist and you can move in a different direction. In the past and in the future at the same time? Would that mean there is actually a fifth side of the world?” Charles repeated his father's words with special pride. Although he wasn't sure he knew what he was talking about, the exact words came on their own like crystal clear water. “Explain it to us, Mr. Mellon. Decipher Salvador Dalí’s formula. Surely you’re capable of that. I’m sure the formula didn’t anonymously find its way into MoMA like *The Persistence of Memory*.” Anger laced his voice.

Realizing that Mellon and the black-haired woman and the Spaniard actually staged a delight with the formula in front of an audience, he felt like a guinea pig in the lab.

“Fifth side of the world, you say?” Mellon took off his eyeglasses and stepped off the stage. The past was slowly turning into a wicked present.

“Dalí’s clocks are telling the right time!” Charles continued.

Ethan stared at him since only a day had passed since Charles claimed that he knew nothing about art.

“Please, don’t interrupt him!” Ethan said, rising from his chair.

Mellon got off the stage and approached the eighth row, where Charles stood. Amazed journalists and artists followed his every move. Cameras from various television networks turned on him. Several started streaming live. Ethan tried to convince Charles to sit down, but his friend had no intention of backing off. He headed for Mellon, clenching his jaw.

“What do you know about my father?” he said through gritted teeth.

Mellon jumped on Charles and started strangling him. At that moment, someone screamed in the hall. Charles caught the mysterious man out of the corner of his eye, Juan. The Spaniard caught the black-haired girl by the armpit and roughly

hustled her in the direction of the fire exit behind the stage. The scream grew louder. Ethan jumped on Mellon's back to protect Charles. Some women pointed their phones at them, and some began to flee the hall. Charles felt the rough hands of security on his shoulders.

As excited reporters ran after them, two tall guys in dark-blue uniforms pulled Clark and his colleague out and excited reporters ran after them.

“What do you know about the mystery of Salvador Dalí? Are you related to him? What does Dalí’s clocks show? What kind of time is it?”

Questions were raining on Charles and Ethan since the group of reporters chased them all the way to the hotel reception, where the elevator door finally separated them.

# Chapter 13



CHARLES AND ETHAN BURST INTO THE ROOM. Charles locked the door behind him, then took his backpack and began packing. He thought his father was actually to blame for something. What if they invited him to a promotion just to get rid of him? The letter with the photo was a warning. Or maybe the bait. Once upon a time, they tried to kill him, too. It was just a pure coincidence that he survived. He had to return to England urgently, and he would turn to the police there.

“What the hell are you doing? Our flight is in two days.” Ethan brought him back from thinking.

“We’re flying home tonight.”

“Are you crazy? The police will be here any minute. And we’re the witnesses of the scandal!” Ethan rejoiced like a child.

“The news is surely already all over the Internet, and all the television networks will broadcast it soon. We must flee before Mellon signs the indictment against us!”

“Where did everything you just said come from? Do you understand art so well? What does it mean, the fifth side of the world? What were you really talking about?”

“I don’t know a thing about art. I was only repeating my father’s words since Mellon reminded me of him. There’s something about it, Ethan! The legend of the Secret Five may be true! The texts and secret formulas you told me about are actually true. There is some secret knowledge about man and his abilities. It was his concept of time and other nonsense. I think Mellon was talking about that while explaining Salvador Dali’s work. And it seems that my own late father knew something about that!”

“Wait, wait for God’s sake! Calm down, Charles. So we didn’t come to New York just to get beaten up?”

“No time to joke! Don’t you realize we caused the scandal!”

“Oh my God! You’re perfectly right.” Ethan paused, rubbing his forehead for a moment. “Person X is actually you!”

“What?” Charles said.

“That means that we should get going. The director will go crazy!”

Ethan unlocked the door and hurried to his room.

Only a few minutes later, someone knocked on the door. Charles fell silent and looked through the peephole. He saw a man in a dark coat and with a hood on his head. Charles couldn’t see his face. He headed toward the balcony to see if there was a way out without going through the door. Suddenly, Charles heard voices from the hall. He tiptoed back and peered through the keyhole once more. The black-haired woman was standing there, and the man in black was retreating. Charles panicked again. Ethan was damn right. Maybe he should have told him the truth. How did he just want to address the black-haired woman? But he couldn’t take the risk. And she was in a relationship with Julian Mellon.

Ten minutes later, the receptionist kindly thanked them for their visit, offering them business cards with a thirty percent discount on each of their next visits if they bring a whole family of four or more members with them. A common hoax, Clark



thought, watching her fake smile. Her slow movements destroyed Clark to such an extent that his gaze was now focused only on the passports that stood on the shelf behind her back.

“Charles!” Ethan whispered in his ear, pointing to the end of the hall.

Julian Mellon just got out of the elevator. He approached them like a sharpened rooster. His gaze was focused exactly on them. The two of them quickened their pace toward the exit. Mellon jumped back into the elevator, whose small screen read underground.

Yellow taxis cruised down Fifty-Fourth Street. Ethan and Charles hailed a cab.

“The airport. As fast as possible!” Charles shouted.

While the cabbie with a red turban on his head skillfully weaved through heavy traffic, they noticed the high beams of the black hummer tailing them. “Step on the gas!” Charles said. Driving at sixty miles per hour in the middle of heavy traffic caused a commotion. The illuminated high-hung billboards blinded him, and the tires screeched while his car glided down the damp, cold streets.

Julian Mellon was doing his best to keep up with the cab that was taking Charles and Ethan away. As soon as they left the dark Hummer behind him, the cabbie abruptly turned into a side street and stopped at the entrance of the Fifty-Seventh Street subway station.

“Get out! I don’t want the cops on my tail!”

Charles was on the verge of vomiting when he rolled out of the car onto the asphalt. As soon as they ran down the stairs, they heard police sirens. Charles and Ethan rushed behind the ticket machine.

“What the hell was that supposed to mean?”

“It means you have become an important prey, Charles. Members of the Great Five are the shadows of the world. I told you that. In their minds, any unusual move or word can become a target for checking out. It is possible that they have a whole team.”



# Chapter 14



“ANITA?” Professor Bertrand Bonnet answered in Paris; he had been awaiting her call for some time.

“Another failure!” she said.

“That is what I feared. The Great Five is about to kick the bucket,” Bonnet said.

“It all started with the Atom Dalí formula.”

“And who caused the scandal?”

“He’s already all over the news!”

“I knew if he was still alive, he wouldn’t miss the evening dedicated to Salvador Dalí.”

“Who are you talking about, Bonnet?”

Isn't it true they really caught the Adept? Bonnet thought he might get rid of the past forever. He sat down in a wooden rocking chair and turned on the television.

*“Breaking news! The Museum of Modern Art hosted journalists from all over the world who attended the press conference held to mark thirty years since the death of Salvador Dalí. A certain Atom Dalí formula, which was anonymously brought to the museum, provoked the scandal. According to*

*researchers, the formula was discovered near Stonehenge. Currently, nobody understands the link between the ancient monument in England and the Catalan artist, but the events that have taken place in the museum are disturbing. Does it have anything to do with him at all?"*

Bonnet turned up the volume when the video appeared on the screen. A group of journalists, with their cameras on, surrounded two men who tried to defend themselves against the microphones and cameras of other journalists. An enraged Mellon was trying to get his hands on one of the young men.

*A young man?*

The short video replayed several times, but Bonnet couldn't see the faces of the people that Mellon attacked.

The caption on the bottom of the screen read: "The confrontation between art historian Julian Mellon and English journalist Charles Clark."

Bonnet approached the television, stopped the broadcast, and then zoomed in on the face of the young man struggling to push Mellon's plastic hand from his neck. His breathing quickened as if he saw a dead man. Bonnet put his hands on both sides of his head.

"Charles!" he shouted aloud.

Bonnet circled the armchair and approached the screen again. He stared at Charles' face, not believing his eyes. The professor burst out laughing. In the very next moment, sobs raked his chest. He ran his hands over his balding gray head and massaged his temples.

"Dear God! Charles Clark? What kind of last name is that?" he shouted again.

He went to the window. The sky was gray and heavy, just like that night in London. Fog dimmed the streetlights. He parked his Mercedes 207D mobile camper right in front of the main gate of the Palace of Westminster. He had to write the secret letters in stone. And then everything would be over. He

had been planning emigration to France for several months. His father and wife also took part in the plan.

He put on his dark ascetic coat, which hid his face in a deep hood, and then came out of the camper. He looked around. The lights of the only bus disappeared around the corner from Big Ben. There was not a single policeman. He had learned in advance that at two thirty a.m., the shift lasted twenty minutes. Like the unknown Celtic masons who carved magical high crosses in the early Middle Ages, he struck the stone. Making echoes in the dark on a wet night, he felt a dark shadow. He had just finished the initials of his name. He still had to finish the last two letters.

D-W-R-P.

He looked toward the camper, hurriedly pounding on the rock. Warm light from two small windows reached the sidewalk. He glanced at Lady Chapel Church. The long headlights of the car blinded his eyes. He clapped even faster. Three more punches and he would be able to finish. "Donald!" He heard his wife's voice, his son's scream, and a few shots. It was too late when he approached the camper.

The ringing of the mobile interrupted him.

"Bonnet," the female voice said warmly.

"Where are you? Is Mellon still harassing him?"

"I am at the airport. No, he escaped with his colleague. I'll try to get in with them!"

"Thank God!"

Anita laughed contentedly, like a daughter trying to cheer up her father.

"Can you believe it?" she finally asked.

"Believe what?"

"That journalist, Charles Clark, is my childhood acquaintance."

"What?"

“Yes, we grew up in the same orphanage, Merlon, near London.”

“What! Merlon? Oh, God!” Bonnet laughed at the top of his voice. “Oh, God!”

“Bertrand, are you all right?”

“Yes! Actually, no!”

“What about Mellon?” Bonnet’s sudden decision surprised her.

“I will deal with Julian! We have found ourselves in a thirty-year-old maze.”

“I don’t understand.” Anita was bewildered.

“Leave the United States immediately.”

Bonnet approached the TV and looked at the video once more. When Mellon grabbed Charles by the throat, Dalí’s *The Persistence of Memory* was visible on the projector screen behind him. In the bottom right corner, he saw the last three projected images. Among them was the Atom Dalí formula.

Bonnet put his palm over his heart before retrieving the tablet from the table.

“I have to survive this. Only one more time.” He uttered a rhetorical prayer.

Bonnet dragged himself to the terrace and stepped out to breathe in some fresh air. Watching his dog Avon running happily through the snow, he thought of what he would soon be forced to do.

# Chapter 15



IT WAS ALREADY LATE WHEN CHARLES GOT OFF THE TRAIN THAT TOOK HIM FROM GATWICK AIRPORT TO A TUBE STATION NEAR HIS HOUSE. The flight from New York to London was exhausting and tedious. He was so tired. He almost forgot he would have to go to the police tomorrow to decipher the IP address from which the email was sent to him.

As he walked along wet asphalt paving narrow streets, he felt someone following him. He'd had a similar experience before. Once a student had followed him one evening from the Soho quarter as he walked out of a pub. It was early autumn. He was then living with an old woman near the back station of the southeast London metro network. From there, he would walk to his small room for a full forty-five minutes. When he came out of the Fish and Chips pub that night without a single pound in his pockets, he wondered where he could sleep. The journey to his apartment was not just long, but also expensive. If he hadn't been invited to the meeting by a girl he was ready to turn the universe upside down for, he certainly wouldn't have spent the last penny on a cup of hot tea in her company. The sudden rain forced him to take shelter under the canopy of a closed

restaurant as soon as possible. He could still hear the quiet footsteps that followed him, but when he looked back, he saw no one. As he turned the corner where the containers separated the twenty-foot narrow street from the Piccadilly Circus station, he was hit with a metal blow to the back of the head. He then felt several blows to his shoulder blades, then to his kidneys, and finally found himself on his knees. When the student stood in front of him, Charles could no longer even look at him.

“What did I do?” Charles asked, spitting blood. Behind the student, a trash can had been tipped over, its metal lid upside down, collecting rain water.

“You've done a lot! And more than you can imagine.” The student spoke quietly.

From his movements, Charles assumed he was skilled in combat discipline.

“Who are you?”

“The one who will save you from suffering. You have no place in this world.”

“Is it because of Anita Ruiz?” He'd just had tea with her. Anita insisted on meeting. It was their first time seeing each other since their last year at the orphanage. Still, he couldn't escort her home. Lack of money did not allow him to do that.

He could barely muster the strength to raise his head and look the young man straight in the eye. Charles smelled alcohol wafting through the damp mist, stronger than the remains of raw fish from the container. Charles lunged forward, grabbing the trash can lid and cutting the student's knees.

When he regained consciousness, Charles was in a small student room, lying on the bed. He wanted to get up and look out the window to see where he was, but he couldn't move. The pain in his head shot through him like a needle. A young man appeared at the door. He approached the bed with remorse. Charles stared into his large blue eyes. They were silent for a few moments.

“I only recognized you after you fainted.”

“How do we know each other?” Charles asked.



“We’re from the Merlon Orphanage.” He looked through the window.

“I’ve never seen you before!”

“I’m from the west wing. We sang on Sundays in the church choir. You usually sat in the back row.”

Charles knew the basic difference between the west and east wings. Children meant to serve God and the church lived in the west wing. This young man bore no resemblance to a servant of God. In a reddish, plaid shirt, John Lennon glasses and long greasy hair, he looked like a hippie.

It was Ethan Cox.

That old sense of the unreasonable event of the case, Charles still had on his neck. When he turned, there was no one. He put the key in the lock. He managed to turn around. The landlady still hadn't stopped by. He was relieved.

Charles grabbed the frozen knob and entered a room filled with humid suffocating air. After taking off his shoes and jacket, he switched on the cheap heater, as usual. The air in the room was damp and suffocating.

After showering expressly and covering himself with all the blankets in the house, he turned on the TV.

*Breaking news!* He could see his and Mellon's photo on the screen. Still, there was no police warrant by Mellon. Mellon didn't sign the indictment.

Although he knew that he and Ethan Cox weren't in danger, Charles couldn't get rid of the feeling he was to blame for everything that had happened. Some secret sticky net drew him in like a vacuum.

Who is the man with the black hair girl? Why don't they talk about him?

Charles remembered Ethan's words, “The Secret Five.” They were an Oxford Student Group. It was too similar to “The Great Five.” Charles left the couch and went into the cold bedroom. He typed the Secret Five, Oxford in the search engine. He had to check the information Ethan had shared. No results. Charles tried a different search engine but in vain. After twenty minutes of searching, he couldn't find a single word with which to connect the secret group from Oxford.

Where had Ethan read about it?

# Chapter 16



JULIAN MELLON HAD JUST FINISHED HIS THIRD INTERVIEW WITH THE MOMA DIRECTOR WHEN A YOUNG AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN APPEARED AT THE DOOR OF HIS OFFICE. He was a New York police officer and wore punk boots, an olive green casual suit, and jeans. He pulled out a badge and showed it off.

“What can I do for you?”

“I will be specific.” He sat down in a chair across from Mellon. “The Great Five! What do you know about The Atom Dalí formula?”

“Why does the formula interest you?”

“Mr. Mellon, doesn’t the name of the formula reveal enough?”

“Atom Dalí? Do you think it’s a real atom? Or maybe it is an atomic bomb? A terrorist attack?” Mellon laughed out loud.

“I think it is a coded formula that may be related to a terrorist group. The scandal was caused on purpose, wasn’t it?”

“It wasn’t.”

The officer opened a bottle of soda he held in his hand as he entered. After taking a sip, he continued calmly.

“You studied at the Mathematical Institute and Department of Physics in Oxford in the nineteen seventies.” The officer stood up and placed his file on the desk in front of Mellon. “You have claimed that the ancient secret about humanity is hidden skillfully in the works of Salvador Dalí. As we all know, Salvador Dalí loved atomic mysticism. The atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki shocked him. These events affected his further work more than anything else. He was more fascinated by the quantum world of atoms than anything else in life. The last book he read was found next to his deathbed. It was about quantum mechanics.” The officer coughed artificially as Mellon listened in silence. “You and your colleague Stephen Redstone, an American from Boston, were among the scholars with the highest average grades in American schools who enrolled at Oxford thanks to wealthy religious parents. A few years after graduation, both of you returned to the States. However, Redstone went back to Britain. Soon, the Great Five was founded. The University of Cambridge hired him while you remained in New York as his associate. Now you are no longer a physicist, but an art historian. Doesn’t that story about you sound a little strange?”

Mellon smiled lightly, not saying a word.

“So, you didn’t cause the scandal in the museum on purpose?”

“Oh yes, of course it was. It was completely harmless. I only wanted to see the reaction to the formula. I admit I got carried away.”

“Give me the flash drive and the paper with the formula. We must examine them.”

As if he didn’t oppose it, Mellon calmly opened the desk drawer where he had put the formula that night after talking to the arriving police. However, much to his surprise, the drawer was empty.

The Adept must have been here. Mellon shivered.

“The flash drive and the formula are gone!” he said, not believing his own words.

“You don’t say. They just vanished in thin air?”

While Mellon rummaged through scattered flyers and documents, the officer approached the desk to make sure the drawer was empty, then turned his attention to the closet door. He threw out a few torn folders and a couple of dirty glasses. He frowned.

“Someone was here, officer. Someone who may not be only after the formula, but after me as well!”

“Or someone is interested in your past, Mr. Mellon? Give me the evidence immediately, or I will make sure charges are pressed against you.”

“Against me? And the Englishman?”

“If you had wanted, you would have reported the Englishman already. Or maybe you have changed your mind?”

“No no!” stammered Mellon. “The Englishman is harmless.”

“This isn’t an incident you wanted to tarnish at such an important event, with so many influential and powerful people. Some question why you invited those specific people.”

The officer looked up at the camera in the corner of the ceiling. Then he brought a chair and climbed up.

“The camera’s broken.”

“What!” Mellon also approached.

“The formula cannot be called an archaeological discovery. It’s only about thirty years old. I’m not sure indictments are being raised because of the idea of excavations? I assure you I have coverage from English Heritage and UNESCO.”

“They are pressed for people who have stolen items of archeological importance if your claims about that formula are even true! A London police officer will come soon. He will assess whether the formula will be considered a stolen piece of paper. It would be better for you to find the original formula and not hide anything from Detective Collins. The English will take over the case of new excavations at Stonehenge.” With those words, the officer exited Mellon’s office.

Mellon thought about the events ahead. If Adept was really in the office, it means that he was also present at the conference. As he tried to reconcile with reporters from

England, the Adept laughed behind his back. Or maybe it was a courier?

Suddenly he panicked. He knew death was lurking.

# Chapter 17



THE ALARM WOKE CHARLES AT SIX O’CLOCK. He remembered the email for a moment. He had never had the desire to dig into his parents' past before. However, some damn Adept sent him a letter with a photo of the killer and a formula shown in New York. What was his father involved in? Going to the police would solve everything. Charles stumbled to the small kitchen and pressed play to listen to his voice messages.

“Mr. Charles Clark! Congratulations!” a female voice with a heavy accent said. “You have won the first prize in the Flips & Chips *World Prize Contest*. After three years, we finally have a lucky winner. Félicitations!” The message ended in French.

*Félicitations!* Through a haze, he remembered the message he got in the MoMA.

“Happy winner! Tomorrow, on January Twenty-third, we will deliver your \$3.3 million Bugatti Chiron Sport to your address. And we will interview you on the spot! Félicitations!”

“Good spam.”

As usual, Charles got ready for work in ten minutes. He had just come out when he saw a television production truck.

Three more OB vans with the names of different television channels written on their sides parked behind the first one. A beautiful blonde reporter accompanied by several cameramen came out of the first truck. More pretty blondes and a dozen more cameramen jumped out of the others. He must have been on all American televisions already, and now London televisions wanted to record a live interview. Just as he was about to flee back to the apartment, he caught sight of another vehicle arriving.

It was a beautiful metallic silver tow Ford truck carrying a red Bugatti Chiron Sport with a big white bow tied around it. The very car he mentioned on the plane. The one he first saw at the Geneva Motor Show 2018.

Charles looked around before checking his mobile phone. He was sure it was a candid camera. His mobile phone showed countless missed calls from unknown numbers. Among them was a call from his ex. Twenty-four actually.

“Congratulations, Mr. Clark!” the beautiful elated blondes exclaimed.

Cameras appeared in front of them.

“How do you feel about being a lucky winner? How many times have you entered the prize contest? Did you believe you could be so lucky?”

As he adjusted his hair, the reporters fired questions, flirted shamelessly, and eyed his muscular body under his tight turtleneck sweater, leather jacket, and bright jeans.

“The moment a desire is born, the result is born, at least on the other side of the world. You just have to make a connection. Then time loses its significance.”

For a moment he heard his father's voice again. He remembered the Geneva Motor Show 2018. He sat in that Bugatti for thirty seconds. One of the wishes he told Ethan on the plane seemed to have come true.

“Do you have any analgesics?” It was the first thing he asked, to which a group of satisfied reporters laughed heartily and loudly.

After Charles signed several documents to confirm he accepted an appearance as the lucky winner, the television



crews left. Still finding it hard to believe everything that had happened, he approached the car. A child's enthusiasm overwhelmed him. He noticed the number sixteen on the horseshoe, indicating the number of cylinders. The front of the car was Italian red. The back of the car was carbon black. A sleek curved line separated the front from the rear with an unusual four-pipe exhaust deflector at the center. Indeed, the car looked like a dream. It'd been four years since Charles sold his tiny Toyota, the only car he ever had.

Charles settled behind the wheel. The Bugatti interior was dominated by Alcantara leather with red highlighted seams. He was feeling like he was sitting in a spaceship that he used to imagine as a boy. That time in Geneva, thirty seconds wasn't enough for the adrenaline from the adrenal glands to pass into the main coronary artery like now.

After getting a hold of himself, Charles pressed the black start button. The engine ran almost without sound.



# Chapter 18



THAT EARLY MORNING, the mighty blades of a Sikorsky S-76 helicopter cut the dense, humid air over the Chanel. Bonnet, the respected art historian from Sorbonne, with the help of his acquaintances in UNESCO transport, often used this form of traveling when he was invited to congresses concerning regional issues and perspectives of a new heritage placed under their protection. A few days before the Congress, Bonnet liked to see for the shape, form, and a myriad of details he thought could be of great importance in revealing the secret.

Ever since he learned his son had survived, he had become a different man. Donald Wilson. Everything in which he invested his efforts for decades suddenly became insignificant. He had to finish what he had been dreaming about all these years. At the moment, while he was flying toward the

British island for the first time after thirty years, the wound in his chest grew more painful. The doctors did not believe he would survive. And he survived thanks to Stephen Redstone. A new plan occupied his mind like a leech, drinking blood to the very bottom when nothing remains in the body, and it becomes an ordinary matter. He must save his son.

The painful tension in his left arm grew. The same hand that still wore the massive silver ring he'd put on that morning. The ring gave the impression of a heavy valuable ornament. In the middle, he had an equilateral cross inscribed in a circle in the very center of which was a small stone crystal. Initiated followers. Keeper of the great secret. He told him this as they stood on either side of the old altar which was a spiritual and physical screen between the Adept and a group of students. Although no one had ever seen his face, the students knew that the Adept was very well acquainted with everyone about them in some secret way. That's why he always talked to everyone individually.

“The guards wore indescribably beautiful rings that were supposed to convey important messages. Each of them had a separate password,” a secret voice read to him the text of a blind author. “The ring symbolizes an unbreakable bond and unity. The ring has no beginning or end. He is eternity and infinity. That is why, in almost all religions of the world, the ring is a symbol of the eternal covenant of two people. The divine breath breaks through the ring, the power that God breathed into the human being.”

The “blind authors” were, in fact, a term for future priests who had to study science before theology to gain an accurate understanding of religion. They had to be “blind” (invisible) only to him and a handful of other students who were forced to attend secret investigations developing theories about the psychological function of great geniuses who contributed to humanity. One such genius was Salvador Dalí.

Just when the young physicist's penchant for atheism was at its maximum, Bonnet learned the true story of the "Fátima Vision of Hell" from the Adept. It was painted by Salvador Dalí.

"Do you think that if you are a scientist you should be an atheist?" the Adept asked him. The young student had no answer. Science was all that occupied his mind, but he still knew one bitter truth. No one had a sure answer to the question of how the universe came into being. "Does God really exist and who actually governs our consciousness?" At the time, he was still not brave enough to uncover a secret that was so simple.

Bonnet sank back into the memories of the conversations with the Adept.

The *Vision of Hell* finished in 1962 was the painting that changed Salvador Dalí's life. As a fifty-five-year-old, thanks to that painting, Salvador Dalí finally called himself a Catholic.

John Mathias Haffert, the founder of the Blue Army, tried to arrange a meeting between Salvador Dalí and Sister Lúcia, who was a cloistered nun in Portugal in 1960. However, he had no success even after writing to her personally. That wasn't a problem for Dalí, who replied: I will paint what I see.

When he arrived in Fátima, they took Dalí to the spot where Sister Lúcia, as a child, saw the appearance of the Virgin Mary and the crack in the ground that offered a glimpse of hell, as she claimed.

On the thirteenth day of each month from May to October 1917, in the city of Fátima, the Virgin Mary appeared six times before three children. The children – Lúcia, Jacinta, and Francisco – claimed the Virgin Mary revealed secret formulas about the fate of the world to them. The Secrets of Fátima are made of three apocalyptic prophecies that Lúcia Santos wrote. The first two were recorded as late as 1941 at the request of the Bishop of Leiria, José Alves Correia da Silva, and he included them in his book on Jacinta. However, Lúcia wrote the third secret even later, in 1943, sealed it in an

envelope, and said that it must not be opened before 1960. Pope John Paul II revealed that text in 2000.

“The painting *Vision of Hell* that the Blue Army of Our Lady of Fátima commissioned Salvador Dalí was supposed to look as Lúcia had experienced it. However, the commission had a hidden goal: to take advantage of the popularity of the Spanish painter to turn the youth and his loyal fanatics – unbelievers – into believers.”

“What did Salvador Dalí actually paint? Are there initiated followers, keepers of the great secret?”

As the Adept's words echoed in his head again, a faint touch of the helicopter to the ground shook him out of his mind. He had just landed on the lawn of King's College Chapel in Cambridge.

# Chapter 19



WHEN CHARLES ENTERED HIS OFFICE, he found Ethan sitting in his chair.

“We are in dire straits. The boss is waiting for us in his office,” Ethan said as soon as he saw him.

“But the amazing event the director was talking about came true, didn't it?” Charles replied with a strange smile as if he no longer cared about his job or their boss.

“And we don't have a second of footage about it!”

“I certainly came to resign!”

“What?”

“The time has come Ethan! This is not a job for us!”

“But you can't just find a new job? Where on earth are you going to live?”

“I have information about something better. I got a Bugatti Chiron Sport!” Charles twirled his car key around his finger.

“What?” Ethan jumped from the chair.

“It's time for a new life! As soon as we say goodbye to the director, we take action. Selling a Bugatti will solve many problems.”

“You've lost it. What the hell are you talking about?”

“I just drove a Bugatti Chiron into my garage.”

“Good joke!” Ethan stared at the keys.

“What about Julian Mellon?”

“Julian Mellon! If he had signed the indictment against us, you and I certainly wouldn't be here now.”

Charles darkened again for a moment. Later, he would ask Ethan what else he knew about the Oxford secret group, but now he couldn't think about it. He had to form all the paperwork for the car. After that, he would immediately contact the police.

They heard their director's croaky voice.

“Clark, Cox! Come to my office!”

A black-haired young woman in a red suit sat in an armchair by the window. The soft movements of high-heeled shoes made her sway gently in the chair. Noticing their fascinated expressions, the director cleared his throat. The black-haired woman got up from her chair, walked over to Charles, and held out her hand.

“Anita Ruiz.” As she uttered her name, she gave him a significant look.

With her exotic olive complexion and shiny, wavy hair, Anita Ruiz was the epitome of Hispanic beauty.

“The young lady came all the way from Barcelona. All you have to do is share your impressions about your evening in New York,” the director explained. “Miss Ruiz is an anthropologist and studies the influence of Surrealism on twenty-first century culture. She wants to interview you for Catalan and Spanish television, and will also consider the truth about the scandal, which certainly goes in our favor. So



gentlemen, sit down and get started!” He forced a smile on his face.

“I would rather do it in a more comfortable setting.” Anita Ruiz looked at the director coquettishly and then glanced at Charles like an endearing doe. “Come with me, please.”

The door opened. Fascinated, Charles and Ethan followed the sound of her footsteps breaking through the thin air barrier of her delicate, velvety, citrus perfume.

When the elevator doors opened on the ground floor, Ethan exited first. Anita stopped Charles by brushing his stomach and pressing the underground button.

“I only need you. Your colleague is free to go.”

The door closed in front of Ethan, whose jaw dropped in embarrassment.

“Anita Ruiz!” Charles exclaimed as soon as they were alone.

Charles still couldn’t believe she was in the elevator with him now. The memory of the evening in the Soho quarter and his embarrassment, when he allegedly had to leave her in the pub due to some urgent obligation, echoed through his consciousness as a brief discomfort. Trying not to blush, he swallowed.

“In the flesh,” Anita replied.

“I can’t believe my eyes!”

“Have I changed that much?”

“How do I forget the girl I grew up with? You haven’t changed a bit in twenty years,” Charles lied, feeling the incredible sensuality of this woman. A shadow of the young student he remembered peered beneath the confidence on her face.

“What was that a few days ago?” Anita’s sympathetic smile vanished for a moment.

“I don’t know where to begin,” Charles admitted.

“You don’t need to. I was there. I even bought a ticket for the same plane as you.”

“What?” Charles stared at her shiny hair, remembering the girl with black hair from the balcony and the black-haired girl from the front row who defied Mellon at the conference. Now he recognized her voice. Good English with a Spanish accent. He remembered the man who was in the room with her, and his mood darkened.

At that moment, the elevator reminded him of a cage from which he would have a hard time escaping.

Charles followed her through the stuffy garage. Anita stopped in front of a white Range Rover, which beeped quickly.

“So you probably know something about Atom Dalí?”

“That night I saw the formula for the first time! Just like you.” Anita paused, but Charles was silent. “There is no need to be distrustful of me. I don’t agree with the insane art historian who chased you from New York with that scandal.”

“Don’t you?”

“It shocked me that he chased you all over Manhattan. But I was even more astonished when I first saw your face. I tried to find you at the hotel, but it was too late. By the way, you haven’t changed either,” Anita added.

“And who is the man you went with? Aren’t you in agreement with him too?”

“Oh no, Charles! I have no idea what happened between them. I only know that as an anthropologist I was informed about the ‘Atom Dalí’ formula the night before the conference. However, I refused to speak at the conference because I couldn’t really help. The symbols are too simple and have been used in history by almost all nations around the world. Moreover, I was not very interested in the formula, until the drama you played in the museum. That’s when I realized that the formula was very important to Mellon.”

After a short silence, Charles put a smile back on his face. Should he tell her about the email?

“It’s been almost twenty years. You never forget your first love, at least not that secret girlish one.” She giggled and started the engine.

“As far as I’m concerned, I’m still the old loser you knew.”

Charles regretted those words almost immediately. He had learned that women have nothing against a loser as long as they don’t complain and pity themselves. In Anita’s company, he had even forgotten he owned a car worth several million dollars.

“Why do you need an interview when you’ve seen it all yourself?”

“I’m not a journalist, Charles.”

“Ah, this meeting is just a set-up. Officially, you talked to a journalist and in that way you found out the details about the scandal in the MoMA?”

“Exactly Charles. After all, I don’t want it to be known that I was there.”

“You don’t want to be involved in a scandal with Mellon and the patron Juan Alonso Damas that you actually know?”

Anita gave him a serious look.

“You’re right, Charles. I am only an anthropologist fascinated by the works of Salvador Dalí. It’s mine to explore the formula!”

Anita stepped on the gas and Charles leaned back in his seat.



# Chapter 20



WHEN HE SAW THE MAGNIFICENT STONE VILLA BUILT IN 1806, Bonnet had a bad feeling. He hated he owed his life to Redstone. And now, he still had to prove the bait he and Mellon caught in New York was completely wrong.

He exited the helicopter and headed for the gate. Surrounded by tall bare branches that protruded like horns, the house looked like an old church. The house had dark gray stone mixed with the color of ivy, moss, and rotten orange rust. A guard stood at the entrance.

“Who am I seeing? After so many years, Bertrand Bonnet has revisited the UK!” Redstone grinned, peering behind the glass front door.

They entered the villa’s large hall. Sunlight poured through a large glass dome set high in the ceiling. A rarity for Cambridge architecture but also a frequency among specimens that two hundred years ago were actually parts of cathedrals or branches of some of the Gothic college buildings. Although, thanks to their shared past, Redstone was one of his closest colleagues, it was the first time that Bonnet was a guest at Stephen Redstone's house.

The floor was designed like a chessboard, with a huge hourglass in the center with an equilateral black cross made of five square marble slabs.

They passed several corridors before entering a lavish smoking lounge. The dark brown leather furniture looked very fine under gold lights. Vases and bowls brought from all over the world adorned decorative shelves. Renaissance period paintings adorned the walls. Redstone seemed to enjoy the period as much as Salvador Dalí did.

In his black silk bathrobe, Redstone looked like a wealthy British oligarch. He lit tobacco in a large wooden pipe and stood by the window.

“What brings you to me, Bonnet?” He said, blowing smoke into the closed glass.

“Cancel everything. The Great Five’s mission is over.”

“Over? But where is the result? Someone has completed our work, don’t you understand that? You sent me an article from the Adept yourself!”

Bonnet was silent. He didn’t want Redstone to find out he had known about the formula for a long time. He cleared his throat. “You are playing with fire, Stephen.”

“Until now, you wanted to avenge your wife and son. And now you’re giving up. Charles Clark is from England. He studied at The Bartlett School of Architecture. A failed architect under the guise of a journalist! How many times were our members forced to change their names or professions? Doesn’t that remind you of something?”

“What does it remind me of, Stephen? Of murder and hiding under a false identity. It reminds me of torture and fear.” Bonnet tried to convince him in his usual calm tone. “How did the courier come across the formula?”

“It was found near Stonehenge. That is what the tourist office said,” Redstone replied.

“Maybe we should start with the courier? I don’t think Julian’s Charles Clark from MoMA has anything to do with the formula.” Bonnet hid his surprise. Redstone didn’t know that

the formula had actually been stolen from his secret archives in Salisbury, and he was relieved for a moment.

Shame flickered in Redstone's eyes before he averted his gaze. He remembered the symbol of the Black Sun carved in the stone of the old church and how they had to bow before the Adept, the man they were forbidden to see.

"The king of Judea who doesn't exist ... So the Adept did not lie! An ancient secret does exist. The evidence is hidden among scientists and priests. And we were on the right track to prove it! Is that why the Adept tried to get rid of us in time?"

"Do you think he was able to come up with the evidence on his own before that?"

"I am convinced that the formula was buried by the Adept at Stonehenge, and that it has to do with the proof that the ancient secret exists!" Redstone took a step back in confusion. "Oh my God! CERN will be shocked. Explaining the formula will shake entire scientific systems! Not only medicine and physics, but also religion!"

"And how are we going to explain the formula? If you think that the secret of the God Particle may be hidden in it, you are mistaken!"

"I'm sure the Adept knows the explanation. I am also sure that the journalist Charles Clark is miraculously connected with the Adept.

"Based on what?"

"He mentioned the fifth side of the world. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Anyone can mention the fifth side of the world, Stephen!" There are four sides of the world, why should the fifth side be a miracle?"

"Because Charles Clark was repeating the words of the Adept, don't you understand? It is very possible that the Adept sent him?"

"Something tells me you and Mellon are wrong!" Bonnet said thoughtfully, turning the ring on his hand.

Noticing the glow of the ring that blinded him for a moment, Redstone froze. He last saw the ring on Bonnet's hand thirty years ago. Redstone's lids lowered, something he always did when realizing his interlocutor was hiding something from him. He approached the fireplace where a fire crackled merrily. Redstone took a shot of whiskey from the nearby coffee table and settled in an armchair. Redstone ran his index finger over the rim of the glass and slipped into his memories.

“The deities emerge and begin with the appearance of a man,” the Adept said in his deep, muffled voice. He ordered them to open the drawings placed tidily on the prayer kneelers. Those drawings were schemes with symbols of pyramids, dolmens, high crosses, the Sun, the constellations, and sometimes replicas of early drawings by Salvador Dalí. They had to interpret them differently every time. “When you understand the great secret with which man can influence anything he wants, you will understand your true nature and abilities.”



# Chapter 21



AS ANITA DROVE INTENTLY THROUGH OXFORD STREET, Charles felt uneasy. The imagination of his young days flared up again and he struggled to resist it. Anita was damn sexy. Not only had he not been with a woman for more than half a year, but he had never felt anything like this towards any woman. However, he never had the courage to look for her again.

He remembered the interview, and his mood darkened again. As soon as they finished, everyone would probably go their own way. Should he tell her that he got the formula much earlier than it was shown at the conference? He thought, watching her long fingers hold her phone to her ear. However, something told him to be patient. He had to get information from Anita about the supplier of the formula to New York. That will help him with the police.

In just fifteen minutes, the white Range Rover slipped out of downtown.

“Shouldn’t we go back soon?”

“You won’t return, Charles. Unless you want to get killed,” Anita replied in a cold, calm voice.

“What?”

“You are in danger! Mellon suspects you know something more about the Atom Dalí formula. The Great Five got hold of the formula only a week ago. It’s uncertain who brought it, who sent it, nor the way it works. You’re the only piece they've gotten hold of. And they caught you for what you said.”

“And what's the good news?”

“I think I know what the formula case is about. It has to do with an Oxford secret group and the murder of a physics teacher, Donald Wilson from Salisbury.”

Charles' heart pounded harder. He had not said his real last name for more than thirty years. Anita knew about Donald Wilson, and therefore, about the murder of his parents. Only, she didn't know Donald Wilson was his father.

“How can I help you?” Charles swallowed.

“I think I know the exact place where the formula was excavated. I have been to the green desert many times.”

Charles moved to the window as if scalded. Green desert was an absurd term used only by him and his father. He never heard that term after that.

“The formula was excavated at Stonehenge and is only about thirty years old. That means it was buried by someone who may still be alive.”

Charles took a deep breath. For a moment, in front of his eyes, he saw his father's hands dirty from the ground, a small hourglass, Stonehenge. The memory lurked again to turn his day into a nightmare from the orphanage.

“No! Anita, I can't help you!”

“In New York, I thought you understood the formula.”

“I was just repeating words from my memory from the Faculty of Architecture. They are about time and not the formula itself!”

Charles sank deeper into his seat. He kept quiet about his father. He still couldn't understand Anita. That Anita

connected so much of his past started to irritate him. Blood rushed to his face. Her words didn't make any sense, but they could still lead him on a path that would reveal to him what his father was. He was tormented by the murder of his parents. His father had become his alter ego. He was a person Charles never wanted to forget.

He looked at her askance. Anita's feminine magnetism frightened him as much as her plea for help.

"Maybe your memories can help me with the formula?" Anita brought him back from thinking.

Anita opened the window. A faint draft moved her hair. A satisfied smile appeared on her face.

"You want to protect me from the Great Five! Why?" Charles asked.

"Salvador Dalí remains an unexplored phenomenon. Members of the Great Five research his works in an attempt to understand something, but don't talk about it in public."

"To understand what?"

"The very thing that encouraged Mr. Freud to become Freud. The ingenious theory Dalí used as a bases for his life and work. To achieve everything you want thanks to the control of your own consciousness!"

Through the windshield, Charles stared at the white line on the asphalt. The thought that he had just gotten a car out of his imagination thanks to some formula, he automatically dismissed as a coincidence. Anita continued ...

"The sages of our day, the so-called Adepts, who research ancient manuscripts and cultural monuments, have confirmed the fact that there was some secret knowledge about the divine nature of man. Some people want to use that knowledge for other purposes – for governing, politics, and control over history. The domination of such people over cultural heritage poses a grave danger to humanity. The impossibility for the common man to come to the discovery of ancient secrets."

“And you want to stop them?”

“I want to reveal the formula! That is my debt to my ...” Anita stopped.

Clark couldn't possibly interpret the new shrewd character of the professor of anthropology, who was hiding something from him? That something could be related to his father, and Charles could not resist the feeling of debt to him. What if he finds out the real reason for the murder?

“And what is your plan?”

“You will help me solve the formula.”

“What is the formula about anyway?”

“About how the poor man became king.”

Charles chuckled at her joke. He couldn't even imagine that Anita Ruiz was perfectly serious.

# Chapter 22



AS SOON AS HE SAW BONNET'S BACK, Redstone once again played the video of the scandal in New York after finding it on a BBC channel. Charles' words had the exact coordinates directed to the old Oxford group. After so many years, he heard a question which was their secret password. "Would that mean there really is a fifth side of the world?" Based on this question, the group of physicists built entire systems to explain the magical connection between the Universe and the human body. With all the strength of their young spirit, they believed the ancient secret was not just a legend. All it took was to find proof.

As he rubbed a thick cigar between his palms, hoping to step on the tail without which the Adept would not be able to move on, he thought of the courier. Maybe I really need to start with him? Did he really dig up the formula at Stonehenge?

Redstone leaned back in the armchair and picked up his phone. He found the number of Detective Collins, with whom he had collaborated at Cambridge thirty years ago. Redstone knew that eventually the police would knock on his door. If the Adept committed murder again, it would take a good detective

only a few seconds to connect the old Oxford case with the new one. And Detective Collins was more familiar with the Oxford case than any other inspector. He had to clarify who the courier was and reveal his secret connection to Charles Clark. He had to contact the police himself, before they approached him. In this way, he would completely remove their suspicion and the police would finally resume the investigation of the Adept after so many years.

Before dialing his number, Redstone typed the name Charles Clark into a search engine. Even the smallest detail about his past would have a convincing effect on the detective.

A video popped up in the browser's corner. A pretty blonde appeared on the screen. She was talking about a prize contest organized by an American snack company, while standing in front of an expensive car. "The happy owner of the Bugatti Chiron Sport 2018 is Charles Clark from England!"

Over three million views in one day! God! Well this happened today! It was true. The secret about human abilities was coded in the formula! Pleasure turned to cold fear. Damn!

Redstone spent several hours a day in the hall with the decorative hourglass. He did a few push-ups, then a few squats and then, using all his might with both hands, he pushed the hourglass about two meters high.

The clock turned with a creak and the countdown began. The lavish sunrays poured through the glass dome, which penetrated to the sand turning the black-and-white hall into a revived observatory from the Renaissance era.

