

Lenny Oaks

The other story



SEMĂNĂTORUL
Editura - online
Martie 2009

All rights reserved.

No part of this document may be copied or reproduced in any form or by any means without the prior written consent of the author.

Motto

There always exists an other story

To my friend Flores. Without him this wouldn't have been possible.

This novel is a fiction. Even if the author's sincerely belief is that the story in its whole is true, it still remains a mixture of facts and fiction, real characters with their real names, real characters with changed names and characters supposed to be real, anyway not entirely fictional.



1 RESEARCHERS

...NASA laboratories ...

Bradley was so preoccupied with his work that he didn't notice that Scott arrived, as the rest of the team of the lab did. This wasn't unusual. But it was frequently happening, lately. Scott stood up and walked to Brad's desk.

- *A coffee, black and sweet for the chief! Did anybody say good morning?*
- *Good morning, chief,* laughed all together.

Dumbfound, Bradley smiled. But he recovered in an instant.

- *Good morning, team! You must be out of your minds. How the hell could be this morning good? Didn't you notice? Outside the weather is proper to commit suicide and inside everything is going wrong.*
- *That was last week, when you saw the sky, on your way home,* tried to joke Scott.
- *Very funny, Scott! It's true, I stayed here over night. Trying to shed light on the details. But all I*

achieved was circling around my tail.

- *Don't worry, we'll win. We are the best. It is not the first time we are in troubles,* cheered up Scott. He put the hot coffee on Bradley's desk.
- *No, it isn't the first time, but I have the damned feeling we're spinning without reaching any conclusion.*

The lab, like many others, was in fact a little hall. Quite high, endowed with computer-controlled devices. It was very different to what one would imagine hearing the word lab. The word lab always opens in our mind the image of a chemical lab. This one was totally different. It didn't have anything to do with chemistry.

No strange glass tubes, no funny researchers studying like magicians reactions that change ordinary metals in gold. Neither did it have any similarity to an old school lab. Because it had no windows. Most modern labs don't have windows. Fine measurements need constant conditions. Sophisticated machines are sensitive on light or temperature changes. So it was artificial lightened and it had a soft air conditioning system that maintained constant temperature and humidity.

Of course all the best, newest and the most exclusive technology was present. Everything seemed to be designed by some ingenious science fiction scene designer. Everywhere around monitors surveying some processes. Giving the impression of an alien base. The members of the team embodied the

only human feature in the lab. Most of them were young. Recruited from the best universities all over the country.

The lab was organized to offer best conditions for study and work. Besides, it had peripheral accommodations where one could rest, sleep, prepare some fast food, or take a shower. It had enough provisions for a team to live there without leaving the lab for weeks, if necessary. This was happening when they had to supervise day and night the results of some experiments.

On BEE project they started working six months ago, and the first results seemed to be very encouraging. Even coinciding with the initial idea and with the computer simulations. But practice always persists in contradicting theory, at least in some details. This time practice refused to conform totally to theory.

The project thesis was about irradiating metallic materials with a specific laser beam. To obtain higher mechanical rigidity, anticipating a revolution in flight used materials. All tests responded to the computer simulations, excepting liability and stability.

The problem was that structural changes were not as stable as predicted. It was even worse. Something strange was happening in strong high frequency electromagnetic fields. The inner structure of some atoms of the treated material crushed, causing some strange kind of an atomic implosion of these

atoms.

This happened only in few molecules but the energy released was high enough to collapse the crystalline structure of the material, leading to its break.

There was no explanation for the strange collapse of the atomic structure. Even more embarrassing was that by repeating the tests they didn't obtain any further data to explain the causes. They neither could establish the critical point when the undesired reaction began.

As Brad pointed out, they were apparently moving in circles obtaining variations of the same results without ascertaining the cause.

This way have been passing the last weeks in the lab. Everyone was working hard. Working concentrated one never appreciates how fast the hours are passing. This is what happened that day to Bradley. As it was 8 o'clock in the evening Bradley remained alone in the lab. Everyone had left as usually without disturbing him from his work. When he needed anyone to help him, he used to let him or her know it at noon.