Red crystal sand began rustling through the narrow chamber, just like in the first medieval hourglass designed in 1339 in Paris, thanks to the discovery of a secret manuscript whose origin was never revealed, Redstone's clock uttered the rustling music of the sandy beach. The world's first hourglass contained grains of black marble, previously boiled in red wine and then dried in the sun. The grains' uniform shape was ideal for the accuracy of time. However, Redstone's hourglass didn't measure time.

Redstone adjusted a few parameters on a small device that sounded like the ticking of an ordinary clock and exited the hall. When he returned three hours later, a little more than half of the sand had slipped. There was less sand in the upper chamber than in the lower. Redstone approached and pulled the partition that ran through the bottleneck of the hourglass. The sand stopped. Redstone picked up a piece of paper and a pencil, sat on the floor, and began writing some formulas.

“Where are our untapped chances going? Where did they hide the evidence?” he asked. The old Christian stained-glass windows had already completely disappeared from the side high-glass windows, but the memory of them now occupied his mind again. He received this house as an inheritance that his great-grandfather, an American, received as a gift from a relative on his paternal side. Although he respected God as much as one scientist was able to, he never understood church life. That misunderstanding surfaced like a monster to swallow it. The God Particle will be revealed.

Cold sweat drenched his forehead when he remembered the contents of the book *Spiritual Exercises* from the 16th century, along with the latest scientific achievements that protruded into his penitent mind. The old internal struggle returned. The noosphere that united Christian tradition with the theory of cosmic evolution existed. Matter was the “matrix” of the spiritual principle, and the spiritual principle existed in molecules and atoms. Paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, one of the most famous Jesuits, proved that in the first part of the 20th century. Thoughts echoed in his head like cymbals announcing a horrible duel in an ancient arena. The mere thought of the plan which could be realized soon gripped his heart. He knew it was too late to stop.

“Detective Collins?”





# Chapter 23



CHARLES AND ANITA DROVE THROUGH LUSH GREEN WILTSHIRE FIELDS, which separated the small town of Salisbury from Anita's destination. According to legend, Merlin, teacher and adviser of King Arthur, once ruled on those open fertile fields. Archaeologists had found the most valuable monuments from the Neolithic and Bronze Ages, which showed that humanity once had knowledge the modern world could not fathom. A complex of monuments – kurgans, pits, and many remains related to cults – laid in the valley of the world-famous stone complex, Stonehenge.

Thinking about Anita's confident driving, Charles managed to catch a glimpse of the crystal clear landscape through the wet windshield every seven seconds before the wipers moved again.

In one captured moment, between the movements of the wipers, Charles suddenly clocked a magnificent sight. Indescribably beautiful and imposing stone pillars with a gray-blue reflection loomed in the distance like living giants. They were lined up in an almost perfect circle that undoubtedly made

the observer believe in its significant meaning. The famous mystical Stonehenge.

It was the place from his memory, the very one where he studied the hourglass with his father. That was the last time he saw it.

Two buses were parked in the lot by the entrance to the Stonehenge shop and ticket office. Anita drove past them and continued up the path leading to the monument. However, the guard told her access to Stonehenge was permitted only on foot or by bus. Entry with private vehicles was prohibited.

“VIP member of the National Trust.” Anita showed him a green card with her photograph.

All members of the Great Five were members of the National Trust, which soon celebrate one hundred and twenty-five years of existence and preservation of nature, beauty, and history of Great Britain.

The guard muttered something in his walkie-talkie, then turned back to Anita and motioned her to drive on.

“Enjoy your stay, Miss Ruiz!”

The drive to Stonehenge lasted only three minutes. When they approached, only a few Chinese tourists were standing before the gigantic, imposing stones. Horizontal stones were lying on the massive vertical stone pillars two and three meters high. Those trilithons resembled doors. However, rope barriers surrounded the monument complex.

While struggling to keep her Jimmy Choo high heels from sinking, muddy grass, Anita pointed at a stone twenty meters away from the main monument. It stood at an angle, and its purpose was to measure the passage of time, seasons, and stellar rotation periods.

“The monument was built at the same time as the Egyptian pyramids. So, it is about five thousand years old.” She searched for something in her big bag.

“Some claim it was a temple for religious ceremonies, say, coronations. There’s a theory Stonehenge is a cemetery that dates back to the Druid era.”

“Or a window into another dimension.” Charles said. “The ancient architect must have possessed some higher energy knowledge.”

“Maybe you’re not so far from the truth! If the monument dates back to the Neolithic era, it’s difficult to determine anything for sure today. This is how Stonehenge looks from a bird’s-eye view.”

Anita pulled a few papers with nineteenth-century photographs from her bag. Then she pointed to the photos from the first half of the twentieth century. The placement of stones was different in some places. The new photograph showed a new monolith with a spike about twenty centimeters high on the top.

“Druids hardly had the tools to make something like this out of stone. The current look has changed, but the original shape hasn’t.”

“They say the same thing about the ancient pyramids in Egypt,” said Charles.

“Exactly!”

Charles looked at her in confusion.

Anita took another piece of paper from her bag and showed him the blueprint of Stonehenge.

“Scientific research of this object began in the second half of the seventeenth century when archaeologist John Aubrey discovered Stonehenge had been bigger. The excavations revealed fifty-six limestone-filled pits, aligned at equal distances. They were named after him – Aubrey holes. It surrounds Stonehenge at a clearly precise distance.”

“What is called *entourage*.”

“What are you talking about, Charles?”

“Even in modern architecture, *entourage* is often used. To protect the environment. Fixed objects such as trees, shrubs, smaller architectural forms.”

“And what are they for?”

“Many do not believe in it, but they serve to protect the energy of what is in the middle. For example, to protect a temple, church, or child's tree house from evil spirits. In the East, according to Feng Shui, this type of energy protection is very popular even today. If the architects are not able to make entourage, then the building is placed in the center of the natural relief environment. For example, the temple can be tucked away at the foot of several hills that will surround it.”

Anita looked around. Stonehenge was not surrounded by any hilly natural relief, nor did it have a forest on all sides.

“But these monuments do not surround any building,” said Anita.

“Sharp holes surround something in the middle.”

“So the Aubrey holes energetically protect Stonehenge itself?”

“Is the formula dug in the middle?”

Anita shrugged.

“Later, the American astronomer Gerald Hawkins concluded that Stonehenge was an observatory since its plan was a hidden hendecagon – lunar angle, associated with the declination of the moon days. That lunar angle divides the circle into twenty two sectors, and the geometry includes the Archimedes’ constant  $\pi - 3.14$ .”

“That means it used to be an ideal circle.”

“When he conducted the mathematical modeling to return one thousand five hundred years in time, Hawkins concluded Stonehenge contains the exact scheme of the cosmic orientation of our planetary system. Therefore, according to these orientations, it is possible to calculate the Sun and Moon eclipses, as well as planetary movement.”

“Oh! So, there is a logical explanation,” Charles muttered.

“The emphasis is not on the fact that we know Stonehenge was a calendar for calculating the movement of the

planets, but on the impact that the structure had directly on man and in what way man used it.”

“Besides being able to know when seasons come, or the lunar or solar eclipse?” Charles was indifferent. He always doubted that answers to the questions of ancient architecture can really be found in modern science.

“For a modern man, Stonehenge doesn’t represent the same as it did for the man who lived at the time of its construction.” Anita said.

“Do you think the solution to the formula lies in the Stonehenge project?”

“Archimedes was born two thousand years after the construction of Stonehenge and was the first to calculate the perfect circle. How do you explain the ancient people’s understanding of mathematics and astronomy? Right here, they calculated the nineteen-year lunar cycle.”

“Therefore, Archimedes was not the first.”

“Of course not, Charles. The formula represents a great secret hidden for thousands of years. Long before the birth of Jesus Christ himself and long before the birth of Archimedes. If I’m right, schematically, the formula represents a perfect circle. A symbol of eternity!”

“What circle? As far as I remember, it’s a square, a cross, a sign of equivalence?” Charles asked with interest.

“If we add up all the cubes in the formula, we get the number fourteen, and from fourteen cubes, an ideal pyramid can be made with its top and four-sided base. An ideal circle can be drawn around it and an ideal circle can be inscribed in its base.”

“It’s true! But I don’t understand what you’re alluding to?”

“I found something similar in the attic of my old house in Figueras.”

“What?” Charles was pleasantly surprised. Anita never told him about her parents. None of the children in the orphanage actually practiced it. It was a forbidden topic among them. The one they would swallow before bed or when punished by a teacher.

“When I came out of the orphanage, I inherited a house in Figueras, Catalonia. People called the neglected ground floor house at the end of the street the Witch's House. For a while, it was the most common cafe that was later also abandoned. Thanks to the scientific writings I found among the things, I believe that my parents were on the verge of discovering the legend. And judging by the writings, they were connoisseurs of formulas like the one we have with us.”

Anita took a golden cross from her bosom and kissed it mechanically.

“So you found the formula, Atom Dalí, in the house? I don't understand.”

“I didn't find the formula, but I found explanations of the pyramid of fourteen cubes and a million other mysterious records, similar to the formulas of Atom Dalí, which, according to my parents' scientific writings, were related ancient cultures' belief in the cosmos. Beneath each was the inscription D-W-R-P.”

“What does that mean?”

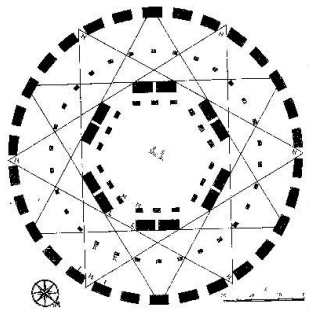
“Probably the initials of some very important person. I had to continue their mission. That became my only goal, sad little orphaned girl that I was.”

Anita becoming an anthropologist was a stepping stone. It was clear why Anita had not answered his question as to why she wanted to save him from the Great Five. Like no other, he could understand the struggle and will of an orphaned child to prove themselves to their parents, even if they were in heaven.

# Chapter 24



ANITA SHOWED HIM ANOTHER PIECE OF PAPER. This one showed Stonehenge in its earliest perfect phase, drawn from a bird's-eye view. Charles stepped closer to take a better look.



“The world is full of circular buildings,” Charles said.

“What do you mean?”

“In Europe alone, there are dozens of circular traces, which had their own central circle and ideal diameter,” Charles recalled the practical work from the first year of college. The first architectural projects on earth, which were supposed to have a connection with space, had the shape of a circle or the shape of a pyramid.

“The drawing is missing an *abacus*.” Charles stared at the drawing.

“*Abacus*?”

“The top plate of the pillars or half-pillars used to support the new structure on it.”

“Do you think there should be another construction on the slabs?”

“It doesn't have to be. But just like the dolmens, the *abacus* must have had some function related to what is above.”

“With space?” Anita said with enthusiasm. “The circle forming Stonehenge is made from solid matter, just like the atomic nucleus. In the space between the nucleus, or between the stone circle and the holes that form the circle in the ground, remains a space which contains an electromagnetic field. Just like atoms.”

“Are you saying Stonehenge depicts an atom?”

“The central force, which people think is in the very center, is actually outside the nucleus, behind the pillars, in the spot where they incorrectly placed the barrier ropes. The central force is in the electromagnetic field of Stonehenge. You said yourself that Aubrey holes are actually a membrane that protects the interior!”

“Do you think that center of power had an impact on people?”

“In our macro-world, the atom is the smallest particle. But in the microworld, there are even smaller particles – quanta. So, there's a quantum world where there's no space and



time. Nature is unpredictable, just as Mellon explained in his experiment in New York. Our consciousness and reason are powerless to penetrate its laws. However, if the atom of the mega world is the size of Stonehenge, then the nature of the macro-world, or human reality on Earth, is easier to understand, right?"

"Do you think that scientists have not yet fully discovered the true nature of atoms?"

"I think several modern scientists have an inkling about the atom's function. There is evidence that Stonehenge was created as an atom of the mega world, but they covered it up."

"Who covered it up?"

"It's not in the interest of modern scientists to sit in a corner that can't take them any further. However, a man like Salvador Dalí appeared. That's why his personality caused such confusion among psychologists, scientists, and bishops. The genius of mystery, they called him. But I would rather say, the genius of truth!"

"And what does Salvador Dalí have to do with Stonehenge, apart from the fact the formula was found nearby?"

"What if I told you Salvador Dalí understood the magic properties of atoms?"

Charles remembered the last version of Dalí's melting clocks, which decomposed into atoms. He also remembered the mascot of Salvador Dalí, the killer of his parents, as well as the Atom Dalí formula he received in the same email. He looked Anita in the eye. Should he tell her the truth? Should he tell her that he was actually involved in the whole story and more than she could have imagined. He was in doubt. Charles had never been afraid of anything in his life, least of all for his own life, which almost no one cared about anyway. He had neither parents nor his own family to take care of him. However, what was happening to him now caused a kind of indecision. It was not a fear for his own life. It was a fear of uncertainty. What if he finds out something he doesn't really want to know? What

was his father involved in? Like an anchor he sank deeper and deeper into his parents' case. Anita Ruiz was on the same path as him. An orphan who wanted to know the truth. Only, Anita, unlike him, had the courage. It was too late to give up. Angry at himself, he approached her and took the paper from her hand.

“I won a Bugatti Chiron Sport this morning,” he said.

“I don’t understand.”

“This morning, I learned I am the lucky winner of one of the most expensive cars in the world. I won a prize contest with coupons from Flips & Chips.”

“You think it’s a coincidence?”

An atmosphere of disbelief reigns among them. Anita said what Charles didn't want to hear. He never believed in magic. But what if the magic was his reality?

“Anita, the formula has nothing to do with this.”

“The Atom Dalí formula may have an ingenious effect! In similar rebus formulas that I found in my parents' house, there was often the inscription, ‘La acción del genio.’”

“An act of genius?”

“If you wished for that and it came true, then you definitely did something according to the formula.” Anita repeated the words from the legend.

“What?”

“The electromagnetic field of atoms has an amazing function! In it, all the desires of the electron are in a timeless and spaceless zone. Remember what Mellon said?”

He took two steps back as if he didn’t want to believe her words.

“Hawkins found a mathematical code and several images shaped like Egyptian pyramids. Thanks to Champollion, who finally clarified the Egyptian hieroglyphic script in the early nineteenth century, the ancient Egyptian dictionary of Stonehenge was compiled. That enabled the deciphering of a brief text composed of several words on a Stonehenge stone. They translated part of that text as The Eternally Living Atom. Thus, the mathematical theory of atoms was coded in Stonehenge, and the atomic mass of hydrogen 1.0079 was

recorded. Stone pillars turn blue only when covered with dew or rain, and the air is humid. In dry periods, the color remains gray.” Anita’s breathing quickened.

“Are you still claiming the Atom Dalí formula has something to do with an atom’s magical function which enables man to use his true abilities? Unbelievable!” Charles spoke as if he didn’t believe a word.

“It’s much easier for us to believe in stuff we learned in school: That the atom is the smallest particle. However, the famous atomists Democritus and Empedocles were the first to say the world is made up of atoms and introduced the word atom, from the ancient Greek word atomos, which means indivisible. No! From which word does the ancient Greek word atomos derive? From a word deciphered at Stonehenge. Atum, a solar disk, the Sun circle with rays reaching towards the Earth in the shape of hands. Are you familiar with that symbol? I’m talking about an Egyptian deity, an androgynous first god from which the world was born. The meaning of the word Atum comes from the meaning of the word Tem, which means finished.”

Charles was all ears.

“God Atum is mentioned in the earliest texts as the creator and father of the pharaohs. Pharaoh Akhenaten from the eighteenth dynasty was the most influential religious figure in the history of humanity! From a people who believed in many gods, Akhenaten created a monotheistic people who believed in only one God! Can you believe that?”

Charles was so mesmerized he remained mute, and Anita continued.

“Neither Jesus Christ nor his god accomplished that. There are twenty-eight million gods in the history of humanity. The Veda hymns mention three hundred thirty million gods! Modern man knows only a small part of humanity’s monumental history. Akhenaten’s only god, the god who caused all other gods to be forgotten, the only god people

believed in, was Atum, whose name means finished as a solar disc.

“Anita! Do you believe that? Historians have had time to twist and distort history the way it suits them. We’re nothing compared to the past! And we can’t prove it!”

“The ruins of the temple dedicated to Atum, constructed in that period, are in Amarna. Today, they’re an attraction for tourists from all over the world.”

“But that doesn’t mean the legend is true!”

“It is true that you and I are standing here in search of the meaning of the formula that will make the Great Five turn the world upside down. And the sooner we find meaning, the sooner we will stop possible murders.”

Charles froze again. Anita was right. His parents were also killed. The TV station where he worked was invited to New York because of him. He was Person X because of which Mellon gave them special attention before the conference. Someone from the Great Five sent him the email. Now he was sure he could believe Anita. But it would be better to exclude her from the dangerous case as soon as possible. He’ll have to go to the police as soon as they went back to London.

# Chapter 25



ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES FROM STONEHENGE, in the sumptuous garden of a hundred-year-old cathedral-looking house, Redstone waited for Detective Collins.

Redstone knew how to enjoy the fortune he'd inherited, instead of earning it, from his banking family in Connecticut. After he barely survived the youthful mistake of joining the Brotherhood of Death, he continued his education at Oxford. Young Redstone at the time could not have guessed his father would leave the Cambridge house to him, out of seven brothers. He was the only atheist in the family. Redstone was even less able to believe that one day he would become a pious man himself. Despite being an academician of the largest science lab in the world, Redstone knew that no institution or religion had ever been closer to God than CERN.

It was afternoon when the bell rang on the villa's intercom, whose south wing was overgrown with thick Virginia creeper.

Redstone approached the window. His guard spoke to the man who had already visited him. Just like last time, the visitor wore a dark coat with a hood on his head.

Before giving the guard a signal he could let the guest in, Redstone locked his office as he prepared to meet his visitor in the foyer.

“You’ve brought me some important material?” Redstone asked when the courier appeared in the doorway.

“You will judge for yourself whether the material is important, and whether I wasted my time bringing it to you,” the courier replied.

They approached the hall with the hourglass, and the courier left wet footprints in his wake that Redstone tried to ignore. The courier’s confidence irritated him. He couldn’t wait to take the packet and send him packing. Still, he was tickled by Bonnet’s thought. Is your courier really just a courier?

The courier took an object wrapped in yellow recycled paper out of a paper bag. It was shaped like a vase. When Redstone unwrapped it, he knew it was significant. Gold ornaments with precious stones and engraved symbols covered the vase. There should have been a lid, which was missing.

“I like the vase already,” he said, moving the object closer to his eyes.

“The Atom Dalí formula was inside. And it’s not a vase, it’s an urn.”

“What? Is that so?” Redstone leaned to see the courier’s face beneath the lowered dark hood. However, the courier did his best to make sure that only his lips were visible.

He knew it was an impostor, but now he didn’t care. Detective Collins would deal with it soon. It only mattered he held the object in which the formula had been found.

Redstone leaned over and tried to shake the urn. It was completely empty.

The courier headed for the exit, but as he passed through the large hall, he danced on the black squares.

“What on earth are you doing?”

“The chessboard is known as a sign of death, but it’s also a symbol of eternity. ”

What if he knows something more? What if Bonnet is right?

Redstone was well aware that anyone who was a member of the Tourist Office espionage in the seventies could access the investigation department, but couriers had never been people who knew information about the packages they delivered.

“Its structure is infinite,” the courier continued, much to Redstone’s surprise. “The game requires sixty-four squares, but four are enough to represent the complete structure of chess. Or maybe only two are enough?”

“Two?”

“Does that remind you of the formula that I brought last week?”

Redstone reached into the inside pocket of his pajamas and pushed the button that would signal the guard. The courier left the chessboard, standing close enough to Redstone to point a gun at him.

“Who sent you?”

“The travel agency,” the courier replied.

“I only love chess. I often won at school.” Redstone’s voice trembled.

“By color, two squares, placed opposite each other or touching diagonally, are already forming a rhythm.” Redstone had to play for time. The camera installed in the northeast corner of the ceiling was on his side. “And sixty-four squares symbolize eternity. This space is based on the number eight, leading to sixty-four, which is embodied in the board. The square and the circle have almost equal meanings. The square is

a symbol of space, and the circle is a symbol of time. Space is time, and time is space,” Redstone said.

“You want to convince me that a square is actually a circle?” the courier asked.

“I’m saying what you’re thinking can actually be the very opposite.” Redstone’s gaze aimed at the gun.

“Is it like that in the formula too?” the courier asked.

“There are eight sides of the world, four basic and four intermediate. However, these sides are calculated in the vertical space. Do you have any idea what I’m talking about? You should know that as a skillful chess player.” Redstone walked around the courier like a cat around a mouse as the barrel of the gun followed him.

“The Earth isn’t flat. Are you talking about the Earth’s circumference?” the courier replied with a spiteful sneer, as if deliberately turning science into a joke.

“The Earth isn’t flat. But if you imagine you’re standing at the northernmost point of the globe and pointing to the north, you would actually be referring to the south. East and west will remain unchanged.”

“So it’s true! The so-called fifth side of the world really exists!”

“Is that why you’re here? Who sent you??”

Redstone was getting angry. He couldn’t change the past that had tormented him for decades. He recalled rituals in a church with a dark altar when he’d heard of the fifth side of the world studying Salvador Dalí’s art. “The fifth side of the world passes through you like Greenwich! Be careful when you watch and listen to it,” the “blind author” told them from the darkness while their hearts fluttered with inspiration to explore the mental harmony of a genius.

“What’s the meaning of the symbol on the urn?” The courier asked before the sound of the gun clicked through the air.

Redstone approached the small doorway at the bottom of the hall and pulled out a folding table that was suddenly illuminated by LED lights. Among the small instruments,



composed from the largest to the smallest, he took out a head-mounted magnifier with five lenses and double LED light glasses. When he looked at the urn under the magnifier, Redstone noticed something on the reverse side that he had missed at first. Something he wasn't expecting at all. Redstone was pleasantly surprised, yet astonished at the same time. At the very thought of what was about to happen, he felt an uncomfortable tightening at the back of his neck. *I will die before humanity finds out the big secret!* Among the carvings on the urn were several symbols that could be related to only one thing: The future collapse of everything that the scientists and "rulers of religion" dedicated their lives to since the birth of Jesus Christ. Among the engravings were a swastika, a Sun, an equilateral cross bordered by a circle – just like the one on the ring on Bonnet's hand.

"It's a cult of the sun!" Redstone murmured.

"Your answer just betrayed you."

The courier came close to him. Redstone smelled his own corpse in the air. A cold gun touched his back. Redstone felt a slight burning sensation in his waist.

"The Adept will come back for you," the courier whispered.

Redstone watched the urn for a few more seconds. Then he fainted.



# Chapter 26



THE SMELL OF WET EARTH GOT STRONGER. Stonehenge flushed on the appearance of an even more mystical monument. Charles felt like a tiny insect the wind could blow away from Earth at any moment. Anita's words about the theory of an atom intoxicated him, but filled him with fear of being involved with something which he didn't want to believe. Charles could not fathom what purpose a giant atom could have for humans.

Rain suddenly began over the damp fields around Stonehenge, from which a thin whitish mist was evaporating. Charles motioned that it was time to leave. However, when they turned towards her car, Anita saw a group of tourists had slowly started toward them, crossing the straight path leading to the Range Rover. Then, as if changing their minds, the group passed them and stopped next to a single stone called the Heel Stone. It was the only important stone outside the circular complex, and the Chinese surrounded it.

“From the time when the great Egyptian pyramids and Stonehenge were built to the time of the Greek atomist Democritus, born in Four Hundred Sixty BC, about two and a

half thousand years had passed. From the time of Democritus to today, two and a half thousand years have also passed. Doesn't that tell you something?" Anita asked as she approached Heel Stone.

"Five thousand years divided into two. So, time for a new discovery? Why did the anthropologist have so much interest in physics?"

"You can understand the present or predict the future only if you know the past. Likewise, to understand the process of human thoughts, you must know the history of our ancestors' thoughts. To understand the processes of his intellectual frame, you must know the genesis of the physical evolution of his body, but also of consciousness. Charles! There is no stand-alone science in this world. In this world, in fact, science as a separate cannot exist."

"I see. What is your idea? Shall we address the Great Five?"

"The formula presented in the MoMA is about a secret the Great Five has been trying to reveal for years. The secret that both Freud and Jung tried to reveal, that secret societies have been hiding from the most influential people in the world. It is believed that it was hidden among scientists and priests. The secret that the biggest villain in history was looking for. This is the secret that the world's largest science laboratory CERN is looking for today! That's why Stephen Redstone is involved!"

"Who is Stephen Redstone? And what is CERN looking for?"

"Redstone is one of the members of the Great Five. At CERN, they have been trying for many years to find the God Particle. It is tied to the nature of atoms."

"Maybe we should turn to him for help. We need someone reasonable to do this, don't we?"

Several black crows flew over the moment, their shrieks echoing against the stones. As if hypnotized, Charles

stared at gray clouds over the distant plains. They alternated with the bright blue clearing of the sky glimmering with the sun's rays. Anita pulled out her phone and opened a photo of the formula she'd taken when Julian Mellon showed it on screen.

Charles moved closer to Anita and peered over her left shoulder. Both were silent while they studied the formula, leaning over to protect the phone from the rain. Only a few meters away, the tourists fidgeted as if they wanted to approach and ask something. They pulled on their yellow raincoats and talked, seemingly discussing who will move toward them.

“At the end of his life, Einstein said, ‘All these fifty years of conscious brooding have brought me no nearer to the answer to the question: What are light quanta?’ So what is not explained by physics is explained by God.”

“I know why you're here, Anita.”

“I've devoted half my life to studying human consciousness. I have the opportunity to learn the truth. Thank God Bonnet sent me to Mellon in New York!”

“What? You're acquainted with Julian Mellon?” Charles asked.

“We've lectured together at UNESCO congresses a few times.”

“Don't tell me you believe that notorious organization the Great Five! Who knows why they want to get their hands on the formula.”

“I am in the Great Five, Charles!”

At that moment, he heard the blades of a helicopter approaching from a distance.



# Chapter 27



WHILE UNLOCKING HIS APARTMENT ON STATEN ISLAND, Mellon was in no hurry to answer the phone vibrating in his pocket. The phobia of someone following him didn't give him peace since he'd been robbed. Someone broke into his office while he was talking to reporters. Only after he realized Charles and his cameraman could fly away ahead of time did he go to the hotel to pick them up. But judging by the cameras, it was already late then. The left wing camera was turned off even before the conference began. Maybe much earlier. This additionally angered the New York officer, but also gave reason to suspect that he turned off the cameras himself.

He spent the whole night at the bar. He regretted he'd taken a ferry from Manhattan to Staten Island. The damp cold had crept into his bones, making him restless again. An old man with a Latin accent who was loudly describing the Statue of Liberty particularly irritated him. *Los franceses y fueron muy generosos!*

Since Redstone told him that the Adept was back, everyone seemed suspicious, and he was anxious. That someone had stolen the formula from his desk, and that they had also attended the press conference bothered him even more.

He didn't want to think it could be one of the most influential people in the European network of museums and cultural protection. The auction leader was their guest. Mellon feared an order to transfer the *Persistence of Memory* from New York to Spain. He couldn't stand it. However, when the police came to question him, the Spaniard was no longer in the country. However, the police had no grounds to detain him.

He stepped into the hallway, turned on the light, and put his phone and keys on the side table. The person calling him was Bonnet. Mellon trudged to the bathroom and splashed his face with cold water. He heard footsteps behind him. Turning off the water, Mellon peeked in the hallway.

Just to be safe, he grabbed the wooden mop and pushed open the door with the elbow of his other arm. After making sure no one was in the living room, Mellon tiptoed toward the bedroom. While creeping through the hallway, he noticed his favorite painting was missing from the wall. The miniature replica of Raphael's the *Sistine Madonna*, which was around fifty times larger in life-size, was gone.

Panic overwhelmed him, but Mellon tried to breathe through it. A memory from 2012 flashed through his mind: he had attended the five-hundred-year commemoration since the commission of the famous painting in Dresden's Old Masters Picture Gallery, where he accidentally saw a small replica in the curator's office. Mellon had a hard time persuading the man to sell it to him. And, of course, he succeeded only because he was a member of the Great Five, famous for its participation in the organization of cultural events.

Now, because of that painting, he was trying to figure out which room the footsteps came from. If someone took it off the wall only a few moments ago, then he must still be here. Mellon peered like a cautious mole from behind the closet. To his surprise, the painting was on his bed propped against the pillow.

The fear of death permeated his whole being. Was it possible he would die without finding the solution to the formula?



He replayed recent events in his life, thinking of their connection with the *Sistine Madonna* ...

His memories took him to the day he stood in front of the painting and realized both Salvador Dalí and Raphael knew of the existence of an ancient secret. Pope Julius II commissioned the painting for the San Sisto church in Piacenza. “*The Sistine Madonna* is the most beautiful Madonna by Raphael,” the curator had told him when he agreed to sell him the painting. “Virgin Mary and her son are accompanied by Saint Sixtus and Saint Barbara, as well as two little cherubims at the very bottom. From the nineteenth century, those angels were often used as motifs on postcards, pillows, women’s purses, and saucers. But few people know they are Raphael’s unique cherubims, which no one could paint so masterfully.”

In the Renaissance, the church did something it had never done in history. It accepted more humanistic and naturalistic religious paintings. Biblical motifs were no longer painted in midair, above the clouds, in their ideological, unreal world. Instead, new paintings depicted real-life situations on Earth. The anatomy of the human body on the church frescoes was the most important step towards approaching the secret about man and revealing the great secret about his abilities. That fascinated Salvador Dalí and pushed him into the world of the Renaissance towards the end of his career. He created the painting of the Madonna made up of atoms, which proved he knew the big secret.

Footsteps startled him. His whole eternity turned into formless time, which flowed like Dalí’s soft clocks and made him feel insignificant. Someone pressed a scarf over his nostrils and mouth as he turned towards the door. The hot sting through his heart blazed like embers. He lost his breath and voice, just like in the fire that devoured his hand. However, this time, he didn’t have the strength to save himself.

He looked the killer straight in the eye.

“Beauty will save the world, Adept?” he uttered the famous words by the Russian literary giant Fyodor Dostoevsky, who first wrote them with the *Sistine Madonna* in mind.



# Chapter 28



THE CLOSER THE HELICOPTER FLEW, the more Charles sensed danger. He knew no television would ever do a piece about Stonehenge in the middle of a rainy, foggy day, and he wished to jump in the car with Anita as soon as possible. But when they turned to the vehicle, the shortest man from the tourist group resolutely started towards them, meeting his eyes. Charles grabbed Anita's arm, wanting to run towards the Range Rover, but another man ran toward them and threw himself at her.

Charles pounced on the man who held Anita from behind. A Chinese woman jumped on his back; he hit her nose with the back of his head. Her glasses fell and crunched under his shoes. The woman punched him in the stomach with all her strength, while blood ran from her nose. Charles gasped and spat a yellowish liquid with the bitter taste of hard crisps.

What the hell was going on? Charles barely caught his breath when a third appeared before his eyes like a blurred movie scene. The third man walked towards Anita, but she deftly kicked him between the legs.

“Wow!” Charles exclaimed. Someone hit him on the right shoulder. The three Chinese people pulled back and stood in an aikido pose. The woman shrieked from the bottom of her throat and jumped towards Anita, who pulled a can of pepperspray from her bag and sprayed.

Charles mustered his strength, jumped from the grass, and ran after the remaining two attackers. The woman remained on the ground, moaning, her eyes hurting like hell. While Charles wrestled with the other two on the muddy grass, Anita started the rover’s engine and headed up the gentle incline toward the giant stone pillars. Bullets rained down from the sky. Charles covered his head with his hands and ran towards the Range Rover, while the three people ran together toward the center of the monument, seeking shelter from the attack.

A new barrage of bullets hit the roof of Anita’s car, but Charles had already crawled inside. Anita stepped on the gas and broke through the thin metal fence that parted the archeological site from the highway only a hundred meters away. A few cars had already stopped. Drivers recorded the action scene with their phones through their open windows, not realizing this wasn’t a movie scene but a real shooting that would be breaking news. The Range Rover crossed into another lane and disappeared in the distance.

“How did they know we were coming here?” Anita shouted, trying to catch her breath.

“And who was that, anyway? Mellon from New York?”

“I have no idea. The only thing I know is that the police will be on our tail in a few minutes.”

“The police? This has nothing to do with the police. Someone knew we would come to this place today. Someone who is looking for the solution to the formula just like you.”

“I’m sure nobody from the Great Five is behind this.”

Charles tried to swallow his anger. He had dragged Anita into a muddled situation. Or maybe she had dragged him? He should have listened to his intuition and refused to travel to

New York. After all, he was supposed to go to the police immediately before work this morning.

Charles lifted Anita's sparkling water from the plastic console and took a sip, stealing a glimpse at her serious half-profile.

"Someone just saved us, Charles! I will prove to you that the Great Five is a very detailed organization."

"Someone saved us! Someone shot at us!"

"The group of tourists were shot at from the helicopter, not us! If they wanted us, they would still be chasing us."

Charles opened the window and glanced at the sky. The skies were empty. Ethan called on his cell phone, and Charles put the call on speakerphone.

"Hey, Charles. I couldn't reach you all morning. I have crazy news. At the board meeting on BBC TV, they nominated you as editor-in-chief. Probably because of your achievements and hard work in fifteen years on our television. Or maybe it has something to do with the scandal in New York. They reached that decision yesterday, but we only found out today. The director is in shock! Hey? Say something! Can you hear me? Hello!"

At a loss for words, both of them stared at the highway. The action of genius had started. Another wish from the plane was slowly coming true.

Anita turned backwards in the square.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"The police will be waiting for us just five hundred meters from here. We were checked in at the entrance to Stonehenge."

"Shouldn't we call the police? Hey Anita? I don't see another way out!"

"I doubt the police will believe in our innocence. Especially after the scandal in New York! We have to wait for the police!"

“And what do you suggest?” Charles was shocked.

“I suggest changing the car!” Anita closed the window.  
“I’ll do anything for the sake of the formula!”

“What?”

“Charles, you just have to trust me.”

# Chapter 29



WHEN THE NYPD OFFICER, who had talked to Mellon only yesterday, arrived at the scene, a painting of the *Sistine Madonna* hung on the wall. The blood that had spilled from the victim's mouth was already clotty and cold. The inscription he had written on the floor had the uneven dark color of coagulated blood.

*“By this cross is covered the cross.”*

The dagger protruding from his broad chest resembled an ancient decorative sword. The wrought copper handle was beautifully curved into half of the swastika symbol, which merged with its other half and, thus, formed a circle. His body lay on his back and his knees were bent.

The officer watched the reaction of the detective who had just arrived from England with interest. With dyed hair slicked back, small, barely visible mustache, and short stature, Detective Collins gave the impression of a petty sharpened spirit. Keeping his hand on his chin, he squirmed thoughtfully around the enclosure.

He hoped his British colleague, who came here directly from the airport, would help him solve the case. The case had begun at the MoMA thanks to an English reporter who was now in Great Britain. Although the detective had arrived on his own initiative, the New York officer had no doubt that Detective Collins actually thought the case was not started at the MoMA but at the gate of the British Parliament building. What's more, the case was started exactly thirty years ago.

Collins was just then beginning his career of the London Order. When the case was filed away unsolved, the detective organized a series of informal investigations that included interviews with students, principals, and professors of the college where Donald Wilson studied. He never stopped believing Wilson was actually alive. On the stone slab where, before his body was gone forever, Wilson engraved his initials were two more letters D-W-R-P. No cryptographer could interpret what the other initials meant. He knew Oxford would ignite again in all its glory. The real scandal was just about to begin. But in the UK.

“The killer waited for complete death, then adjusted the corpse pose,” Collins said taking off his glasses.

“Are you saying the pose was purposely set? What are you aiming for?” The New Yorker asked.

“The message is inevitable. But Mellon himself would explain it better.”

“So it's not only about some religion?”

“It's about ancient history.”

Collins didn't understand the message. He only knew it was a secret signpost by which the killer had to convey a message. He stared at the sticky red stain on the floor dripping from Mellon's mouth. The blood flowed like a small stream into a puddle about fifty centimeters in diameter. He went to the windows and closed the curtain, then put on his spectacles and began circling the fenced area. On the surface of the sticky red



spot, they could see small greasy bubbles floating on the surface of the blood.

“The symbols on the floor are the Atom Dalí formula, which Mellon officially presented at the conference in the museum,” Detective Collins said.

“Is this a bloodstain? Well, nothing is written there!” the New York officer answered in astonishment.”

“Come to this side.”

The New Yorker and Detective Collins now approached from Mellon’s right side. He lowered his head until his temple touched the floor. The NYPD officer did the same. On the very surface of the clotted bloodstain, they saw a layer of convex lines that formed drawn squares. A picture of the formula *Atom Dalí*. Clearly drawn squares, a sign of equivalence ...

“Did he write the formula first and then soak it with his own blood? And what did he use to write it down in the first place?” the officer asked.

“We’ll find out. But if my suspicions prove true, then the situation is worse than I thought.”

“Could you please explain that, Detective Collins?”

“It looks like the murderer is intentionally leading us to mystica secrets in which Mellon was involved. And that something refers to the mystical secrets from the time of the construction of megaliths and dolmens.” Collins stared at the bloodstain on the floor. He looked as if he was out of his mind.

“What do you mean exactly?”

“I think this stain in front of us is not blood at all, but a natural pigment, ocher. By adding black fire to ocher, ancient people got the color of blood. Mixed paint with animal fat gained on perseverance and resistance.” Collins shook himself. “The oldest chalk in history was found in England. Red ocher wasn’t used only for painting on rocks and skin, but in ancient rituals as it symbolized the power of blood and life. Many

ancient peoples sprinkled graves with red ocher. Such burial sites are known in England as the *ochre grave culture*.”

“And how can that be related to the late professor Mellon and the Atom Dalí formula?”

“I don’t know what that has to do with Mellon, but I know the killer prepared him for the funeral,” Collins said, frowning. “The killer shows us the way to Britain, but also threatens anyone who touches the investigation of the formula. More precisely, the killer is in Great Britain, and this story doesn’t pose a danger to the American people. On the other hand, news of his whereabouts could shake the entire world.”

# Chapter 30



THE WHITE RANGE ROVER TURNED INTO ANOTHER SMALL SQUARE, then once more, crossed through some stone tunnels; ten minutes later, they were on a beautiful country road bordered by green glades.

“Anita, what the hell are you doing? We're not going back to Stonehenge, are we?”

“We are taking a detour. We must avoid cameras!”

After about thirty minutes of driving, Anita slowed. Light rain became audible. The sounds of sirens and helicopters had long since disappeared, and Stonehenge remained at a distance of forty miles.

They passed several large houses and saw a large farm in the distance. There was no smoke from the chimney of the main host house. Anita stopped in front of the wide wooden gate. Charles came out and looked around. The other houses were far enough away. There was no one. He opened the gate and motioned for Anita to enter. Anita parked the car right in front of the entrance to the large hangar made of stone. There

was a tarpaulin truck in front of him. Charles shook the weak doorknob. It was locked.

“No one has been here in a long time,” Anita murmured as she got out of the car.

Anita headed for the host's house. Charles followed her. He knocked on the door, then on the windows. There was no one. Then he continued towards the stable, which was about fifty meters away. It was also closed. The rain became heavier and heavier. “Damn it!” Anita shouted, and they both ran back to the car. Anita came in first.

“Wait!” Charles shouted, and approached the hangar again.

The padlock was antique, with a huge lock. No host would carry such a big key with them. As he thought he glanced around. On the right he saw a broken cart. Wooden stairs stood above them. He climbed up, and under the gutters of the mud roof, he saw a deep-set board on which hung several keys. He took the largest and unlocked the door.

The room was spacious enough for a large truck. Anita drove the car inside and got out. Charles closed the door with a padlock on the inside.

Anita got out of the car. She was completely wet. She unbuttoned her coat and shook the water out of her hair. Charles' gaze lingered on her deep cleavage and the gold cross against her chest. The smell of rain and citrus perfume hit him in the head. He had eaten nothing since yesterday's meager sandwich on the plane. Charles felt indescribable hunger. He looked into her eyes, then kept his gaze on her lips. His head spun. Anita came closer to him.

“Charles, are you okay?” She touched the fingers of his hand. “Everything will be fine. Trust me.”

Charles felt her warmth under his wet clothes. He breathed faster. If it was just a desire for sex, he would never have felt what he was feeling. Anita was saving him from something he might not be able to save himself from. But he

was thinking about her body. He rebuked himself. Yet now he could admit one thing. Those thoughts had lived in him for over twenty years.

He inched closer to her. It was too early. But it may be too late later. He wanted to kiss her. A thin timeline again divided them. Anita's phone buzzed in her pocket. A photograph of Bertrand Bonnet appeared on the screen. New audio message. Without hesitation, she pressed play.

"We have to meet. Stephen Redstone is in the game. I'll explain everything to you."

"Maybe it's time to visit Stephen Redstone?" Charles sobered up and took a step back.

"Soon."

Anita stepped away from him and approached the vehicles with the tarp and pulled it off, revealing two mini tractors.

At that moment, a truck engine roared outside. The sound got closer and closer, then suddenly went out.

"Let's hurry Charles!"

A man's conversation was heard from the outside. He was talking on the mobile, walking around the door. "No keys," the man claimed.

"How are we going to turn this junk on?" Charles asked, looking for the keys around.

"We won't even turn it on!"

Charles watched Anita's footsteps frantically. Among the multitude of tools, Anita found the instruments and immediately unscrewed the license plates from the pick-up, and then from the Range Rover. Charles helped her fasten them.

"The police will definitely stop us!"

"A patrol might stop us, but they mostly don't patrol. Charles left everything to the cameras a long time ago! And the cameras register the number of license plates!"

Charles felt a little uncomfortable.

“There are fresh traces of a car in the ground!” A male voice came from outside again.

The handle on the hangar door began to move.

“What are we going to do now?”

Charles went to the door and peered through a small hollow in the tree.

“The truck is parked in front of the door! But there must be a *fligel!*” Charles replied, looking around.

“*Fligel?*”

“Hangars always have two passages. No farmhouse, the farm or separate work facility is designed without an outbuilding. It is usually built of light materials. There must be two entrances in such a large hangar!”

“I do not understand?”

“Adjustable auxiliary wing.”

Charles ran to the wall opposite where the hangar entrance was. The wall was lined with tin planks. Charles unscrewed a thin board and saw a wooden door made of sparsely arranged planks. Behind them was a room filled with hay. It was bordered by a light wooden construction. Charles hurried back and sat behind the wheel.

“Go back Anita!”

He stepped on the gas and the jeep easily broke through the thin tin door, and the auxiliary wing blew up a thousand pieces.

When they found themselves on a safe country road, Anita crossed the seat and sat forward. She took a colorful scarf from the car drawer, in the blink of an eye, she is shielded like a young, unmarried Arab woman. Her hair and ears were covered. She took red lipstick out of her bag and then put on big eyeglasses.

“An Arab woman?” Charles was confused as he jumped over the seat. London was full of Arab women but he never studied their lives. He didn't even know why some young Arab women wore colorful scarves and some were completely in black.

“No Arab woman will ever take part in crime. Especially the one who is still unmarried. Don't you know the laws of Arabia?”

Anita picked up the phone and typed a new address in the GPS system.

“Where are we going if not the police?”

“You suggested it yourself. We're going to Cambridge.”

“Cambridge? Well, it's over a hundred kilometers from here!”

“Stephen Redstone lives in Cambridge. We need to find out who is chasing us before we turn to the police.”





# Chapter 31



“MR REDSTONE! MR. REDSTONE!” A voice called behind the armored hall door.

Redstone tried to sink back into reality. He remembered the courier. He didn't know how much time had passed. He unwrapped the bathrobe and looked at his stomach. There was a red spot on his skin. He got to his knees but felt dizzy. He looked around the hall. The urn the courier had brought him was gone. Now he knew the courier had actually injected him with a dose of some narcotics. His gaze stopped on the hourglass. It expired to the end. It finally became clear to him. The courier pulled the lever, unlocking his office.

“Mr Redstone! You have guests!”

He hoped it was Detective Collins. Redstone somehow rose to his knees then quickly reached a secret folding table. He packed it back into the wall and pressed the security code. In case the police were really at the door, he had to erase traces of the visit. If Bonnet was right, and if the courier was the Adept's envoy, he had to contact the police himself before they

approached him. Otherwise, he would be one of the first suspects in connection with the old Oxford case and the murder of Donald Wilson. And while he slept, intoxicated by some chemical agent, the courier could set up a million false pieces of evidence for him.

“Mr. Redstone! Mr. Redstone!” The guard knocked on the door.

Redstone went to his office. He opened the computer and found a camera—the north-east part of the ceiling. Thirty-six. angle. He pressed *Delete – twenty-four hours*. To his astonishment, the video of all the cameras had already been deleted.

Damn courier! He went to the window and peered out the back of the yard. It wasn't Detective Collins. Not even the police! Anita Ruiz's white Range Rover was parked on the lawn.

“What the hell!”

Although Redstone wasn't a man who rejoiced in little things, he couldn't resist laughing aloud. He put a thick brown cigar in his mouth and breathed deeply. He took a pistol from his desk drawer and put it in his pocket. Redstone quickly entered his study and opened his GPD pocket. In the program for deciphering and compiling the data of two or more people, Redstone typed in the names of his important guests. Pictures of Anita Ruiz and Charles Clark appeared on the screen.

Common traits of these two persons:

Grew up at the Merlon Orphanage.

Clark 1989-1997, Ruiz 1989-1999.

Anita Ruiz, member of the Great Five

The Great Five

Bertrand Bonnet, Paris, FR

Stephen Redstone, Cambridge, UK

Jullian Mellon, New York, USA

Anita Ruiz, Barcelona, CT

Anton Olegovich Borisov, Oxford, UK

Charles Clark grew up in the same orphanage as Anita Ruiz? Redstone was amazed. He inhaled another thick cloud of smoke and became dizzy. He exited the office to meet his visitors with the guard.

“Stephen Redstone,” he introduced himself, not taking his eyes off Charles. Then he kissed Anita on the cheek.

They entered the dining room enclosed by a glass armored door.

“Stephen! Someone is trying to kill us!” said Anita, sitting at the table.

“To kill you or our guest?”

“Both of us! They attacked us at Stonehenge! Do you think this could have anything to do with Mellon?”

“Mellon? Anita, don’t make me smile. Mellon is ours.”

“So someone else knows about the Atom Dalí formula! Someone really needs it.”

“I agree. The Atom Dalí formula is not harmless at all.”

“Do you understand what this is about?”

“If we knew, we would have not presented the formula to the whole world! The goal was to connect knowledge, to reach someone who might understand the formula.”

Redstone glanced at Charles.

Charles approached the glass door that looked at the lawn and fountain. Do professors have a guard? He thought, looking at the untidy overgrown garden. However, the garden was designed according to plan. Paths of small stones led from the house. Several benches at the base of the dome-shaped wall. He could tell that Redstone's house had once been a small church. Probably a few centuries ago. The restoration has

certainly been done several times. Instead of the entrance to the main door of the church, there was now a construction of a conservatory. The glass garden was connected to the house and could be entered from the living room.

Suddenly he heard a sound coming from the puffy couch in the right corner. Charles looked up and saw a sculpture of a bronze melting clock hanging from an olive branch. A fat gray cat jumped from the cushions and ran to the corner, where Charles noticed a painting of a large egg.

Salvador Dalí again, he thought, listening to the footsteps behind him.

“Do you recognize the face of a genius?” Redstone asked.

“Yes, it’s easy to recognize him now.”

Charles approached the sumptuous dining room table and sat in a chair with a plush red pillow. Leaning in his soft, high-backed chair, Charles looked at the reflection of Redstone’s disgruntled profile on the glass table in front of him.

“Mr. Clark, your comments about the melting clocks was very specific.”

Charles rose slowly and approached the sculpted clock, then pointed to the painting of the egg. “Maybe you can explain the solution to us?”

“Imagine being able to move in other directions besides the ones you are used to: up and down, east-west, north-south,” Redstone said.

Blood filled Charles brain cells. He wanted proof that he and his late father were indeed involved in the story of Salvador Dalí’s formula. And now he heard his father's words again.

“Imagine being the only one in the world who can do that,” Redstone continued. “For us, people from the three-dimensional world, you would look like a miracle worker. You could do things that would make others compare you to God.

You could easily move from one place to another, heal the incurable, raise the dead.”

“But we can’t even imagine something that exists outside of the three-dimensional space and rectilinear time, can we?” Anita asked, tapping indifferently on her phone.

“Maybe one day, the human mind will reach that famous peak of evolution, which many teachings of the ancient people mention, and then we will understand the Greek τεσσερες ακτινες – four rays. We’re not capable of that now. Or maybe we are?” Redstone cynically glared at Charles, trying to reach the weakest point of his ego that would finally make him break and start asking questions. “Secrets incomprehensible to us ordinary people are woven into Salvador Dalí’s paintings, aren’t they? Let’s take, for example, Dalí’s famous painting *Searching for the Fourth Dimension*, in year nineteen seventy-nine.”

Redstone jumped to his feet and approached the shelves connecting the kitchen elements and hanging pots with pink gladioli. He reached for a couple of binders from the top shelf. After a quick search, he pulled out a photo of the very painting he mentioned and spread it across the table.

“*Searching for the Fourth Dimension*, which belongs to the Gala-Salvador Dalí Foundation in Figueres. On the left side is the so-called keystone, also known as the philosopher’s stone, which is said to give power over the entire world to the one who finds it. But those who seek it perish in a black cave because they cannot find it when walking the wrong path. There is also a group of people who are only watching but never thought they would find the stone on their own without falling into the black cave. That group represents all of us, the eternal fornicators of everyday life. Eternal seekers for the fulfillment of desires.” He coughed, taking off his heavy coat.

At that moment, Charles noticed a small metal object in Redstone's pocket. It looked like a mini gun.

“You just need to make a connection, don't you?” Charles repeated his father's words out of spite. He had to find out the truth!

“Follow me! I'll show you something very important!” Redstone didn't answer the question and hurried toward the hallway.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” Charles said.

After entering the restroom, Charles took out his cell phone. Stephen Redstone had a gun. So he didn't trust him or worse, he wasn't on Anita's side. How the hell was he going to get away with it? He'd better call the police before it got too late. Eighteen missed calls.

An audio message from Ethan Cox popped up on the screen. He pressed play.

“I've been trying to reach you for hours. Don't trust Anita Ruiz. Behind her stands someone very strong. You are trapped.”

# Chapter 32



“IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, CHARLES?” Anita knocked on the door. Charles let her in.

“I will soon learn a lesson from Redstone. We need to find out who is behind the formula and why it was buried at Stonehenge!”

“The origin of the formula is related to my father!”

“In that case, there’s only one way to get a lead.”

“Yes! Let me call the police right now!”

Anita defiantly raised her chin and came very close to him. “Charles! Don’t you want to reveal your father’s secret? The secret that makes you wear the label *orphan*?”

Charles was silent. Anita was right. She was in his place herself. They were both orphans who had not been very fond of life for a long time. What could he risk? Will material wealth and the sale of his car make him happy? Will he be able to live with the thought that he did not avenge his parents? Or, on the contrary, that he did not want to admit to himself his bad

origins? He saw helplessness in Anita's eyes. Exactly the one he wanted to get rid of all his life. Sad, damn helplessness.

He opened the door and came out first.

“This way!” Stephen Redstone's voice came from across the house.

They went through the narrow small door again and suddenly found themselves in a large hall.

“Hourglass,” murmured Anita, walking admiringly on the floor, designed like a huge chessboard with a huge hourglass in the middle. She did not expect the professor to have some kind of small time laboratory of his own in his house. She was on his visit only once, at the very gate, when they were late for the train to Paris by taxi.

With some special delight, Anita's gaze rose to a small glass dome made up of eight pieces of glass and opal.

“The Sun bends space surrounding it, and the Earth, thanks to the gravitational field, rushes and falls into that bent space,” said the scientist, looking up at the glass dome through which the last breaths of daylight had penetrated. He approached the clock quite close and now the dim daylight illuminated his body like a theatrical ray on the stage of some scientific theater. “Galileo, Newton, Einstein! Thus, the Earth is not a flat plane, nor does the Sun revolve around the Earth as it would seem at first glance if we didn't know about it.

“So, in our understanding of the world, is the so-called fifth side of the world, still incomprehensible to man himself?” Charles smiled.

Ignoring Charles, Redstone looked up at the dome.

“Light travels from the Sun to the Earth in eight minutes. Everyone knows that, but not everyone knows how long light travels from the Sun's core to its surface from where it emits light. Every quantum of light, i.e., the photon, has its own path because their path is unplanned, completely random. Quantities of light travel to the surface of the Sun from ten thousand to one hundred and seventy thousand years! The light



that passes through my dome to the hourglass sand was drawn from the Sun's core before humanity built Stonehenge, and even before the first ancient man appeared on Earth."

Charles and Anita looked up at the dome again.

"Everything we call real comprises of things that cannot be considered real themselves. Albert Einstein and Niels Bohr argued about this for years. Think about the electron experiment. An electron behaves like a wave if no one is watching. If we observe it, the electron will choose to be a particle. That there's a hidden possibility for the electron, it becomes reality in a secret way. Just like with people! What was only an idea from the future is turning into reality for us. But in what secret way does the electron begin to think?" Redstone glared at him again.

"Are you saying we create reality by the act of observing it?" Anita asked.

"This was explained in the famous Copenhagen interpretation, which caused a big dispute with Einstein, who didn't agree with it. Are you familiar with his famous question: 'Does the moon cease to exist when I don't look at it?'"

"And?" Anita was curious. "Does science deny reality or not?"

"Einstein claims that objective reality exists, while Niels Bohr thinks it doesn't."

"I think Anita had something else in mind," Charles said suddenly.

"God or science, Stephen?" Anita prompted him.

At that moment, the smartwatch on Redstone's hand rang two short beeps.

"Julian Mellon has been killed."

All three fell silent. They looked into each other's eyes. Redstone overheard the message once more.

"Julian Mellon was killed?" Anita spoke in disbelief.

“We'd better talk to the police,” said Charles, taking Anita's hand.

“Stop!” I've already contacted the police. Detective Collins will be here soon. We'd better wait for him together.”

Charles and Anita fell silent.

“Anita, step aside,” Redstone said.

“What?”

Redstone suddenly turned his voice to be quiet and convincing; the solver of all the problems suddenly appeared in his hand. A gun pointed at Charles.

“Tell me how you know about the formula?” Redstone snarled at Charles and unexpectedly stepped toward them. He looked like a raging animal whose mouth would soon grow sharp fangs.

“I have nothing to do with the formula!” Charles took another step back, grabbing Anita's hand. Still, the door was armored. The guard was at the front door. He failed to call the police. *Damn me!*

“An ancient legend is a truth that scientists have hidden from humanity in a pact with religions. How did you manage to pass the information to the Adept?”

Charles' thoughts began to swirl.

“Who is this Adept of yours?” Anita warily raised her voice.

“Murderer!” Redstone spoke in a still-growling voice, pointing the gun even closer at Charles. “Mellon was killed because of you!”

Redstone suddenly pressed a button on his watch. The guards' footsteps echoed down the hall, accompanied by the sound of an unpleasant alarm.

“Follow me!” Holding Anita's hand, Charles shouted and ran upstairs.

“Stop! I'll shoot!” Redstone ran after them.

On the other side of the house, the footsteps of the guards were getting closer and closer. Colliding through the narrow dark corridors with the ringing thuds of high heels, they somehow managed to reach the door of the library. There was only one door and a key in it. He took out the key, went inside, and the door locked automatically.

“What?” Charles shook the doorknob.

“On the inside, the key doesn't matter. We're stuck Charles!”

They found themselves in the middle of a library. The light on the ceiling turned on automatically. Many hardcover books were padlocked. Just like in the medieval castles of the counties, the books were lined up behind iron doors made of small, mesh, metal protection. The shelves reached to the ceiling. The library had no windows.

“How do we get out of here?” asked Anita.



# Chapter 33



WHEN BONNET DROVE HOME FROM THE SMALL BEAUVAIS-TILLÉ AIRPOT, where his helicopter had landed before the snowstorm, he wondered what to do. The morning visit to Redstone didn't bring him peace. He knew he had a big fight ahead of him.

After feeding his dog, Bonnet made a cup of strong black coffee, put on his fur coat, and stepped out on the spacious terrace in front of the main door. The snowstorm that had swept across northern France in the afternoon had already covered his yard. Although the air was clean and pleasant, the wind brought him a well-known fear.

He was thinking about his old friend who had become a different person. After the death of Salvador Dalí, their relationship became a partnership that was conditioned by a great secret. In thirty years, Stephen Redstone had never let him down. Still, in Redstone, he saw an enraged animal in which he had to point his weapon. Moreover, he had to be faster than the Adept. He knew that murder was prowling near them all.

The slander from the Sorbonne journal was true. Bonnet knew, better than anyone, the reason for founding the Secret Five. He was the reason. The ring on his hand meant more than many archeological discoveries under UNESCO protection. That's why Bonnet had put it on his finger. It was safe there. Although he was completely broken by the fact that Charles Clark was in mortal danger, he was comforted by the only thought. The chance from the past had come to life again! The formula really worked. This time he will use his knowledge. Even at the cost of others.

His dog's bark startled him, and he spilled coffee on the snow. "Avon! Come here, boy!"

When he looked around for his Labrador, Bonnet noticed fresh footprints around the pyramid of stacked wood for the fireplace in the living room. The tools he used for his hobby, carving sculptures in wood, were scattered in snow.

He whistled for Avon. The dog ran to him, still barking, and they entered the house together. Bonnet cautiously stepped into the living room and looked in every corner. There was no one there. He quickly opened the cabinet with his secret archive hidden behind the glass drink cabinet and began searching through the folders. After putting the most important binders in a plastic bag, he returned everything and closed the hidden cabinet. Bonnet was thinking as fast as he could, afraid that the imposter might still be in his big house. Cautiously, he turned to the door.

Only the necessities, he told himself.

He took a big step across the colorful carpet in the living room when he heard a noise from the television located at the end of the hallway. A name rang through the air – Charles Clark.

"I am hallucinating! I didn't turn on the TV. Or maybe I did?"

The presenter's voice mingled with other Parisian television channels because of the storm. When the name

Charles Clark rang in his ears, Bonnet started towards his study, looking around the whole while.

Two plush green armchairs, three glass coffee tables strewn with books and a wine glass, a velvet bathrobe hanging on the rack, everything was in place. Even the remote was on the dark walnut desk, where he usually kept it. And next to the remote was the wrapping paper with the dry sandwich he couldn't finish.

The television signal reappeared, and Bonnet listened carefully. The French reportage was about the lucky winner from London who won the latest model of the Bugatti Chiron Sport, thanks to a prize coupon from a bag of Flips & Chips. In a haze, Bonnet listened to Charles' every word.

“This prize took me by surprise. I didn't expect it.”

The presenter continued.

“The already well-known scandal at the MoMA in New York, which happened on the evening of the thirtieth anniversary of the death of the great genius, artist Salvador Dalí, was followed by an even bigger commotion. Namely, Charles Clark, who took part in that scandal and escaped by buying a plane ticket a few days earlier, is the lucky winner of the Bugatti Chiron Sport. Art historian, Julian Mellon, who also took part in the MoMA event, was found dead in his apartment this morning. A knife was stabbed in his chest and the formula recently revealed in the MoMA was written in blood next to his body. The day before, at Stonehenge, an unknown attacker from a helicopter opened fire at the renowned anthropologist, Miss Anita Ruiz from Spain, who was seen in Charles Clark's company that morning. We will find out in just a few hours whether Interpol will issue a warrant. However, Clark is in the United Kingdom for two days now, which confirms he couldn't have murdered art historian Julian Mellon.

Bonnet breathlessly turned off the television. Just like that long-ago night in front of the British Parliament, he was feeling helpless, although he had a lot to do. Anita Ruiz was on the run with Charles! Disappointed in his abilities since they

seemed to have let him down, Bonnet slumped on the chair in front of the desk. At that moment, he thought he heard footsteps that quieted and then approach again rapidly. Bonnet tiptoed to the door and saw Avon looking at him sadly. The dog whimpered; it was time for his daily walk.

“This time, you will have to do your business inside. Go,” Bonnet pointed to the dog’s cylindrical cushions in the hallway’s corner.

He returned to the study and locked the door behind him. Then he hurried to the cabinet, from which several moths flew out, took out a dark leather bag, and checked everything was in place. Inside were a British passport and a gun wrapped in a silk men’s scarf. He added the bag with the folders and a few reproductions of Salvador Dalí’s paintings from his desk. From a white cardboard box hidden under a trash can, he pulled out a few unpacked old cell phones and SIM cards. He unlocked the door, briskly walked down the hall, and opened the front door. Avon rushed out. While he fished for the keys of his Peugeot in his pocket, Bonnet heard Avon’s bark. In a split second, it turned into a whimper. He froze like a shot soldier. His Labrador was lying in the snow a few feet from the gate.

“Avon!” he shouted. Sadness squeezed his throat like a rope.

A man in black jumped out from behind the Peugeot. Bonnet rushed back to the house and locked the door. He headed for the back entrance. The man appeared before him. His face was covered with a dark winter scarf so Bonnet couldn’t recognize him. Bonnet ran to the left side of the terrace, planning to jump over the railing and continue towards his car, but the cunning intruder lunged at him. However, his short gun with a long silencer flew into the snow. Bonnet managed to hit him in the stoma and then stumbled after the gun.

The man in black jumped to his feet like a young eastern fighter. Clutching his belongings in his left hand, Bonnet managed to take two steps toward the terrace wall



before the imposter punched him in the face, sending him flying into a pyramid of stacked firewood. In the soft snow, Bonnet found the wood carving knife he used to carve sculptures. When the attacker swung the snow shovel at him, Bonnet drove the chisel into his thigh with all his might. The man fell to his knees with a loud cry.

Bonnet seized the opportunity to jump over the low railing and run to his car. The engine was still warm and started up instantly despite the cold. When he tried to reverse through the stone gate, Bonnet heard a loud bang. The man in black threw himself on the hood of the car.

Bonnet stopped. The man in black broke the glass with his elbow and grabbed him by the throat. Bonnet could distinctly see blue eyes.

“Am I waiting for you on the spot?” the man in black asked.

“In what place, for God's sake?”

“In a place where legend becomes reality,” he replied, and let him go.

Bonnet stepped on the gas and disappeared down the road.



# Chapter 34



THE GUARD AND REDSTONE WERE NOW BEHIND THE LIBRARY DOOR. Anita and Charles were secluded inside.

“They have no chance of escaping,” Redstone's voice was heard.

Anita started digging through her bags. She's not going to pull out a gun, is she? Charles thought, but he was surprised to see a regular mobile in her hand. Only, it wasn't Anita's red smartmobile she had been using until that point. It was a small button mobile. She typed a message, then put the mobile to her ear. A signal was heard.

“Who are you trying to call?”

“I'm trying to inform Bonnet that we're trapped at Redstone's.”

“Do you think that will help us?”

Charles began to examine the walls of the library. He ran his fingers over the display cases. At the end of the shelf stood mobile wooden stairs leaning against the wall.

“Come out! You're not going anywhere until you explain everything to me. You came for the urn, didn't you?” Redstone's voice came from the hallway.

“Urn?” Anita whispered in astonishment to Charles.

“I knew he shouldn't be trusted!”

Charles saw a vase-like object on the table next to the penultimate bookshelf. He took two quick steps and nearly fainted when he saw the urn. He took it in his hands and clearly recognized all the trace, pattern, and indentation of the missing gemstone. That's exactly what she used to look like. Only then did she seem bigger. It was a subject that his late father and grandfather had been studying for months. It was a subject for which they were often absent from home. An object that changed places in the house very often. This canvas backpack was often carried on his father's back even when they would walk through the fields of Old Sarum, or wait for the ship on which his grandfather came from Ireland.

“If you want to stay alive, back off!” Redstone's voice came again as he pressed his pistol against the doorknob of the library.

The smartwatch on his hand suddenly rang. Stepping back a few steps, he pressed the green receiver.

“You're in danger, Redstone!” He heard the voice of an unknown man with a Spanish accent. “Your guests just planted a bomb on you.”

“You won't get them first! Whoever you are! Now that they have fallen into the trap, they are mine! The police will be here soon.”

“I'm not talking about your current guests, Professor. I'm talking about a secret courier.”

*Damn it!* Anger scorched his face again. He remembered the injection and his sleepy state. The courier had time to plant ten bombs, not just one. Also, the courier was well acquainted with the automatic armoring system. When he woke up, he realized the courier entered his office and the secret

library without the guard noticing him. All video from the cameras had been deleted.

“It is located in the hall, under the dome itself. It will be activated in three minutes and forty-seven seconds.” The voice said.

Redstone hung up and ran back down the stairs, then down the narrow hallway of his right wing and came to the hall. The guard was already standing behind him. He began searching the empty space around the hourglass, then opened a secret little shelf lit in a cool ice tone. Suddenly, they heard a slight click in the corner. He looked up at the dome. They both approached and stood under it. In the very corner, which separated the damp glass wall with a metal hoop, he saw a small bug that he had not noticed before. The bug had a small red light. He froze like a rabbit. Tick-tick ring a few more times. Cold peas of sweat flooded his lips. Suddenly there was a slight rustle and then, his own smart watch vibrated. A small audio file called “Requiem” by Mozart appeared on it.

What the hell? He looked up at the bugs again. The courier was working on my watch while I was lying soulless on the floor!

At that moment, from all sides of the hall, there were more than one bug, the Opel for the Dead from the 18th century rang in all its power and beauty.

Charles leaned the urn back into place and took the wooden stairs.

“What are you doing, Charles? We have no way out?”

“This house is a former church.”

“And?”

“We are on the top floor. So, the library is located in the part of the former domed tower where it used to be a bell.”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“It should mean that an *entresol* must be located here. You see! The ceiling above us is flat.”

“Missing the dome?”

“The walls have no windows. So the window is above us. This church has been renovated into a house several times. The architect had to build a low floor to store things.”

“Exit to the roof!”

“In old houses, this half-floor was a mandatory part of the project. If that place used to be a place for a bell, it must have been turned into an *entresol*.”

Quickly moving the stairs, Charles tapped his hand on the ceiling. As he approached the left wing of the shelf, he felt the vibration of the air.

“Anita! This way!”

Charles pushed open the ceiling door. Anita followed him. They were at the very top of the domed roof. There was a window with faded stained glass on it. Charles broke the glass with his elbow and looked down. Under them was the roof of the conservatory, which he measured when they entered the dining room. It was one floor below them.

“We'll have to jump!”

To his surprise, Anita climbed first without a word. Holding hands, they jumped into the prefabricated glass roof. The glass shattered and they fell into the flowers. The white Range Rover was just a few feet away.

A guard and Redstone appeared at the door. The guard fired towards the conservatory and another side window shattered into a hundred pieces.

“Why are you shooting, you idiot!” Redstone yelled at the guard as another bullet flew toward the Range Rover.

The guard had already managed to approach them when Charles stepped on the gas and started trampling on the introduced semicircular flower beds around the fountain. The

jeep hit the fountain, then a pair of night lights that went out before breaking through the hedge and emerging on the opposite side of the street. A black Hummer parked in front of them, lowered its windows, and unloaded a burst of bullets to the side of the fountain. Charles and Anita turned in the opposite direction and disappeared into the distance.

“Your Great Five is after us!” Charles exclaimed.

“But someone just saved us! God! What happened?” Anita asked.

Charles looked in the rearview mirror. There was no black Hummer.

“My God! Julian Mellon was killed! So the police are definitely chasing us too!” Anita said.

“But who can save us?”

“The one who needs the knowledge of the formula as much as Redstone!”

“We are going to the hospital!”

“You are wounded!”

Charles was silent. Anita leaned over and unwrapped his jacket over his shoulder.

“The wound is not deep.” she said.

At that moment, the telephone rang again.

“Finally!”

There was an unopened audio message from Bertrand Bonnet on the screen. Received two minutes ago.

*Wait for me at Anton Borisov's place. Now he is the only one we can trust! And make sure no one follows you.*

“You should show me the Bugatti Chiron Sport,” Anita suggested.

“And the hospital?”

“We don't have time for the hospital! We'll clean the wound ourselves!”

“My house is the last place we should go now.”

“That is why it’s the last place where they will look for us!”

Charles quietly slowed down and approached the parking lot of Murray Edwards College. They got out of the car and walked down Huntingdon Road where they caught a bus to London.



# Chapter 35



IT WAS ALREADY A COLD AND LATE NIGHT WHEN A TAXI PULLED UP IN FRONT OF CHARLES' HOUSE ABOUT FORTY MILES NORTHEAST OF LONDON. The small village was asleep.

Charles took a bundle of new keys from his pocket and approached the stone wall with the garage door. He pulled up the green iron garage door. A puddle of accumulated rainwater splashed his feet. *Damn it!*

“Madam,” Charles jokingly motioned her to enter the garage.

The diagonally parked sports car, whose low hood was still wrapped in a huge white bow like a toy, took both spaces in the garage.

“Bugatti Chiron Sport.”

“What can I say? Congratulations, Charles! Now you can win over every girl you want!” Anita joked, trying to round the car.

Watching the movements of her thin fingers as she crossed the smooth shiny red surface, Charles felt a slight shiver. The injured shoulder was slowly getting cold.

“Let's hurry!” said Charles.

Charles checked every room in the house and then went back to the living room and finally sat on his soft couch. He was more comfortable than usual. Anita sat down next to him and helped him take off his jacket. If he hadn't felt so much pain, he probably would have kissed her passionately right now. However, a hug would be enough for him. He rested his head on her warm shoulder.

Losing his parents left an incurable scar on his heart. That is why he was never angry with his ex-girlfriend. He simply didn't care enough for them to get angry. He had long ago accepted that universal and powerful epithet. “Orphan.” Orphans loved others with reserve. However, in Anita's presence, it looked like he had forgotten himself. Charles Clark had disappeared from his body. Anita and he were one being. No one could understand him better than her.

Suddenly he felt a shower of cold water. He opened his eyes and saw Anita standing in front of him. There was no emotion on her face. They took our souls a long time ago. He thought, remembering that little fragile girl from the orphanage. He tasted honey and a cold silver spoon on his lips. Then he took a sip of water.

“You fainted, Charles.” Anita smiled sweetly.

Anita took off her wet shoes and placed them in front of the heater. With soft, elegant steps, she paced up and down, trying to darken every window. A few moments later, she returned from the kitchen, carrying a first aid kit.

“You said they wouldn't look for us here.”

“I lied, Charles. I had to make sure no one was coming.”

“What?”

“We have ten minutes.”

A jet of alcohol on his wound suddenly caused severe pain.

“There is no bullet, but it brushed the surface deeply.”

She brought the candle closer to the couch, took the bandage, and began to wrap his shoulder.

“What is the symbolism of the black and white?” Charles asked.

“Chessboard base. An ancient depiction of cosmic energy. The circle is inside everything that exists, even in a square. Just like a cone is inside a pyramid.”

“I thought our formula had to do with religion, doesn’t it?”

“The symbol of the cross existed a long time before the religions we know today. The cross embodies a man with arms spread wide open in the act of surrendering or wishing for something. A frightened man carved the sign of a cross into stone, into the ground, even in the younger Stone Age, meaning thousands of years before our time. He engraved the cross in objects he used every day.”

“Are you saying that the cross in the formula is not a symbol of our Christianity?”

“I’m not sure. But, the discovery of America revealed people who wore a cross as an amulet without ever having heard of Christianity. Christian author Minucius Felix wrote: ‘We do not want the cross nor do we support it!’ The church recognized the cross as its symbol only in the fourth century. Until then, Christians associated the cross with the ancient gods, from whom they tried to separate as much as possible.”

Anita tied a bandage and then took off Charles’ sweater. She went to the chair where several of Charles’ hoodies hung and threw one on the couch. A gentle breeze blew out the candle.

Only the faint orange light of the old heater broke the darkness. The gusts of southeast wind in the windows, that brought a wet storm from the English Channel, were getting

stronger. A loud rain sound was heard from the windows. Anita walked to the other end of the room and opened the curtain. There was no one. She lit the candle again, then took out the paper with the written formula and laid it on the table.

“Chess is freedom of choice and responsibility. In life, you can be any of the figures, and you can be all of them at the same time.”

“Loser or genius?” Charles retorted ironically and closed his eyes.

“After the death of Saint Benedict in year five hundred forty-three, monarchs on the side of Pope Gregory I, the Great, spread Benedict’s ideas all over the world. Benedictine monasteries were built in England, France, and other European countries. At the end of the nineteenth century, Vatican’s envoy, Theodor Hagen, went on a long journey to the Caucasus, the Middle East, and America, bringing back a suitcase full of secret ancient manuscripts, hiding them with a vow of silence even from his monks. However, upon his return, the bas-reliefs at the abbey in the Austrian city of Lambach were replaced with new ones, which usually contained the swastika symbol. Thus, the symbolism was now presented as Aryan-Slavic.”

“And what does that tell us?” asked Charles.

“In that abbey, a boy sang in the church choir. His name was Adolf Hitler. In the twentieth century, Vienna was the center of occultism, and it was there that Hitler admired the famous Holy Lance, now kept in the Hofburg Palace, which spawned his desire to rule the world.

“And, according to the legend, Jesus Christ was stabbed with the Holy Lance.” Charles confirmed.

“That tells us that the great criminal also searched for the secret kept among scientists and priests.”

“Based on what can you be sure of?”

“Alchemy, or the parallel world Hitler sought, belongs to science. Just like the Illuminati ideas or the resurrected *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley. On the other hand, the Holy

Spear and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ belong to Christianity. But, as you already know, Hitler was not the first to find out about this secret. It existed for thousands of years before the birth of Jesus Christ. So, even before the European secret societies that tried to hide it and keep it for themselves. Modern scientists call this secret the God Particle.”

Anita moved closer to the formula. He picked up the paper and turned it upside down. The formula looked the same again. A cross of five squares, a plus sign, an equivalence sign were on the same side.

“Atom Dalí,” she said softly and thoughtfully. “There is no way I can connect the ancient symbolism with the atomism of Salvador Dalí.”

“But at Stonehenge, you made that clear! Ancient architecture with the nature of atoms, i.e., quantum, didn't you?” asked Charles.

“Although, I can easily connect Dalí's art with Christianity. Towards the end of his life he became a devout Catholic.”

“Maybe that's his last secret? Reason for approaching the church!”

“And he actually did it from the aspect of science!” Anita said.

“And how did the church react?”

“Beliefs rule the world. And the church has always abided by that. After all, behind every secret society lies either the motivation to rule the world or renunciation of dogma. To explain religion scientifically and spread the idea around the world would mean perfecting humanity. At the time, the secret society was greatly influenced by people who are still in school curriculums around the world: Baruch de Spinoza, Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton, John Locke, Rene Descartes ... At the time, many rulers and politicians were also influenced by intellectuals like Leonardo da Vinci. All of them wanted to get their hands on the secret knowledge,” she continued.

“Who wants to rule the world if not politicians?”

“That's right. The formula is about a man's secret abilities and has an exclusively anthropological character! Even George Washington spoke against the Illuminati, although the Great Seal of the United States, still used today, has the year seventeen seventy-six in Roman numerals. That is the year the Bavarian Illuminati was founded as well as the year the United States gained independence. These are the only attempts of secret societies to prove the existence of secret knowledge through practice.”

“What?” Charles straightened up on the couch, not believing his ears.

“The formula is tied to our only reality that we don't really know yet.”

Their conversation was interrupted by the short sound of a landline. It was Ethan again.

“Hey Clark, what the hell is going on? Did you get rid of Ruiz? Your project was awarded the contract for the hotel construction tender in Abu Dhabi. Do you check your email at all? I can't reach you on your cell.”

“Idiot!” Anita said, approaching the window again.

“They showed the project on the Internet. A hotel made of glass hypercubes. Unbelievable! Who will be able to construct that? They are expecting you on the BBC tomorrow to officially announce that you are the new editor-in-chief! Bye!”

A beep marked the end of the voice message.

“What did I tell you? The formula has a magical effect! Charles, you have become a much needed person!”

“I don't know anything about the formula,” Charles said, looking petrified at one point.

“And what kind of hypercubes are these?”

On his face, she saw that cold gray expression of a barren mirror that men usually have when they are running away from the truth.

“Isn’t it amazing? An animated cube!” Charles began waving his arms. He was slowly coming to his senses.

Charles recalled the flight to New York. Another wish came true. But, he had mentioned two more wishes on the flight to New York. The love of his life and to see his late father one more time.

“I should have also said that I wish to live in Hawaii,” he laughed desperately to himself.

“What are you talking about?”

Charles glanced at Anita. Indeed, she was his first love, and yes, just like in a young man’s fantasy, she was so beautiful. It started beating in his ears again.

“What the hell is going on!”

Charles quickly went to the bedroom. Anita followed him. He barely found his computer in the dark and typed in his name. Photographs of Flips & Chips, the Bugatti, and fantastic buildings in Abu Dhabi filled the screen. There was also an unsightly huge headline by one of the fastest online news portals.

Seventy million dollars for the English architect!

“That project is one of the reasons I gave up. Impossible! I never graduated. Never had an architecture student experience so much ridicule from colleagues and humiliation from his mentor.” As if talking about someone he didn’t care about, he was chewing the tip of his pen and staring blankly at the screen.

“What the hell is this about?”

“Vitruvian Triad in the High Tech style. Usefulness, strength and beauty.”

“Charles!”

“An architectural and artistic requirement first constructed in the first century BC. It was technically impossible to make such a building at the time. And now I will sign a seventy-million-dollar contract for that project?” His detached rhetorical question was piercing the air in the cold, messy room.

“How did they get hold of your project, for God’s sake?”

“I sent it a few years ago. Just for the hell of it.”

Charles remembered how he had, after yet another argument with his ex, angrily searched for job advertisements. Then he attached his project “Hotel Hypercube” to an email – and never got a reply.

“Do you understand now why they are looking for you? There is a reality we do not know about ourselves. It is hidden in the wrong teachings about human beings, about our ingenious abilities!”

“Anita?”

“The formula does works!” Anita was serious.

Anita exited the bedroom and took his olive-green bomber jacket. Charles hurried after her.

“Where the hell are we going? I have to call Ethan!”

“If you want to live, don't call him. Charles, you have now become an even more precious prey!”

Anita approached the window and peered through the blinds. The rain was still falling heavily, but there was no one in front of the house.

“It's clean!”

When the garage door reopened, the Bugatti’s luxurious, powerful appearance dazzled them again.



“Madam,” Charles said and, with a swaggering move, opened the door for Anita, trying to penetrate the depths of her black pupils.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Anita asked, sitting in the passenger seat.

“I wouldn’t miss this moment for anything in the world. Who knows how long I will live!”

Clark pressed a button and the sound from the eternal boy's imagination now filled the air of reality. Anita Ruiz was sitting next to him. No fear of death could overpower that good feeling.

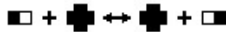


# Chapter 36



While the sound of light rain was coming from the glass dome, the black equilateral cross was blurred. He hadn't even noticed that he was on his knees again. He had always hated the victim's attitude. And the repenting attitude even more.

Once again, he took the damp piece of paper with the formula from his pocket.



“The sum is equivalent to the sum. If it is A, then it is B too, if it isn't A, then it isn't B. The colors of the squares in the second part of the formula are equal to the reflection in the mirror,” Redstone concluded, madly whispering to himself.

He heard the loud sound of something breaking. He had just fired a shot at Anita and Charles, and now, something was happening in the yard again. Redstone froze like a trapped rat. He was breathing barely audibly even though he knew that couldn't help him. The guard was not standing by the main

door. He went into the garden and headed for the other side of the house. A guard stood around the broken conservatory. He collected the glass in the cart.

Redstone passed the guard, trying to concentrate. He had to get the paranoia out of his mind. Only calmness would help pull him out. He had to think fast. The formula had a locked meaning and Salvador Dalí certainly knew it. The Adept was right. The God Particle was proven long before the Resurrection. If he did not quickly find an explanation for the formula that the Adept submitted to him via courier, when he appeared, he would be dead. Redstone knew he was on the Adept's big task again. Just like when he was a student. Only, this time, the task was imposed on him without his own will. Some of the other members of the Great Five would soon be dead.

Standing under the awning, he stared right into the eye of the camera and a wonderful thought occurred to him. The illusion of an eye! The formula is actually only one half. The other half is just a reflection of it.

Trying to revive the Adept's exact words, Redstone dived into his memories once again.

“When we look at ourselves in the mirror, we confirm the fact that the left and right halves of our body have switched sides. However, the left and right sides of the reflection do not change. Things that were on our west remain on the west in the mirror, just like things that were on our east remain east in the mirror. Thus, in the mirror we only change the direction back and forth, but not the left and right. Why is that?” the invisible Adept asked. “Even if we turned our reflection upside down, the sides would remain the same, the west would still be in the west and the east in the east. North in the north, and south in the south. We had only revolved around our axis in the mirror, just like our illusion of an eye.”

Redstone strode to his study. He took a folder with Dalí's reproductions and found the 1937 painting *Swans Reflecting Elephants*. Now he was absolutely sure.

The reflection of the formula in the mirror would look the same, even if we could switch its sides up and down. Perfect! Salvador Dalí himself got this! Swans Reflecting Elephants. He achieved what we cannot see in an ordinary mirror in our three-dimensional space. The reflection of the swans in the lake are the elephants drinking water. If we turn the picture upside down, the reflection of the elephants will become swans. The ability of the human mind to observe in the fourth dimension!

He heard someone's footsteps. Redstone approached the door. There was a silhouette of a man in the hallway.

“Put the gun down!” A male voice said.

It was Detective Collins.

“I know this is the case with Donald Wilson. You will not deceive me this time.”

“Detective Collins! I've been waiting for you all day!” said Redstone, lowering the small silver pistol to the floor.

Collins entered the office and approached Redstone's computer.

“I have news!”

“Did you find Julian Mellon's killer?”

“It is still early to judge who the killer is. But you are one of the suspects!”

He pointed the gun at him.

“I called you for help! How can I be a suspect! Adept appeared! And Anita Ruiz and Charles Clark are working with him.”

“I still have no grounds for detention, but from now on you are not allowed to leave the house. You are under surveillance Redstone! My personal supervision!”

Collins pulled out a USB and inserted it into the computer.

“One of the materials of the investigation.”

The mysterious courier was standing at a small bus stop in Salisbury, still holding the paper bag he had at the entrance to Stephen Redstone's house in Cambridge.

"We identified him in Salisbury."

"The mystery of the formula involved Charles Clark, who is most likely cooperating with the killer. He and Anita Ruiz made a mess in the Stonehenge region immediately after their return to England, and the formula was reportedly excavated right there," said Redstone in his defense.

The open footage showed an Indian jewelry store near a small waterfall on Avon River, which flowed through the very heart of Salisbury. Next to the crystal clear reflection of red bricks on nearby houses, white swans floated on the water, which the courier watched for a long time. Detective Collins followed the man in a dark coat and hood on his head while he crossed the bridge with a paper bag in his hand and stopped at a bus stop, where another camera recorded him.

The mouse cursor stopped at the house the courier came out. An inscription appeared in a small window: owner's request, exact address. A red pulsating sign appeared. The Wilson family case. A few more codes were typed in a small window and an article appeared on the screen.

"Oh, my God! That is the house of Donald Wilson, the physics teacher!" Redstone said.

### MONSTER OPENED FIRE AT A FAMILY

THE WIFE OF PHYSICS TEACHER DONALD WILSON FROM SALISBURY WAS MURDERED. THEIR TEN-YEAR-OLD SON WAS FOUND DEAD IN THEIR CAMPER CLOSET. DONALD WILSON'S BODY WAS NEVER FOUND. THE MONSTER'S BODY WAS IDENTIFIED. HANNAH WILSON AND HER SON CHARLES WILSON ARE BURIED IN A CEMETERY IN SALISBURY. THE WILSON CASE WAS CLOSED AFTER A FIVE-YEAR LONG, UNSUCCESSFUL INVESTIGATION.

“Your mysterious courier is opening a case that was closed twenty-five years ago.”

“That day, the courier was in his abandoned house before he came to you.”

“And who is the courier?”

“That's what you should tell me, Redstone!”

“I swear I don't know who the courier is. But I know that Anita Ruiz and Charles Clark were involved in the murder of Mellon.”

“Don't tell me. And who brought you the original formula that disappeared in New York?”

“Disappeared?”

“Yes, Redstone. Someone stole it from Mellon right after the conference. And then he deleted the video from Mellon's office camera.”

“I have no idea what you're talking about!”

“Is Donald Wilson alive?”

Redstone froze like ice. He went to the window and opened the curtain.

“I'd like to know,” he lied, looking into the distance.

“If you hide something from me, it won't turn out well! I'll come for you again later.”

Detective Collins took his flash card and left the room.