The door opened without noise and Duncan passed joyfully in. His mirth was slightly forced, as he knew the research of his disciple seemed to have got stuck in some dead point.

The fact that there was invested Big Money in BEE project, wasn't the cause of his worries. Most of

the projects were costing a fortune. And not all were successful. He felt bad because he considered this project like his own, and he didn't like damned failures.

They caused him some Sartre type nausea, which he could get rid of by resolving the problem or starting another project.

It wasn't the first time he tried to help when things were going wrong. Research was a lot different from production. It needed a special consideration, because researchers were special persons moving with their minds the future.

We could say that the way future will look like, basically depends on researchers. They are the ones who make evolution possible. Of course they don't decide the future. That is heavy people's job. The same who make research possible, through generous investments. Because they all agree research is top priority. This way, at least researchers get the respect they deserve.

- *Good evening, Jim!*

He liked more Jim than Bradley. He always used to call him Jim, it sounded less official. He called him Jim since he met him, 10 years ago. In those times James Bradley was an eminent student chosen by Duncan personally. Duncan didn't fail in his selection. In a few years Jim became his best researcher. This was no surprise. It was only the result of hard work and good intuition.

Even if Bradley hasn't been taken by surprise,

like in the morning, he still was in the same mood. Irritated by the failure, but without losing his sense of humour.

- *When have you ever heard about a good evening after a fatal day? Is it already evening? Good evening to you, Duncan! Welcome to the failure planet of James Bradley!*
- *Don't be so discouraged, Jim. Let the bad feeling go. It wouldn't be the first time that things are turning out some other way than expected. As you know, I do completely trust in our work and our capacity to surpass difficulties. As about failures, in research you never get failures. Less success than expected, yes. But never failures. You always can say you've learned or got something new.*

Duncan always used “we”. Neither “you”, nor I, whether they were successful or not. He made it clear he still considers himself member of the team. He was assuming his part very consciously. One of the first things he learned when he came to NASA was the essence of teamwork. Research teams get best results if respect and understanding are sincerely mutual, not only formal. Like in a family.

He always considered he had two families. And assumed responsibilities in both, never harming one in favour of the other. Separating them in order to avoid interferences.

Yes, he was content and happy. Not every minute of his life, but generally he didn't have any reasons to complain. This wasn't exactly one of his

happy hours, but he always knew how to handle these moments and surpass them without hurting anyone.

- *Come on, bring two glasses, I brought your twin – the other Jim - Beam, to have a little chat in three. Sorry but I was too busy last time to have a chat with you.*

Duncan went to the restroom and set down on a sofa. He put the bottle on the table in front of the sofa. Bradley followed him and set down on a comfortable armchair in front of Duncan. The bottle of Jim Beam between them. This was the favourite drink of both of them, when they rarely took a drink.

- *I thought we'll feel fine in the lab, this is like our second home. Anyway, better than in some noisy bar, where your best choice is to get quickly drunk.*
- *The only problem is we will turn the discussion over and over on the BEE project. I hope this bee won't sting us too bad. Normally we should get honey, not poison.*
- *I don't see anything wrong in having a chat about our work. But please without too many technical details, because details are surpassing me lately. I got lazy and work only in coordinating my team's work, leaving you the hard work.*
- *What are you talking about? I barely know anybody as updated with the newest research, like you. Besides this, above certain point I feel surpassed not only by technical details but even by pure theory. This time theory doesn't want to obey the rules anymore.*

- *Come on, Jim. If there wouldn't exist problems to surpass, research wouldn't be necessary. OK, as you pointed in your last weekly report, I agree with you that some iridium spectrograph tests could help us out. But you know there exists no more than one lab where this class of tests is made.*
- *Yes. Rockwell. You know I don't like at all that place.*

They have visited three years ago the Rockwell Laboratories and none of them liked it. It wasn't about the labs. The labs were fantastic, with ultra high-tech stuff, most unique in the world. Being self-projected, self-built and self-assembled. But most of the people there were a nightmare. Always sniffing around and giving you the impression they are doing you a great favour. The only nice person there was Jeff, the innocent president of Rockwell Laboratories.