Stephen Redstone was thinking about Bertrand Bonnet. A friend he had saved from death thirty years ago was now dragging himself into death. He had to come up with a good plan. But before that, he had to find out what the Adept's guidelines meant. He was sure that the formula and the urn were signposts for further play. It was a kind of game that the Adept used to reveal the secrets of the brilliant genius Salvador Dalí.





# Chapter 37



AT THE SAME TIME, around five in the morning, when the downtown streets were finally quiet, Charles and Anita came out of the Green Parking car park at Amwell Street in the northern part of London. They had left the Bugatti at a safe place. While waiting for the first morning bus to break through the fog, Anita took a new mobile from her bag and inserted the SIM card she had just unpacked.

“Well, you are well versed in these games,” said Charles as Anita tried to get the signal.

“A woman must always carry everything with her. Her past and her future too.” Anita laughed, flashing the cute dimple on her left cheek again.

Ten minutes later, they entered the bus whose red LED sign read Oxford. After settling comfortably on the soft blue seats, Charles stared at her face questioningly.

“Oxford?”

“No, we will get off in Wheatley.”

“Another physics professor?”

“And the fifth member of the Great Five. Anton Olegovich Borisov.”

“Vanity drives scientists to try to make significant discoveries on their own. That is their only mission!”

“You're right Charles, but that's actually their virtue.”

Charles was thinking about the near future. What will he do when it's all over. His gaze fell on her tired feet in elegant red shoes. A stray butterfly circled her right ankle, and Anita recoiled. In a way, Charles blamed himself for the mess she was in. She could have gotten rid of him a long time ago. At that moment, he wanted to touch her shiny hair. And he would have done that if he could move his arm without pain. Her hair fell over his aching shoulder, he wished they leaned completely against each other. He really needed sleep. However, for the sake of Anita, he could not take any risks. He had to keep his eyes alert.

“What do you know about the Secret Five of Oxford?”

“Legend has it that five students formed the Secret Five, and guided by an obscure mentor, tried to discover the formula, the secret that reveals the purpose of the pyramids, journey into the past, eternal life, power over the death ... These are all causes of the biggest wars in the world,” Anita spoke in a fairy-tale soothing tone. “However, I think the Secret Five wanted more, something that would exceed all previous scientific achievements. Something that no organization in history had succeeded.”

“To reveal the God Particle?”

“To combine science and religion.”

“To scientifically prove the existence of God, or for God to finally acknowledge the Big Bang?” Charles smiled.

“Legends hide the greatest truths, Charles.” Anita was quite serious.

“Sorry. I forgot that the anthropologist takes legends very seriously.”

The bus suddenly stopped. In the dim light, they saw the silhouette of an old man on the street. He must have been in his seventies. His brown hat made a nice match with his eyeglasses and tidily trimmed longish gray beard. The man was holding a wet umbrella and an old, faded brown leather briefcase bulging with protruding papers. His wide brown coat almost swept the floor.

Anita and Charles watched him walk down the aisle while choosing his seat. As if playing Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, he finally sat facing them three rows down. The aroma of roasted coffee beans permeated the bus. The man was crumbling them between his fingers before crushing them with his teeth. When he removed his warm scarf, Anita and Charles noticed that he wasn't an ordinary "Mr. Coffee." A black mantle with a high white collar appeared under his brown coat.

"Many priests had a scientific education before joining the church," Anita continued quietly. "Almost ten percent of priests have higher scientific and medical education. The Big Bang theory, which Christianity strictly opposed until recently, was elaborated by a priest-scientist."

"Do you think the help of scientists can contribute to the mission of the church?"

"In this century, scientists and theologians have shown the greatest interest so far to explain the connection between science and religion. And no matter what religion it is."

"They teach future priests in the sphere of science?"

The old man shot him a look, drawn by his surprised tone. The old man laughed nobly and Charles returned it.

"And not only that. They have access to all modern science resources. Pope John Paul II officially acknowledged in year nineteen ninety-two that the Inquisition made a mistake by banning Galileo to support Copernicanism. But theologians have been studying science much earlier. Roger Bacon, who lectured at Oxford in the thirteenth century, was a forerunner of modern science. Saint Albert the Great, who lectured in German monasteries in the same century, was also a herald of

modern science. Newton did not respect the state English church, it ruined his life, but the fact is that few people believed in the Christian God as seriously as Newton. Pascal was first and foremost a famous Christian thinker. Faradje taught his science in the church ... The first theory about the expansion of the universe was expressed by the Catholic priest Georges Lemaître! Thomas Aquinas was his student. Because of Albertus Magnus' research in physics, biology, psychology, logic, and metaphysics, Pope Pius XII proclaimed Albert the Great the Holy Patron of all who pursue natural sciences."

"A scientist-saint!"

"Only a few people know about that."

Charles glanced at the old man, who was now watching them openly. Anita's hand blocked his view by pressing the button on the handrail in front of him. "Wheatley Station," the female robotic voice sounded. They got off the bus. The old man also came out.

The fresh colors of stone, water, and moss washed away suspicion in Anita's words. While following her quiet footsteps down cobbled streets, he was falling deeper into the labyrinth of someone's plan and realizing that the chances of returning to his old life were diminishing.

Anita walked the narrow lanes and turned the corners with beautiful, hospitable houses as if she knew every street by heart. They reached a small stone bridge over River Thame, a tributary of Thames. It was overflowing because of the heavy rains. Cold, large drops suddenly blurred its surface. The rain was getting stronger again.

At that moment, they heard a car in the distance. Anita hid behind the stone boundary that divided the bridge and narrow street with a row of stone houses. Charles stumbled and ran after her.

"Police!" said Charles.

"It's not time yet Charles! Don't forget you're one of the main people involved in Mellon's murder."

“Anita! Can we do without lies, at least among us?”

“If you surrender, you will never know how you lost your parents.” Anita shot him a serious look he hadn't noticed before.

Anita was right. But what would that change? He wondered without moving.

After a few moments, Anita peeked out of the corner.

Charles also peeked out from behind the wall.

The car stopped in front of a nearby house. A policeman came out and approached the gate. Then he voluntarily opened it and approached the front door. He waited for about two minutes and then made a circle around the house and got back in the car.

“Thank God! Borisov is not home!” Anita said.

When the police passed, they hid behind the first building by the bridge. It was a stone church with thick sand-colored walls. A dozen graves with small stone crosses, several of which had a round hoop. The small cemetery was neglected and overgrown with excess grass. The church was closed. They passed behind her stone wall and under the thickest tree they saw a bench on which sat an old man from the bus. He kept his eyes closed. They curled up against a small back door under a narrow canopy to hide from the rain.

“Humanity found out about the conflict between science and religion as late as year eighteen seventy-four, when the book *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science* by John William Draper was published in America.” Anita continued in a whisper. “That conflict was confirmed when another book, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom* by Andrew Dickson White was published in eighteen ninety-six. Both books are about Galileo and Darwin. Many writers later confirmed that their books differed from reality in many ways.”

“So, the church’s disagreements with Galileo Galilei didn’t really occur?”

“I would rather say that it is a matter of misinformation or, in the worst case, conspiracy.” Anita replied.

“There is some logic here. Let's say, Eratosthenes of Alexandria was the first geographer in the world to introduce the notions of latitude and longitude that we use today as early as two hundred forty BC, as well as the first models of maps based on a round Earth. And this was widely known in the times of Galileo. However, in schools we learn that the oldest globe in the world is only five hundred years old. The Vatican officially admitted that our planet really revolved around the Sun only in nineteen ninety-two.”

Suddenly there was a loud thunderbolt. Leaning against the wet stone wall with the small closed door of the church, they looked up at the sky. The thin cloud was getting lower and lower. The music of the big drops seemed to announce the truth of Anita's suspicions, which Charles had not thought about until now.

“It is believed that this first globe was made in the workshop of Leonardo da Vinci himself in Florence,” said Anita.

“Thus, it is possible that the secret existed much earlier than what was said in the books on the schism between science and religion.”

“However, neither side was able to answer the simplest question!” said Anita.

“What question?”

They heard the sound of a padlock behind them. Anita and Charles froze. The padlock suddenly began to shake harder. They both shuddered at the sound and the church door opened.

# Chapter 38



REDSTONE DIDN'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT. Detective Collins forbade him to leave the house. But he couldn't even imagine that the unexpected news would hurt and upset him more than the killer's appearance. The scent of the past mingled with the aroma of sweet rum intoxicated his mind.

*By this cross is covered the cross.*

It was an inscription left by the killer next to Julian Mellon's body. Although the words didn't sound familiar to him, he knew only one thing. Bertrand Bonnet is connected to the murder.

He barely pulled himself between the heavy armchair and the thick beech table and approached the window.

It was still dark. The news that he had just heard about his decade-old friend struck his ego like a hammer. The courier was in a relationship with Bertrand Bonnet and Donald Wilson, respectively. And that was the reason for his sudden visit the previous morning. Collin's decision to search the Wilson house wasn't to his advantage. Especially since he hid the fact that he

knows Donald Wilson is actually alive! He should have searched it himself before Collins. Why didn't he think of that before?

He looked at his watch. It was almost four in the morning. He pulled the mysterious urn of death from the safe in the middle of the long bookshelf. Redstone took the piece of paper on which he had written the formula "Atom Dalí" and held it next to the urn. He could see nothing in common. Turning the urn upside down, he inspected its bottom, which he neglected to do yesterday. And he noticed a barely visible carved inscription. Redstone took a magnifying glass and saw the word "Roscommon."

"Hmm, a nice font," he muttered ironically, scratching the tip of his nose with his eyeglasses. In fact, he saw that font for the first time. Two Solomon's knots were carved next to the inscription.

After a manic rummaging, Redstone thirstily grabbed the book *A History of Israel* from the shelves.

Solomon's knot is from Israel! He leafed through the still glued together pages of the book opened for the very first time until he saw a picture of Solomon's temple. He read on.

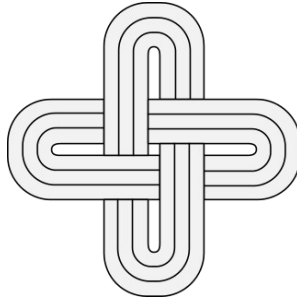
Sigillum Salomonis. Solomon, the third king of Israel, the wisest person in history, known as a wise and calm king, prophet, mentioned in the Bible. Hiram I, on whose tomb the sacred black locust grows, took part in constructing Solomon's Temple.

Just like the branch the eagle is holding in the right corner of the American dollar.

Solomon's knot is present on almost all continents in all nations. It is particularly frequent in Jewish and Christian iconography, representing a symbol of immortality and mystery.



Even though it looks like a knot, this symbol is actually a circle, the mathematical eternal intertwining of strong bonds, he continued reading, dragging an invisible line with his finger under the smooth lines.



Solomon's knot has the shape of an equilateral cross. Solomon's knot has four ropes, eight lengths, four ties, two unties ...” The numbers of a chessboard that is, according to the Adept, the foundation of everything that exists, he thought as he read on. “Two Solomon's knots adorn many relics, and the most famous is the Cross of Cong, which allegedly contained a piece of the cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified. The Cross of Cong is housed in the National Museum of Ireland in Dublin.

As if from a cold tap, blood rushed through his body before turning into a calm ocean in which he suddenly wished to sink. Neither the morning nor my death will improve the situation much. He thought as he put on his coat. The picture of the Cross of Cong on the smooth paper in the book radiated a logical conclusion. The urn in his hands had an identical artistic aesthetic work as the “Cross of the Cong!” That work could have been created only in a certain time span and under certain circumstances, but also under conditions. He had to find the exact date. It was pointing toward Ireland.



# Chapter 39



WHEN THE SMALL WOODEN DOOR OF THE CHURCH OPENED, Anita and Charles saw the priest.

In the darkness, he stood almost invisible and inaudible like a church mouse. He was wearing a dark-brown wet robe that covered him almost to the floor. His face was half covered by a deep hood. The fingers on his hands snapped and turned into a restless intertwined knot that rested against his chest.

“If you turn off the electricity, the world will collapse like a tower of cards, but the candles in the churches will still burn!” said the priest, pointing to them. It was the old man from the bus.

Daylight streamed through the bright colors of the stained-glass windows. The priest's gaze stopped for a moment at one of the holy martyrs from the icon he passed. Suddenly he relaxed his shoulders, as if for a moment it became easier for him. He took a deep breath of the scent of incense and warm wood.

As he walked toward the altar of the church, a cloud of steam appeared around his wet clothes.

“And what is the question that no religion or science has answered yet?” The priest asked, smiling slightly. “Sorry, I heard something from your conversation from the door.”

Anita and Charles backed away. The air filled with a breath of incense, humidity, and darkness.

“The mystery of humanity. Something that shook the foundations of humanity forever,” said Anita, adjusting her eyes to the darkness.

“You mean the Resurrection?” The priest was direct.

At that moment, a brown butterfly made a circle around Anita’s head. Surely it is not the same one from the bus, Charles thought while watching its damp shimmering wings. He didn’t want to believe in the old saying.

“A butterfly at dawn brings misfortune,” the priest’s voice was heard.

It was a sign that blasphemous words should not be spoken in God’s house. The last time Charles heard about this proverb was from his father.

“But don’t worry. You are under God’s protection here.”

The priest came very close to them. He looked Charles in the eyes.

“I saw you hiding from the police. You are safe in God’s house. They rarely come here.”

“Actually, we’re not hiding,” Anita said, shaking the raindrops from her green short jacket.

“Did you come for the scientist?”

“Do you know Borisov?” Anita asked, wondering.

“As you can see, this church is one of the few ‘dead’ churches. Yet it is still under the administration of a holy organization. The scientist is from a priest’s family and he invested a lot in its maintenance, despite the fact that our religions are different. For scientists, God is one.” The priest pointed in the direction across the bridge.

It was clear that Borisov and the priest knew each other. Borisov's house and the old church building were separated by only a hundred meters and a small stone bridge in the middle.

"The consciousness is the matrix of man, which, according to the Bible, God implanted in him with his breath, as 'the breath of the living spirit.' The young lady is right." The priest coughs. "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is an epochal event in the history of humanity. Christianity depends on it. If science so desires, the divine house will sustain it."

"Is the scientist at home?" Anita asked, interrupting the awkward conversation.

"He'll probably be here soon."

"So no one has yet answered the question of how the Resurrection happened?" Charles asked without pardon.

"A miracle, young sir. A miracle of God!"

"If Easter were confirmed by science, what would happen?"

Anita coughed, trying to stop Charles, but the priest did not react.

"If science proves the Resurrection, God's house will support it. We are all children of God."

The priest went to the altar and looked up to Jesus Christ. Then he fell to his knees and muttered something to himself.

"The rain has stopped."

Charles and Anita understood the message.

"Thank you." Anita kissed her golden cross, took Charles by the arm, and headed for the exit.

After jumping over the low gate of Borisov's house, Anita climbed four stone steps and knocked on the door. It was dark in the house. A white cat ran in front of her legs. Raindrops dripping from the roof hit the aluminum canopy and the smell of soil and wet leaves drifted in the wind. Suddenly, a twig broke behind the house. Both froze like unplugged robots whose eyes were still darting.

"The cat."

"Have you ever heard anything about them?"

“About my parents?” Anita was surprised.

The only topic she never talked about was the topic of her parents. With their accident, the secret about their exile from Spain was hidden. Her parents were exiled by the church. Then the bishop of England, a cousin on his mother's side, managed to pull them out of the bottom. Anita was only eight months old when she moved to London with her family, and only five years old when her parents died in the fire. She first saw her birthplace in Figueras at the age of eighteen, when she crossed the British border for the second time in her life. It was then that she met her future husband Juan Alonso Damas. Thanks to him, she was able to stand on her own two feet. However, there was one secret that did not give her peace. *Am I the same as them?* It was a question she had been asking herself for months after the first night spent in her old house, called the Witch's House. She had all the time in the world to study the old archives of her parents. Her parents were scientists. Old writings found in the basement and attic of the house confirmed the reputations of their witchcraft. Stonehenge Green Desert, circular buildings across Europe ... It was among those writings that Anita found the Stonehenge schemes she had shown to Charles Clark. There was actually everything among her parents' archives. Schemes of giant pyramids in Egypt, Mexico, drawings of electricity by Nikola Tesla, astronomy of distant China ... Everything that made Anita become an anthropologist.

“After the fire, I found out that I was the only one pulled out of bed and rescued that night. I never found out who he was. I realized that I was the only one they had saved that night. Luckily, I was unconscious, intoxicated with smoke. I was in the hospital for several months while the social services got the documents for the orphanage in order.

“And I was sober. I was there and heard both shots. Judging by the wounds I still have on my legs, I was also the target. I was ten years old when they brought me to the orphanage. Charles! Were you at the crime scene where your parents were killed?” Anita looked at him grimly.

“Unfortunately, yes. The murderer committed suicide, and the police protected me. Only my grandfather knew I was alive. However, he soon followed the same path as my parents. The criminals have forgotten about me, and that is the most important thing.”

“And what if they didn’t? What did your father do? You said that he told you about the clocks and that you often visited a green desert, which is actually a protected area – Stonehenge. Maybe he worked at a military base? Charles!” Realizing that her voice was rising, Anita covered her mouth with her hand.

“I remember a leopard fur coat, a cane with black-and-white squares ... Oh, God! Black-and-white squares! I remember a long upswept mustache.”

“Charles, you are describing Salvador Dalí himself! When did that happen?”

“January Twenty-Fourth, Nineteen Eighty-Nine. Thirty years have passed.”

His breathing quickened rapidly. He did not see the connection between those dates until now. Charles jumped from the swing and started pacing.

“It wasn’t Salvador Dalí, was it?”

“Charles, don’t talk rubbish! Salvador Dalí died the day before, January Twenty-Third, in Figueras.”

“Then it was some mad fanatic of his. Or worse, one of the Dalían Secret Five from Oxford who had the Atom Dalí formula.”

“Professor Redstone must have been around thirty at the time. Oh, God!” Anita spun as if something had hit her on the head.

It was clear that she remembered something she shouldn’t have. Her face was frightened. Her red lips turned pale pink, the color of fear, which didn’t suit her.

While they were staring at each other, the dim, distant headlights of an approaching car lit her eyes. She had only a few seconds to tell him the painful truth.

“Not only do they want to kill you, but they seem to want to kill me too!”

“To kill or catch us?”

“The fire burned down our house on January Twenty-Fourth, Nineteen Eighty-Nine. And my father was also studying at Oxford.”

Charles didn't have time to think. He had to tell her about the email he had received from the Adept before New York. Now or never. Suddenly there was a thunderous sound of a car. The high beams of the headlights shattered the morning mist and now blinded both of them. There was no point in running away. They could do only one thing: Hope that Anton Borisov was in the car that had just parked in front of them.



# Chapter 40



A RED-BLACK EVOQUE PARKED IN FRONT OF THE FORMER OLD GEORGE HOTEL IN SALISBURY. Hoping he didn't find Detective Collins in the Wilson house, Redstone crossed the wooden bridge over a wide part of the Avon River, passed a few small closed shops and a tea chalet, continued to the right over another little bridge, and came to a narrow street. Redstone stopped in front of a house with a small overgrown yard.

The wooden fence was rotting. A blue For Sale sign was swaying in the wind like a scarecrow and making squeaking noises of wet wood. Donald Wilson's house looked dilapidated. The red bricks were moldy, while the roof was overgrown with moss. A thick layer of rotting leaves and dust accumulating for many years covered the window frames. Because of the frosty morning wind howling like a lone wolf's cry. The scene looked like a cemetery.

He tried to open the door, but it wouldn't budge. Redstone passed to the other side of the house, jumped over the wall, and crossed the small lawn. With a powerful kick, he opened the thin door leading to the kitchen. Redstone saw the remains of the police investigation. Flies glued to the yellow

sticky tapes, bags with dirty gloves, a few chalks next to a dead mouse, and two outdated flashlights. The pungent smell of moisture hit his nose.

Thirty years had passed, he thought as he jumped up the stairs. On the night of the tragedy, Bonnet had something in his hand. Something that made the courier come to his house. The stream of doubt was clearing.

He glanced at the beams on the ceiling and the torn, colorful wallpaper that resembled lettuce leaves on the walls. Redstone approached the stairs. The smell of rot coming from the damp walls of the floor reached his sinuses. It seemed as heavy as steel. Covering his mouth and nose with his hand, Redstone fleetingly regretted coming here. He was hiding from the police for so many years, yet now he was playing the role of a detective. Redstone felt guilty before the police because he rescued Wilson that night, only moments before the police arrived at the crime scene. But Wilson was the key target the whole while, he concluded while approaching the bedroom door at the top of the stairs.

A few books, a pair of photo albums, a gilded pen and a small broken compass were still on the desk. Redstone put on his leather gloves and flipped through the crumbling pages. They were scientific dissertations in quantum physics. Redstone would have been sure that nobody had stepped in the house for thirty years had he not known that the courier who brought him the message and urn hadn't been here recently.

Neighbors' voices came from outside. Redstone went to the window. He had a view of the neighboring red brick wall. The hardwood floor downstairs creaked. Redstone cautiously walked to the door. Like in a horror movie, he got the impression that someone was watching him.

Redstone turned to the left and noticed a framed photograph on the wall. It was the last Christmas photo of the young couple and their ten-year-old son. The boy's face looked familiar. Redstone took his glasses out of his pocket and put them on. He could clearly see the blue, expressive eyes, dark hair, dimple on the boy's chin, and broad shoulders, which were not yet muscular. The resemblance was astonishing.

“Oh, my God! Oh, my God! He is alive. Wilson’s son is alive only under another last name. Charles Clark is Charles Wilson!

“Damn Bonnet! Both father and son are alive under different names,” he whispered.

Anger and betrayal instantly filled his mind. Redstone thought of all the millions invested in CERN, and the decades he and his colleagues dedicated to scientific research at Cambridge in the hope of finding the answer to the question that will irreversibly change humanity.

His friend was working behind his back the whole while. He thought, breathing heavily through flaring nostrils. His thought was interrupted by the sound of a knock on the door.

Redstone returned his glasses to the breast pocket of his shirt, pulled the zipper of his dark raincoat to his throat, and pulled the hood over his head. Then he hurried down the stairs, ready to wait for the next sound. The knock repeated three times in a room. It seemed like a simple “Is there anyone there?”

Noiselessly, Redstone walked over the fresh footprints in the dust and jumped onto the mat in the dark kitchen. The knock on the door repeated two more times, followed by the sound of the door breaking. The rays of flashlight danced on the walls of the dining room and kitchen.

The heavy footsteps continued randomly moving up and down, left and right. Suddenly, he felt a slight vibration under his palms and face pressed to the floor. A soft vibration filled his earlobe. The sound was a bell. There was air under him. He tapped it with his fingertips and realized that he was above an opening. Redstone hooked his shoe under the end of the mat and bent his knee. Slipping his right hand into dried insects, he ran his palm over the wood. Suddenly, he felt something cold. By the feel of it, Redstone concluded that it was a metal barrel hinge.

The sound of footsteps moved to the first floor. Redstone seized the opportunity to push away the dusty mat. Under the rickety dining table, he noticed a horizontal wooden

door. *A secret passage!* He inspected the edges, but couldn't see a handle to open the door. The sound of feet approached. At the last moment, Redstone tapped the button on his smartwatch and a small green light illuminated the door. He leaned his forehead on the floor and noticed fresh fingerprints in the dust. He pressed his palms over them and heard the click of an old-fashioned spring mechanism. The door slid inward. Redstone jumped on the narrow wooden steps and pulled the mat and door over him. Out of breath like a chased deer, he pulled a small flashlight from the leather messenger bag he always wore on his shoulder.

An imposing sight greeted his eyes.

Instead of a basement or a dilapidated garage, he saw a clean white room with a black equilateral cross drawn in the middle. Beautiful mosaic tiles creating an illusion of a decorative silver circle framed the cross. In one corner stood a wooden desk cluttered with Wilson's notebooks and books. A mirror and a small light bulb were above the desk. Redstone pressed the switch, and the bluish-white LED light illuminated the room. Like a row of beautiful perfume bottles, hourglasses lined the desk. Only some were sprinkled with a thick layer of dust. Their cones had various shapes and colors. They were even made from different materials. The hourglasses were filled with grains of various shapes and sizes. Redstone noticed one with Charles Wilson's gilded initials. It was clean. Someone recently held it in his hand. In the right corner, stacked one over the other, stood replicas of Salvador Dalí's paintings. Photographs of Einstein, Newton, Galileo, and also icons of the Madonna hung on the right wall.

As he got a little closer, he noticed that the image of the Mother of God was hanging crookedly. He picked it up and saw a small key in the recess in the wall.

The safe was empty. Redstone took the key in his hand. It had a golden greenish color and a nice round work at the top. Ankh! The key was actually a symbol! A cross with an elongated round head instead of its top. He recalled a magical symbol of wisdom that had to do with initiated scientists. The key to secret knowledge! Transformation of life processes!

Mute and furious, Redstone collapsed on a chair. The smell of antiques permeated the air. He would do with a cigar now. Just one puff. Eerie memories of the church with the dark improvised altar, the Adept, and writings of the “blind authors” rushed to his mind. *Did Bonnet come up with a solution?*

“The one who comprehends the reason why consciousness clings to the body, will discover the God Particle, the formula of man and his abilities,” the Adept said. “According to many religions, the spirit doesn’t die when the body passes away. Christianity claims that, forty days after death, the spirit frees itself and enters the heavenly kingdom. The spirit is the ‘breath of life’ that returns to God. Demonstrate the law controlling consciousness! Which of you will be able to prove the law by which consciousness works?” His words echoed in Redstone’s ears.

“The illusion of time,” he whispered and approached the icon of the Madonna.

He stared at it for a long time until he heard crackling from above. A quiet thud on the ceiling startled him. Another blow pierced the silence. Scratching and moving the kitchen table heralded the news of the century.

THE WILSON FAMILY MURDERER FOUND!  
A CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR CATCHED IN  
WILSON’S OWN CAGE

Redstone quietly sat on the chair, turned off his flashlight, and almost stopped breathing. He waited for the hour of his doom. There was nothing left for him except a few moments of silence that would mark the rest of his life.

The sounds above him suddenly became louder and more dynamic. However, to his great surprise, after a few seconds, the sounds stopped.

Redstone turned on the flashlight and climbed the stairs. He pulled the handle, and the door slid toward him. However, the exit was closed. Instead of the mat with insect feces, an antique couch with four small legs covered the opening, leaving only two inches of space. Redstone tilted his

head and saw the dining table and rolled mat in the kitchen corner.

Redstone tried to move the couch, but in vain. He was trapped in the basement of Bonnet's former hideout.

# Chapter 41



THE LONG, uncomfortable headlights stopped blinding them. After turning off the unpleasantly barking engine, Anton Olegovich Borisov got out of his car.

“I was expecting you, Anita! I haven’t seen you for almost a year,” he said and looked at Charles good-naturedly.

He took his keys from a wide bag for drawings and unlocked the front door.

“Such is the life of a scientist. I spent the entire night in the university library.”

Charles tried to catch that familiar ominous spark that he immediately spotted when he met Redstone. He was pleasantly surprised that there was no trace of it. Borisov’s white hair matched his big green eyes, full lips, and high cheekbones perfectly. He had a recognizable Ural gene, which made his appearance very interesting.

“They are after us,” Anita interrupted his kind welcome.

“The police?”

“The Great Five and someone else!”

With interest, Borisov turned to Charles, who was still standing by the door. Borisov motioned them to follow him. He climbed a few stone steps, opened a narrow door, and entered another hallway.

A beautiful metal key box was next to the coat rack. Regency candelabra were hanging further down the hall in case of a power outage. The wooden staircase was adorned with black-and-white graphics with Salvador Dalí's signatures in the corners.

"Salvador Dalí," Borisov said with a particular delight in his voice, noticing where Charles' gaze had stopped. "Replicas of some of his first works. Galleries in big cities often exchange them. I drew them myself as a student."

"We have a problem." Anita coughed lightly. She took a small notebook and pen from her bag.

"I know you are in danger. I have heard about Mellon in the news. I'm very upset." Borisov's wrinkled face fell. He drummed his fingers on the smooth table and stared out of the window.

Anita tore the paper she was scribbling on from her notebook and placed it on the table in front of them.

"Atom Dalí."

Borisov glanced at the formula, scratched his right cheek, and reached for his glasses from the shelf. He stared at the formula as if seeing it for the first time. He turned his head from right to left a couple of times. The forced smile on his firm jaw revealed indecision or doubt.

For days, Borisov was repeating to himself the words he intended to tell Anita when she appeared on his doorstep. Although she knew nothing about his long-standing relationship with her parents, he had to protect her in the past's name. The descendant of a line of priests from St. Petersburg, he was spiritually broken to the bone. His cries were still echoing from the gold icons in the nearby church, where he knelt while trying to lessen the pain for his killed friends, married couple Ruiz.



On the other hand, the terrible consequences of that monstrous act still weren't giving him a clear picture of the past. The concepts of sin and repentance had lost meaning for him.

"The secret knowledge really exists." Borisov replied in a low voice. "People like Hitler still exist today. And as long as the way the formula works is not revealed, the world will slowly continue to sink into ruin."

"And what will happen if the way the formula works is revealed?" Charles asked, swallowing the accumulated saliva.

"The solution to the formula must be revealed to the entire world, but not by an individual like you, Clark. Someone recognized in educational circles must do it. For now, the concept of the God Particle is taken seriously only by CERN academics, although they can sometimes be ridiculed there as well." Borisov's bright green eyes now shone with a spark of noble hope. "Archimedes invented the number Pi with which people can calculate the length of every circle. What happened in history after that? Newton and Leibniz made progress on this discovery only after nineteen hundred years. Why do you think it took humanity so long to get things moving?"

Silence brewing with anticipation fell on the room.

"It's a reality they didn't tell us about, isn't it?" Anita asked.

"Or about a reality we're afraid to believe?" Charles interjected.

"There is something holding us back," Borisov answered the questions. In the last hundred years, we have learned more about the nature of man and the cosmos than in the entire history of humanity as we know it. People have created the means for managing collective consciousness. Some of these means are the media, the Internet ... Don't you understand? Everything is very simple. The one who knows the laws managing consciousness has the secret knowledge and can discover how the formula works!"

“The law of consciousness! This is crazy!” said Charles.

As Anita paced up and down with a satisfied smile, nibbling on the tip of her ballpoint pen, Charles approached the window and pulled the curtain back a few inches. He stared at the raindrops painting a soft, wet handkerchief between the fence and the woods. A forked bluish-white lightning bolt split the sky, as if intensifying the significance of the problem. The very thought that he might possess a secret knowledge that can manage the laws of consciousness, which allowed him to realize his desires regardless of space and time, made him fear himself. And he did not know his own body. More precisely, none of them knew everything about their own body. After all, all he knew about himself was the pile of information others had been telling him since his birth. Parents, school, teachers in the orphanage ... It was the kind of fear when a man realizes that he can't control an illness that has already taken hold of him. He had to open the window to stop himself from vomiting.

“And what about the Resurrection? What are the priests hiding?” Charles asked.

“It is actually one formula. Nothing in this world is unrelated. Doesn't it seem to you that Jesus Christ is the greatest genius who walked this earth? Confirmation of his Resurrection is of vital importance to Christianity. Buddha is dead, Muhammad is dead, Confucius is dead, Moses is dead, but as he preaches Christianity, Jesus is alive and is with God forever.” Anita said.

“If Jesus had not risen, there would have been neither church nor faith.”

“Are you saying that two thousand years ago, there was a messiah, Jesus, who presented the greatest secret to humanity? And that he knew the way the formula worked?” Charles was stunned.

“However, instead of becoming natural, he became a mystery,” said Anita, approaching Charles.

“From the modern physics aspect the Resurrection is actually quite possible. However, the path to the explanation is thorny. Science and religion have never been as close as they are today!”

Charles was suddenly relieved. He was not versed in everything his father did, but he was sure of one thing now. His father was a scientist who was on the same path as Borisov. It was a path against which both scientists and religious leaders could rebel. His father did nothing wrong. He only came up with a solution that angered the killer. But if the killer is someone from higher circles of scientists or priests, then neither he nor Anita will get away with it. Their parents were involved in the most sensitive topic of all religions in the world.



# Chapter 42



THE BRIGHT RAYS OF THE AFTERNOON SUN PIERCED THE DUSTY AIR IN DETECTIVE COLLINS' MESSY OFFICE WHILE HE GAZED HAPPILY AT THE OBJECT. It was a framed photograph that he had taken a few hours ago from Donald Wilson's house in Salisbury. A ray fell on the glass and illuminated the smiling faces of the happy family. Collins blew on the glass and wiped it with the sleeve of his brown checkered shirt. Putting the frame next to his computer, the detective placed the cursor next to a file named *Laboratory № 498*.

Taking a sip of yesterday's cold tea, his lips puckered in a sour expression that vanished as soon as he focused on the screen. Collins clicked on the file and a new window opened on the screen. Lab results of the fingerprints taken from the modern precious glasses under the framed photograph found in Wilson's house.

STEPHEN REDSTONE

Considering that he received findings from New York that morning, which confirm that animal fat, ochre, and charcoal were found in Mellon's own bloody stain, he was at the peak of his astonishment. The secret Oxford group, known as the Secret Five, was still in operation. The Adept appeared after thirty years and he was one of them. Collins thought as he recalled his first career investigation.

It had already been proven that the Wilson killer, who hung himself at the gate of parliament, was an acquaintance of Donald Wilson himself. However, nothing could explain the reason for that monstrous crime. Moreover, none of the investigators could interpret the meaning of the letters D-W-R-P carved into the stone slab below the parliament gate. But Collins now got a new chance. The mystical formula "Atom Dalí" was connected with the Oxford group, and therefore with the murder of Donald Wilson.

"If violence didn't force them to part, they would have probably planned a political conspiracy," the old professor from the Oxford department told him while they walked along the bank of River Cherwell. "There is no place for mysticism in modern science. Julian Mellon and Cambridge professor of quantum physics Stephen Redstone, who studied with Donald Wilson, were also former members of the Secret Five."

"A few anonymous announcements suggest that they had delved into political topics too," the professor continued, taking an old yellowed piece of paper from his pocket. Collins saw a sword whose handle was adorned with an interesting engraving.

Collins remembered as if through a fog. On a newspaper clipping he could see a sword that had an interesting work.

Mellon's murder confirmed his suspicions. The symbol on the knife used as the murder weapon had a line of meanders, which was then shown to him by their professor. So, it was an ancient secret that should not have been discovered.

Collins opened the list with the members of the Great Five once again.

Julian Mellon, art historian, New York (recently murdered),

Stephen Redstone, physicist, Cambridge,

Anton Olegovich Borisov, physicist, Oxford,

Bertrand Bonnet, art historian, Paris,

Anita Ruiz, anthropologist, Barcelona.

At the time, Redstone was already driving towards London on the A303, 120 miles per hour. The light of the dim sun fell on the shimmering surface of the urn swaying left and right on the seat.

Just thirty minutes ago, he was still in the basement of the Wilson family home, and now he was the main player again. When he heard the quiet footsteps again, after only forty minutes, he no longer cared about life. Better to die with an explanation than to die like a rat in a basement. He climbed the narrow steps and began pounding his hand on the bottom of the couch with all his might. Through the narrow slit he saw a pair of modern punk shoes. At that moment, the barrel of a small pistol appeared, facing him. He closed the little door. He heard the sound of the couch moving. When the sounds were completely gone, he quietly pulled the gun out of his bag. When it came to the surface, it was clean. Someone saved him and then he disappeared. However, Redstone knew that he was not saved by someone who wished him well. He was saved by someone who needed him for further play. It could have been one of the two. Adept or the young courier.

After a two-hour drive, Redstone parked in front of the Faculty of History building in Cambridge on West Road, CB3 9 EF. The receptionist looked up at the entrance of the Seeley Historical Library. Redstone showed him the pass with his

photograph and the words *Professor Stephen Redstone, Department of Physics, Cambridge.*

A few seconds later, Redstone found himself in the middle of the spacious library under a sunlit glass dome. The library was established in 1807 in the building projected by the famous James Stirling.

Listening to his footsteps on the light wood floor, Redstone passed through wide, elongated cones of sunlight that touched the parquet and occasionally showed dense dust. Light poured through the roof made of countless glass squares and bathed the bookshelves with natural light. Walking down the familiar hallways on the first floor, he looked to the right at the vast bright room with wooden reading tables on the ground floor. Only a few students were in the library.

Finally, he approached the Eastern and African History section. Redstone made sure his gun was in place and began running his fingers over the headlines. Suddenly, he heard a creak on the wooden floor. He looked around, sure that he had imagined it. Just as he was about to take a book, he heard a creak again.

“Professor?”

“Yes,” he stammered. “Professor Stephen Redstone, the Physics Department.”

“I am Isabel Harper, professor of Middle Eastern and African History. Can I help you?” A thin, dark-haired young lady with a sunken face stood in front of him.

Redstone took the urn from the pocket of his wide, black raincoat and placed it on the table next to the shelf. Isabel Harper enthusiastically took the urn, coquettishly looking at his handsome face.

“Where did you get it?”

“It was found near Stonehenge.”

“Oh, God! This is a big discovery related to the Middle East. It has two Solomon’s knots!” she said, staring at the bottom.



“You are mistaken. It is related to Ireland, to the Cross of Cong. It also contains two nodes of Solomon, as well as other symbols and works that are perfectly identical.”

“Hmm ... Let’s consult a book.”

Isabel Harper passed two rows of shelves and climbed the ladder. She took a book called *The Third King of Israel* and began leafing through. Redstone watched in disbelief as her quick, long, bony fingers turned the pages.

“King Solomon, the sage of the kingdom of Israel, also considered the wisest man in history ... Founder of the Cabbalist order.” She spoke clumsily as she descended the ladder.

Redstone could see the gleam in her black eyes, beautifully framed with straight black hair. Two vertical wrinkles between her eyebrows revealed a contented research spirit.

“Is Kabbalah a religion?” Redstone asked, pretending not to know much about it. However, there was a time when he studied the holy Zohar and even visited the Kabbalah Centre in London. He used to feel very distinguished among Hollywood actors and presidents of certain countries there.

“Kabbalah is a science,” professor Isabel Harper replied. “A science exploring the formula of man. King Solomon’s Jewish teaching,” Isabel continued. “The most famous Cabbalists were Isaac Newton, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci. Isaac Newton wrote more about Kabbalah than about science! In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy and France, every scientist and artist had a Kabbalah teacher, even though they were Christians.” Isabel’s lips dropped with displeasure as if she had an invisible mustache pulling them down.

“I am sorry, but I must say that all religions and spiritual sciences are really only attempts.”

“Attempts? What are you talking about, Professor Redstone?”

“I am a scientist. A physicist. You must understand my skepticism,” Redstone replied. Then he looked at the urn and Solomon’s knot in the open book. “If we delve a little deeper into history, Christians, Masons, Templars, secret organizations, secret societies, alchemists, astrologers, all of them were basically looking for only one thing. Birth, death, resurrection. The God Particle in man. So many complex dogmas and sciences, yet no conclusion. All of them were losers.”

As if offended by his words, Professor Harper closed the book and carried it away. A minute later, she returned with another book, whose blue hardcover read *History of Britain*.

“The Cross of Cong, you said! Solomon’s knot.” She opened the book and began leafing through angrily.

“Sigillum Salomonis, two very important details engraved in the Cross of Cong. Its most impressive part is the crystal that was hiding the relic from the famous cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified. All of them were losers, you say!” she muttered.

“What are you alluding to, Professor Harper?”

Redstone stared once more at the crystal that now resembled an enormous eye. It reminded him of the famous symbol. An eye in the pyramid.

“Solomon’s knots are on two sides of the most important part of this cross-crystal which hid the relic – a piece of the True Cross,” Harper continued. “In the Middle East, Solomon’s knot is present in the Islamic tradition. They found examples in mosques in Cairo, Jordan, and in Islamic Spain. We can also see it in the British Museum in London, standing on the cover of the Egyptian Quran from the fourteenth century. Masks with Solomon’s knots were found in Africa. Solomon’s knots were found in the Jewish cemetery in Los Angeles, in the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of St. Sophia ...”

While regarding the illustration of Solomon's knot, it seemed that Isabel's words hadn't even reached his ears. As if through a haze, he recognized the stylized mark of an atom. He recalled a molecule with 160 atoms that represented the 5.1 nodes. Molecules made up of such nodes have very unusual properties. The formula is also called the Seal of Solomon, whose intersection node on a flat drawing is equal to the number five. *Atom Dalí!* Redstone jumped as if scalded.

"Atom Dalí!" Redstone winced.

"What?"

"The five squares of an equilateral cross are equal to the five intersections of Solomon's knot. And Solomon's knot can represent a molecule, that is, one hundred sixty atoms," Redstone blurted out.

"I beg your pardon? What are you talking about, Professor Redstone?" Professor Harper asked in surprise.

"In modern science, some variants of stylized atomic labels, or the orbits of its electrons, are actually variants of Solomon's knot. Hence the name atom in the formula containing a cross made of five squares. Bonnet's vocation as a physics professor betrays him at every step of the formula."

"Who the hell are you talking to?"

"Modern science is related to ancient times, Miss Harper. I am talking about that." His dreamy eyes suddenly cleared.

"The Cross of Cong was made in year eleven twenty-three for the king of the province of Connacht, Turlough Mor O'Connor, who later became the High King of Ireland. He wanted to preserve a relic with it. I wouldn't say that they were familiar with modern science and your stylized orbits at the time!" Isabel let out a forced laugh that sounded like a cough and continued. "The cross was kept for a long time in the county of Roscommon, where the son of Turlough O'Connor and the last High King of Ireland, Roderic O'Connor, died."

“Roscommon! The engraved name at the bottom of the urn! And where is the relic now?”

Harper suddenly slammed the book cover angrily and walked to the shelves. Redstone had no choice but to leave Cambridge immediately and head for Ireland. Obviously, that was the plan of the Adept. What if he was waiting for him right there? He thought as he descended the stairs.

“Professor Redstone! Professor Redstone! I have a package for you. It arrived this morning,” said Harper, appearing above him.

Redstone froze. So, Harper was actually expecting him. He took a step towards her and they found themselves on the same step. Harper handed him a paper bag in which an object was wrapped.

Redstone felt a cold tube on his stomach. It was too late to pull out his gun. He left it in the car. On the other hand, the library was provided with cameras. Harper did her best to cover the tube with a yellow paper bag. She looked at him like a porcelain doll straight in the eye. Redstone knew the question. But he had no answer.

“The solution?” She whispered through her teeth.

Redstone was silent. He was leaning against the railing with his left elbow.

“Don't move and do what I tell you. Remember? He is the master of us all.”

Redstone just nodded.

“By this cross is covered the cross! Another murder is on the line and must be committed.”

Redstone dropped the book over the fence and the loud sound of the book touching the ground floor echoed through the air under the dome. Several students looked up and Redstone walked down the stairs.

Behind him, he heard only the soft growl of a thin female voice.

# Chapter 43



CHARLES BELIEVED THEY WERE SAFE IN BORISOV'S HOUSE. Bonnet handed Anita an audio message to wait for him at his place. According to Anita, Bertrand Bonnet was the head of the Great Five, and Charles hoped that with his arrival he would finally be able to find out who sent him an email with the photo of his father's killer. Now he was sure that this person was Mellon's killer and that he wanted to set him up for murder. After Bonnet explained, he would be able to contact the police.

As they sat at each other's kitchen table, Borisov suddenly got up from his chair.

"This formula has to do with the circle."

"Of course it does!" said Anita. "We already know that a password related to Stonehenge has been nailed down in the formula. The formula was found there."

"It doesn't have to mean it's tied to Stonehenge only."

"What do you mean?"

Borisov unbuttoned his thick sweater and inhaled deeply. He usually did that before his basic lecture *Metaphysics in modern physics* because he had to arm himself with patience, knowing that what he was going to talk about would amaze almost all the students, he had to sharpen himself well with patience. He was ready to repeat the same question.

“Do you know that the mysterious English Stonehenge is actually two and a half times smaller than Arkaim, the Russian Stonehenge?”

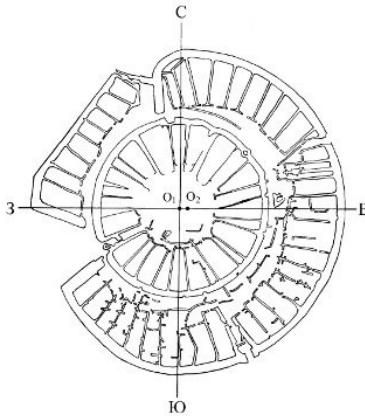
“The Russian Stonehenge?” Charles was surprised.

“All circular buildings were based on the theory of the solar disk. In modern language, theory of the atom!”

“What did I tell you, Charles? It's true!” said Anita.

Borisov approached the engraved, hanging key box and took out a greenish gilded key. He opened a small wooden door under the stairs and revealed several overflowing shelves. Borisov picked up a few plasticized folders and ran his fingers over the colorful stickers before taking out a yellow A3 paper.

“See for yourself.” Borisov put the drawing on the table.



It was a model of the original Arkaim. Again, Clark and Anita saw a clear circular structure with its core in the middle.

“In an atom, everything in it is set up according to Feng Shui,” Borisov said.

“Wait! Are these living rooms?”

“Yes, the rooms are lined up in the direction of the planet's motion.”

“God! Well, this is Enfilade,” Charles said excitedly.

“What does that mean?” Anita asked.

“So there were magical solutions in ancient architecture as well. A row of walk-through rooms arranged one behind the other and connected by a door.”

“And what does that tell us?”

“With the Enfilade solution, the rooms must be arranged on one axis. In a figurative sense, it is a matter of gradation or growth.”

“That's right. Only the one who went through all the rooms could reach the center of Arkaim, where the elder lived.”

“So, if it's an atom, its electrons have a planetary trajectory but also a clear goal.”

“The goal is the realization of desires, which is decided by electrons.”

“What do you mean, Anita?”

“The desires of ordinary people have always depended on their minds. One who passes a certain path gets the right to address the elder. And his wishes depended on the elder's decision.”

“So, the architecture of ancient circular buildings is reflected in the principle of the atom. And the principle of the atom was conceived thanks to our consciousness,” Charles said in disbelief.

“And all this only because of the greatest human vice – desire!” said Anita.

“Charles is right,” Borisov said. “The inhabitants of Arkaim believed in magic. Buried bodies in the position of embryos were found in the excavations. All of them were holding a mountain crystal in their hands. Even then, it was known that the crystal had the ability to connect the body with the cosmos.”

“Or with faith in the Resurrection?”

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Borisov approached the window and peered through the blinds. A drop of sweat slid down his nose and fell on his upper lip. The salty taste instantly chased away the fear. A postman stood in front of the door. He had to think fast.

“It could be Bonnet,” Anita said impatiently.

“I don't think it would be bad to hide.”

As Borisov picked up the letter, Charles and Anita went upstairs.

In the middle of the room stood two dark couches facing each other, resembling two eyebrows. Between them was a long rectangular ash wood table representing the nose, and below that a dark red lip-shaped couch. The furniture arrangement was a copy of Dalí's famous prank in his museum in Figueras, Catalonia.

Anita looked up at the ceiling, and there, above the center of the table, noticed a small cone-shaped glass dome. Daylight was streaming from the very top. The warm touch of the light illuminating her face softened her muscles; the lines of her eyebrows parted to the side, and a faint smile spread over her lips. The wind of doubt improved her mood for a moment.

Only a year ago, when she stepped over Dalí's body buried under a white marble block on the floor of the museum, she tried to comprehend his idea. The tomb under the dome. It had logical connections even with the ancient pyramids but didn't reveal the meaning of the pharaoh idea. Standing on the tomb under the lavish dome, she watched the faces of fascinated people. Many of them didn't even notice that they



had stepped over the body of the artist while walking on the white floor. A geodesic dome with a hemispherical structure, which Dalí called one of the most perfect structures on Earth, was guarding his head. Liveliness, freedom, infinity. That came to mind while looking at the dome. Sixteen plaster sculptures, which Dalí himself declared his protectors, watched over him. They were standing watch under the dome like soldiers, but guarded his body as well. Dalí cared about his extravagant performance of a genius to the very end, followed by eternity.

“We will start the house from the roof,” Dalí had said before the construction of the dome. “All the dome constructions built by young Piñero merge into the bliss of eternal light,” Anita recalled Dalí’s words.

“Everything is clear now!”

“What Anita?”

“Stephen Redstone's Dome and Hourglass.”

“The light coming from the dome is related to life after death, so, it definitely has to do with the Resurrection!” she said aloud, feeling the warmth of Charles’ aura.

He brought his face closer to hers and looked up.

“Or with the illusion of time,” Charles suggested, breathing quietly in the same rhythm with her. The sight of the dome turned them into one being. Charles wetly touched her hand. He took Anita's hand and they both sat on the lip-shaped couch.

“There was an urn!”

“What kind of urn, Charles?” Anita returned to the couch.

“The urn from Redstone’s Library!”

“What?”

“It was standing in father’s study, where he was busy with his scientific research. I often went down to him. It was gilded, adorned with ornaments. We found it somewhere near Stonehenge.”

“Charles! Why are you telling me this now? And why didn't we take it with us?”

“We don't need a theft charge!”

“Finding an urn of archeological significance and then keeping it in the house sounds either like madness or like an action with a very important, secret reason.”

Anita walked thoughtfully to the door when Borisov appeared in front of her.

“Hurry up! Time is running out. You are on TV, Clark.”

BBC news was running on the television mounted on the dining room wall.

*Tonight, the BBC will get a new official media editor-in-chief. Our fellow citizen, Charles Clark, a journalist with fifteen years of experience and one of the most wanted people in the field of journalism after the conference in New York, which was broadcasted on all world television stations.*

Anita promptly approached the window and opened the blinds, expecting to see the man breathing down their necks. There was no one in the yard.

“I think it's time to call the police!” Borisov said suddenly.

“No, we won't call any police until Bonnet explains everything to us.”

Borisov smiled. “I don't think Bonnet will be able to explain to you what is very well hidden from him. Bonnet knows nothing more than us, the other members of the Great Five. For now, our only task is to protect ourselves from the killer.”

“But who is the killer?” Anita asked.

“I should have known about all this earlier!” Charles suddenly joined in the conversation.

“What are you talking about?” Anita asked.

“Before traveling to New York, I received an email with a photo of my father's killer.”

“The photo with Salvador Dalí's mascot you mentioned to me?”

“Also, the Atom Dalí formula was delivered to me. Signed by Adept.”

“What?”

“I'm sorry, but I had no idea it could have anything to do with me at all!”

“Who was your father, Clark?” Borisov asked calmly.

“My father's name was Donald Wilson. He was a physics teacher at Salisbury.”

“Donald Wilson?” Borisov jumped to his feet as if scalded. “Donald Wilson's son didn't survive!”

“Donald Wilson's son is standing before you, and you are the first man I have told this.”

“What!” Anita shouted, crossing her arms. “Your father was Donald Wilson! Why didn't you tell me Charles? That's why Mellon attacked you! Now we are all in danger!”



# Chapter 44



BORISOV SAT BACK IN THE WOODEN CHAIR BY THE TALL, narrow fireplace which he had just lighted a fire. The heat of the hot protective glass hit him in the back of the head like a fiery arrow. He had just learned that Donald Wilson's son was actually alive and that Bonnet might have known that.

“Charles Wilson?” he repeated quietly in disbelief.

“And where is your father?” Anita asked.

“As far as I know, my father died for God's sake!”

“Your father's body was never found, Charles. And it is very possible that he set all this up for us.”

“That's what I was afraid of.”

“I have been in mortal danger since our meeting!” Anita went to the window again.

Borisov was silent. Not only did he hide from Anita that he knew her parents, but now he had to keep quiet about the fact that Charles' father had actually been found and that he lived under the name Bertrand Bonnet.

Charles approached Anita and wanted to take her hand, but she slipped away.

“You have to explain what my father was involved in and what I am involved in now!” Charles said.

“And how did you survive?” Borisov asked.

Charles rolled up his jeans to his knees to reveal his legs. Deep pinkish-white scars with uneven edges protruded provocatively. Anita looked at the unpleasant sight out of the corner of her eye. Trying to hide her pity, she put her hand over her mouth.

“When I walked into the closet, I sat in the corner,” Charles explained vaguely. “The bullets hit only my legs because the killer shot mostly in the middle.”

“The entire department was talking only about Donald! He was a close friend of mine from our student days. Did you grow up in an orphanage?”

“Yes, we were in the same orphanage,” Anita chimed in an offended voice that indicated that she wasn’t enjoying digging through their old wounds.

“What else do you know about the Secret Five from Oxford?” Charles asked.

Borisov was silent for a moment. His eyes spoke volumes.

“The urn you mentioned could be the reason for the murder, Charles,” Borisov said at last. “And it is possible that your father revealed an important secret that did not benefit the Adept and was killed because of it.”

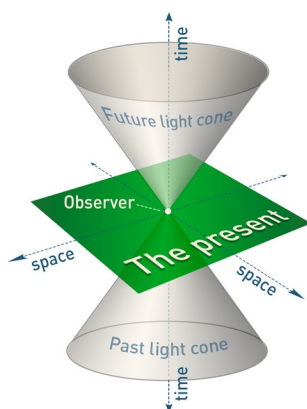
“My father associated the urn with time. He repeated that time is an illusion just like the urn,” Charles replied.

“He was probably thinking of the paradox of time and death.”

“The paradox of time and death?” Anita became interested.

“As time passes, the urn gets older. It is the same with people. The further we go into the future, the older we get. And isn't something old from the distant past instead of from the future? Isn't something ancient from the faraway past instead of from the distant future?”

Borisov rested his index finger on his right cheek and shook his head as if thinking of something inaccessible. Suddenly, he sprang from his chair and went to his study. When he returned a few moments later, he spread an A3 drawing on the table.



“Look carefully! It resembles an hourglass, doesn't it?”

“And what does it actually represent?”

“This is a light cone. Although it's called light, as you can see, it's actually about time.”

Like two men recognizing each other after a long time, Charles and Anita's eyes met. The drawing was crystal clear. And it indicated something that both of them thought. The

hourglasses over the black equilateral cross in Redstone's hall in Cambridge were actually light cones.

"And what does the light cone represent?" Charles asked, remembering the multitude of hourglasses in his father's secret office.

"Man is like an antenna that takes perfectly pure possibilities from the future and turns them into the so-called mess. Everything that happens inside us and around us is overwhelmed by the past, into which we are staring like dreamers," Borisov said.

"And we don't see possibilities that still exist, do we?" Anita replied.

"Many geniuses have tried to find out where the possibilities that we missed in life vanish." Borisov shot a look at Charles.

"I do not understand. Are you saying that failed chances didn't really fail?"

"I'll explain more simply. Imagine that the pieces in a puzzle box are in the right place and form a picture. If we shake the picture, the puzzle will turn into a mess. That is why every idea that comes to a man's mind is ideal until his psyche bothers him and throws the idea in the so-called mess of the past in the wrong way. Then we think the chance is ruined! However, there is a chance that we will make a picture of the puzzle again."

"Are you saying that my consciousness controls the light cone instead of me?" Charles protested adamantly.

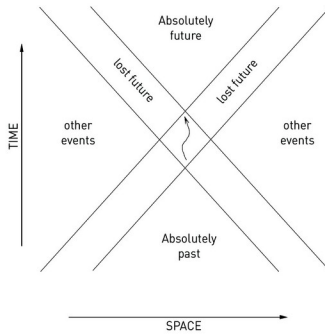
"Our consciousness is controlled by a divine particle, which scientists are trying to explain. Just as the nucleus of an atom is controlled by its electrons."

"Well, this is phenomenal!" Maybe the atom is the God Particle?" said Anita.

Borisov smiled again.



“It's not all that simple. Look at the second drawing. Cone of time in two-dimensional variant.” Borisov pointed at it.



“It shows something that no scientist has ever wanted to reveal to the world. Stephen Hawking didn’t talk about it either, although he explained the light cone very well. Einstein himself kept silent about it!”

“And what did the great scientists keep silent about?” Charles asked.

“The most important thing! How the cone of time concerns man himself and his consciousness! For example, why did God create the cone of time and how does it serve man himself? We have explained a lot with science, but we have not explained why everything was created the way it is? We managed to explain the universe, proved the theory of gravity, relativity, the solar system, black holes, starlight, but we failed to explain the laws by which a living person moves and breathes.”

Excitement and pride echoed in Borisov’s trembling voice. Anita and Charles were the first to whom he had shown that drawing.

“If we draw a light cone in two dimension, it will form a simple X.” He pointed at the two intersected lines in the middle of the drawing. “But if we move this X to the left or the right, we will get two possibilities from the future instead of one!”

“Does that mean there is a chance even when we miss it?” Charles asked.

“That means that at the moment of choice, on which our future depends, we always have the opportunity to make more choices instead of only one as we are used to in ordinary life.”

“Yes, but the chance certainly passes and turns into a mess of the past,” Anita said.

“And those possibilities don’t disappear! They exist forever. These choices are in the place of the eternal present. At the very intersection.” Borisov pointed his finger at the very middle of the drawing again.

“Puzzle box.” Anita muttered to herself. “The picture can be put together endlessly.”

Possibilities are in the eternal present, Clark thought. Winning the Flips & Chips prize, a promotion at work, recognition of his architectural project – all these were possibilities from his former possible future. At the time, he had failed to grasp them by accepting the decision to have only one possible choice at the time of the decision.

Suddenly, he felt needles piercing his lower abdomen. A tremor mixed with confession gripped his insides. His face paled from disbelief.

“The idea of the light cone lies in the Atom Dalí formula?” Anita asked.

“That is exactly what Salvador Dalí painted himself using the method of representing giant atoms. Our consciousness uses the laws of invisible quanta and can act either as a wave or a particle, while our body and mind use the classical laws of atoms and act only as a particle. A reflection

of this idea can be found in Dalí's paintings, such as *Splitting an Atom* from nineteen forty-seven, *Leda Atomica* from nineteen forty-nine, *Maximum Speed of Raphael's Madonna* from nineteen fifty-four, *Portrait of My Dead Brother* from nineteen sixty-three, and many others."

The mobile on the table next to the cone drawing suddenly announced a short audio message. Borisov pressed the small triangle and held the mobile to his ear.

*"Get rid of the guests! You have only three minutes. If you don't do that ... I believe you can guess what will happen!"*  
The audio message ended.

Borisov stood in silence for a few moments. Then he turned pale and almost fell to the floor. Charles jumped and grabbed his forearm.

"Is everything all right, Anton?" Anita asked, pouring him a glass of water.

Borisov couldn't answer. The voice that conveyed the message was well known to him. Silent, motionless and unable to do anything, he thought of Charles and Anita. Will the Adept really kill them? No one would believe them if he told them the truth now, and he would end up behind bars. Still, there was a chance to save them. He had to play cunningly.



# Chapter 45



SUDDENLY, the scientist got up from his chair, lifted the lid on the mantelpiece, and threw the mobile he had been squeezing convulsively in his left hand inside. His eyes were motionless.

Borisov remembered the altar and the darkness. He became aware of the ultimate plot. The cards had opened in their most concrete order.

“Was it Bonnet? When is he coming?” Anita asked, checking the messages on her cell phone. There were none.

“You have to get out of here now!”

“But Bonnet said to wait for him here!”

“You have to run away, Anita!”

Borisov turned toward the wall clock. Time passed faster than he wanted. He crossed himself three times, took the last drawing from the table. With a quick movement, he wrapped it in a roll and put it under his arm. Then he reached for the car keys hanging in a little box on the wall.

There was a knock on the door. Borisov slipped a roll of paper under Anita's arm and pointed to the passage that divided the kitchen and terrace. It was an exit to the park. The two of them took a quiet but quick step toward the passage when another knock sounded. This time it was persistent. The doorknob suddenly began moving up and down. Anita stopped.

“We can't leave him,” she whispered while looking for a place to hide.

The doorknob was moving violently now. Borisov coughed loudly.

“Anton!” They heard a voice followed by a loud bang on the other side. “I know you are there!”

Borisov turned the key once and peered through the sideglass. Charles followed Anita into the pantry at the bottom of the hall.

“What the hell are you doing, Anita?” he asked, choking on the stench. The smell of mold and sour stew was coming from the cobwebby jars. Anita pressed her nose on his coat.

“Don't you want to know who the killer of your parents is?” she said through her nose, barely breathing.

When Borisov opened the door, Stephen Redstone was standing in front of him.

“I have a task for you.” Redstone brazenly skipped the threshold.

Borisov looked around. A light rain was still blurring the view of the road. No trace of anybody. A cat jumped out from under the bench, rubbed its back against Redstone's leg, and went inside.

“Meow, meow ...” Redstone murmured, grinning while shaking off his big black raincoat. His forced smile revealed the hypocrisy he had mastered perfectly. His gaze moved toward the first floor.

As if enchanted, he proceeded step by step. Borisov followed him with his eyes but decided not to go after his guest. Instead, Borisov approached the box with the knives. His eyes moved from the clock to the wooden box with knives. Only two, which he never used, still had that original pure glow. He had never cut meat with them. They weren't designed for soiling. The largest knife had yellowish hardened stains at the base of the handle. Yet, Borisov withstood. He succeeded. He returned the knife in the box and felt the tension in his chest ease. Still, the anticipation continued. He heard Redstone's footsteps on the stairs again.

"No more knights and Vikings fighting for their tradition," he said, entering the dining room. For many years, participation in the Great Five was their only bond. Their past was a poorly erased graphic of mistakes they decided not to mention.

"I have been waiting for this thirty years."

"Charles Clark?" Borisov spoke loudly so that Anita and Charles could hear him clearly.

"Do you think Charles Clark is connected to the Adept?"

"Everything is a set-up! Charles Clark is working with him." Redstone rounded the table like a Sicilian boss instead of a cultural professor from Cambridge. He took a toothpick from the crystal bowl with sugar cubes and put it between his teeth.

"Do you think that everything that happened in Clark's personal life is also a set-up?" Borisov asked.

As his pupils flickered left to right, Redstone took the two priceless objects out of his bag. He unwrapped the rustling yellow paper and pulled out the bracelet made from a mammoth's tusk. In front of them there were two things, thanks to the meander ornament, connected in a period of fifteen thousand years. The swastika and Solomon's knot represent scientific knowledge. Symbols hiding the secrets of the world.

Borisov looked at the two artifacts as if they were ordinary things.

“What is in Ireland? You and Bonnet have more knowledge of the world heritage sites than any of us.” Redstone raised his voice.

Borisov approached the table, took the bracelet and placed it on the very top of the urn.

“Put the bracelet down!”

“Actually, it's a sun cover.”

“What?” Redstone frowned. How he hadn't tried to do that before. The hoop fit perfectly into the narrow passage. But the lid was still hollow.

“Our whole life depends on the sun. And it can't go out. However, the secret of the Resurrection is impossible to unveil!”

“Ah, so physical evidence does exist! And it is somewhere in Ireland!” Redstone's laughter echoed throughout the house. “The problem is that we have the formula that we have started, Anton. And our Charles Clark, my good old Anton, knows everything about it.”

Redstone pointedly stared at the drawing of the light cone and the three teacups.

“Death will soon come for all of us.”

“Traitor! Mellon was killed because of you!” Redstone shouted.

At that moment, Charles jumped out of the pantry. Just one moment was enough to realize that his father was Redstone's main target. He glanced at the urn.

Suddenly he wanted to protect his late father, but he himself did not know whether his father was actually innocent? The urn that sent him signals from the past represented his recollections of his family, of his childhood. The urn became their family treasure and, hence, something he would fight for to the last breath. The shivering in his throat became stronger.



“I admire you, Redstone,” Charles said, clenching his fists. “Your discovery will save the world, but not you. If anyone here is a killer, then it is you!”

In the blink of an eye, Redstone pulled his gun from the back of his jeans and aimed it at Borisov. Charles raised his hands.

“Why are you doing this, Stephen?” Borisov asked.

“A man realizes the importance of something only when he comprehends the results it could bring him. In our case, we have caught a rabbit, didn’t we?” Redstone looked at Charles ironically.

“I already told you, Stephen. You have no idea what you are getting yourself into. Neither science nor the church will allow you to prove what you want!”

At that moment, a floorboard creaked in the hallway. Redstone’s eyes glazed over again.

“Dalí himself said that he had to find a way to become a multimillionaire as soon as possible. Then every profession will lose all meaning! Isn’t that so, Anita? Why are you hiding?” He grinned like a clown.

Anita came out of the hallway. Redstone turned the gun on her. Borisov jumped on Redstone from behind and grabbed him by the throat. The two men swayed like two motionless bulls and fell sideways on the table.

The urn was next to Borisov’s forehead. It was all he saw before his eyes. Its enamel surface obscured the entire room. If only he could reach for the knife. The cold muzzle pressed against the back of his head, making him freeze. With a short, heavy motion, he managed to turn his face to the left since Redstone’s sweaty fist was holding it down. They stared into each other’s eyes for a few moments. The struggle for existence was all that had bonded them. The sound of the door slamming broke the silence, but Redstone didn’t move. Anita grabbed the keys from Redstone’s raincoat and they both ran outside.

They ran up the gentle green slope and came to the small bridge. A red Evoque was hidden behind the bushy plants. A brief light flashed before their eyes.

“The car unlocked itself!” Anita grabbed the handle, and the door opened.

Anita jumped behind the wheel and pressed the *Engine* button. The rescuing sound of the engine chimed.

Anita pulled a J-turn and headed down the narrow street toward the roundabout. After only ten seconds, they saw two police cars. Behind them was a small blue sports two-seater.

However, Charles was interested in something else. He opened the paper roll Borisov had given to them. It read:

*Royal Observatory! The text is in the archives.*

# Chapter 46



HOLDING THE GUN POINTED AT BORISOV'S HEAD, Redstone ordered him to sit in a chair.

“A punishment for betrayal must hurt, Anton. I will find out the solution before you!”

Redstone approached the kitchen and opened the top two kitchen drawers and saw precisely what he needed. First, he tied Borisov's hands and then wrapped the rope around the chair.

“You are going to die soon anyway,” Borisov said, already pretty calm. The heat inside of him had already diminished. He could see the box of knives in front of him again. The maddening thought of that disgusting dirty thing kept swirling in his mind.

Redstone silently cut a stripe of wide duct tape with his teeth and taped it over Borisov's mouth.

“These two objects are a threat, Anton! They are life-threatening! And for what? Because of that damn Bonnet and

something he was skillfully hiding from us! The reason for founding the Great Five had multiple purposes, didn't it?"

Borisov thought that it was actually good that he couldn't say anything while Redstone rummaged through the drawers. Then he left the kitchen and returned several times. He searched through Borisov's study and took several of Salvador Dalí's drawings marked with additional lines. A forced smile suddenly lit up his face. He was holding letters that had an identical shape, color, and stamp.

"I have always loved paper letters," he said, arranging them on the table. All of them had the same sender's address. UNESCO. Pale seal and nothing more. The printed dates were several months apart. Following Redstone's hungry gaze, Borisov began squirming against the ropes and muttering under his breath.

"Anita and Clark got the exact coordinates of the goal, didn't they, Anton?" Redstone was toying with him, slowly getting ready for the big moment. Any minute now, he will reveal Bonnet's secrets. Redstone was sure that the letters were from him.

They were full of encrypted riddles and incomprehensible astronomical schemes, which he saw for the first time in his life. Ignoring Borisov's silly movements, he read aloud:

Royal Observatory Greenwich, London.

He quickly opened a few more letters. The same signature was at the bottom of each one.

Borisov was now mumbling even louder into the tape and tapping his feet on the floor. Redstone looked at the clock. Only a few minutes had passed since Anita and Clark escaped. Maybe he'd make it before they did. His plan was failing slowly, but Redstone couldn't allow the Adept to get his hands on Bonnet's son first. Bonnet was the chief safe in which the

secret was kept. There is no place better than your own head for hiding a secret. And Bonnet trusted only himself and his son. Bonnet even left Borisov stranded, Redstone thought, taking a dirty knife. Redstone put his items and a few letters in his bag and then stared at his old friend. He saw damn hateful compassion in Borisov's eyes.

Detective Collins was leaning in his comfortable low seat and his gaze only as high as the hood. Through the rain resembling dust, which his faulty creaking wipers cleared with difficulty, he could not determine if the windows were guarded. The first patrol he sent that morning did not find Borisov on the spot. However, Borisov's car was parked in front of the house, and even now, he had a search warrant with him.

He waited about ten minutes before ordering the police to surround the house silently. Collins sneaked up from behind. He noticed muddy traces of men's shoes on the doormat in front of the open garden door. In silence, he pulled out his pistol and peered down the hall. The handle on the main front door lowered softly, and Collins aimed his gun at the muzzle that protruded silently. It was one of the policemen. Collins pointed to the first floor and took two steps down the hallway. The stench of moldy stew coming from the open pantry slowed his breathing. Suddenly he heard a short, thin sound. A waterdrop! Collins pricked his ears, turning toward the kitchen. He looked like a small dog on a difficult hunting mission.

A waterdrop fell again. But it wasn't a waterdrop. It was a drop of Borisov's blood that was running in a small stream from the corner of his lips and finally deciding to fly through the air, separating from the other drops. They splashed into a little puddle like drops of summer rain. His head was hanging to the right, and his gaze was fixed on the wall. His face looked fresh for a dead man. His hand was still gripping an irregular shaped lump of red ocher chalk. On the table next to him was a drawing of a light cone. And on the wall was a drawn symbol that was again remarkably reminiscent of a swastika.

However, the main reason for Collins' headache was something that he could see from the passage in front of the dining room. Someone had written the Atom Dalí formula under the words. The wall read:

*On it the creator of the world suffered!*

On it the creator of the world suffered! By this cross is covered the cross! He remembered the message in New York.

"Oh my God! What is all this supposed to mean?" said one of the police officers.

"Everything happened very fast," he whispered, motioning for his colleague not to move. He glanced at the rope with which Borisov was tied. It had two knots. *Borisov managed to untie himself before the killer tied him up again*, he thought to himself.

"Everything is clear!" came the voice of a policeman from the first floor.

"Damn it!" Collins had hoped to find at least one living person in the house.

He started toward the front door when a cat ran past him. A cold glacier pierced his heart. The cat's white snout was stained with blood. It was the thousandth time he had found himself in front of a similar scene, but he had never experienced a crime so personally. The detective pulled out his mobile and dialed a number.

After a few moments, he heard a serious male voice. Collins' expression revealed that the man had a strong influence on him.

"Everything is as you said." Collins started.

"Another murder?"

"Yes! I suspect Stephen Redstone ..." Collins refrained from telling him about his fingerprints on the glasses found at a house in Salisbury. However, the chief investigator had just confirmed to him that no member of the Great Five was in New

York at the time of the murder of Julian Mellon. And that gave him an extra headache.

“Remember, Anita Ruiz must not be shot at,” an English-Spanish accent said from the other side.

“Everything is going according to plan!”

After a few seconds, the mobile made a dull sound. *No signal. Battery low.*

*Damn!*

Collins went to the window and stared at the bridge where he had parked his car. In his mind, he was returning to that rainy day in New York at the scene of the murder of Julian Mellon. The cross of the sword with which he was killed had a swastika symbol. Collins recalled his research of the Secret Five case in Oxford.

As he talked to himself, he realized he was at a loss. This case needed the help of many historians and analysts, but he didn't have time. The Great Five was involved in the darkest secrets of humanity, and he was trying to unveil them. Collins had to be very careful. Otherwise, he could be the one to end up behind bars.

“Search the whole place! The murderer must be very close! He couldn't get far!”

An image of fresh tire tracks in the mud, which he noticed the moment he got out of his car, flashed before his eyes. Collins ran to his coupe.

While slowly approaching the bus stop through the bare branches of the grove, he saw a well-known silhouette. Stephen Redstone was calmly waiting for the bus.

It was obvious that Redstone was only pretending to be calm even before Collins saw the smile on his handsome face.

“Detective Collins?” Redstone said when he saw the gun in his hand.

“Get in!” Collins threw handcuffs on the seat. “Before you put these on, hand over what you have in that bag!”

Redstone complied. The two mysterious objects landed on Collins' lap.

“It's good that you came, Collins!”

“You don't respect the ban! That won't help you in court! Shut up and give me your gun!” He pointed the gun at the professor's temple.

Once again, Redstone obeyed, then tied his hands himself to the doorknob.



# Chapter 47



THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY, the first astronomical organization in Great Britain, was built in 1675 by the order of King Charles II, to determine the basic coordinates for the mariners. It was located in Greenwich Park, SE10 9 NF, near the Thames bank, and the first royal astronomer John Flamsteed worked there. After many years of competing with the Paris Observatory, the English Observatory became a center for measuring time. The prime Greenwich meridian passes through the observatory, where the longitude to the east and west is calculated. Greenwich eventually became part of central London, and the observatory was relocated to Herstmonceux Castle in 1953 because of light pollution. The old Greenwich Observatory building was converted into a museum, where Stephen Redstone's stolen *Evoque* had just parked.

"If only we could hear the news from Wheatley," Anita said, leaving the car keys on the seat before slamming the door.

"The fact that I failed to get my hands on the family urn doesn't worry me as much as what awaits us."

“We have a few minutes,” Anita said, turning her face away from the camera over the parking lot.

Anita entered first. She was holding her VIP member of the National Trust card. He pulled her through an electronic ramp.

Had the system already leaked information? The red signal did not light up.

“We are still under protection, Charles.”

“Aren't the police chasing us yet?”

“It seems that this game is not only interesting to the Great Five.”

The curator of the museum, who was reading a book in the corner of the ticket office, suddenly got up. Slightly leaning forward in tight plaid pants held with suspenders that seemed too tightly fastened, he motioned them to follow him. As he walked with a somewhat feminine gait, the man was still looking at the open book that he carried like a tray with boiled eggs.

“There you can see the famous Shepherd Gate Clock, one of the first electric clocks,” the curator said, turning to them. “And the museum recently got a monument dedicated to the first astronaut in the world, Yuri Gagarin,” he pointed at the small garden but didn't give them time to enjoy the sight.

They entered the beautiful red-brick building topped by a mystical sphere.

“To help people set the correct time on their watches, the royal astronomer John Pond placed the Time Ball over the observatory in eighteen thirty-three. Even today, it drops every day at exactly one o'clock in the afternoon,” the curator continued.

*The place where human consciousness directs the measurement of time,* Charles thought. He had lived in London for so many years and had never visited the Greenwich Museum before.

“This is maybe one of the most significant buildings man has built,” Anita said. Her face looked even fresher because of the thrill she was feeling.

“In front of you, you can see John Harrison’s H4 chronometer, which belongs to the Ministry of Defense of the United Kingdom just like its three predecessors,” the curator continued as the three of them passed through the museum halls with showcases full of astronomical navigation devices.

The entire history of time-measuring devices in marine navigation and telescopes for observing the stars illuminated their opinions of the first scientists who changed the world.

“The mid-twentieth-century astronomical clock by Soviet scientist Fedchenko is the most accurate pendulum clock in the world.”

Charles stopped in front of the clock. The sound of the pendulum seemed to turn into words. The power of the eternal present! He remembered Borisov’s words. Heeding Anita’s reaction, who was now silent as a bird following the curator and staring at the observatory’s dome, Charles concluded: Another dome, the most significant one he had seen in the last few days, loomed over him as if engulfing them in a microworld, while they stood in the laboratory of time. A picture of Salvador Dalí, which he noticed in a brochure on the plane, flashed through his mind. It had the same meaning that he was feeling right now. *The sacrament of the last supper 1955*. The Last Supper under the glass dome of Surrealism.

In Surrealism, time does not exist, he thought, stopping next to Anita who was watching the dome. The fourth dimension was eternity under the dome of time. Outside the museum walls was the real, cruel world in which all the filth of the unconscious human urges to rule lay. Modern animal chaos reigned at the imperial level. Who is first, who is better! Everyone wanted to live like a king, but not everyone knew that it was not enough to be a king to achieve that.

“When you look at the stars, you are actually looking at their trace from the past. Many of them don’t really exist. Even

the creators of the first, ancient observatory on Earth knew that,” said Charles.

“Charles, what's that supposed to mean?”

“These are the words of Donald Wilson. My father told me about it while we were looking at the constellation of Orion.”

“The archive with the files isn't here,” Anita whispered in his ear.

The sound of coughing intruded on their quiet conversation. In the corner of the Octagon Room, one of the few interiors designed by Christopher Wren, Anita saw an old man sitting on a small wooden chair. She almost fainted from surprise when she realized who was in front of them.

It was the old man from the bus to Oxford. A priest from a “dead” church.

*But how did he manage to get there before us?*

He was wearing the same hat and big brown coat, which was now buttoned to his throat. The man was still grinding a few coffee beans in his hand. Anita wanted to get closer to him when they heard the voice of the museum curator behind them.

“This is astrophysics professor Pablo Cortez. A former UNESCO associate. World Heritage Center. The professor with decades of experience,” the museum curator said quietly so the old man couldn't hear him.

“Professor? Are you sure?”

“I'm absolutely sure.”

“Is the professor your associate?” Anita asked.

“Cortez is too old to participate in cultural activities as he did before, but he still likes to spend time here. They say that he surrendered to God to interpret the universe more clearly,” the curator laughed cynically.

“The order is usually reversed.” Anita commented, causing the curator to darken for a moment.

At that moment, the old man rose abruptly. He approached as if to introduce himself. However, instead of offering his hand, he nodded slightly and stopped his thoughtful gaze behind them. Anita and Charles followed his gaze. A fantastic sight rose above them. Big portraits of King Charles II and James Duke of York were hanging in a perfectly lit spot.

“This is the room where England’s first astronomer, John Flamsteed, worked,” the old man said, then asked. “Did Borisov send you here? I hear that you are talking about an archive?”

The old priest-scientist is Borisov’s archive! Charles thought.

Anita nodded. The curator rubbed his ear with his right index finger and demonstratively started towards the exit, trying to humiliate Cortez.

“Borisov is one of the great minds of Oxford University!” Cortez turned cheerfully, leaning on the heel of his right foot. “He was delighted with Nikola Tesla’s belief that the pyramids and many ancient sanctuaries actually have the purpose of generating atmospheric electricity, i.e., divine currents.”

“Does the name Atom Dalí mean anything to you?” Anita asked in a low voice.

Without a word, the old man unbuttoned a few buttons on his brown coat as if it suddenly started choking him. The white collar on a dark background glowed like a cool LED lamp again. He straightened his shoulders, returned to the small chair in the corner, and picked up his ragged bag. For a few moments, he just stood in a position like emptying himself in the men’s restroom. After standing in the position of releasing himself in the toilet, he finally turned to them.

“Borisov did the right thing by sending you to me. Come with me.”



# Chapter 48



DRIVING IN AN OLD SPORTS CAR, JUST LIKE MOST ENGLISHMEN, was a pleasure ritual for Collins. The drive from work to home with that divine, old-fashioned sound. Collins was waiting in vain for that free Friday night for ten days now. But now, he felt a rush of joy. Next to him sat the prime suspect in the murders. Stephen Redstone.

When he noticed the first widening at the end of the road, Collins drove straight to it and stopped the car. A police vehicle stopped behind him.

“I want your arrest to be public and spectacular! It will bring me glory.” Collins spoke a little silly. “CASE RESOLVED AFTER THIRTY YEARS! Can you just imagine? So, you will do as I tell you. Before I take you to the police station, you will reveal the secret of the Wilsons!” he said, staring at the magical objects lurking to throw him on the path of glory.

Redstone replied with silence. Sitting next to the little rat, as he characterized him during their first meeting in Cambridge, he didn’t feel the desire to cooperate.

“Do all detectives act equally stupidly?” Redstone asked with a dose of irony in his voice.

“Donald Wilson’s body was never found! He is still alive!” Hypnotized by the orbits of a bottle fly, he couldn’t stop his thoughts, which were announcing a new migraine.

Redstone was wisely silent.

“We will reach the police station soon. But! This day would remain boring, leaving me with nothing more than bloody words if I took you to the station right away.”

“What words?”

“You have finished him off well, Redstone.”

Redstone’s expression turned serious for a moment. He wasn’t expecting to hear that from Detective Collins. His forehead and upper lip were suddenly wet like a soaked greasy sponge. The fog was getting darker. The murder was already committed.

“Donald Wilson’s son isn’t dead,” he said dryly, staring into space. “Charles Clark, who is on the run with Anita Ruiz, is Charles Wilson from the framed photograph that I guess you saw at the Wilson house. Anita Ruiz is the daughter of Ruiz who was burned in the fire on the night of the Wilson murder! They were Borisov’s guests. So, they killed him!”

In disbelief, Collins typed *Charles Clark and Charles Wilson*. Then he moved the cursor to the compare icon. *Identity established. 78.9% common features*. It was enough to get a 51% agreement for a founded suspicion. Still, Collins didn’t want to believe him. He didn’t want to admit one of his biggest mistakes. Collins gave Redstone a glassy look.

“The Merlon Orphanage,” Redstone answered his wordless question. “That is where Charles Clark and Anita Ruiz grew up.”

“So we’re going to Merlon Orphanage!”



Detective Collins stopped his loud four-wheeled pet in front of a huge wooden door built into the mighty sand-colored stone walls. The Merlon School, which was located near north-east London, looked more like a former church than an orphanage. The school consisted of three buildings. The main church of both the south and west wings.

“The orphanage was closed about twenty years ago,” a plump woman explained. She obviously wanted to close the door to this stiff little man as soon as possible.

“I only want to take a look at the archives.” Collins pulled out his badge.

The plump woman with a hairy upper lip area frowned and loudly blew air through her nostrils.

“The archive is preserved,” she replied, lifting her nose slightly. The woman took a cluster of keys from the keyhole on the wall and exited the building.

As if angry at one another, they walked one behind the other while passing a large bare oak tree and entering a small building with tall stained-glass windows.

Passing through dark, cold corridors, the woman and Collins came to a room with a single wooden bench.

“Wait here,” the woman said, coughing.

Soon, he heard the door of a distant room closing. The woman reappeared. She was carrying a dusty leather folder. With her bare palm, she wiped the cobweb from the leather and threw it on the wooden bench in front of Collins. The light streaming from a small tall window wasn't bright enough. Collins moved closer to the window and opened the stitched lists of papers of various tones of dirty yellow.

Collins found the name Charles Clark between two faded color photographs. One dated from the day he first came to the orphanage and the other from the day he left it. It was the boy from the frame!

“There must be something more!” he said aloud while the stock-still woman watched him silently.

He turned another page and saw black-and-white photographs of Charles' parents. Collins pulled his tablet out of his bag and reopened the photos of the members of the Great Five. The face of their founder, Bertrand Bonnet, hidden behind longish sparse white hair, a beard, and thin eyeglasses, was remarkably similar to Donald Wilson's face. The light blue round eyes had hardly changed!

Collins jumped from his chair as if scalded.

Meanwhile, Stephen Redstone was trying to enter the menu of the smartwatch on his left wrist with the fingers of his right hand. The pain from the handcuffs on his right wrist was unbearable. But after the tenth attempt, he managed to press the right spot on the touch screen. A flashing sign appeared on the screen.

“Find your car! Find your car!”

GREENWICH PARK, SE10 9 NF. LONDON.

# Chapter 49



AS ANITA AND CHARLES WALKED SILENTLY DOWN STOCKWELL STREET, old Cortez stopped abruptly and motioned to the entrance of an old two-story house that stood like a historical dessert-sandwich between two small modern hotels. Such pictures were typical in many parts of London.

The house had countless small rooms whose doors made uneven rows in the confined corridors. Narrow wooden stairs led to the first and second floor, where a man taller than a meter and a half had to bend his head in some parts.

When they reached the third door at the end of the second-floor hallway, Cortez ushered them into the room. Cortez led them to the room. They found themselves in a maroon-colored room with a huge wooden table in the middle of a worn-out colorful carpet and a plush red armchair cluttered with books. Among small antique items on the shelves, on the table, and in corners on the floor, stood countless open well-worn books, several globes with different purposes, and several sculptures reminiscent of the surrealist. The walls reminded of aristocratic libraries in the homes of educated nobles since

the Renaissance paintings of naked angels of Raphael himself had a hard time fitting between the bookshelves.

Cortez approached the wall where the board hung. Formulas were written in chalk on it. He took the paper with the written formula from Anita's hand and crossed it out with chalk on the board.

"It has been scientifically proven that one day on Venus lasts 224.7 Earth days, more precisely, more than seven months. Which means, that our understanding of time is just a much-needed illusion," said Cortez carelessly, sitting across the paper in a soft armchair.

"Man has learned to measure time, but not to be in it," said Anita, turning one of the globes with her finger.

"Time is like water. If there are no borders, it spreads equally in all directions. Take a look at this drawing." Cortez opened a drawer on one of the shelves and took out a key. He approached the left side of one of the "library walls" and inserted the key into the lamp. A beam of light illuminated the board. Drawn with fluorescent chalk that had been invisible until that moment, a completely different drawing now appeared on it.