Besides that, they also were involved in flight materials research. That means in some way rivals. No wonder both of them had bad memories about Rockwell.

- *Neither do I, but without these tests I doubt we could continue.*

They remained silent for a minute. This time Duncan's look was also tired. He was the one to break the silence.

- *So, in that case we get by plane to Rockwell. Monday morning.*
- *At least we are going together. As I understand.*

- *Didn't you think I would send you to those sharks alone! Maybe I will update some of my scientific knowledge these days. We may write history these days. I think at least 3 days will be necessary to pass through all the tests. Prepare everything we need for Monday.*

Duncan still was the nice guy he used to be. Even if he didn't have much time left for direct research, he remained emotionally involved with his crew.

- *I already have. I knew this would come.*
- *I hope this will at least result useful. Come on, put your twin in some nice and cool place and let's go to the next whisky bar. Morrison says.*
- *You hit the point! We have to relax.*
- *We'll go with my car. It's a pity I can't get drunk, I have a damned meeting early in the morning.*

On the way to the parking place both turned silent again. This was like the silence before the battle. The Rockwell Laboratories. A many billion \$ investment that was anonymous. Best universities, foundations, tycoons and of course several secret agencies were enormously participating to the budget. They were really good.

But they were always sniffing around, they were probably even better informed than the CIA. And nobody knew who was really behind it. Maybe the CIA. Which was involved unexpectedly deep in research and its business. Yes, research has become a

big business and Rockwell was the best example.

Duncan started the silent motor of his Mercedes and the CD player started automatically. They were listening Chicago.

- *Still listening Chicago, Duncan?*
- *Yes, you are aware of my theory. In order to maintain the two families, job and home, you have to separate them as much as possible. Chicago is a pretty good way to pass from job to domestic life. It doesn't always work, but one has to try, at least.*
- *Yes, one has to try at least. That's what we will do. Rockwell.*

2 ROCKWELL

The Rockwell Laboratories haven't changed very much since they have been here last time, three years ago. The flight has been comfortable, a last minute look over the material they brought, was necessary to prepare and organize the work for the next few days.

At the airport a helicopter has been waiting to take them to the lab. As usually, Jeff was friendly.

- *Haven't seen you a long time around*, welcomed them Jeff, the apparent president of the institute.

Apparent, because his job was limited to administration. The lab was in fact run by a committee and who was behind this committee, nobody knew. But it looked like he was doing a good job, because he managed to maintain his position for many years.

From one of the armchairs facing the sumptuous desk stood a tall, well-dressed man. He somehow didn't fit into this place. His fine, gold framed eyeglasses and Armani clothing miss-fitting

with his appearance, as they would have been stolen.

- *Hi, Duncan! Hi, Bradley! I am George.*

He made a short break to see the effect of his words. After that he continued in the same surprising manner.

- *I am sorry for you having problems with the BEE. I hope you will find here at least partial answers to your problems.*

Duncan and Bradley turned to stone confronted with this guy coming from “The Godfather”, who was so disgustingly acquainted with their troubles. This was astonishing and bothering them not only because the project was top secret. Not to forget these were their rivals in research.

- *Probably. Unless some uninvited persons will be sniffing around more than they should.*

Duncan’s answer sounded aggressive and quite rude. Who the hell thought this George-guy he was. And why hasn’t he been informed about this. He didn’t like at all this type of surprises, so he wanted to impose his position from the beginning.

Jeff tried to cut the cake:

- *Come on, girls. Let’s quit the quarrel and start the work. That’s what we are paid for, no?*

Jeff was the type of person who wanted to seem well informed and the man in charge with everything. In reality he was innocent.

But this Mob-bodyguard-guy looked like one who could arrange some bullets in your suit for just inappropriate asking about the weather. Or make you an

offer you could not refuse.

George continued being amused about the reaction of the two guests. But time came to clear the situation and make the point.

- *Look guys. I am not offended. I know exactly how I look, so I am accustomed to be treated with precaution, at least. I can't do anything about it. That's me! George! And I like myself very much. I like worrying people around. It is amusing getting the persons around you uncomfortable. I can remain cool and analyse them. Besides that I am such a secret person that I don't know myself if my real name is George or not. But you will see I am a really nice person.*

A terrible Jack Nicholson smile shone in his face. This guy was genuine. And fascinating. Probably dangerous.