Anita and Charles moved closer. It was a project that looked like the solar system. It was marked by some strange forms and rebuses.

"Surrealism is the realism which we can't see with the naked eye," said Cortez. "And that knowledge is probably indicated in the Atom Dalí formula. Everything is simple. Atom means science, and Dalí means Surrealism."

Cortez stared thoughtfully at his masterpiece like Basil at his beloved portrait of Dorian Gray.

"But if we consider the symbols in the formula, we get a time span of thousands of years," Anita said. "Salvador Dalí may have only expressed what should not have been expressed earlier. Hence the name of the formula."

“What does this project really represent?” Charles asked.

“This is the so-called system of our consciousness, represented in the fourth dimension. About four million kilograms of mass in the core of the Sun is converted into energy every second. If only one drop of the Sun's matter fell to Earth, it would react like one of the strongest bombs ever dropped on Earth. But if only one percent of the power of the sun's light fell, there would be an ice age on Earth.”

“And how do you explain the connection between our consciousness and the solar system?” Charles asked.

“If we looked at the world in a two-dimensional sphere, we would see man as a stickman. However, we see in three dimensions that denote length, width, and depth. XYZ. Have you ever seen consciousness, Anita? You have not! Can you travel to the past in your consciousness? You can! Can you be a king or a beggar in your consciousness? You can! Can you imagine the future? You can! Thus, consciousness, which is an integral part of the human organism, actually resides in the fourth dimension, which doesn't have the same laws as the real world – the world of three dimensions.”

“The quantum world,” Anita said.

“Celestial stream! Divine breath! God Particle! Call it whatever you want. But, in the quantum world, the future and the past blur into one. All the possibilities you want exist in the quantum world.”

“So, in the fourth dimension, the signs in the formula can be symbols of certain things that look different in our real world?” Charles asked.

“Take the knot of Solomon, for example. If you imagine Solomon's knot in our ordinary three-dimensional world, lift it, and then turn on the light above it, its shadow will represent exactly this cross from your formula. The cross signifies your subconscious, my dear children. The shadow of many real-world objects. That is where you need to look for the meaning of the formula!”

Cortez closed the board and returned to the table. He took a large, thick, hand-sewn book from his scruffy bag that looked older than Cortez himself. Anita took a step closer. On the front, she saw the title *Observatory*. Ignoring Anita's curious gaze, Cortez quickly turned twenty or so rustling pages. He came across a sewn thin leather map, unfolded it, and spread the paper with four creases over a third of the table. The small house on Stockwell Street was slowly turning into an institute of knowledge. Charles approached and stood beside Anita. The map revealed drawn constellations, schemes of ancient circular buildings with certain addresses more or less spread over the black-and-white European continent. However, of all the buildings, the English Stonehenge and the Egyptian pyramids of Cheops, Khafre, and Menkaure stood out. Countless arrows, diagrams, formulas, and small cones of time covered the map.

"The ancient Greeks used to say that everything was made up of atoms," Cortez said in a tone as if narrating a fairytale. His voice was hushed as if afraid that someone on the other side of the wall would hear him. "But before Leucippus and Democritus, there was the God Atum."

The spark in Anita's eyes seemed to light up the entire room. It was a sign that they were on the right track.

"Many thousands of years before the new era, people knew that they were made of stellar matter and that everything that exists is made of atoms," Cortez continued as if delivering a mysterious lecture in a packed amphitheater of Oxford's most beautiful college.

"Is God made of atoms, too?" Clark asked abruptly.

Cortez understood his message.

"Stones, men, trees, we are all matter of stars. One of the best modern physicists, Stephen Hawking, confirmed and proved that. And I will now explain whether God is also star matter." Cortez closed the book loudly and threw it on the table.

Anita and Charles were motionless as if they were afraid that Cortez's thoughts would disappear if they moved.

“In thousands of years, almost nothing has changed,” Cortez said. “The Greek philosopher Heraclitus claimed that the principle of everything is *fire*. However, if we replace the word *fire* with the word *energy*, we will get the law of quantum physics, our latest modern science. Some people are familiar with the secret process of human reproduction that has gone beyond the classical medical explanation, but the process that occurs after death is still unknown,” Cortez continued. “And that is what every man on this planet fears!”

“Wait, wait! What is this secret process?” Anita asked, following the movements of his hands.

“Experiments in modern science have proven many times that the collision of the smallest particles of atoms is the only process in which such particles can reproduce. Thus, new nuclei of atoms are formed precisely because of the collision of their energies. Because of the conversion of energy into matter, their elementary particles are of the same kind.”

“Dear God! You are talking about the process of the soul entering the body of the embryo!” Anita was blossoming with excitement.

“That is precisely what I am talking about! By that process, God proves the unification of matter and energy into one. The collision of bodies creates the body, and the collision of energies of consciousness creates the soul. An embryo with a soul.”

Just like Charles, Cortez made a few steps.

“For many years, scientists thought that cells couldn’t have individuality. Today, it has been proven that every cell in the body is actually a whole organism capable of making decisions. Theoretically, the atoms remember emotions! This was proved by the discovery of quantum physics or the microworld.”

“Unbelievable!” Anita said loudly.

“They came for us!” Charles said suddenly, standing by the window.

Anita and Cortez also approached the window. A small blue two-seater had just been parked in the corner. Two police cars were parked behind him.

“Is there another way out? We have to run!” said Anita.

“But it’s the police! They can help you!” Cortez said.

“Is there a way for us to escape unnoticed?” Charles asked, taking Anita’s hand.



# Chapter 50



WHEN COLLINS APPROACHED CORTEZ'S HOUSE, the door was unlocked. He walked down in the narrow hallway, peering into rooms with open doors. At the bottom of the hall, he noticed a door leading to the yard. It was ajar. Cortez had just left. Collins ran up the narrow stairs to the first floor. The first three doors were locked. He entered the last. It was Cortez's bedroom with white lime walls. A cross was hanging on the wall above an unmade bed. A large closet was in the right corner. Collins opened it. The sight surprised him. Several priest's robes were hanging tidily.

Collins returned downstairs and opened the last door in the hallway. It was a maroon-colored room. He glanced at the multitude of scattered strange objects, dusty books, teacups, globes, and countless scattered drawings. He began to search Cortez's books and writings. Countless formulas, vague drawings, words he couldn't understand. He approached the small table in the corner. A small board hung on the wall. The English alphabet was written in chalk on it. In the second line below it, it was also written, but by three letters it was drawn to the left. Cryptography by Julius Caesar, Collins thought. It was the most classic and the first principle of encrypting secret

messages invented by Julius Caesar in the first century BC. The basis of criminal codes lay in the first simplest way of encryption.

Collins opened the book lying on the table. It was full of handwritten encrypted texts.

A scientist in a cassock. Collins slowly submitted to suspicion. Thule Island, the north of Britain, the religion of the ancient peoples, the Aryan gene, he recalled Professor Cortez's words. Ancient religion ... Collins jumped like a scald. He tore out a blank piece of paper and wrote the mystical letters that Donald Wilson had carved into the stone on the gate of Parliament. D-W-R-P. He then found on the board each letter a corresponding letter from the second row of the indented alphabet. Donald Wilson didn't actually engrave his initials. It was the word A-T-O-M.

Direct proof that Donald Wilson is actually alive. It was he who initiated the case with the Atom Dalí formula.

Pleasure turned into loud laughter. He finally understood the reason for Wilson's chosen crime scene. The scientist didn't want to warn the authorities nor save the people. Only the Lords Spiritual of the Parliament, the spiritual leaders of the kingdom, could interpret the great secret he planned to reveal. Wilson targeted the House of Lords to warn them that their secret was in danger. The carving of secret codes in stone is generally known throughout the great spiritual history of the British Isles.

He pulled out his mobile and dialed a number. A male voice answered.

"Professor, I need your help!" Collins said, hiding the fact where he was.

"I have heard of the killings. What happened?"

"On it the creator of the world suffered! By this cross is covered the cross! If the killer is following the Great Five, Bertrand Bonnet and Anita Ruiz are next."

“Anita Ruiz and Charles Clark were at my house a little while ago,” Cortez replied. “I believe they are the ones who can help you. It seems that you are on the same path.” Collins was relieved to hear the breathless male voice.

“I believed they were innocent. Where could they go?” Collins asked.

“Humanity has survived because God instilled powerful faith that He exists into people’s hearts.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“That’s the explanation for your question. On it the creator of the world suffered! By this cross is covered the cross! Victims always follow the plans of their faith. Where they can find salvation.” He smiled good-naturedly.

“It is logical that this is some ancient cross.”

“An ancient cross!” Collins said aloud, dropping the receiver.

He had no idea where that might be.



# Chapter 51



IT WAS ALREADY EARLY EVENING WHEN ANITA AND CHARLES GOT OFF THE BUS AT ELGIN CRESCENT, Notting Hill, London. Breaking the silence of the semicircular street flanked by three-story white houses and parked luxurious sports cars, they walked briskly one after the other. Although the thought of finding their parents' killer increasingly occupied his mind, he was further hindered by Anita's ecstatic gait. Anita looked even more attractive in his bomber jacket. He no longer knew if he was doing the right thing, if Ethan was right and if his father was innocent! But what he felt for the first time in so many years made him follow Anita like a drunk. Material desires were realized. But it was only now that Charles realized that his last wish was actually stronger than all the previous ones that had suddenly lost all meaning. If everything Borisov and Cortez said about the human being was true, then in this life only love could make sense.

Anita stopped in front of a splendid white house with tall, protruding, angular windows bordered with freshly painted flat beige facades.

They entered the extravagantly designed house. The faint scent of chlorine drifted from a narrow decorative pool

that formed a semicircle around a high stone pillar spilling pink-lit water. Anita approached the bar behind the pool. She put a few ice cubes, gin, iced blueberries, and fresh mint leaves in the blender. After making a smoothie, she kicked off her high-heeled shoes and crossed the soft white carpet.

“This will make us feel a little better,” she said, pushing the coat from his aching shoulder. The bandage was dry.

“I could think that you know the way the formula works.”

“My ex-husband left me all this.” She took off his bomber jacket and threw it on the couch.

As if she didn't care about the house they were in, Anita massaged her feet on the soft Persian rug. Then, as she had recently done in Charles' house, she locked the door and drew all the blinds on the ground floor. Finally, she lit a few candles that lined all the corners of the dining room, divided by the bar from the lush living room furnished in black and white.

“This apartment is a gift from my ex-husband too.”

She was twenty-two when he found her on the streets of Figueras. Without money and a residence permit in Catalonia, she wandered the streets holding a paper map in her hand. It has been three days since she arrived in Catalonia. It was a warm summer night. She was standing on the corner of the street where the old liquor store was. It was actually a wooden dilapidated barrack with two floors, the ground floor of which was turned into a street cafe.

“Hey! The store has not been open for more than five years. It will be demolished soon.”

Confused, Anita looked back. On the motorcycle sat a handsome young man who spoke Spanish. White shirt, dark jeans, black leather sandals. He held the helmet in his hand. He brought the motorcycle closer and smoothed his hair back. Big dark eyes, blackened skin and a white smile. He reminded her of a photograph of her father she had recently seen in the orphanage's archives.

“I’m looking for my parents’ house,” she replied in Spanish.

The young man came very close. The white linen dress expressed her firm breasts. The hot wind drove her black shiny hair towards his side. He moved closer to her and took the map from her hand.

“Well, you’re standing right there. Isn’t this old house your parents’ house?” The young man kept a serious expression on his face, even though Anita seemed to be laughing.

That evening, their love began. What they found in her parents’ house changed their lives forever. Yet what brought them together, ultimately separated them.

Charles leaned back on the couch. Anita’s words sounded convincing, but it also irritated him a little. He recalled the time when Anita graduated from college. Just then he was in love with her, and she was already someone’s bride. He felt hungry. The gin was warming his throat. The pleasant weakness caused by the small dose of alcohol finally spread through his legs all the way to his heels.

“Charles! Where have you wandered!” a blow to the glass table brought him back from his thoughts.

Anita threw a book entitled, *Opticks* by Isaac Newton, in front of him.

“Theory of color?”

“Maybe you are right.”

“About what?”

“There is something in the symbolism of black and white in the formula. In the Middle Ages, it was impossible to imagine that you can make green by mixing yellow and blue. Those two colors were always on completely different scales and, thus, used separately.”

“And what does that tell us?”

“The issues regarding colors are related directly to the society and the time in which that society is developing. For

example, we view blue as cold. But in the Middle Ages, it represented the warm color of the air.”

“And ...?” Charles shook his head impatiently.

“A man has the power to change his association with colors in the subconscious.”

“Are you talking about the colors of the Atom Dalí formula?”

Anita moved closer to the table and tried to hush her excited voice.

“Modern society differs from the societies of earlier centuries more than ever in history. Ancient religions and their foothold in science had a better impact on man and the quality of his life than the schism between them which became so deep in the Middle Ages that we can barely pull ourselves out of it even now.”

“That is, we live in a world we don't really understand?”

Anita took another step toward the table and leaned toward Charles. The gold chain on her neck swung forward.

“Yes, Charles. And the worst thing is that we don't really understand ourselves,” she whispered.

As she watched him straight in the eye, Charles stopped breathing. He looked down at her lips. The magnetism of the her dark eyes was unbearably strong. The heat of the gin hit him in the cheeks.

At that moment, the shutters on the windows were illuminated by a blue-red light. Charles got up from the couch and approached the window. There was no one.

“We don't have much time. As soon as we change, we have to run,” said Anita, walking down the hall.

“Change?” Charles asked, but Anita had already disappeared down the hall.

A few minutes later, she returned, carrying a hanger with a new dark gray suit and a white shirt with the label still



hanging on it. Handing him the clothes, she understood his mute question.

“My ex-husband’s clothes.” With slow movements, she unbuttoned her white shirt. “You can use the bathroom on the first floor,” she said and walked down the hall.

“Bathroom on the first floor?”

Charles followed her with great strides. In the blink of an eye, he appeared behind her. Anita felt a whisper on her neck.

“You excite me terribly. I can’t do anything with myself.” Charles whispered.

Charles’ kiss fell on her shoulder and Anita felt a firm grip of his arms around her waist. She turned to him. A warm palm touched her breast and then descended toward her navel. Their lips met passionately. Anita took off his sweatshirt, pushing him towards the bathroom. Charles turned on the tap. The warm water wet their faces and clothes. Charles lifted her tightly in his arms. It was light as silk. He pressed his cheeks against the delicate soft skin of her neck. Her wet hair touched his shoulders. A strong sigh escaped her lips.

The hot movements washed away all the stress that Charles had experienced in the last few days. He was trapped by the hot thighs of Anita Ruiz. Leaning against a mosaic of small decorative tiles, they merged into one being.



# Chapter 52



CHARLES SPLASHED SOME FRESH LIQUID SOAP ON HIS FACE AND WASHED IT WITH ONE HAND. The bathroom smelled of almond oil with a hint of aloe vera. He put on a new suit and looked in the mirror. What the hell are you doing? He told himself.

He had two choices. One was to simply leave and report everything to the police. That would save Anita! She would probably forgive him. But then he would lose the opportunity that the second choice offered him. The second choice was to continue risking both his and her life while attempting to get his hands on some secret knowledge from his father's past. He approached the window and looked towards the garden on the other side of the house. He could be outside in a second. It would take him five minutes to walk to Ladbroke Road Police Station.

“Charles!” Anita's voice startled him.

In an elegant white dress, black leather boots with stiletto heels, and with a high ponytail, Anita reminded him of an illustration of his favorite character from a science-fiction

comic book, “All roads to the coast”. The Irish goddess Aine, he thought to himself, watching her from behind.

“The only chance to find out who is behind all this is to meet Bonnet!”

“And where will we meet him?”

Anita looked at her mobile once more. No messages.

“I thought that you would know where we are going,” Anita said, turning up the volume on the remote control.

BBC – TV. LIVE STREAMING. PRESENTING OUR  
NEW MEDIA EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

*The new editor-in-chief of the BBC media, a journalist with many years of experience, but also a successful architect, recently won a contract worth seventy million dollars with the “richest construction site” in the world in Abu Dhabi. One of the most desirable bachelors in England will be appointed the media editor-in-chief of our television tonight.*

Charles’ photo from his last visit to New York appeared on the screen. At that moment, Clark glimpsed the subtitle on the red horizontal line at the bottom of the screen.

Breaking news: Montruous murder! Physics professor from Oxford, ANTON OLEGOVIC BORISOV, was killed today!

*The physics professor from Oxford College was brutally murdered today. His colleague, Professor Stephen Redstone from the University of Cambridge, who was in Borisov’s house just before his death, is the main suspect. Stephen Redstone is in police custody.*

“Anita! That's the last place we need to go. The killer is not stupid. He will come to the scene.”

“Trust me Charles, under television cameras you will be safer than anywhere else on planet earth! After all, this is our chance! A direct challenge to find out who is setting up this whole game for us! ”

Anita moved to the window and peered through the blinds.

“Why isn't Bonnet answering his mobile, for God's sake?” Anita listened to the dull signal of the mobile in her ear. *The user is out of range!* said a voice in French.

“Wow! We seem to have guests!”

Suddenly, the doorbell sounded. Charles quietly approached the window and saw his friend at the door.

“Unbelievable! How did he find your address! Ethan!”

“Charles, in what age are you living?” Anita walked past him and opened the door.

“What the hell is going on?” Ethan asked, continuing toward the middle of the living room. The black formal jacket with a silk tie didn't suit his short stature and punk hairstyle.

“Why did you come here, Ethan?” he asked, not hiding his surprise.

“I have been looking for you since yesterday. Something strange is happening, Charles. Julian Mellon, who attacked you in public, was murdered less than three days after our return from New York. Didn't you hear the news? Then the Bugatti prize, the tender, the gala evening in your honor. Don't you think it is all a set-up?”

“They are waiting for us at the BBC. It is time to go,” Anita interrupted their conversation.

Ethan was no longer hiding that he couldn't stand Anita.

“I have been thinking about the formula from New York and researching a bit.” Ethan didn’t move. “We have to call the police!” he pulled his mobile from his pocket.

“Ethan, no!” Charles jumped at him and took his hand.

“We don’t need your help,” Anita said.

The doorbell sounded again. On the screen, she saw a short man staring straight into the camera. It was Detective Collins. He held a badge in front of him.

“Open Anita Ruiz! Police!”

There was silence. The detective knocked harder on the door.

“I know Charles Clark is with you. You are suspected of involvement in the murder.”

“Upstairs!” Anita said.

Both men ran after her.

A few seconds later, the loud shaking of the doorknob turned into the sound of breaking.

Suddenly there was a muffled shot and the door opened. At that point, Anita, Charles, and Ethan were already in the attic bedroom. Charles went to the small window. He had a view of the sloping roof, which merged with the neighboring house. Anita locked the door. Charles and Ethan pulled the rickety French bed, which wasn’t very heavy, against them.

The sounds of footsteps coming from the spiral staircase got louder. They ran to the window and jumped on the roof. In the distance, at the end of the street, was a parked, blue two-seater, followed by two other police cars with a light on. Two more policemen came out of them, one remained standing next to the blue two-seater and the other stood at the entrance to the house. The window next door opened and a woman on the street screamed.

“On the floor!” The policeman shouted at her.

As Anita, Charles, and Ethan crossed the roof from the back of the house, an older man peered out the window.

“Thieves! Stop! I will call the police right away!”  
Someone shouted below them.

Anita jumped down the gutter and went down to the garden from the inside. Charles and Ethan followed suit. They found themselves in front of a high wrought-iron gate.

“Stop!” Collins’ voice was heard.

“They won’t shoot!” Anita snapped, climbing the stone wall. “They don’t need Charles, they need his knowledge!”

A loud alarm sounded. They helped each other and managed to jump over a two-meter high fence. Ethan’s car was parked in the street in front of them.

The silver Ford Ikon disappeared into the crowd with the squeak of worn tires.





# Chapter 53



IT WAS AROUND EIGHT P.M. WHEN CHARLES, Anita, and Ethan entered the central hall of the BBC building. In a circle full of journalists, Charles Clark shook hands with the director general of the London BBC under a handful of television camera flashes. It was only a matter of time before the police broke into the building.

While the director kindly smirked in his face, showing great satisfaction, Charles thought about Anita's not-so-smart decision. It was more than reckless to find yourself in front of the cameras again, at least one of which is just going live. The police could break into the building at any moment. Even if they manage to escape, the police will have clear evidence that they fled. What if that's exactly what Anita planned. A meeting between the killer and the police, thanks to us! Suddenly a thought came to him. Apart from the killer and the police that are on their heels, there is also a third party. Someone is protecting them.

Charles remembered Stonehenge, a scene in the garden of Redstone's house. *Someone is leading us on the path we are taking and setting up the next murders for us. That means that*

*someone is connected to the killer! So, some murder has to happen here too, tonight!* Charles thought almost aloud.

He looked at Ethan, who was staring at him incessantly. He wanted to tell him to get off the scene, to save his head, but it was impossible to get out of the circle. Then he found Anita and gestured for her to come over.

The noise in the hall grew louder. The clicking of martini glasses was competing with the voices. This prevented Charles from concentrating on people's faces. Although he had no idea what the killer might look like, he wanted to recognize him among them. He had to be very careful. If not himself, he had to save Anita. He was to blame for dragging her into their past. As he felt remorse with his pupils, he scanned every look that was directed at Anita hoping the killer was not among them. He noticed a board hanging on the wall above the soft couch booth. It was an evacuation action plan.

“We've been in the same place for too long,” Anita said impatiently.

“So, what does that mean?”

“We're giving the killer too much time to make a good plan.”

“What do you suggest?”

“It's time for Bonnet! The signal appeared. An audio message has arrived.” Anita whispered in his ear and slipped behind the stairs like an invisible shadow. Charles followed her.

“Is this your fiancée? When did you meet?” voices echoed as the two of them strode into the elevator. The elevator door began to close when the sound of police appeared outside and the entrance illuminated by blue-red lights. Ethan ran to the elevator and began pushing the buttons. The display said Underground. He went to the stairs and ran down.

“Stop! I will not shoot!” The sound of martini glasses and conversation froze. Collins appeared at the front door. He held a police badge in one hand and a gun pointed at the ceiling

in the other. A special unit followed him and started sneaking around the building.

“There's a killer among you!” Collins shouted. “Whoever sees Charles Clark and Anita Ruiz, let them know immediately! The others stay where you are!” Collins ordered the door of the building closed and several officers cordoned off the exit.

The director of the BBC began to look for his guests with a stirred look. In disbelief that they were gone in a few seconds, he remained silent, standing still with his hands held high. At that moment, the sound of helicopters came from the sky. People stirred and started screaming. Some laid on the floor.

When the elevator stopped, Charles pressed the third-floor button.

“What the hell are you doing!”

Charles stopped her hand.

“If you want to come out alive, we won't come out now. That's where they'll look for us first.”

“Please?”

“While they're checking the garage, we'll hide upstairs.”

They went out into the hallway of the third floor. There was no one in the offices. Journalists were gathered on the ground floor or had already run out into the street.

“The stairs are there!” Anita pointed to the door with the sign of the stairs.

The sounds of quick footsteps came from the stairs. Charles took her hand and stopped her again.

“There must be a side exit to the garage!”

“Well, the stairs are the only side exit, Charles!” Bonnet is probably somewhere nearby, we need to find him as soon as possible!” Anita pulled out her phone, but Charles held it back and pointed. Anita put the phone back in her bag.

“I don't mean that way out,” he whispered in her ear as the sounds of police footsteps grew closer. “Already on the way out in case of an emergency. The designer could not have left such a large building without such an exit.”

“And where is that exit?”

“It must exist on every floor!”

“And the board with the fire action plan is in the main hall near the waiting room!”

Charles smiled.

“I have already studied that plan. Emergency exits are not taken into account during fire evacuations.”

“What it means?”

“That means such an exit is much smaller.”

Charles pulled her by the arm and opened the door to the first office. It had no separate passage. He went to the window. It was too high, and below them was a lighted street. He ran back, then tried to open a few more offices. They were locked.

“Over here!” a policeman said.

Charles looked down the hall. There was a narrow thin door in the corner. He ran towards them. There was an inscription on them. Cleaning stuff. They were unlocked. When they entered, Charles opened another door with a clean cleaning lady's uniform. In front of them was a narrow passage more than a hundred meters high. There were metal stairs that led to the exit to the roof, but also to the garage. Charles peered toward the top. There was also a separate exit on each floor. They went inside. Charles went down first, Anita following him. He went down to the very end. Voices were heard from the garage.

“It's clean here!”

“Are you sure?”

“They must be upstairs somewhere!”

Anita and Charles waited for the voices to subside. When they came out, it was quiet. They took light steps toward the exit from the garage, which was about fifty meters away. Suddenly they heard footsteps. Charles turned and saw a policeman holding a gun pointed at them.

“Hands in the air!”

Raising their hands over their head, they saw Ethan Cox. He was holding a fire extinguisher; he quietly approached and struck the policeman in the head with all his might. The policeman’s gun fired at the ceiling. Ethan took the gun and aimed it at the officer lying on the floor.

“Run!” Ethan shouted and Anita and Charles ran to the exit.

Anita took out her cell phone and finally listened to the message.

“The Langham Hotel,” came the short, rough answer before the call ended.

“The Langham!” Anita replied.

“The Langham! That’s only a hundred meters away.” Charles said.

“So Bonnet is waiting for us nearby!” Anita took Charles by the arm and ran out into the street. One car stopped under a squeak of tires. Charles pulled her back onto the sidewalk and motioned for the driver to drive on. The other lane of the street was completely stopped. Suddenly a police siren sounded. The sound of the helicopter became louder. They ran to the left, then a few steps to the right. Anita tried to find Bonnet among the car drivers, but without success.

“Anita, it’s over!” Charles said, looking up at the sky.

The helicopter was almost above them.

“When we find the killer, then it will be over!”

Anita pulled him by the arm and swerved behind the beautiful semicircular building, All Souls Langham Place. A strong beam of light blinded their eyes. At the corner of the

street, between the BBC Broadcasting House and the All Souls Church, completely open in a light target, they were caught. They held hands without moving. Expecting a shot or at the very least a command “Don't move,” they were breathing in the same rhythm. However, the helicopter suddenly began to take off and the light now illuminated the street where the convoy of cars stood. A beam of light marked the green jeep. Anita looked at the driver. She saw long white hair tied in a short ponytail.

“Bonnet!” She said aloud and, not caring for the helicopter, ran across the street.

The helicopter took off and headed toward the southeast wing of the BBC. The back door of the green jeep opened and Anita and Charles got into the car. Bonnet punched the gas and turned onto the curb. Several tourists who were filming the helicopter on the mobile jumped to the side with a shout.

“Bertrand, just in time!” Anita said.

# Chapter 54



REDSTONE SMILED WHILE HE WATCHED COLLINS RETURN GLOOMILY TO THE CAR, as the realm of madness and fear ran behind him, he was quickly devising a plan. Collins got in the car and motioned for the officer to leave.

“Already done?” he asked cynically, pressing his lips tight.

“It will be finished soon, for you as much as for them.” Collins lit a thin cigarette with a brown filter.

“Care to give me a puff?” Redstone asked, turning the window handle with both hands. The smell of moisture hit him in the forehead, and he felt a thick gust of smoke rush past his face towards the small opening.

Collins was silent for a moment, then looked down at Redstone’s handcuffs. Blowing two thin smoke trails through his nostrils, he turned his gaze into the distance. Headlights blurred in the dim background behind the stained windshield made the night look ordinary, London-like. Yet, nothing was ordinary.

“Life has a painful truth, Redstone,” he said, putting out a cigarette in the overflowing ashtray. “Only when someone truly renounces the desires that he has been striving for all his life, they usually begin to realize. Then they no longer matter.”

“If you want to solve this case, the first thing you have to do is to get rid of the tail. Maybe your wishes will make sense again then.” Redstone answered.

Collins was silent for a moment. The small communication device by the steering wheel caught his eye. He knew Redstone was right. The unknown murderer hiding behind a mysterious group from the past had to be approached invisibly and quietly. That is why he needed Redstone. His secret objects, which were now rolling somewhere under his seat, confirmed that someone important was behind him.

“Drive toward Salisbury!” Redstone’s voice startled him from his thoughts.

“Your logic is really worrying me, Redstone!”

“Clark and Anita are already on their way to Salisbury,” Redstone said calmly. “I just saw them with my own eyes!”

Collins sighed, blushing with anger. There was nothing worse than having to accept Redstone’s advice after claiming that it was wrong. Still, he had to obey him. A few seconds later, he muttered something in the walkie talkie and put the car in gear.

“I was in Salisbury yesterday, damn it!” he grumbled when his car found itself on the corner of Great Titchfield Street. It resembled an ant in the line of taller vehicles.

“I think Bonnet is one of the rare French people who loves both science and religion!”

“Bonnet!” Collins cried out, honking the horn. “Bertrand Bonnet? I haven’t reached him yet!”

“He came to save his son. That was expected. While you were sneaking around the BBC building, Bonnet was



already waiting for them in the garage. I saw them with my own eyes under a beam of helicopters.”

“What? Why did you keep quiet, idiot?”

“And why would I speak?”

While Redstone happily sucked in the cool air through the narrow opening, Collins brewed even more. He stepped on the gas, crossed over the bicycle lane, and rushed through the red light.

“You are all traitors to God! I am well aware of what you were doing in the Secret Five.”

“Einstein didn’t accept the biblical idea of God, but that doesn’t mean that he didn’t accept the idea of God at all!” Redstone objected as his neck muscles struggled in vain against the force of inertia caused by sudden turns. The book *Hundred Authors against Einstein* was written against him, but he replied: ‘If I were wrong, then one author would have been enough.’”

“It seems that you, scientists, have another trait besides being political and religious. Psychopaths!” Detective Collins’ tone indicated that he would prefer silence.

Redstone looked back. There was no escort.



# Chapter 55



THE PEUGEOT 5008 WITH FRENCH MARKINGS HAD BEEN CONQUERING THE M25 FOR TEN MINUTES. Street lighting was becoming rarer. The atmosphere of past danger reigned in the car.

“What's going on, Bonnet? Who killed Mellon and Borisov? What is the Great Five involved in?” Anita asked him questions.

“I assumed something suspicious was going on, so I sent you to New York!”

“You sent me to New York for the formula, didn't you? An anthropologist should understand what this is about!”

“The first and foremost thing is to protect you.”

“Since when Bonnet? We are being chased by the police, Stephen Redstone, but also someone else! Moreover, our late parents were also involved in all this!”

Bonnet swallowed. He looked at them both in the rearview mirror. Anita looked into his blue eyes with an inquisitive look.

“They all want to come up with formula solutions.”

“That's clear already!” Anita laughed defiantly.

“What I want to show you is in Salisbury. And that can help us find out who the Adept is. It will be time for me to explain everything to you.”

“Adept? Salisbury?” Charles repeated from the back seat. A stone hunger cut across his stomach.

“I was already there yesterday. Don't worry, we'll be safe there.” Bonnet said, watching his expression in the rearview mirror.

“Why are we going to Salisbury?” Anita asked.

“Because that's where my father's house is. Donald Wilson. Isn't that right?” said Charles.

“When we arrive, I'll explain everything to you!”

Only the soft sound of warm air filling the car broke the silence. While overspeeding the roundabouts, Bonnet's thoughts slipped into distant memories ...

Thirty years had passed since the day of the attack on his family. It was the day Salvador Dalí died. A staged suicide of a great artist. An impressive choreography of the end of his attempts to reveal the secret Surrealist message to the world. A symbol of death for everyone who tries to discover the way the formula works. Maintaining the misunderstanding between science, religion, and politics, which never really happened.

He was sure he could do it. He knew that in this way he would leave the secret to those at the top. They had to decide how to reveal the secret to humanity. One single word carried a secret message. ATOM. In that way, he would save his family and get rid of the Adept forever. Even at the cost of his own death. Still, he was let down by the one he least expected.

A few days after a friend shot him in the chest, he woke up in a village in France. His plan to transport his family across the border that evening failed.

“I hope that you at least are not on Redstone’s side?” Charles asked suddenly, bringing Bonnet back from his thoughts.

“I am on my own side.”

“Your Great Five was almost the end of me. All members work for themselves. Why did you organize the Great Five at all?” Charles asked.

“Probably because of the formula, didn't you?” Anita said.

“The formula has nothing to do with me!”

“But it has, Charles. It has.”

“What?” Charles raised his voice. “How could you know that? You are seeing me for the first time, for God’s sake!”

Despite Charles’ raised tone, Anita saw a dose of intellectual serenity in his eyes again. She admired that trait of Bertrand Bonnet.

“I am not looking for the formula, because I have known the way it works for a long time,” Bonnet replied.

“Excuse me?” Anita excitedly said.

“The formula contains the biggest lie in history that humanity has accepted as true.”

“They are chasing us, they want to kill us, and their founder Bertrand Bonnet came up with the formula himself! That’s just great!” Charles exclaimed. “This is crazy!”

Bonnet looked at his blue eyes in the rearview mirror.

“The battle is about secret knowledge, which gives us the power to turn our every thought into what we want.”

Charles suddenly became even angrier. He realized that Bonnet was also informed about everything that had happened to him in the last twenty-four hours.

“If I hadn’t drawn a perfect architectural project fifteen years ago, it wouldn’t have been accepted now. If I hadn’t

collected coupons for years, I wouldn't have won the prize now. If I hadn't been a good reporter, they wouldn't have promoted me. Anyway, I don't have that secret knowledge of yours because I have wishes that can never be fulfilled."

"What are those wishes, Charles?" Anita asked.

Charles glanced at her face, marveling at her delicate skin. For a moment, he remembered her beautiful body and what had happened between them a few hours ago. Suddenly, he wanted to kiss her again. He would vent all the accumulated anger in one passionate kiss. However, that would mean that his wish was coming true, and he didn't want to admit that to himself. The love of his life was sitting next to him in the back seat of Bonnet's car, and she entered his life on the day when everything else started coming true. And, yes! Just as he had secretly wished, she was a looker!

"I will never be able to ask my father for an explanation of all this," he replied at last.

# Chapter 56



BESIDES THE SUDDEN BRAKING, a regular feature of Collins' driving, Redstone was also bothered by the sports Mazda's low center of gravity, which allowed it to enter roundabouts at high speeds. And as if that wasn't enough, the slightest bouncing of the wheels over the speed humps made the top of his head collide with the roof uncontrollably. Redstone was so uncomfortable that he considered pulling out the damn door with all his might and jumping onto the asphalt with his hands handcuffed.

"Something bothering you, Redstone?" Collins asked ironically, taking a Glock 22 from his car's map pocket.

"Do you really think I am the killer?" Redstone asked. "Charles Clark and Anita Ruiz were at Borisov's house before me. And the urn was found in Clarks' house in Salisbury."

"Neither Clark nor Anita can be the killer!" Collins snapped. "Thirty years ago, they were victims just like their parents, who were murdered! And you are well aware of that. The only people the police didn't interrogate at the time were you and Julian Mellon since both of you were allegedly in

America. But you can't fool me, Redstone! I have evidence that you were in London on the evening of the Wilson massacre. That same evening you crossed the French border. I also have evidence that Julian Mellon saved a little girl by pulling her out of the fire. That is how he lost his hand. And the little girl was Anita Ruiz.

"Yes, Collins! I am a member of the former Secret Five! I finally admit it. When we first met about ten years ago, I had no motive to admit it. That night, I saved a man who I thought of as a friend!"

"I will not tell you the meaning of the initials carved in stone!" ironically said Collins before getting out of the car and heading for the nearby woods.

"Have you deciphered the meaning?" Redstone was angry.

Collins smiled silently.

Redstone tried to remember every detail that had taken place a few days before the massacre of the Wilson family. He recalled his conversations with Mellon and Borisov. For several days, they had suspected that something terrible was going to happen. At the time, the Secret Five members had decided to leave the Adept; Donald Wilson and the Ruiz family dedicated themselves to their families, and all of them had found stability at their jobs. The invisible Adept was silent for a few years until the night he declared war on them. Redstone had received a letter stating the Adept expected him to stand by him. The letter pleaded for Redstone to kill his friend Donald Wilson. Otherwise, he would kill him himself. Redstone couldn't do it.

That is why the Adept found another victim. A less stable, more labile man. Although Redstone didn't respond to the letter, he considered it his friendly duty to accompany Donald Wilson. His goal was not only to protect his friend but also to catch the Adept redhanded. That night, Mellon visited the Ruiz family to warn them. However, when he arrived, it was already too late. Mellon managed to save only the girl, while Redstone followed Wilson from Salisbury to London. He



knew that Wilson was preparing to emigrate with his family. Hidden in his old Rolls-Royce behind Lady Chapel Church, Redstone watched the scene. He couldn't even imagine that the killer would carry out the massacre in the camper. When Redstone approached the gate, he saw their former college peer disguised as Salvador Dalí. They never spent too much time with him. He was like a church mouse who was respected only when he could use them like a runaway. He was hanged. In Wilson's pocket, Redstone found French passports with new names. When he realized that his friend was still breathing, Redstone managed to put him in his car before the police arrived. Only twenty pounds were enough to bribe a sleepy border guard on the ferry across the English Channel.

At the hospital, instead of Donald Wilson, Redstone used the name in his friend's new passport – Bertrand Bonnet. When they weren't in danger anymore, the two men promised each other that they would find the Adept one day. From that conversation, the idea for the Great Five organization was born. Until the appearance of the fake courier some ten days ago, Redstone thought that their secret operation was perfect to find evidence of the greatest illusion to humanity among ancient monuments. That is why Bertrand Bonnet joined the UNESCO organization.

But where did Bonnet get the formula? Why was the Adept afraid of him? Redstone wondered. Bonnet then told him that the initials were just a distraction for the Adept and that they had no meaning.

"If I had wanted to, I would have killed Bonnet a long time ago," said Redstone as Collins returned to the car.

"But you didn't because you needed him to solve the formula! You will never prove that you are innocent, Redstone, even if it is true."

Observing the urn and its lid now on the back seat, Redstone caught a glimpse of the ring on his left hand. When the next light pole illuminated his side again, Redstone leaned as much as he could and noticed a well-known symbol on the

ring. Bonnet was wearing the same wide silver band with an engraved encircled equilateral cross as a student. It had a small crystal in the middle. It was on his hand the day he visited Redstone after thirty years. After connecting the symbol on Collins' ring with the past of the Secret Five, with which he probably wasn't as familiar with as he thought, he had to be cautious.

# Chapter 57



IT WAS ALMOST MIDNIGHT WHEN THE OLIVE GREEN PEUGEOT STOPPED IN THE SMALL PARKING LOT NEXT TO SALISBURY CATHEDRAL. The town was already asleep. Somewhere in the distance, the door of a nearby pub opened, and the chatter of male voices broke the silence. Bonnet, Anita, and Charles crossed a few streets. Five minutes later, they found themselves in front of the Wilson home.

Charles approached first. The dilapidated sign with the faded words *For sale* was the only amulet from forgetting the accident. The smell of the swollen Avon River penetrated Charles' sinuses. His senses were bringing back unpleasant memories. For thirty years, he had banned them from his deepest thoughts. That introspective nightmare was now standing before him like a monster hidden in the dark cold shadows of two neighboring houses. A crumbling fence surrounded the house whose windows were covered with rotten hardboard. It looked like a graveyard of his memories of happiness.

With a creaking sound, the sign suddenly turned toward them as if choosing that moment to speak up. The wind

increased the inconvenience. If it were up to him, Charles would never return to that place.

“This is the place where the formula was created!” Bonnet said.

“The formula was written in my house!” Charles felt as if someone slapped him. He approached Bonnet. His eyes were flashing with anger. “What do you know about my father? And who are you anyway? I knew it! I knew from the very beginning that my father had bequeathed this drama to me!”

“I doubt that he tricked you. I would rather say that he wanted to point you toward everything that will occur in time.”

“How do you know what my father wanted?” Charles looked at him angrily, stepping closer to the older man.

“I brought you here to try to save you. And I can do that only if I reveal the way the formula works to you.”

Charles glanced at the old boards with protruding rusty nails, wondering what he could use if their return to his old house is a set-up.

“I hope that at least one of us will survive this night,” Bonnet continued. “The survivor will have to turn to the Parliament of Great Britain! That is the only way for scientific and religious institutions around the world to pay attention to the formula.”

“And it will not be me!” Charles objected, taking a board with a protruding nail. “I will not pass as my own father!” He approached the front door. It was open. He pushed it with his foot and started to step inside when Bonnet stopped him in a calm, quiet voice.

“I studied with Wilson, Borisov, Redstone, and Mellon. We were a group that wanted to conquer the world with our knowledge.” Bonnet stepped through the wet unmowed grass. He thought for a few moments. “And then our new arrival had a wonderful idea.” He looked pointedly at Anita. In her eyes, Bonnet could still see the despair of a little girl who had grown up too abruptly. So many times, he had wanted to tell her

everything he knew about her parents, but he didn't have the heart to do it. Finally, the moment came when his heart no longer played a role in decision-making. "His name was Federico Ruiz. Family expelled from Catalonia. Exiled for an invention that did not suit the church. Although the idea brought to us by the Spaniard referred to Salvador Dalí, it was actually a great secret, which was understood not only by Salvador Dalí but also by many other greats of our history. All the geniuses we know mostly use that secret knowledge."

"Federico Ruiz!" Anita exclaimed, looking from one to the other like a child caught lying. "You knew my father and kept quiet about it all this time?"

Bonnet looked down. His gesture was supposed to mean that he deeply regretted it. However, he knew that his regret wouldn't change Anita's opinion of him. But he had to take that risk.

"The arrival of Federico Ruiz from Catalonia caused a storm of scientific passions in our department. At the peak of Salvador Dalí's fame, elite families from the USA and Europe had crazy occult ideas which, after the German occult societies, were not completely extinct. The rich loved Dalí the most. His works were opium for many to prove their power over their abilities. The great artist was their muse for magnifying wealth. However, one issue remained unresolved. What exactly does the atomic-mysticism Salvador Dalí believe in?"

"And what role did my father play in all that?" Anita asked.

"Ruiz was also a member of the Secret Five," Bonnet confirmed, placing two fingers on his overgrown, gray upper lip area. "But the thing is ..." He hesitated for a few seconds. "The Secret Five was actually a set-up. All of us involved were, in fact, victims. An important person, whose identity we didn't manage to reveal to this day, needed our knowledge. I guess he wanted to destroy the big secret forever. That man was addressed only as the *Adept*."

At that moment, he remembered for the umpteenth time the email with the attached photo of a man hanging from the gate of the Parliament in London.