Duncan and Bradley were watching the scene like in a movie. Never before they have seen, or imagined such a character. Duncan intended to recover quickly.

- *It is OK with us. We are open-minded persons. Besides this, we came to do a job, not to make friends.*

Duncan didn't sound very convincing. But upset.

- *You may have gained one before you leave. To put things straight, I have my own lab here, so I am official. And powerful. I don't play around with research, I am coordinating it. I highly respect*

researchers and their work. As about your insinuation of being sniffed or disturbed, I gave strict orders. Since I am here things like this don't happen anymore. Not even a fly will disturb you. I respect research, because I used to do it myself. And I still am doing it in some way. I like cooperation. So boys, go to work.

George exposed this time a Klaus Kinski smile and leaved Jeff's office. Duncan and George were still stoned as the door opened and George said:

- *I almost forgot. Step into my lab after you've done your job, before leaving.*

Jeff let them recover from the surprise and stepped behind his desk. He set down inviting them with a gesture to take a seat.

- *My God, what a person!*

Duncan set down, satisfied for getting rid of the presence of George. But George made a shocking impression to him. The same as to Bradley, who didn't say a word. He also was stunned.

Jeff was amused seeing the reaction of both of them. He reacted the same way, or even worse two years ago, when he first met George.

- *This is George. A person neither to ignore nor to offend. Joker as you see him he has lots of qualities and he is highly feared and respected. Officially feared and respected. Remember he never lies and his promises are like a rock. If he said not even a fly will disturb you, it means he had even thrown insecticides in the lab were you*

would work, so you will do your job in privacy, as in your own lab. If you didn't understand his last words, that was an order to visit him before leaving.

Jeff accompanied them to the lab and presented them to Nick, a young researcher who has received orders to help them, whenever they needed him, having strict orders not to disturb them in their work, but to be reachable night and day if needed.

The lab had these exclusive equipments, unique in the world, able to make iridium-based spectrograms. These showed minimal changes in crystal, molecular and even atomic structures, which were not detectable by usual equipments.

And their problem seemed to be of atomic structure nature. They had to find out what the hell caused the crash of the atomic structure. Maybe so they would be able to understand why and how this was happening. Maybe through this information they could find a way to prevent or control it.

Micro-universe is even more interesting and fascinating than macro-universe. And even less accessible to studies. That space could be infinite is quite comprehensible, but the fact that atoms, considered for such a long time undividable, are just empty spaces containing very small particles situated far away one from the other, is still quite amazing and enigmatic. The fact we are nothing but holes, some Swiss cheese with more holes than cheese is disturbing. It is quite difficult to believe that if we

could concentrate all the Earth it would fit in a small box.

And it isn't enough everything around is just holes, here comes this surprising atomic collapse to put another damned hole in the world. They came to explore the micro-universe of the atomic structure and the changes in this micro-universe. In this unique lab.

The rest of the lab had similar conditions to their lab. It had rooms to rest and have a meal, and bathrooms with massage showers too. A whole isolated universe built to study the micro-universe. A paradise for a researcher.

After a long time, Duncan spent four entire days working in a lab. 24 hours a day. This work made him happy. It was very much different from the bureaucracy work he had been doing in the last years. He remembered the early years when he used to spend most of the time in a lab, like Bradley does today. But his career made a turn. He was very proud of his present job, work and social position, but sometimes he remembered with nostalgia the old times.

He looked at Bradley. He saw himself as a young researcher and also the son he wanted but never had. Bradley was quite different from him. He would never leave the lab for a bureaucratic career, like he did. He was too deeply infested by the research virus to be ever cured.

They worked together enjoying their job, almost forgetting they were in Rockwell. Nick was a very discrete presence, always there when they

needed him. Making them feel comfortable without disturbing them with his presence when he was not needed. That was a real nice surprise for them.

The first night they remained in the lab supervising the experiments and tests in shifts and everything worked out stupendously. The next day they sent Nick home and asked him to come in at nine o'clock in the evening for another nightshift.

The iridium tests moved forward step by step. Of course nothing was definitely clear. They will have to continue with studying for weeks the results of the tests in their own lab. But it seemed the spectrograms would help them out at least in explaining the strange phenomena. Probably also to establish the critical point where it started.

When they were packing, ready to leave, Jeff appeared in the lab with his typical inoffensive smile.

- *How did the work go, boys?*

He was asking kindly, but strictly formal, as he had no idea about the Bee project, neither about their problems.

- *I have to congratulate you for the excellent equipment and working conditions you got here. This time it was much better than last time we were here.*

- *For that you have to be grateful to George. By the way, don't forget to visit him. Remember? He had invited you to visit him before leaving.*

These words fell like a cold shower. But both of them had to admit George has kept his promises, as

Jeff had predicted.

- *I have almost forgot about him. After the nice and good part, now the nasty part comes.*
- *Look, Duncan. You are a straight and a nice person, therefore listen to my advice. Play straight with him and do not try to gamble. I can guarantee he won't lie to you. Neither will he cheat you. In some way, he always gets what he wants.*

With this his role has finished. He was pleased to do this kind of job, even if he didn't have anything else to do but to welcome the guests and say goodbye when they finished their work.

- *OK, that was it! It was a pleasure having you here again. You know it, you're welcome anytime.*
- *Thanks, Jeff we really appreciate your kindness.*

As they walked to George's lab, they noted the door wasn't closed. They didn't have to knock on the door, because George's voice invited them, as he would have seen them. Probably some camera.

- *Come on boys, pass in!*

George's lab was in fact a very large office with a big desk and some very comfortable armchairs. The only equipment he got there was illustrated in big photos. The most updated technology from all over the world. Like the first time they met, George was very direct.

- *I hope the spectrograms you got will be useful to you. This way maybe you will pass the bad times and finalise Bee Project, which I find very*

interesting and worth of all attention. I have to admit I am a great admirer of your entire work, not only of this project.

He took a file from a drawer and put it on the desktop.

- *I don't know what Jeff told you, but I want to make a few things very clear. I am powerful, honest and direct and almost incredible, I never lie. Lies are what I most hate. I never mock someone's work, whatever the reason could be. On contrary, I help. As much as I can. And I can help a lot.*

This time his smile was friendly. Duncan was highly interested in what he heard. This time he won't be caught unprepared. He was aware this was no game.

- *Excuse my rudeness, please. I am supposed to be a well-educated person. I am one who can appreciate help and also ready to help if I can.*
- *My speciality is being aware of all new studies in the world and applying others work in my personal projects. Without doing any harm or steeling it if they are American. And I prefer doing it with their consent and cooperation, offering in change all my support. I could get what I want anyway, but it would be disrespect, offending and much more inconvenient for everyone.*

Duncan had to admit the man was right. Even if he still wasn't able to like him, he admired his integrity and he would have liked to have the same

feeling about the people he usually had to tolerate. Most of them were highly qualified persons but awful characters.

- *Ok, I got the point. First of all, we do really appreciate the perfect working conditions, so thank you. Things seem to have really changed here lately. You are some guy! I do agree with you in what you said about collaboration, as long it is official, institutional and my bosses know about it.*
- *Come on, Duncan you smelled it yourself. The NASA not only agrees, but your bosses would normally have convinced or ordered you to cooperate if my intent would have failed. I asked them myself to keep my presence here secret from you, as I rather prefer people cooperating by conviction than by orders.*

So. That was the reason why he hadn't been told anything about George.

- *Man, you have style. Does it always work?*
- *Nearly. As you don't like sniffing around you and your work, neither do I like doing it. Being direct and sincere is much more efficient. Without considering that making a friend is much more convenient than making an enemy. Ask your bosses and you will see I proposed that you come here to do these spectrograms one week before Bradley mentioned it in his report. I was hoping they would help you finalise your work. I have already told you I am interested in many, but especially in this project. I might use some data*

from your project to develop one of my own projects.