The fear that had entered his bones that night never left him. The Parliament building left an indelible mark on him. He first saw her the night of the horrific murder. At that time, he could have never dreamed that place would become the place of his family's death. From a small camper, he observed the magnificent Gothic peaks, among which was the abbey of St. Peter. In addition to the bodies of the queens, the bodies of Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Dickens, Kipling and other greats of the kingdom lay in it, his mother told him. The inspiration that filled his boyish lungs was interrupted by the beast's bloodthirsty act.

Now the echo of the chisel from the night he watched his father through the window as he forged an inscription in a low stone pillar at the very bottom of the gate, rang through his ears again. "Father sets up secret signs," his mother told him. "Remember those from the book about Peter Pan?" Charles laughed, fascinated by his wizard father.

Charles no longer trusted anyone, but he felt one thing. Tonight, everything would be over. One way or the other.

"Who was my father, Bonnet?" he repeated his question.

# Chapter 58



THE METER IN THE OLD MAZDA WAS SHOWING OVER A HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR. The view of the dark plains adorned only with occasional lights from distant farmhouses was suddenly broken by the high illuminated tower of St. Mary's Cathedral. Lit with a vibrant yellow spotlight, the tower stood out clearly against the dark sky as if drawn with a fluorescent marker on dark paper. Even from a distance, the cathedral boasted exceptionally beautiful earliest English architecture of the 13th century. Redstone was relieved by that irresistible sight.

He remembered his first walk around Salisbury with the Wilsons. Redstone had accompanied Donald on a visit to his parents in their second year of college. They saw the tall tower from Old Sarum, the oldest settlement in Salisbury, where they walked that day. Old Sarum, believed to be almost as old as Stonehenge, basically had the same shape. The stone from the reconstruction of the old church in Old Sarum was used for the

foundations of St. Mary's Cathedral in Salisbury. A new faith based on the old.

Standing in the small palace and leaning over the glass shielding the best-preserved Magna Carta in the world, they looked the hellish past in the eye. "Centuries of violence, subjugation, and theft."

Redstone knew back then that the world would stop believing in God one day. The notion of the atheist, even then, occupied the youth very quickly. As the mechanical clock emitted the sounds of dull uniformity, beyond whose borders the whole world of science opened, Redstone was sure of one thing. There must be proof. Even now, as a detainee in the funny Mazda with an even funnier detective, he repeated the same thought to himself. Science and religion must prove each other. Only in this way would the world be saved from the misery that is to come.

An abrupt turn on the roundabout startled Redstone from his thoughts. He hit the glass with his left temple. A blue signpost with the word Salisbury flashed before his eyes before they lightly brushed it with the left rear headlight.

"We won't waste time!" said Collins. "Let's go straight to the Wilson house!"

Charles, Anita, and Bonnet were still standing at the very entrance to the Wilson house. Bonnet hesitated to answer the question of who Charles' father was. The plan to show him the secret room hoping Clark would remember him, had just failed. He would have to turn to Plan B.

"Your father, Donald Wilson, had a gift to interpret the ideas of great geniuses."

"A gift?" Anita interjected.

"It seems that nobody understood Salvador Dalí better than Wilson. His elaborate laws about atomic mysticism, expressed in many of Dalí's paintings, including the ones with



a religious theme, referred to the man's microcosm and ability to influence the world as he wishes, which was a real sensation for the Adept."

"And he was killed because of that *gift*?" Charles added skeptically.

"Secret societies have been searching for it for centuries." Bonnet paused to take a deep breath. "Wilson could have changed the world. Just like the Ruiz family. Science and religion would have experienced a complete revival if he had only managed to prove what he perished for. And now they are afraid of you!"

He looked at his face, not wanting to believe what he had just concluded. *Surely it isn't ...*

"I don't believe you! You are saying all that because it's your turn. You are the head of the Great Five! Our fathers were killed first, and the killer is working in sequence." Charles said.

"I became convinced of that this morning. It is your turn Charles!" Bonnet replied calmly.

"And where is the evidence?"

"The evidence is not in the house. But it isn't far." Bonnet headed back to the gate.

"Let's go," Anita said, taking a petrified Charles by the hand.

When they reached the parking lot, a car's headlights suddenly turned on in the street opposite the main entrance to the cathedral. They were pointing straight at them. Bonnet started the engine and slowly headed toward the stone tunnel connecting two old stone houses. He was driving towards the very heart of Salisbury. The car followed them.

At that moment, a group of teenagers appeared in front of them. They were walking slowly, holding hands. The kids

were the first people they encountered that late night, except a quiet sleeping musician on the corner of the Old George Hotel. Bonnet honked the horn, but they didn't turn around. The car with high beams was approaching. Bonnet went through the red light. The car brushed someone's rucksack. The teenagers returned to the middle of the street and started shouting, flipping them the bird. The car with the high beams stopped behind them and also honked the horn. The group now jumped towards the car, and the green Peugeot slipped around the corner. Bonnet stepped on the gas. At a roundabout near Wiltshire College, they emerged from the narrow one-way streets he had risked driving through in the wrong direction.

After a few minutes, they were already approaching the dark suburbs with wide fields lit dimly by nearby houses. Bonnet stopped in front of St Mary and St Nicholas Church. The sand-colored building didn't look like a typical English church. Too bright and crystal clear for British mystical history.

They passed the closed entrance. The dark paths marked by small stone crosses took them to the old cemetery. Bonnet knew his way through the tiny town of the deceased. He turned left, right, right, and then left again. Finally, he stopped in front of the furthest headstone and illuminated the inscription with his flashlight.

Hannah Wilson 1952 – 1989

Charles Wilson 1979 – 1989

“It was the Secret Service's decision,” said Clark as everyone stared at his name on the tombstone. “Protection from potential further attacks. For over six months, they kept me in the hospital under another name. I was allegedly buried with my mother's body.”

Charles knelt and stared at the headstone. For a few moments, everyone stared at the stone slab in silence.

“And this is your proof?” Charles asked.

Bonnet crouched on the other side of the grave and ran his hand over the wet needle-like grass. He grabbed a few tufts and threw them in the air. Then he repeated it a few more times. The grass was uprooted. Charles approached him, not believing his eyes. He wanted to stop him, but also had to see it through. Bonnet suddenly pushed his hand in the ground.

“Bertrand! Stop it, for God’s sake!” Anita cried out, covering her mouth with her hand.

When the loose earth almost reached his elbow, Bonnet suddenly stopped.

“If you don’t believe me, come and see for yourself.”

Charles motioned for Anita not to move and crouched beside Bonnet. Unexpectedly, his hand easily slipped through the soil and touched a hard surface.

“This is your unmeant coffin. Someone opened it less than twenty-four hours ago to check if your body was inside. He couldn’t bury it at the same depth, but tried to cover his tracks. The coffin remained almost on the surface itself.”

Charles began scattering the uprooted grass and digging up the loose earth. It didn’t take him an entire minute to glimpse the whole coffin. Its size was intended for a child. He lifted the lid. It was empty.

“The killer is stepping over dead bodies to get his hands on you!”

Charles took a few steps back from the grave. For the first time since that evening in New York, he felt the urge to scream.

“Show yourself!” he shouted at the top of his voice. “I’ll strangle you with my bare hands! Come out! Come out! Show yourself!”

Echoes of anger and pain rang above the cemetery. Charles felt that his strong tense body was more powerful than usual.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps on the gravel path behind the church. Charles jumped in front of Anita, shielding her with his body. Bonnet pulled out a gun. Anita screamed. At the other end of the cemetery, a dark silhouette of a lower man appeared. The man was slowly approaching in a steady, confident rhythm. He was wearing a long, dark raincoat with a hood covering his head. The man was pointing a gun at them, nearing like a shadow from a horror movie. Anita screamed again and ran towards the car.

“Anita, stop!” Charles ran after her.

The sound of a bullet vibrated through the wet trees. Bonnet returned fire and sprinted to the car. Charles approached him and took the gun from his hand.

“You don’t know who you are fighting!” Bonnet said, trying to hold him back.

“Listen to him! Come in, Charles!” Anita shouted.

But Charles didn’t move. He only wanted to find out who the killer was. But as soon as he started back toward the church, Charles heard Bonnet’s voice again.

“If you don’t survive, you will never find out who your father was!”

Charles stopped and looked at the sky. A thin cloud was suffocating the moon. He felt the same sensation around his trachea. Nothing in the world could make him cruel or violent. He was always proud of his strong nerves and patience. Until tonight. Just to look him in the eye.

However, no one appeared behind the church. Suddenly, a light turned on above the front door of the pastor’s house. Then the door opened.

“Now that you have seen for yourself that you are the main target, you can show us what is hiding in your father’s house,” Bonnet said, as Charles sat down.

# Chapter 59



REDSTONE AND COLLINS ENTERED THE WILSON HOUSE QUIETLY. There was no one in the Wilson house.

“And now what?”

“Follow me,” Redstone said, and entered the house.

“I was here recently! Apart from photography, there is nothing to help the case!”

Redstone was now sure Collins hadn't rescued him from the Wilson basement. Collins knew nothing about the secret archives. Redstone entered the kitchen. The carpet was covering the floor again and the couch and table were in place.

“They've been here before!” he said as Collins watched him in confusion and he descended a hidden passage to Wilson's old secret cabinet. Collins followed him in disbelief.

“What? Damn!”

“You see, the police don't work without me!”

Redstone turned on the light. The room was lit by a bright white light. Collins pulled on a glove and began rummaging through the table, glass clocks, and books.

“Unfortunately, you won't find anything here Collins.”

“What do you mean? You said Bonnet, Clark, and Ruiz went to Salisbury!”

“Yes, but I didn't mean the Wilson's house. The urn used to be buried in Stonehenge, don't you remember the fake courier's information? So if they're not here, then they're already on their way to Stonehenge!”

“And what the hell are they going to do there? The urn is with us!” Collins said angrily, looking at his watch.

“I'm afraid it's a religious rite,” Redstone said, already climbing the stairs.

Humanity has survived because God has instilled powerful faith that He exists in people's hearts. What was Professor Cortez really talking about? Collins thought as he climbed the stairs. Victims always follow the plans of their faith. Where they can find salvation. Cortez's last words had a hidden meaning! Victims!

“Salvation in the religious sense has actually referred to death! The final killings will take place in Stonehenge!” said Collins at last. “And it might be multiple! I have to call for reinforcements!”

“If you call in reinforcements, the Adept won't show up!” said Redstone.

The rain had finally stopped, and a cold north wind, whose forceful gusts swayed the car, whipped the fields illuminated by the thin moonlight. Only ten minutes later, he stopped in front of the first signpost with the arrow pointing toward Stonehenge. Collins turned off the headlights and took the first exit off the main road, hoping to approach the giant stone pillars covertly over the old macadam.

It would take them a little over twenty minutes. In ten, they would press the magic button, and a police airplane would appear in around four minutes. That would leave him enough time to become the initiator and witness to prevent several murders. But even better, he would become the hero of solving the most mysterious London case in the last thirty years.

“The Atom Dalí formula isn't just about Stonehenge,” Redstone said. It is an ancient secret of the function of the megalith. These fields contain great archaeological treasures.”

“For example?”

“Dolmens. The word dolmen itself comes from the Celts and means ‘stone table.’ The Celtic religion is related to the Sun Cult, which proves the arrangement of their facades near dolmens around the world, in Russia, France, Spain, the British Isles, and many places in Eurasia.”

“And why did they serve dolmen?” Collins said, interested.

“The material from which the dolmens are built is rich in quartz, and quartz is capable of exceptional magical effects. All radio electronics depend on the oscillations of quartz. When quartz crystals are exposed to an electric current, they generate ultrasounds. The reverse piezoelectric effect, which, without it, is impossible to make a modern detector, ultrasound, MicroMobile, headmobiles, or to measure mechanical sizes. Jacques and Pierre Curie discovered that effect in 1880,” Redstone explained.

“And what benefits do we have from that now? We do not use dolmens!” Collins asked again.

“Don't you understand? In fact, the question ‘What was the purpose of the dolmens, pyramids, or buildings like Stonehenge?’ was never contentious,” Redstone continued. “Another question is important. And the answer to that second question lies in the objects rolling next to your feet.”

“Don't tell me that you know the answer to that question!”

“I don’t, but we will find out tonight. I have researched it for over thirty years. Damn Bonnet will help us with that!”

“And what is that question?”

“A question that no one has answered yet. The question that was stifled by the emergence of Christianity! The question that lies in the rift between science and religion. What power enabled people to use such objects? What exactly is our consciousness? Is the God Particle woven into it?”

Collins fell silent again. Feeling that he was slowly giving up, the detective realized the magnitude of the Secret Five’s research. The world was suddenly getting enormous while he was shrinking like a vanishing useless amoeba.

The howling of the wind suddenly sounded louder, and the night seemed deeper and darker. The forest to their left separated the road from fields and distant settlements. They were completely alone near the place of death under the moonlight. However, just one little tap on his device was enough for the emergency signal to automatically locate him and call reinforcements.

Collins stopped the car abruptly, pulled out his gun, and aimed it at Redstone’s forehead.

“That’s enough, Redstone! Tell me, what will happen tonight? Who is your Adept?”

“Oh! Do you finally believe I’m not the killer?”

Without moving his head, Redstone glanced at the small device emitting a green flashing signal. The wrinkles in the corners of his eyes lengthened, and his gaze became calmer.

“If you listen to me tonight, we’ll both find out.” Redstone replied at last.



# Chapter 60



TEN MINUTES AFTER REDSTONE AND COLLINS STEPPED OUT OF THE WILSON YARD, Charles, Anita, and Bonnet found themselves at the entrance of the house again.

They entered the dark, suffocating hall quietly. As if circulated with a fan, humid cold air flowed next to their body. Bonnet stepped in first, holding a flashlight. He approached the staircase and lit it with the beam. Footsteps were visible on the once varnished wooden surface.

“Someone was here recently!” Charles muttered.

“The police?” Anita asked.

“I think it was someone else,” said Bonnet.

Walking along the ground floor of his past, Charles felt the reality fade. He felt a pulse in his temples. He emphasized a well-known sense of intuition. That evening, his previous life disappeared. Images of his life seemed to be repeated. And this evening it would all end. The house looked almost the same as in his memories. It was just that there was no smell of pancakes with vanilla, or his mother's encouraging great look.

Traces of the old police investigation lay scattered among the large furniture. Still, Charles noticed one small thing in its old place. Small aluminum ships, which his father had brought him from Ireland's largest port, were still standing above the school desk in the corner of the living room.

Charles could still hear his father's words. He spoke to him using incomprehensible serious terms. In adult terms, his father never spared Charles in conversations, always addressing him as his equal.

That windy day, his late grandfather took him to Southampton Marina to wait for his parents, who were returning from an important trip. Even now, he could smell the sea and the salt clinging to his face as the flying seagulls loudly announced their arrival. Father dropped to his knees on the wet planks on the pier and took the metal bell-shaped boats out of his bag while grandpa and mom whispered to each other. The cries of seagulls, howling at the wind, and the sirens from distant ships merged with his father's words as he told him about the magnificent Port of Cork. At the time, the little boy couldn't even dream that his father was carrying objects, whose secret history had made him travel to Ireland. He surely couldn't imagine that those objects would change his entire life.

Bonnet's footsteps on the creaking stairs startled him from those warm memories.

They entered the only bedroom on the first floor. A tattered photo album was lying on the bed. Anita and Charles bent over it.

"My last birthday at home," Charles muttered.

"What? When I was here this morning, this album was not here!" said Bonnet.

"Don't touch the album! Someone is still plotting murders against us." Anita whispered and went to the window. She looked toward the house next door. It was quiet.

Charles approached the photograph. In the foreground was Charles blowing out candles on the trot. His parents were

in the background. Anita stepped closer. She moved away from the album and gave Bonnet a strange look. Anita almost uttered the question that would have turned this quiet moment into a scandalous one when Bonnet abruptly turned the flashlight toward the door, plunging the photograph into darkness again. Massaging his temple with his left hand, Bonnet approached the top of the stairs. He was ready to turn the moment into truth. He wasn't hesitating anymore. He had to tell the truth about himself.

They heard a silent noise from the ground floor. The gusts of wind were stronger again. The front door slammed shut and opened again in the wind's rhythm.

"We have to go to the basement as soon as possible. Time is running out," Bonnet said.

"Is there a basement in the house?" Anita asked, bravely passing them on the stairs.

"Yes! Wilson was hiding his scientific discoveries there."

Charles realized that they were in bigger danger than he thought. Bonnet knew about his father's secret hiding place. He could be the killer. He had forgotten to take the board with a nail, and Bonnet had a gun in his hand. *Damn it!*

"But how come the formula was written here? And how do you know about it?" Charles asked, moving Anita behind his back.

"I told you that I will bring you to Salisbury to save you. I can only save you if I reveal to you how the formula, written by your father, works. That is why they dug up your grave today, Charles! But there is only one solution! And the one who survives this night has to reveal the solution to the world. Humanity deserves it! The God Particle exists!"

Facing the kitchen floor above the secret passage, Charles felt that damn desire to give up.

"Give me the gun, Bonnet!" Charles approached him and held out his hand.

Bonnet calmly pulled out his gun and handed it to him. They stared into each other's eyes in silence for a few seconds.

Deciding to bring Bonnet to confession, Charles abruptly stopped in front of the old rug and pulled it back. He ran his fingertips over the floor and pressed firmly. The trapdoor opened almost noiselessly. Bonnet approached and handed him the flashlight. Charles descended two steps and illuminated every corner of the room.

He saw the small scientific paradise where he often spent time with his father. Photographs of great physicists as well as an icon of the Madonna were still hanging on the wall next to the desk. He noticed the light switch and pressed it. A cold white light illuminated the room. Among the notebooks, books, and glass hourglasses, he noticed a souvenir. Only now did he realize that he had completely forgotten his father's mysterious world. Stepping closer, Charles took the small crystal pyramid in his hands.

Bonnet took the pyramid from Charles' hands. Watching it greedily, he wanted to reach into its deepest pores lit by the light bulb.

"The pyramids have a crystalline shape, just like the electrons of a crystal." Bonnet lifted it toward the light bulb. "Crystals have a vast number of very close atoms, which are tightly connected by crystal lattice nodes. The very shape of a pyramid in nature accumulates enormous energy from the cosmos, the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth. Every modern healer knows that. However, no one has yet figured out the real reason for accumulating that energy! Why did nature create such a process? What is it related to?"

"About a human?" Anita asked timidly. "The dead in Arkaim that Borisov told us about were holding a piece of crystal in their laps!"

"Not a single scientist dared to interpret immortality and the afterlife because of a simple reason. No one has yet answered the question where is consciousness? But that is a lie!"

The answer was buried in the dogmas of one of the largest religions in the world

“Christianity!” Anita said excitedly.

“And where is the evidence?” Charles asked.

“The evidence is so obvious and it's all around us!” answered Bonnet.

Charles and Anita looked at each other in astonishment.

“There is a lot of evidence around the world. The Palace of Peace and Reconciliation in Kazakhstan, shaped like a huge crystal pyramid, houses the most important religious gatherings in the world. It is designed in a unique state-of-the-art style. However, at the root of its architecture lies one of the greatest mysteries in the world. The building is a copy of the Pyramid of Cheops. The roof over the largest hall in the building, the opera house, is covered with the symbol of the Sun Cult. In the center of the pyramid is a congress hall, where representatives of the world's religious leaders sit around a round table. And in the middle of that hall is another enormous figure of the Sun. It combines ancient and modern architecture. Many secret societies believed that they had the power to use symbols for influencing the collective consciousness on whom world events depend. And they believed so because they knew that there were secrets about the hidden abilities and function of consciousness, hidden somewhere in the depths of the archives of the most important objects in the world. UNESCO. Under this roof, all the religions of the world merge into one.”

“Is our consciousness the main trap?” Charles said, taking back his pyramid.

“Freud made it official with his theory of the unconscious mind, but only quantum physics opened the question of the place where consciousness dwells. And that question contains the entire theory that will bring ‘rebirth’ to humanity. Surrealism is based on that question. Our only approach to God is based on that question!”

Bonnet approached the icon of Madonna and took it off the wall. A small door appeared in front of them. Bonnet took off his eyeglasses and pushed the tip into the keyhole. The door opened on its own.

“What? There was nothing here this morning either!”

“Be careful Bonnet! Don't touch objects!” said Anita.

“Everything will end tonight.”

He pulled out two objects. A tiny flash drive and square yellow paper. The paper with the formula, which he had left in the urn in that very safe thirty years ago, was in his hand again. However, the flash drive was more important.

“Bonnet took his Android out of the bag and turned it on. Leaning over the mobile, Anita and Charles waited for the small circle to stop rotating. It was a short video. The three-dimensional Atom Dalí formula was displayed on the screen. It rotated slowly around its axis, up and down, left and right. In each of her movements, the colors of the squares felt the same. The sign of equivalence remained in place as the center of force. The caption D-W-R-P suddenly appeared below the formula and the video ended.

“The Adept has found evidence!” Bonnet said.

“What proof, Bonnet?” Anita asked. “And what does DWRP mean?”

“Most likely it was my late father's initials,” Charles said. “Donald Wilson.”

“And the formula in three dimension?” Anita asked.

Bonnet was silent. Charles knew that Bonnet knew very well what it was all about. Everything was simple. The gun in his hand could solve many things. If he pointed it at his temple, maybe the older man would spill the beans, he thought quickly. The formula in the 3D variant was a hypercube. Specifically, two hypercubes with two sides of the equivalence sign. His father instilled in him the importance of the idea of hypercubes as a child. That's why he was fascinated by their surreal

qualities. That's why he made the hotel-hypercube project. And now he learned the great truth.

"It's an architectural visualization," Charles said.

"And what is that supposed to mean?" Anita asked as Bonnet listened to his son with delight.

"It has a certain degree of informative content and allows us to most fully present the external characteristics of the future structure."

"Structures of what?" Anita asked.

"Human structures," said Bonnet, and there was silence between them.

Charles took both items and put them in his pocket.

"Someone is in the house!" Anita whispered suddenly.

They heard a loud, unpleasant sound above their heads. Someone was pushing the couch over the kitchen floor.

"Someone is trying to trap us!" Charles shouted and ran up the stairs, gripping the gun. At the last moment, he threw his head out of the opening and pointed the gun at the man in the black raincoat. A few more seconds and the couch would have completely closed the exit. Charles managed to climb out through the narrow space and ran after him.

"Show your face!" Charles shouted.

The intruder deftly jumped over the wall into the neighboring yard. The lights turned on.

"Charles, wait!" Charles froze when he heard the familiar voice. He remained still for a few moments. Now that he wasn't looking at him, Bertrand Bonnet's voice reminded him of his father's.

"Do not worry. He's waiting for us at Stonehenge." Bonnet said, bowing his head.

"How do you know?" Anita interjected, running after them.

“The solution of the formula follows a certain effort, the path to the altar of the victim. The Adept imagined bringing us all together in one place. A very important place.”

Charles hesitated again. Once upon a time, he and his father dug up an urn in a field near Stonehenge. Only a few days later, his father and mother traveled to Ireland. When they returned, they made a hole in the wall with the magical hidden safe-box. His father hung an image of the Holy Mother of God over it.

“We have no choice, Charles!”

Anita pulled his arm and followed Bonnet.



# Chapter 61



SUDDENLY THEY SAW A BOARD WITH WILTSHIRE WRITTEN ON IT. It was dark and only the tiny lights of distant houses shone like insects. The clock showed that midnight had passed. Bonnet missed the sign for the turn toward Stonehenge and continued on.

“Aren’t we going to Stonehenge?” Anita asked.

“After yesterday’s scandal, the whole territory is probably fenced,” Bonnet replied.

*Yesterday’s scandal.* Charles had almost forgotten that it happened yesterday.

After a while, they found themselves in front of a thin barrier dividing the territory of the English Heritage from the free zone. To their surprise, Bonnet didn’t slow down. On the contrary, he stepped on the gas, and his front bumper broke through the weak fence, pulling it out of the ground. They were only two hundred meters from Stonehenge and climbed a gentle elevation toward the large megalith.

The cold north wind blowing over the bare fields was breaking through several thousand years. But the smell of hay and manure coming from a distant farm was bringing security in the only reality that Charles knew only a few days ago. Her high heels were once again sinking in the ground, which seemed to behave like plasticine. Bonnet's flashlight illuminated the police tape that marked the territory closed. Its light showed a magical scene. A gigantic, unfinished circle. Bonnet turned off the flashlight. Soon, their eyes adjusted to the darkness. The starry sky was clear, and Stonehenge resumed its image of a divine observatory.

Bonnet suddenly stared into Charles' eyes. He approached Charles to finally admit the truth about himself. Anita stepped closer. Now, all three found themselves in the center of the circle.

As the cold wind blew between their bodies and the huge stone pillars, Bertrand Bonnet, Charles Clark and Anita Ruiz formed an equilateral triangle in a circle.

"The Sun disk. God Atum. A circle of time." Bonnet broke the magic of the silence. "The ancient religion had one important difference from our notion of religion. It wasn't based on faith in God, but in man himself and his power to connect with God.

Bonnet left the magic circle and took a few steps toward one of the pillars. The cold stone surface under his palm made him look up at the sky. In the splendor of the stars, he observed the only absolute truth in which he could be sure. It was the past of the light that came from the future.

"The people who built these stone megaliths knew the nature of quanta very well. They also knew that their consciousness and everything their body has at its disposal depends on these small particles parts."

Mellon's demonstration of light electrons in New York! Charles thought. At that moment, he felt an indescribable urge to grab Bonnet by the throat. The event from New York seemed to be repeating and leading him to a conversation that reminded him of his father's words.

All of a sudden, they heard fluttering over them. As if protesting against insomnia brought by uninvited guests, the hungry crows augured either prey or death.

"Tell us Bonnet? Tell us the secret! Now is the time!" said Charles.

"I am to blame for the death that will most likely happen tonight. The killer planned our every move in advance. But before that, I have to tell you one very important thing, Charles."

Bonnet leaned against the wet, cold stone and stared at the ring on his finger. The encircled equilateral cross shined in the moonlight. Instead of feeling sleepy from fatigue and the cold wind whipping his face, he was falling into the persistence of a memory that he couldn't shake off for the last thirty years. He had very little time to explain the truth to his son, let alone to talk to him about his life.

Silence fell. Anita and Charles understood his sudden stillness. Charles squeezed the gun he was still holding and put his index finger on the trigger.

At the foot of a gentle slope, only fifty yards away, a dark silhouette was approaching them. Bonnet knew he had only a few seconds to tell Charles the truth about himself. However, the force of despair was closing around his throat like a noose. He couldn't utter a word. All he wanted at that moment was to see the face of the man who was appearing in his dreams for over thirty years.

"Is that the Adept?" Anita stammered, gripping Charles' hand.

"Hands in the air! Lean against the stone pillar!" The shrill voice drifted toward them.

Anita and Charles recognized the voice. The man in the black raincoat was wounded in the leg. Bonnet managed to shoot him behind St Mary and St Nicholas Church, Charles thought, not believing his eyes. With a quick movement of his left hand, the man removed the hood from his head while holding a gun in his right. In the dark, his blue hair fluoresced against his white face, giving him the terrifying appearance of a spirit. Charles put his hands down and started toward the well-known man, but he aimed the gun at him.

“Ethan?” Charles was stunned.

“Toss me your gun!” Ethan ordered, pointing his gun at him. “You can’t treat me like my father!” After taking the gun from the grass, Ethan turned to Bonnet, ignoring his old friend.

“Your father?” Charles asked. “What are you talking about, Ethan?”

Ethan took a few steps back to make sure that he could aim at all of them. Like an animal mesmerized with his prey, he looked Bonnet in the eye.

“I was already twenty years old when I found the Wilson house in Salisbury. Of course, I was interested in the unsolved case in which my father committed suicide! First, he killed a friend and his family. Then he hanged himself at the gate of the British Parliament.”

“Your father murdered my parents?” Charles clenched his jaw.

“I have always wondered why he committed suicide. He first left me in an orphanage at the mercy of God himself and then dealt with his journey to paradise.”

“Ethan!” Charles started toward him again, but Ethan pointed the gun at him and continued in a trembling voice.

“After inquiring the police, I found out the name of the main victim in my father’s case. Donald Wilson! I also found out that his son survived and overturned the archives of the last remaining orphanage in London. Unbelievable! The name of the orphanage is Merlon, and I grew up there.”

“You built our friendship on that basis?” He clapped his hands angrily. He remembered the night they met. That’s when Ethan probably found out he was Donald Wilson’s son.

“Shut up, Charles!” Ethan turned the gun on himself, took three deep breaths, and continued calmly like a madman. “When I was eighteen, I visited my old house and found evidence that the police never noticed.”

“What evidence, Ethan?” Bonnet asked calmly, trying to pacify the situation.

“Proof that my father killed himself to save me from evil! He would have never left me!”

“What proof, Ethan?”

“Letters from Oxford. Your name was on many of them!”

“Your father was innocent. Put the gun down, Ethan. I forgave him for everything a long time ago.”

“Just like the Secret Five, which didn’t want to accept him? Isn’t that so, Bonnet?” A tear ran down Ethan’s cheek.

Looking at the cold weapon, a disappointed Bonnet remembered his old acquaintance, Alan Cox. They became friends a year after graduating. It turned out that Alan was jealous of the Secret Five while they were students since the members never considered him as a candidate for the intellectual circle of young physicists. However, Bonnet saw potential in him. Alan’s fascination with the four-dimensional, surreal world brought freshness to Bonnet’s only goal – proving the heritage of ancient secrets. Atomic mysticism.

A few years later, Bonnet was working as a teacher in Salisbury, and Alan Cox became his secret connection with Oxford. When the Adept realized that Bonnet would not hide the evidence about secret between science and religion for a long time, he started a murder case. But Bonnet could not have even dreamed that Cox would go so far ... *Kill Salvador Dalí’s message! Kill atomic mysticism!*

“Ethan, put your gun down,” Charles repeated. Anita was still clutching his hand.

“Since the day I found the secret cellar in the Wilson house, I have often visited it.”

“It’s more complicated than you can imagine,” Bonnet replied.

“In an urn, I found a piece of paper with the Atom Dali formula, which was revealed in New York. It’s good that I started the case!”

“So you are the mysterious courier who deceived Stephen Redstone and led the killer to Julian Mellon?” Bonnet interjected.

“That’s right. I delivered the message to Redstone. I must avenge my father!” Ethan feverishly shivered in the wind.

“I hoped that the formula would be publicly deciphered in New York. But I wasn’t expecting a big surprise. Charles Clark knew the secret knowledge encrypted in the formula.” Ethan continued, swiftly moving his eyes from one to the other. “Charles Clark’s wishes suddenly began coming true. The formula my father sacrificed his life for is real. My only regret is that Donald Wilson found it instead of my father, so I won’t be able to brag in front of the world. Or maybe I will?”

“Not all my wishes have come true, Ethan,” Charles interjected, stepping toward him again. “I am an ordinary man, just like you.”

“They did! They all came true!” Ethan looked at Anita and slyly checked out her body in the white dress.

Charles realized what Ethan was trying to tell him. Cox was already approaching Anita. He pointed the gun at her forehead.

“You got the Bugatti, you got promoted, you got recognition for a project worth seventy million dollars! And isn’t our Anita Ruiz here the love of your life? She reappeared in your life that same day in New York, didn’t she? Don’t you remember the wishes you made on the plane?”

Charles looked Anita in the eye. He saw a million questions in her pupils.

“You will never see your father? Is that what you are thinking now, Charles?” Ethan now pointed the gun at Bonnet.

For a few moments, everyone was silent.

“You see, Charles, all your wishes have come true! Here is one of your parents! You are looking at your late father. Here he is, right in front of you! Look at him! And he found you the same day you appeared scandalously on television. The same day when all your wishes came true!”

Bonnet turned to Charles with a heavy feeling since the cold tip of the gun was pressed at his temple. They looked each other in the eye.

“Yes, Charles. I am Donald Wilson. Your father,” Bonnet said.

“And you are Charles Wilson, as you already know!” Ethan added mockingly. His teeth were chattering with the hatred that overwhelmed him in that dramatic moment.

Hourglasses, a green desert, and his father’s voice were flashing reluctantly like old slides before Charles’ eyes.

“Since I haven’t found out how the formula functions, you will have to show it to me, both of you, Wilsons. Then I will avenge my father!” Ethan surprisingly hushed his voice as tears ran down his cheeks.

He pulled out a rope from his bag and threw it at Anita’s feet.

“Tie them to the stone! If the formula is really effective, we will see how effective those stones of yours are!”





# Chapter 62



JUST THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM STONEHENGE, Collins held a gun to Redstone's temple. Redstone was silent.

“Say it Redstone! Who is the Adept?”

Redstone's eyes flashed with a spark of madness like the one seen in criminals in deftly illustrated graphic novels about murders. After over ten years, he could count the successful experiments that he managed to prove at CERN on the fingers of one hand. Modern science is slowly losing time and is becoming more and more irreversible.

Redstone realized that CERN's successes came closest to the God Particle and, thus, to the scientific proof of religion and vice versa. However, he knew that no Bosons could answer the question of the power that humans have. They will not answer the question of time, nor where do the past opportunities go? No Bosons will prove the Resurrection unless the question “Where is consciousness?” is answered. And, as it turned out, Bonnet was hiding that answer from him!

What was happening thirty years ago had to be resolved in a circle uncharacteristic of the police. Although he felt the cold tip on his skin, he knew Collins would not fire. That was enough for the flash of anger neurons to turn into dust. He had to get rid of Collins before they reached Stonehenge, which was already visible in the distance under the faint moonlight. The last second expired. As if following Redstone's mute order, Collins put the gun down.

"Yes! I was near Parliament that night. And yes! I saved Donald Wilson. I didn't kill him, Collins. But he has killed me, as the last few days have shown! He took away everything I fought for. He took the Atom Dalí formula from me. He robbed me of the chance to prove the Resurrection! Maybe the Adept was right when he ordered me to get rid of him back then!"

"And who is the Adept? Tell me for God's sake!" Collins repeated.

"We'll find out tonight."

Redstone knew Collins trusted him. He trusted him the moment he got rid of the police.

Collins lit a cigarette. Then he started the car and drove slowly, with the lights off, toward Stonehenge itself. What he had expected to see didn't in the least match what was really going on among the imposing stone pillars.

As Anita clumsily tied the rope around Bonnet and Charles, the deafening sound of a car came from a distance. The long yellowish rays blinded them.

"Run to the car!" Ethan shouted as if frightened by the unexpected guest. He quickly began helping Anita to unwind the rope. Charles grabbed his leg, and Ethan fell face down on the grass. Anita leaped towards Ethan's gun. But the weapon hit the stone, and a loud shot rang above them.

Ethan bounced back to his feet and aimed his gun at Bonnet again. He raised his hands in defeat.

The headlights suddenly went out. Another gunshot blared in the night.

“Stop!” They heard Stephen Redstone’s voice.

Collins and Redstone ran towards them, but they had already managed to jump into Bonnet’s car. Collins fired at the tires but to no avail.

“Damn it!” Redstone shouted.

“And where the hell are they going now?” Collins ran back to the car and tried to start the engine. The wheels of the low car began to grind in the mud. They were stuck.

“We’re going to need a helicopter to catch them tonight,” Redstone said. “So, without your reinforcements, we have no chance.”

“Helicopter!”

“We’re going to Ireland, Collins. I should have been there a long time ago, but you stopped me!”

“I beg your pardon?”

“If you hadn’t kept me, maybe everything would have been resolved!”

“Why to Ireland? Are you saying Bonnet is taking them to Ireland?”

“According to medieval Celtic legends, Joseph of Arimathea collected blood from Christ’s wounds into a cup. The Celtic myths also mention a place called Anun. It is an empty place, a principle of the world where death is stronger than life, but everything is born in that very place. The urn, which also contains Celtic patterns, is empty. It represents the symbolism of the Resurrection, and the formula is in the cup. That is why Bonnet, as a physics teacher in Salisbury, placed the written Atom Dalí formula in an urn. The secret knowledge of man’s abilities in the ancient posthumous vessel!”

“And what the hell does that mean?” Collins shouted, rubbing his wheels in place.

“We all participate in the game! The Adept planned everything down to the last detail. The fact that Charles saw the urn in my hands in Borisov's house was just a trap for the next trip! If it weren't for the urn, Charles would have turned to the police a long time ago! But the urn helped him realize that he was on the path of his own father.”

“Ireland?” Collins repeated in disbelief, glancing at the urn that was rolling around his feet again. With the tip of his gun, he picked up the bracelet-lid with a barely visible ornament. Collins stared at it for a few seconds as if playing the role of Indiana Jones. “I don't believe you, Redstone!”

“Everything is falling into place. Our next destination is Ireland!” Redstone concluded, thinking about the museum in Dublin, where the Cross of Cong is housed together with a once important relic that testified of the Resurrection. “And if we are lucky, we will arrive before Bonnet.”

“Ireland? Victims, This cross covers the cross ...” Collins muttered to himself.

“It's most likely the Cross of Cong in Dublin.”

“Ancient cross! The professor was right!” said Collins, and grabbed the phone. “National Police Air Service!” Collins said as he turned on the reinforcements.

“Ten minutes!” a voice was heard from the other side.

“Notify the Irish police. The Interpol should issue a warrant for Bertrand Bonnet, Anita Ruiz, and Charles Clark. They may already be on their way to Dublin.”

“Oh, God! Where are you, Detective Collins?” the voice from the other side roared.

“Near Stonehenge. The helicopter from Benson will get here a few minutes faster.”

While waiting for the sound of propellers from the distance, Collins circled the car with both guns in his hands. Images of

the latest murders were running through his head. The oldest chalk in history, found in England, is made of red ocher. It wasn't used only for painting on rocks and skin but for an ancient ritual in which red ocher symbolized the power of blood. Cemeteries! He recalled the murder of Julian Mellon in New York. *Rituals!* What if the killings were, in fact, rituals by the members of the group themselves?

He put one gun in his jacket pocket and pulled out his mobile. Collins had to call Professor Cortez. He had no choice.

"Hello." After the phone rang a few times, Collins heard a sleepy old man's voice on the other end.

"What does the ring mean with the encircled equilateral cross you gave to me in Oxford?"

"It isn't an encircled equilateral cross but a swastika whose tips are curved in the direction of a circular flow. It is the personification of the most ancient meander, the first and oldest ornament in the world that had an important meaning ... described the movement of the solar system. It is also called the solar or sun cross!"

"With what holy place could the cross be connected? Anita and Charles are still in danger!"

"Judging by the formula, as I already told you, it is most likely an ancient cross. The problem is that there are hundreds of them in the British Isles!"

"Sure." Collins hung up. Redstone was right. One in a hundred was the Cross of Cong in Dublin.

From the distance, he suddenly heard the barely audible sound of a helicopter. It brought a sense of uncertainty, death but also satisfaction. Collins took a thin cigarette and lit it. The quick effects of nicotine had never brought him so much pleasure.



# Chapter 63



WHEN THEY FOUND THEMSELVES SPEEDING DOWN THE HIGHWAY, Charles thought about jumping at Ethan, who was weaker and shorter than him. He was sitting in front of him and pointing his gun at Bonnet. But he hesitated. If they were alone, he would have done it. However, Anita's life was more important to him than his own.

Under the streetlights that illuminated Bonnet's ring, Charles finally remembered that he first saw that ring on his grandfather's hand that windy day in the Port of Southampton.

"Where are we going, Ethan?" Bonnet interrupted his thoughts.

"I am the one asking questions tonight," Ethan retorted angrily.

"I am an old rascal, Ethan, and you are too young."

"Where did you get the ring, Bonnet?" Ethan's question startled him.

“The symbol on my ring originates from a sacred place that is now under UNESCO protection. It contains direct evidence about the solution of the formula.”

“And where is that place?”

“In Ireland,” Bonnet replied at last.

“Not only your ring originated there but your urn as well, right?” Charles asked.

Bonnet only nodded slightly. He took out his mobile and typed a few buttons.

“A pilot for Ireland. Yes, this address.”

“Pilot?” Anita and Clark asked at the same time as a smile of satisfaction spread across Ethan's face.

“We can only get to Ireland by air tonight, can't we?” Bonnet said, stopping the car by the side of the road.

Ten minutes later, the sound of a UNESCO helicopter was heard in the distance at the end of the A303 road. Taking off in the direction of Emerald Isle, another name for Ireland, Bonnet saw the lights of the police that were caressing on the way to Stonehenge. Despite Ethan still aiming his gun at them, a pleasant calmness spread over him.

Time was on his side again, and he was ready for the most important conversation that evening. That fact kept him in a good mood even though he knew how much risk he was taking.

While he watched the thin gleaming orange line on the horizon that barely separated the water from the sky, only a few tiny lights on the ground like unique, earthly symbols restored his desire to believe in his father's words again. “You will change the world, Donald! The time has finally come.”

“Many were interested in knowledge I heard a lot about as a child. For thousands of years, people have searched for the secret knowledge with spiritual and philosophical strategies through Freemasonry. However, the secret is very simple. It is hidden in every man.”



“The rift between science and religion is an illusion that was purposely created for centuries to continue building the top of the pyramid with successful and rich people. That ensured that ordinary folks remained ignorant about themselves and their ingenious abilities. Am I right?” Anita said.

“Before I explain the exact meaning of the formula, I must reveal to you one of the greatest mysteries in the history of mankind.”

With a peculiar smile, Bonnet leaned back on his seat and tucked his hand in the pocket of his green corduroy pants. Everyone stared at the object he had placed on the small plastic table between them, which he pulled out of the wall. There was no surprise. It was a common coin. Bonnet spun the coin on the flat surface so that it rotated around its axis.

“As long as the coin is turning, it is a mixture of heads and tails. It is both at the same time. But if we stop the coin with our hand, it will become heads or tails.” At that moment, Bonnet stopped the coin with his palm but didn’t raise his hand.

“Your influence on the occurrence?” Charles asked.

“With our will, we managed to turn it into one of those two. That is precisely what Mellon tried to explain about the electron in New York. The Nobel laureate, physicist Niels Bohr, also claimed that. So, we can never know where an electron is until we affect it with our physical action. But the strange thing is not that we can’t know where it is, but that it is everywhere at the same time!”

“Mellon was actually talking about thoughts that are everywhere at the same time,” Anita interjected.

“Our imagination, past and future, possible and impossible chances, missed dialogues, or future encounters ... all of that is in our consciousness everywhere at the same time and always. The eternity of the present.”

“That’s exactly what poor Borisov said,” said Anita as Ethan stared blankly at them.

“Just like in an electron cloud of one atom. Our influence on their existence determines our past and future.”

“A phenomenon!” Ethan said in a frantic, skeptical tone as if mocking him.