One more surprise. This guy definitely was smart and apparently had a strong scientific education. So he wasn't lying when he said he used to be a researcher years ago. As he said, he never lies. George handed Bradley the file he took earlier from the drawer.

- *I want you to be convinced I am playing with all the cards on the table. What you got there is even more secret than the very Bee project. Will, one of my assistants, has made this report.*

The phone rang and George answered:

- *Yes, I will call you back on the other line.*

George hung up. He had to make a private call.

- *Excuse me please, for a few minutes. Make yourselves comfortable.*

George left the so-called lab. While waiting for him to return, Bradley took a look to the file George gave him. Duncan was silently analysing what George had told him, and began to feel like understanding and even admiring this strange character. He liked the direct way saying things, even if they first sounded rude to him.

George came back and set down without saying a word.

- *My God! Where did you find this kid? You got here something... Don't you lend me this freak for a week?*

- *Why not?*

Duncan moved his look to Jim quite stunned. These were the first words Jim pronounced in the presence of George. George himself looked at both of them very amused and exposed a satisfaction smile.

- *You will meet him next week. I was expecting some positive reaction but I have to confess you took me by surprise. This doesn't happen to me frequently. You see, Duncan, I am happy my style is resulting efficient.*

For the moment Duncan didn't believe what he heard. Trying to chase the reaction of his assistant and George, he decided to adopt the same attitude as George, being direct.

- *I don't know what you got there, but I do trust Jim's judgement blindly. I think both of you are right.*

Things began to work the way George wanted. No doubt. He did it well again.

- *As I told you it almost always works.*

For the first time Duncan smiled relaxed in the presence of George. Jim wasn't paying attention anymore to their discussion, being captivated by the file he had in his hands.

- *So. Seeing that you don't want to stop or to steal our work, what you told us seems to be encouraging. Despite the fact that I generally don't like cooperation, I hope this time it will be a good exception.*

- *You can bet on that. I wish you a pleasant flight and whenever you think I could be of any help, let*

me know. However, next week Will should come to visit you. I hope he will enjoy your hospitality.

- *You can bet on that.*

This was the way WASP project has born from the initially unsuccessful BEE project. In time, both projects will be successful. WASP became a perfect secret weapon. BEE a revolutionary technology in metal treatment meant to remain also secret for many years. It seems that there really must be kept a balance in nature.

Research is per definition non-moral. Research itself can be neither moral nor immoral. It is as non-moral like Creation. The result of research may be applied to serve evil or to serve good. And often we aren't the ones able to judge the difference.

Because often the same action contains both evil and good. In reason and also in effect. Someone on the street loses an one hundred dollar note. Someone finds it. For the first one the event could be more or less an annoy, for the second one a more or less lucky event.

After all, who knows if there exists anything in this world to be absolutely bad or absolutely good. As long we admit the existence of the freedom of the will, probably nobody will find any example to give.

We live in a world in permanent evolution. Evolution is determined by selection. A selection between alternatives by choice or free will, both dominated by convenience. This regularly means lowest energy consume. Or fewer problems.

Usually bad or good are just two different points of view of the same non-moral or neutral event as in the next story.

Two old friends meet after some time.

- *Where are you going so happily?*
- *To the pharmacy.*
- *That's bad.*
- *It isn't that bad. The medicine isn't for me.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *That good isn't it. It's for my wife.*
- *So, that's bad.*
- *That bad isn't it. It's just a headache.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *That good isn't it. Her mother died.*
- *So, that's bad.*
- *That bad isn't it. We are the sole heirs.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *That good isn't it. We inherited also her debts.*
- *So, that's bad.*
- *That bad isn't it. After we pay all debts there still remains a house.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *That good isn't it. It is almost a ruin.*
- *So, that's bad.*
- *That bad isn't it. We have saved some money and can afford it.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *That good isn't it. It will need new furniture and I will be broke.*
- *So, that's bad.*

- *That bad isn't it. We still could sell our actual house.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *That good isn't it. Who could be happy about selling the house of his parents, the house where he was born?*
- *So, that's bad.*
- *That bad isn't it. The new house will be much more comfortable.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *That good isn't it. The taxes will be higher.*
- *So, that's bad.*
- *That bad isn't it. The democrats won this year and promised to decrease taxes.*
- *Well, that's good.*
- *Man, you must be crazy. How could a convinced republican like you say it is good that democrats won?*
- *Good by, my friend. I am running to the pharmacy. I have a terrible headache.*
- *That's bad.*
- *That bad isn't it. I haven't seen you for a long time. It was a pleasure to meet you. Goodbye.*
- *See you.*

3 SEE YOU

Jan received the order to steal the Mercedes and drive it to the Eindhoven Airport. Now he was driving the black S280 Mercedes he just has stolen. It was a pleasure to steal cars on order.

And even more pleasing to drive such a car reserved for VIPs. At this time of early morning Paris still wasn't yet swarming, so traffic was flowing. After reaching the highway he stopped in the first empty parking place and changed the licence plates.

He had received all the forged documents of the car and the licence plates and even the key a few days ago. Everything seemed to be OK. He controlled the car not to be loaded with drugs. He didn't like being used in drug business. The car was clean.

Jan was content. This was the kind of job he most liked. Quick, well paid, without any snags. He leaved the parking place entering highway E15 in direction Belgium and Holland.

He had done this kind of a job before, but he had a feeling this one was special. All the precautions and the secrecy, even toward him were quite usual.

He never tried to find out what was behind a job. At least not directly. Of course he used to be curious, but he never really investigated his clients. His clients knew he was a reliable person, working clean and without putting any questions. He operated for all kind of clients. Equal if mob guys or secret services. Often there weren't even big differences between the two concepts.

From his point of view, money had neither smell nor colour. Neither did any job. He had no problem being involved in dirty jobs. After all, these were the well-paid jobs. Of course nobody has asked him to kill. Yes, he has killed two guys, but it has been self-defence. Not murder.

He just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. So they wanted to silence him. That has been their bad day. The last.

Of course he got away with it. He had absolutely no bad feelings. The guys have been searching death. They just didn't know it. He just happened to introduce them to the Lady in Black. It was a strange point of view. However, he lived with it very fine. Murder, he didn't like. Nor did he like drugs.

He felt clean. His clients knew that. So he never was contacted for jobs directly connected with drugs, like drug transports or drug deals. There were many guys around accepting any job to make a good living. But the best ones were the experts, like him. His jobs were related to his regular work. He was a

car mechanic, tuner, and a professional driver.

He owned a small garage. Stolen cars, car tuning, guns transports, escort driver, were some of the jobs his clients offered him. Big business. He was a respected member of the community. He never got involved in small movements. His prices were too high for small fishes.

This time it wasn't a small fish. Even if it wasn't a big shark, it seemed to be hot. His client called him for this job offering the double of what he would have normally charged for this kind of a job. Besides that, his client resolved himself the secondary detail jobs related to the main job. He received a schedule, forged documents and licence plates. Even the key. A nice and a clean job. He could have bet this was only the first part of the job. Time will show if he was right or not.

In this kind of jobs you don't receive usually documents, licence plates and keys. You have to make them yourself. So this was special. All the client wanted was being sure the car would be driven safely to the airport. A clean job. A too clean job. But he had to forget about it. This wasn't his problem.

He stopped at a petrol station on the highway to refuel. He parked the car and lifted the bonnet to take a better look to the engine. He loved this model. Oil and water were OK and the car has been well kept.

Jan went to the bar to drink a coffee. He had plenty of time, he was on schedule. He could have

been taken a nap, but he thought it wasn't necessary. This was a short trip, the car was fast, very easy to drive, and the weather was perfect. No reason to be tired at all. But a coffee was welcome. He also will buy some coke cans. And relax while enjoying the coffee. This was always the best part of any job. When the main part of the job is done, you are content and you have a break. Disconnecting and having a coffee or a beer. That's why he went to a table instead of sitting at the bar. He liked sitting at the bar only when he was off. Having left any job behind.

Sitting at a bar was like an invitation to a talk. With the barkeeper, with other customers. One can't relax sitting at the bar. You relax sitting on a comfortable chair, alone at a table. Well, not entirely alone. But just you, yourself and your thoughts.