“Einstein explained this as *quantum intricacy*. For example, if two coins represented electrons of the same atom, they would be intricate, and if these two coins rotated next to each other at the same time, they would be completely dependent on each other as intricate. If we stopped the first one and got, say, heads, the second one would one hundred percent be tails.”

“But that can’t be true in a hundred percent of cases?” Charles said.

“It is true in a hundred percent of cases, when it comes to intricate electrons. It was proven millions of times in electrons. Electrons will behave like that even when thousands of kilometers separate them. Even if one is left on the Earth and the other taken to the Moon! Two mixed particles transmit information to each other at an infinite distance and at a speed faster than the speed of light. This is exactly the power of our consciousness”

“Similar to two people thinking of each other when they are not in the same room?” Anita asked.

“Right on! Like the thoughts of two lovers whose consciousness electrons mingled. That is one of the strongest proofs that our consciousness is made up of electrons and that our body is, in fact, the nucleus of the atom. Everything you ever think or do, every step that was the result of your consciousness, has a power immeasurable even with the power of electricity! The electron power! It touches everything that you have ever come into contact with, and concerns not only your life but everything else that surrounds you.”

“Are you saying that if I wanted something, and made a connection about that desire, it would come true, even if it was kilometers away and at another time? That is enough only to get in touch, that is, quantum entanglement?” Charles asked.

“Exactly! Our desires are a matter of our consciousness. And our consciousness is made up of electrons. Then time loses all meaning and the chances remain in the eternal present. The mess of the past does not exist! The X point in the time cone can be moved left and right as much as we want. At that point, science ends since it can now rely only on something higher! On God himself!”

“If humanity were aware of its atomic mystical nature, there wouldn’t be a single atheist in the world!” said Anita.

“That is right, Anita! The power of one thought can move the universe! The famous inventor of electricity, Nikola Tesla, claimed that. His famous sentence is: *If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency, and vibration.*”

“Well, not everyone can think in terms of energy, frequency, and vibration,” Ethan retorted.

“Tesla didn’t mean that. It doesn’t mean that you have to study these three things or believe in them, but to produce with your thoughts!” Bonnet explained.

Not uttering a single word since they didn’t want to break the magical membrane of Bonnet’s explanation, which suddenly inseparably and firmly bound them, Anita, Charles, and Ethan stared at the coin on the table. Bonnet suddenly opened his palm. Tails. A sign of truth.

Resisting reason, Charles suddenly remembered all his wishes. They were not just imagination. For each of them, he made a connection. He remembered the first time he saw the Bugatti Chiron Sport 2018. Not only did he see the car among the first, but he also sat in it, although only thirty seconds. That was the connection! The first kiss with Anita Ruiz and the project he sent to the architectural bureau a long time ago flashed through his mind. Charles remembered numerous different types of prize coupons he had collected. As a journalist who made a scandal in New York, of course he ended on one of the most famous TV stations in the world, the BBC.

“So we know that the Atom Dalí formula actually reveals the secret of the quantity of human consciousness?” Anita said.

“It's very simple. We all know that only when we start to influence them, to concentrate, that is, to follow and shape them, thoughts become clear, and time turns into reality.”

“Does that mean that the failed possibility has never really failed completely?” Charles asked.

“In the quantum world in the figurative sense of the electron, Einstein called this process retro-reason or a retrocausality.”

“So, our formula is actually the formula of a man!” Anita concluded excitedly.

“The formula signifies the God Particle. And the God Particle is human. Jesus Christ himself knew the formula of human!”

“Wait, wait, Bonnet,” said Anita excitedly. “That means man is the biggest atom in the world!”

“There is a secret relic in all of us. Scientific relic – God Particle. In the days of Jesus Christ and before him, people called it the fifth side of the world. The fifth side of the world is the Greenwich of the Earth and as such it exists in ourselves. We are a miniature of the Universe and therefore our body functions according to the laws of the Universe. Just as the Moon holds on to the Earth, so does our consciousness hold on to our body. Just as a Axis passes through the Earth, so a Axis passes through our body. As is a nice explanation in the Eastern religion, there are our centers, chakras, on it, which have the strongest impulses of energy from the Universe.”

“For two thousand years, man searched for relics, for the Holy Grail, for physical evidence that actually exists within ourselves,” said Anita. “That's why he never found them!”

While the blades splashed rain into the wind over the wavy stormy sea, everybody was silent in the helicopter with the word UNESCO written on its sides. Charles watched the

dark green terrain through the window. Steep brown slopes occasionally took on the yellowish-orange gleam of early sunlight only to be extinguished again by the damp gray fog drifting from the depths of the land. Fascinated by his thoughts about mystical roots of the ancient ancestors of modern humanity, he had almost forgotten the intuition that persistently hinted at an imminent end.



# Chapter 64



THE POLICE AIRBUS HELICOPTERS H145 CARRYING DETECTIVE COLLINS AND STEPHEN REDSTONE LANDED ON A LAWN NEAR THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF IRELAND IN DUBLIN.

When they passed the Parliament building, a dozen police vehicles were already waiting in Kildare Street. An Irish police officer and his colleagues came out of the first one. Collins quickly explained that Stephen Redstone is a witness who would help them get to the murderer. Although he wasn't sure whether he had lied or made a mistake, Collins finally allowed himself to believe in intuition.

“Surround the building! Multiple murders can occur here!” Collins told the officer.

Only ten seconds later, a small black car parked in front of the museum entrance. The director and the curator came out. Collins shook their hands skeptically and followed in their footsteps.

While the director of the museum spoke to the police officer, Collins and Redstone watched every corner of the museum's entrance hall.

“The building is clear,” a voice announced from the other end of the hall, and all five of them headed inside.

“In our museum, you can see a very rich collection of Celtic costumes, Christian ornaments and relics, metal works of art from the eighth and twelfth centuries,” the curator started with a smile as if proud of his important role in front of the police.

“The Clonycavan Man from the Iron Age, a body naturally mummified in a peat bog, was found in County Meath in 2003. The man had arranged his hairstyle with pine resin and vegetable oil imported from Spain or southwestern France. Imagine that! Trade and high culture didn’t exist only among the Egyptians and Romans at that time ... Oh, my God!” The curator suddenly appeared in front of him. Redstone jumped to the side, and everyone stopped. “Oh! So you are Stephen Redstone? The physics professor who will bring an urn for examination!” he said, unconsciously rubbing his hands while his eyes were fixed on the urn in Redstone’s hands. “This arrived for you last night. The last visitor entered the museum two minutes before closing. The courier said that I would easily recognize you because you will be carrying an urn, which I should examine.”

The curator took a small yellow paper from the pocket of his long black coat. The police officer and museum director approached him. Collins grabbed the paper before it reached Redstone’s hands and unfolded it. Everyone stared at the small object. It was a ring. Identical to the one shining on Collins’ finger.

“Only, I wasn’t expecting you to show up with the detective and an entire defense team,” the curator added, confusedly staring at Collins’ ring.

The director took a step back and looked at them questioningly.

“The cameras!” he shouted in a walkie-talkie.

“We don’t have time for cameras,” Collins snapped. “They could be killed at any moment!”



“Where did you get the ring, Mr. Collins?” the Irish police officer asked in a cold, deep voice.

“I gave it to Collins a few moments ago so it wouldn’t get lost,” Redstone forestalled him as Collins listened in disbelief. “The ring goes together with the urn. That’s why he left me an identical object.”

Collins just nodded, moving his chin to the side.

The curator approached him, took his glasses out of his jacket, and stared at both rings before bringing the new one to Collins’ hand.

“Silver. It doesn’t seem older than fifty years.”

“What did the courier look like?” the officer asked.

Redstone seized the opportunity to take the ring from the curator and put it in his bag together with the urn.

“I didn’t see his face under the hood. The conversation lasted only a few seconds,” the confused curator answered, still holding his empty hand in the air.

“The Adept will commit the murders tonight at a place that has something to do with the urn and a relic that used to be in the Cross of Cong. That relic is proof of a big secret of humanity, the secret of the Resurrection. And it’s definitely not in the museum,” Redstone said.

“And where is that place?” the police officer and Collins asked at the same time while the museum director and curator watched him curiously.

“I’m still not sure.”

As if intoxicated, Redstone pensively took a few steps forward. In front of him, he saw the Cross of Cong in a glass case. Made of oak, seventy-six centimeters high and forty-eight centimeters wide, covered with gold, silver, copper, bronze, brass, Insular art, Viking, and Romanesque tiny gold intertwined artworks. Just like the German crosses, it had the head of a beast holding a cross in its mouth. In its very center, like an eye, stood a stone crystal that once hid a big lost secret.

The relic of the True Cross was sent from Rome in 1123. In Irish, the Cross of Cong is also called “an Bacall Buidhe,” which means “the yellow staff.”

*The Sun staff*, Redstone thought, although the translation most likely referred to its gold color. It was hidden behind a stone crystal.

“The Sun staff?” Redstone asked.

There is an interesting inscription on it. By this cross is covered the cross on which the creator of the world suffered.

“What!” exclaimed Redstone and Collins at the same time watching the tiny crystal that seemed to suddenly gain some magical power over the whole world.

“This cross covers the cross on which the creator of the world suffered,” repeated the surprised curator, trying to point his finger at a small metal protrusion on which the carved inscription was barely noticeable.

Redstone was sure now. There is proof and one of the greatest religions in the world has covered it up. The inscription was a metaphor. This cross locked the secret. The only true secret. The secret of the Son of God. The secret of Jesus Christ who knew the secret of every man.

“The most famous Celtic cross,” he whispered barely audibly, mesmerized.

“The most famous Celtic cross isn’t the Cross of Cong,” he heard the curator’s voice behind him.

“What do you mean?” Redstone couldn't believe.

“This cross was made to divert attention from the Celtic High Crosses that bore symbols of a clandestine ancient knowledge. You see, this is the first cross after which the construction of crosses with a circle has almost completely stopped.”

“High Crosses!” Redstone repeated.

“By making it, the King of Ireland stopped the era of ancient knowledge. The Cross of Cong was made in year eleven

twenty-three for the king of the province of Connacht, Turlough Mor O'Connor, who later became the High King of Ireland. The cross was kept for a long time in the county of Roscommon, where the son of Turlough O'Connor and the last High King of Ireland, Roderic O'Connor, died.”

“The last King of Ireland! Connacht!” Redstone muttered suddenly. “And where is the most famous Celtic cross?”

“Unlike all crosses in history, which are flat, the High Crosses have an imposing three-dimensional appearance! Some say that the greatest mystique of Ireland is hidden in those artworks. Traces of a vanished epoch are written on them,” the curator continued, inspired by the topic.

*A three-dimensional appearance!* The curator’s words rang in Redstone’s ears like huge church bells. His eyes flashed with that priceless radiance that illuminated them every time he was on the threshold of discovery. He fell into a deep abyss of memory. A mathematical scheme of Dalí’s painting *The Crucifixion* appeared before his eyes. As a student, he had tried to explain it with geometric astrophysical schemes. The cross was shaped like a hypercube, that is, a High Cross in a three-dimensional space on which the young, unharmed Jesus Christ was crucified.

“And where is that most famous Celtic cross?” Redstone lost his temper.

As if there was no reason to hurry, he stepped forward on the parquet, made a circle on the heel of his patent leather shoes, and turned back to the group. “The High Crosses are located in about fifty places across Ireland. The most important are Drumcliffe, Ahenny, Monasterboice, and Cookstown.”

“There must be one among them that is the most important!” the police officer lost his patience.

“I can’t help you with that. For Ireland, all places are important and of equal historical value!”

Redstone quickly re-imagined Salvador Dalí's painting *Crucifixion* represented at a hypercube. *The cross ... the hypercube ... Many works of art depict much bigger crosses of the crucifixion, but none the representation of the most massive cross of the crucifixion in a three-dimensional space.* Suddenly a thought came to him.

“Which of those fifty places is the most massive and highest High Cross located?”

“The largest and most impressive High Cross is called the Cross of the Scriptures. It is located at the cemetery of the great kings of Ireland. The very ones who commissioned the Cross of Cong.”

“Oh, my God! You are an idiot!” The museum director slapped his forehead. “Clonmacnoise!” he told the officer who was already rushing toward the exit.

“A young man called Ciaran mac an tSaeir, or son of the carpenter, founded the town of Clonmacnoise in the County Roscommon between years five hundred forty-five and five hundred forty-eight. A hundred and thirty kilometers west of Dublin,” his voice echoed between the black-and-white pillars of the imposing hall, where the most important archeological finds of that legendary country lay for eternity.

# Chapter 65



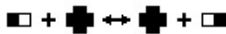
*“I don’t renounce anything. I continue. And I continue with the beginning because I started from the end. I always started with death. Death and Resurrection, revolution and rebirth, such are the Dalían myths of my tradition,”* Anita said slightly provocatively, leaning in her seat.

“Dalí wrote that in his book *The Secret Life of Salvador Dalí*,” said Bonnet.

“The secret of birth, death, and Resurrection.”

“Atoms are born among the stars. Atoms can’t die! Those births and deaths are imbued with the divine breath described in scripture. When science proves the Resurrection, religion will finally prove it right! And modern quantum physics is on that path.”

Charles took the small square piece of paper with the original Atom Dalí formula from his pocket and placed it on a table. Everyone leaned over the formula again.



“The quadrature sign, used since prehistoric times, represented the elements from which the world was created: air, water, earth, and fire, the Rain God, the Sun God, etc.” Bonnet said.

“Today’s Christian cross is a modified form of the old quadrature cross and, in fact, contains the origin of the entire universe.”

“It originates from the meander, a symbolic sign for the movement of our solar system. However, although it appears to be made up only of squares, the formula I called Atom Dalí means just a circle or a ring.”

“If you add up all the squares in the formula, you will get the number fourteen. And from fourteen squares, you can make an ideal pyramid with a top and four-sided base. You can draw an ideal circle both around it and inside it.” Charles said.

Bonnet laughed pleasantly, rubbed the tip of his nose with a handkerchief that he pulled from his fur coat, and continued without further hesitation.

“Black-and-white squares are also known as the checkered flooring. It represents the floor of Solomon's temple.”

“The dualism of good and evil,” Anita added.

“The equivalence sign indicates the dualism of time, i.e., the point X in the intersection of the time cone. In physics, it is called a *retro reason*.”

“And the hypercube from the three-dimensional formula to USB?” Charles asked.

“The symbol of the fourth dimension. Surrealism,” confirmed Bonnet.

“Cross shaped in a circle! Divine breath in the atom! The fusion of science and religion!” said Anita.

Bonnet started rummaging through the papers in his bag and finally pulled out a small replica of a painting by

Salvador Dalí. It was among the first things he packed when fleeing France. *The Crucifixion* from 1954.

“Here is one piece of evidence of the secret. Look!”

The painting that grabbed the attention of the three mortals was Charles’ famous hypercube, on which a young, vital, and completely unharmed body was crucified.

At that moment, the helicopter touched the land. Around seven hundred yards from the goal, along the bank of the winding, swollen River Shannon, the helicopter was sending strong gusts of air that were breaking the whitish mist over the plush, long grass. It was almost dawn, but the thick clouds hovering over the longest river in Ireland named in honor of the river goddess Sionna were still clinging to the night and occasionally flashing with lightning.

“We will continue on foot,” Bonnet said, heading for the goal.

When the beautiful ancient stone settlement became visible in the distance of the green desert, they quickened their pace. The closer they got, the clearer the picture became. Besides several houses on the left and right of the stone boundary, the place consisted of two large cemeteries with the ruins of former religious buildings.

“Clonmacnoise is a candidate for UNESCO protection.” Bonnet said. “For six centuries, it was the educational and religious center of the Celts,” Bonnet replied enigmatically, as he passed them.

“Monastery?” Anita asked.

“It was the largest monastery in Celtic Ireland, consisting of two towers, nine churches, and over seven hundred tombs from early Christianity. It used to be home to six thousand people and two hundred fifty-five thousand pupils. The monastery was a regular target for the Vikings and Normans.”

The museum was still closed to visitors. The light wasn’t on in the building at the very entrance to Clonmacnoise,

and thick fog shrouded the long, two-row parking lot. Cautiously approaching the stone wall. The scene was impressive. Like guards among the towers, the High Crosses resembling living Vikings surrounded them while they walked through ancient times. They rose, elegant in their greenish moss “skins,” from the low, transparent mist. Two of them were several meters high. Among them, on a small hill, stood a giant pillar with carved mystical symbols.

“You now have the opportunity to observe the remnants of knowledge of a vanished epoch.” Anita said excitedly.

“Although hundreds of thousands of years separated them, ancient peoples passed on their knowledge more firmly and consciously than modern man. Egypt is still famous for its knowledge,” Anita said quickly. “Precisely because of the prolongation of their tradition, as the psychologist Jung claimed, one of the great myths of the collective unconscious arose, the myth of the Holy Grail.”

At that moment, lightning struck and the drizzle turned into heavy rain. Bonnet abruptly fell silent. He raised his left hand high and turned his ring toward the sky. After a few seconds, he glanced at the ring again. For a moment, he seemed to be performing a personal ritual that preceded a great significant rite in all religions. Like coming up with something, Bonnet briskly started up the gravel path to a small hill with a beautiful view of the River Shannon. The others followed him.

Anita and Charles were holding hands, their eyes fixed on the sky. Their wet faces were illuminated by the faded, barely recognizable ornaments on the high pillar. Partially covered with moss and whitish lichen spirals, the intertwined leafy knots and circular decorations were divided by two straight lines, expressing the power of persistence of memory.

Charles stepped closer and touched the stone base with his hand.

“The originals of the three most important High Crosses in the world, the Clonmacnoise Crosses, are in the visitor center. This once-imposing North Cross was built



around eight hundred AD and is considered the oldest in Clonmacnois,” Bonnet said.

“God! It is the personification of anti-Christianity!” Anita said approaching Charles.

“Although Celts had already accepted Christianity at the time. Its decoration is completely anti-Christian.” Bonnet answered. “Cernunnos, the horned God whom the ancient Celtic polytheists worshipped, is engraved on the shaft. That cross depicts the big struggle of the ancient and the new coming epoch. This is one of the proofs of the mystically disappeared religion, Mithraism.”

“Mithraism?” Anita was surprised.

“The youngest religion in which man lived by his atomic nature. Because of this, Christianity became silent forever.”

Bonnet made a few steps toward the Cross of the Scriptures.

“This is a faithful replica of the original most impressive High Cross that was transferred to the visitor center in nineteen ninety-one to preserve it. The four-meter-high cross was made from a single piece of stone around nine hundred.”

“And what scriptures does it represent?” Ethan asked.

“The parts about the Crucifixion, Christ’s tomb, the judgment of Pontius Pilate, and the Resurrection, but also texts that were written before the birth of Jesus Christ. Solomon and his twelve tribes of Israel, as well as Jesus Christ with his twelve apostles, represent an allegory of the Sun and twelve signs of the zodiac. A fusion of science and Christianity! Besides Flann Sinna’s interesting request for Father Colman is an image that is still open for interpretation. It shows three riders facing left and two carriages facing right.”

“The crossroads of two epochs?” Anita suggested.

“He who gives strength goes into the past, and the brought baggage of new beliefs goes into the future,” Bonnet replied.

“And what does circle mean?” Ethan asked.

“Modern archaeologists believe that the circle in which the Celts drew the cross is, in fact, a structure that will firmly hold the left and right sides and protect the cross from breaking. Others say that it is a cosmology in which the Celts have wanted to believe more than in Christianity for a long time ... Symbols of the solar or sun cross were found in nineteen eighty on Bronze Age urns in the village of Croft in Cheshire. But! They were also found on urns from fourteen forty BC. In history, sun crosses have been symbols of many religions, not just Christianity.”

Bonnet paused for a moment, looking around to make sure that there was still no one nearby and that he still had time to explain quickly what was about to take place.

“In fact, this is the earliest explanation of man himself – faith in the atom. ‘Cross of Atlantis’ – the cult of the Sun.”

“The symbol of Mithraism is the Cross in the circle of the Sun and it looks identical like this!” said Anita.

“Mithraism still exists today,” Bonnet said. “For example, Masons accept people of all religions and political beliefs into their fraternity. Why? The beliefs that rule the world are only a trifle compared to the atomic mysticism that rules humanity. And they're damn right! The French historian of religion, Ernest Renan, best known for his books *Life of Jesus*, *The Gospels*, *The Apostles*, and many others, is famous for his sentence, *If the growth of Christianity had been arrested by some mortal malady, the world would have been Mithraic.*

“This explains why Emperor Constantine, who provided an enviable position for Christianity, bore the Mithraic title of Invincible Sun!” said Anita.

A place under the sun, Charles thought. He remembered the pyramid in Kazakhstan, which Bonnet had recently mentioned. A gathering place where representatives of the world's religions sit as one at a table in the hall, whose center is dominated by the Sun Cult. That ugly feeling that

something is wrong overwhelmed him again. Everything was only a big game under the stars.

Bonnet descended the gentle slope toward the Temple Connor. Anita ran after him.

“Where did you get the ring, Bertrand?” Anita’s words stopped Bonnet in his tracks.



# Chapter 66



“YOU CAN’T DENY THAT YOU DRAGGED ALL OF US INTO THIS FOR YOUR PERSONAL GAIN!” Anita continued, not taking her eyes off Bonnet’s ring.

“I don’t deny it.”

“It is because of you that my parents, Cox, Mellon, Borisov, and Redstone, have fallen into the trap of the Adept.”

“By explaining the law of consciousness the Adept hoped to become the Great Architect among the faithful. The first to know the solution of the God Particle,” Bonnet said at last. “The urn, lid, and ring my father brought from Ireland have revealed to the Adept my connection to the initiated followers.”

“Secret origins?” Charles was surprised as he approached them from behind.

“The last initiated follower whose existence was known dates back to the Chief Master from the period before nine hundred twenty-four. However, much evidence was destroyed in the Viking attack on Clonmacnois.”

“Chief Master?” Anita and Ethan repeated.

“At those times, nobody paid attention to the anonymous stonemasters who carved High Crosses. At the time of their construction, the watchwords and signs were highly guarded secrets. Many objects that explained the great secrets dating back to the Bronze Age have been destroyed. Yet a few have been preserved thanks to the tunnel below us. The attackers never reached him.”

“So that means our parents really lost their lives because of you?” Ethan asked, still holding the gun in his hand.

Bonnet was silent. Anita looked down at the ground. Charles hesitated to say anything. The guilt was too absurd.

“The Adept decided to perform the rite exactly where all the objects come from. That's why we're here,” said Bonnet.

“Rite!” cried Anita.

“All the murders were rituals.”

“So you can only be an Adept?”

There was silence between them for a moment. Bonnet did not move. He looked Charles in the eye. Only a light rain filled the tension. Charles came closer to Anita. Now he could understand that she had something to tell him but she didn't. He felt it from the beginning. But he also knew it was too late.

Anita suddenly pulled out her mobile and dialed.

“It's all over! We're in place! We found the Adept! Yes, everyone is together!” While she was saying that with her other hand, she took out a small silver pistol, stepped aside and pointed it at the group.

As Charles and Bonnet stared frantically at the scene, Ethan calmly crossed over to Anita's side.

“Don't move!” They both pointed their guns straight at Charles and Bonnet. “Put the gun down!”

Bonnet laid the gun on the ground and kicked it at them.

“Ten years of effort have finally borne fruit. Federico Ruiz was not killed for nothing ...” said Anita.

“And neither was my father!” Ethan said.

“Tonight we will avenge our parents and a great discovery about the ingenious nature of man will belong to the Spaniard! To whom it has always belonged! Salvador Dalí!”

“Are you two together ?” Charles said frantically as Bonnet weighed Anita's gun in disbelief.

“Ever since the day of our kiss Charles! It all starts with legends. So that's how my and Ethan's story began. One evening at the orphanage we promised each other that we would reveal a great secret. The work of my parents led me to study anthropology. And that's what the two of them gave their lives for, isn't it? Discover the secret about humans! You see, legends usually come true.”

“And now what? You want to kill us?” Bonnet asked, looking around. There was no one, and the helicopter they got out of remained four kilometers away from them.

“That's the reason you sent me to New York, isn't it? I want everything black and white. Proof of the origin of the urn, the ring, their connection with Mithraism, the archive from the tunnel, the formula for the resurrection of electrons and their connection with the Resurrection of Jesus Christ ... And all that at a public destination. The whole world will learn about the hidden secret by which the church and science govern humanity. The time has come for a great discovery. The names of the magnificent five will finally be revealed. Detective Collins and Juan Alonso are on their way here!”

“You two played the game from the beginning?” Bonnet said angrily.

“Well, the game started much earlier when I published an article in the Sorbonne magazine!” That was the only way for the Secret Five to start functioning again.” Anita's serious face now turned red. “I knew you were the Adept! Ever since that night in Paris.”

“You committed all the murders!” Ethan said. “You even freed Redstone from your secret hiding place of your own house after I locked him up.”

“So you put the USB and the formula paper in the safe?”

“I worked on the three-dimensional formula for a long time. I wanted to upset the Adept. To prove to him that the meaning of the formula has been revealed. But as far as I can see, it's hard to upset you, Bonnet. The man who sold his soul to the devil has no emotion.”

Bonnet was silent, twirling the ring around his finger.

“Wait, wait,” Charles said. “Juan Alonso Damas! You said you were divorced?” He looked Anita in the eye. He wanted to recognize honesty in them. But this time instead, he saw a ridiculous lie. Charles remembered the handsome man in front of whom Mellon had collapsed at the conference. Also, scenes with the formula on the flash card in Anita's hotel room. He also remembered their faithful companion protector on the way to Ireland. A handsome Spaniard on a mission. Helicopter over the BBC building. Helicopter at Stonehenge.

“I did not lie. I'm divorced Charles. But that doesn't mean my ex-husband shouldn't help me, does it? Is it possible that this trip didn't give you anything, Charles?” Anita spoke with a serious expression on her face. “In every situation that happens in your life, the most important thing is just one question. What do I get out of all this? Well, you don't think that albums with old photos could have appeared on the table of your abandoned house in Salisbury by noone. They have been archived for a long time. We did our best to come up with every detail, didn't we, Ethan?”

Charles couldn't believe what he was hearing. Anita deceived him. Juan Alonso Damas was a sparrow to the secrets of art. He helped Ethan and Anita to make invisible contact with a police detective and reopen the case as planned. So he really should have called the police. He turned to Bonnet. He saw parental kindness in his eyes. Suddenly he understood



everything. Anita and Charles were just victims just like him and Bonnet.

But if the Adept was actually his father, then why hadn't they already killed him? The police would not allow him to enter Britain, nor would Juan Alonso Damas allow Anita to be in Bonnet's presence without any security. Still, she was guarded by Ethan. Charles heard an inner voice. At that moment, he recalled the evening of his and Ethan's acquaintance in the Soho district of London. Ethan followed him as he left the pub, then beat him up and took him to his room. Ethan and Anita had planned everything back then. She invited him to meet as planned, and Ethan couldn't bear not to vent his anger immediately. Even then, they knew that his father was guilty of killing their parents. For a moment he felt pity for them. But just like now, none of them were sure. There was no evidence.



# Chapter 67



“OPEN THE DOOR!” ANITA POINTED TO THE DOOR OF THE TEMPLE CONNOR.

“Anita!” Charles whispered softly, not believing his ears. “We can't go inside! You and Ethan are trapped just like me and my father!”

“Do what I said?” Anita repeated unconvincingly.

“Don't you get it? Someone really worked against us, and we just participated! Even my father! He cannot be the Adept! Someone followed your and Ethan's wishes from the beginning. Just to get hold of my father again!”

“If Bonnet is not an Adept, then who is?” Anita pointed again at the temple.

The father and son approached the only building in Clonmacnoise that had a roof. The door was closed.

Ethan shook the doorknob in vain with both hands because the large iron padlock on the door was locked. Like an excellent shooter, Anita suddenly fired and everyone moved to

the side. The padlock snapped and the glass on the inner door shattered.

They entered a dark room. Anita and Ethan stayed by the door while the two leaned against the wall as ordered. The smell of damp stone hinted at the prison spirit of the past.

The thunder and rain became stronger. The light coming from the small windows divided the interior of the church into two dark shadows. Someone's silhouette appeared from the darkest corner of its interior.

In front of them stood a man in a long brown coat with a hood on his head. When he took off his hood, Charles and Anita recognized a well-known face. Bonnet last saw that face as a student.

“Priest-scientist Pablo Cortez! Ha! I knew you were in the game with Juan as soon as I saw you in Greenwich.” Anita spoke, showing that she was a bit lost.

Cortez approached them and stood between Anita and Ethan Cox.

“Donald Wilson!” the old man said ignoring Anita. “Of all people.”

“In the flesh,” Bonnet replied, clenching his suspicious thoughts between his teeth.

*The blind authors are future priests who had to walk down the path of science.* Bonnet saw a priest's cassock under Cortez's half-unbuttoned brown coat.

“Oh! Ethan Cox is here too!” Cortez smiled, turning back to Anita and Ethan again. “It's been a long time since I last saw you. You often visited the Wilson house in the last years too.”

All of them quickly exchanged looks under the small roof of the Temple Connor.

Cortez began unbuttoning his brown coat with official movements. He remained in a black mantle with a white collar. He reached for his neck to tighten his collar and in one swing

pulled a long knife from behind him, which he placed against Anita's neck. At one point, they found themselves behind Ethan. Cortez wrapped his arm tightly around Anita's stomach and squeezed her against his body. Ethan pointed a gun at him. Charles and Bonnet remained motionless.

“What!” Anita weakened her hands, and Cortez took the gun from her with his other hand.

“The police are on their way here!” Anita said.

Cortez pointed the knife weakly into Anita's skin on her neck. She screamed.

“The discovery of an ancient secret will belong to me, while you will be in prison for the recent murders,” Cortez whispered in Anita's ear.

“The murders were committed by the Adept!” Anita growled, looking Bonnet in the eye uncertainly. Then she looked down at the old man's skin squeezing her shoulder. The handle of the gilded knife that rested on her neck had the shape of a swastika with bent ends.

“Adept is Cortez,” Bonnet said, stepping forward.

There was silence for a moment.

“You are nothingness! Let go of Anita!” Unexpectedly, the helpless Ethan growled.

“You almost killed your best friend, didn't you, Cox? Exactly what your father tried to do?” Cortez replied calmly and cynically as his face shone with pleasure.

Ethan lunged at Cortez, but Anita's painful sob stopped him.

“You are breathing stupider than your parents!” Cortez whispered in Anita's ear.

“I planned everything down to the last detail. Even Alan's devotion to Salvador Dalí. You and Juan did a good job,” he said to her ear again.

“Let her go!” Charles growled. “She is innocent! The secret knowledge is in me. Only I can explain it!”

Cortez made a circle with the tip of his chin, then took a few deep breaths. Restraining his anger with difficulty, he pulled Anita roughly against his body and pressed the knife even more firmly against her skin.

“Even in his youth, the young scientist, like the devil himself, was attracted to the thing that beseeches.”

Cortez fixed his old faded eyes on Ethan.

“I was angry with Alan when he committed the murders. He came to my church that morning. He betrayed me for the salvation of humanity from great secret! He thought that he would hide the formula from me forever. But he was wrong! His little son betrayed him!”

“Burn in hell, you devil!” Ethan saw red but couldn’t move.

Cortez slowly started toward the door, pushing Anita in front of him. Every step made her pain worse.

“You can’t kill her, Cortez! If you do that, you’re done!” Charles shouted.

“Tonight’s ceremony will take place where it befits. The secret will be revealed before my eyes!” Cortez was playing God. “If the Atom Dalí formula is true, and if the quantum consciousness of man follows the laws of one great atom, your and Charles’ lives will be the greatest experiment in history,” Cortez said seriously.

“And now go to the visitor center! The ceremony will take place on the original High Crosses!” Cortez suddenly shouted.

The three men exited the church and walked down the gentle slope past the early Christian tombs.

Bonnet stopped, raised his hands and turned to Cortez and Anita. Cortez pressed the knife deeper on Anita’s throat, just enough to drop a few more drops of blood on her white dress.

“Come on!” Cortez shouted.

At that moment, behind his and Anita's back, Bonnet noticed two persons approaching them silently through the thick fog, hiding behind the High Crosses.





# Chapter 68



ETHAN BROKE THE PADLOCK ON ORDERS, AND BONNET AND CHARLES ENTERED THE ROOM FIRST. Cortez followed them, holding the captured Anita under the knife. Ethan pressed the switch, and harsh light bathed the cold room. They passed through several semicircular passages before stopping at the entrance of the room housing the Cross of the Scriptures.

“Go on, Mr. Charles Clark! Today you are Jesus Christ himself!” Cortez said, laughing like a hysterical child.

“Don’t do it, Cortez!” Anita shouted.

Charles looked toward the narrow passage leading to the last room of the visitor center. In a circular recess bordered by a glass fence, yellowish-white rays illuminated the original part of the former big cross, North Cross. As if hypnotized, he headed for the passage. Evidence of the intellectual abilities of the vanished epoch shone on the dark semicircular walls. Everybody else followed him.

Charles approached the cross and touched the cold stone carvings more than twelve centuries old. In all its majesty, the base of the famous cross was standing before them like a proud Irish king keeping his last fateful promise to humanity. The cross was carved by the hand of a great master. The great masters kept great passwords, he remembered his father's words. Initiated followers of Mithraism, it went through his head.

In the distance behind the group at the main entrance, Charles suddenly saw two men. Among them, he recognized Professor Redstone and the detective from the camera in Anita's house on Notting Hill.

"You're a Great Architect, aren't you, Cortez?" Charles continued calmly.

"Lean against the cross!" Cortez growled, pointing his gun at Charles with his other hand.

"No, Charles! Don't do it!" Anita shouted. "He will kill you!"

"Don't you believe in the formula, Anita?" Charles asked, taking off her ex-husband's elegant jacket and dropping it to the floor. He pointedly looked into her eyes. "At least you know how connections are made. If all my wishes have come true, it means that I can be resurrected! Cortez, when I give you a signal, shoot right in the heart!"

"Not Charles!" Anita shouted as the others disarmed stood leaning against the wall.

Charles leaned his back against the cold carvings of the holy stone as if it was an ancient time machine. Bonnet looked him straight in the eye. They read each other's thoughts, and both were relieved for a moment. A trickle of cold sweat ran down his temple. His thoughts had to be aligned with Cortez's wishes. Charles had to play on his personal chessboard. He pushed his hand in his pants pocket and touched the flash drive with the formula.

“An ancient and modern information extractor,” Charles said raising the flash drive.

“What?” Cortez shouted excitedly.

“Quantum consciousness is stronger than electricity, isn’t it, professor? You can be a king in chess, but you can be any piece at the same time. You can also be a Great Architect, right? Creator of all that exists. Particle God Controller? This USB recorded an architectural visualization of the Atom Dalí formula that my father, Donald Wilson, came up with.”

“What does that represent?” Cortez asked impatiently.

“Modern reader of information. Graphic representation of the gradation of an object in architecture. In our case, an effective form of presentation of the future structure of the atom after his death. The Resurrection Process! If the formula represents human consciousness, then everything is explained in this video!”

“Give me the USB now!”

“But there is one small problem. We are missing an ancient reader of information. This formula has no effect without the urn in which the formula was hidden!”

“The urn doesn't play a role here! It's all in your head, idiot! Give me the USB!”

“The urn is a legacy!” Bonnet said suddenly. “It kept the secret of the High Crosses, which were stopped by the construction of the Cross of Cong. That's why they are built in pairs!”

At that moment, Charles motioned to Redstone, who was standing behind Cortez in astonishment, holding an urn in his hand. All his suspicions had just been confirmed. Cortez assessed Charles’ gaze and slowly turned behind him. He spotted Redstone and Detective Collins. At that moment, Redstone dropped the urn and it flew through the air towards Charles. However, Charles did not move. He stood quiet and composed, a smile on his face.

Cortez pushed Anita away and threw himself on the floor to grab the urn. The slow moment of touching the precious urn with the dark brown tiles was filled with only two dull sounds imbued with the angry powerful cry of Professor Cortez. The urn was not broken. Its foundation, as Charles already knew, was built of wood.

“It’s over, Cortez. You are under arrest!” Seeing that Anita was free, Collins pointed his gun at Cortez.

“You have been my main suspect since the beginning of the investigation,” Collins continued.

At that moment, the thunderous sounds of propellers sounded over the small visit center. The police sirens from afar had already come quite close. Suddenly a voice came from the Megamobile.

“Get out and no one will be hurt!” Was the voice of Juan Alonso, who was at the door of a police helicopter as he hung just a few feet above the visit center.

“Juan!” Anita shouted but could not muster the strength to move.

Charles ran to Anita and lifted her off the floor. Her pale face was on the verge of unconsciousness. As if in a haze, he noticed Cortez’s hateful grimace and the sharp tip of the knife aimed at Anita’s back.

With the last ounces of strength in his injured hand, Charles managed to push Anita out of the way. Charles felt a warm sting. Several gunshots echoed over the green field along the misty horizon over the wide River Shannon. Collins shot Professor Cortez, who managed to injure Charles before the bullet hit him.

Juan Alonso Damas appeared at the door and crouched beside Anita. He took her in his arms. If he could, Charles Clark would have shouted in pain. His vision was rapidly blurring. Images of green fields, hourglasses, and his young father’s hands dirty from soil suddenly seemed like the only

reality. Nothing could compare to a persistence of memory. He was becoming increasingly aware of the warm liquid soaking the fabric of Juan's expensive white shirt. Lying with his forehead against the cold floor, Charles saw Cortez's stiff, bloody head. His dead gaze was fixed on the base of the most precious Cross in the world. Above Cortez, Redstone was supporting Bonnet, who was weak from despair.

While Anita's scream was slowly fading as if turning into the hushed warm lullaby of the sea, Charles sank back into Surrealism. Before his eyes, he saw fine white sand rising behind her bare feet. In a tropical place resembling Hawaii, he was running along the shore to take her hand. However, his legs weakened, and he couldn't catch her. He finally felt her warm palms on his face.

When his eyelids became so heavy that Charles surrendered to death, the cry of crows flying over the ambulance stretcher mingled with the piercing cry of a man tortured by the severe pain of remorse. It was the last thing he heard.

Ethan Cox's scream.



# Epilogue



JANUARY 23, 2021

Covered with a white silk sheet, Charles woke up around ten o'clock in his wide luxurious bed. The doorbell woke him. He went to the small screen on an engraved wooden frame by the door and saw a short courier with a large straw hat on his head. The man was wearing a wide shirt with colorful palm trees. Charles' maid opened the door and accepted the parcel.

He quickly pulled on thin linen trousers and approached the large frameless mirror. Charles ran his hand over the small scar below the right side of his ribcage. The sunkissed hue almost covered the pinkish-white color. He poured a few drops of eucalyptus essential oil from the table and ran his hand through his thick dark hair. Charles looked at himself in the mirror for a few moments. He loved it when his reflection reminded him of his father. While Europe was freezing in its humid, cold climate, Charles was spending this winter in a row in his house in Hawaii.

Charles put on a thin white shirt and went downstairs. He walked down a long brick-paved hallway with various palm trees and large ferns. Looking at the garden through two large semicircular, unglazed windows, he came to a massive, light brown, wooden door. Charles opened them and went to his desk. On the wall were portraits of Einstein, Newton, Galileo, as well as an icon of the Madonna. In the left corner of the table stood several miniature hourglasses with cones in various shapes, colors, and materials. Beside them was a small gold hourglass with his initials, C. W. And next to it, on a soft, velvet pillow was a large silver ring with an encircled equilateral cross. That was all he took from Salisbury, except memories.

He picked up the ring and put it on his finger.

There was a knock on the door.

“Sir, a parcel came for you,” an accented female voice said.

“Come in, Akela.”

A plump Hawaiian maid entered the study. She was carrying a rectangular object around twenty centimeters long, wrapped in yellow paper. Akela handed him the parcel and went out. Charles put it on the desk.

Charles Clark. Hawai. Kailua-Kona, 96740.

London. Sender – Anonymous

One year had passed since he had last felt the chill resembling ice crystals that were threatening to take over his bloodstream.

Charles quickly unwrapped the parcel. It was a hardcover book. The dark cover showed a narrow, spiral staircase flanked by two pillars the warm brownish color and texture of cork. Under the steps, on a white background stood a



black equilateral cross, just like the one in Salvador Dalí's painting *Crucifixion*.

ATOM Dalí

By Anita Ruiz

Charles opened the first page and read the message written with a ballpoint pen. *To Charles Clark. As an apology.*

Relief swept over him. A smile spread across Charles' lips. The answer to the question of where consciousness is located will go down in the history of modern science and anthropology, and it will belong to the respected anthropologist Anita Ruiz. He felt warmth around his heart. Although he knew that Anita was most likely happy with Juan Damas, he still hadn't stopped thinking about her.

Charles approached the window. The lush green garden was full of palm trees, orchids, and banana trees. Around twenty yards from the garden, a breeze raised tiny dust from the snow-white sand bordering the calm turquoise sea.

At the very entrance to the courtyard that separated the sandy beach from the beautifully landscaped lawn of his villa, stood Anita Ruiz. Next to her was a huge suitcase. The kind of suitcase that a woman usually carries, when she packs all her past in it.

Although he knew that Anita would clearly recognize his smile on her face at twenty meters, Charles did not hold back. This time, he laughed very loudly.

Before he stepped toward his great love, Charles opened the book again and noticed the date next to his name.

What is the date, for God's sake? January 23rd, 2021. The day Salvador Dalí died. He remembered New York and the painting *The Persistence of Memory*. Everything started precisely at the moment he found himself in front of that painting at the MoMA. Maybe that is when his real life began.

*Heaven is to be found, neither above nor below, neither to the right nor to the left, heaven is to be found exactly in the center of the bosom of the man who has faith!*

Salvador Dalí

THE END

Thank you for purchasing this publication!  
We'd love if you could review this book!





**A word about the author...**

D. Labovich is a lover of art, anthropology, mythology, history, and studies of popular culture.

She holds a master's degree in philosophy and psychotherapy. *The Salvador Dali Formula* is her debut thriller. The interesting fact is that D. Labovich visited almost every archaeological site in the world that she wrote about in this novel. She previously published allegorical esoteric novellas, a period drama, romance, historical fiction, poetry, as well as articles for *Science in the Contemporary Information Society* in various languages.

D. Labovich lives with her husband and two children on the coast of the beautiful Adriatic Sea in an apartment with a view of the beach, rains, storms, and beautiful red sunsets.

If you want to read more about D. Labovich, visit her website or social networks.

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### **The Salvador Dalí Formula**

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