The bar was almost empty. Only four or five customers, all of them sitting around tables. Two of them, probably truck drivers, were talking slowly in some foreign language. The light was soft and the music too. Exactly what he has been looking for.

The rest of the trip was pure routine and leisure. Later, at 20.00 hours he entered the airport parking as planned and stepped out of the car. A fine dressed guy introduced himself with the parole; Jan gave him the key and received a stuffed envelope.

- *We will contact you. You will come here. You got there the payment for your next job too. Enclosed you got also the schedule and all required details. It has been a pleasure doing business with you.*

- *The same may I say. Very well. Have a good drive. It runs impeccably.*

Jan was content. Mission completed and cash in his pocket. Even in advance for the next mission. He was right in his guess. Probably he will have to drive the same car back to Paris.

After a few days they phoned him. He came to the airport, where he met the same guy. This time he had to drive the car back to Paris, put the original French licence plates and leave it in the worse famed neighbourhood of Paris.

Without locking the door. After extracting an important electronic part, so it could not be moved. This way the car could be only robbed not stolen. Of course police will find it soon after being anonymously announced.

He was sure the car has been tuned. He drove for that reason carefully. One never could pay enough attention in such circumstances. After leaving Holland behind, he stopped in an empty parking place and took a better look to the car. Whoever did what he did he was a super professional. A master. Jan could not see any trace of tuning. And he was himself one of the masters in this profession. He searched again for drugs. No trace. This looked like a Chinese super puzzle.

During the first trip he has put some marks. Of course he had in view elements that are usually tuned. This was some kind of professional syndrome. He has

been sure the car will be tuned. He was interested. He wanted to be updated with the last development in this field. There wasn't even the lightest sign of tuning. Probably the owner will also suspect a tuning and will let the car seriously investigated.

If it hasn't been tuned and there were no drugs, what the hell could it be? He continued the trip, but stopped at the first bar on the highway to drink a coffee and reflect on the matter. Half an hour later he wasn't a lot more lightened than he has been before. He decided finally to forget about it and let go. He will drive carefully, respect the schedule and leave the car at the established place.

Once the job finished, he was content. No problems during the trip. No more headaches. The money in his account. Everybody happy. End of the story. Maybe they will call him again. For another job.

4 ANOTHER JOB

In the lab there were only two men. Will and his assistant Harris had their lunch break and were drinking coffee when George entered.

- *Hi, boys! Prepare the WASP. We have a job.*
- *What is it this time?*
- *A Mercedes S280. European.*
- *Whenever it arrives we'll be prepared.*
- *Very well, see you later.*
- *Good by.*

The WASP was nothing else then the BEE project in initial stage, which has been transformed by Will into a top-secret deadly weapon. It was very efficient and leaved no trace. The idea was to treat critical elements of a car, plane or boat with the BEE project laser beam.

All you had to do after that was generating in an opportune moment the fatal electromagnetic field that will produce the implosion and the break of the element, causing an "accident". The real cause could not have been detected anywhere in the world.

Yes, there was one sole place where it could have been detected. In their own lab, through the iridium spectrograms.

The idea was quite simple, but that doesn't mean they didn't have problems while developing the weapon.

During the tests unexpected results showed up. If the treated element was rotating, the necessary time to activate the implosion through the electromagnetic field depended on the rotation speed.

It depended also if it was covered by tin or plates and on their thickness. By the other side the generator was big enough and consumed much energy.

The first problem they solved selecting the element that best fitted to the purpose. The differential cross, if it was a car.

Practical tests showed even better results than the computer simulations predicted.

- *If it arrives this afternoon, we'll have to stay over night.*
- *It is OK with me.*
- *How does the new emitter work?*
- *I am content about the changes we made. We reduced the volume five times without losing, but increasing with 20% the capacity.*
- *OK, what will be treated parts?*
- *The cross, a brake tube and maybe the roof pillars.*

The breaking of the drive shaft and of the cross

provokes an unequal blocking of the driving wheels and drifting the car. No driver could control the car anymore. Besides this, the airbags will inflate as consequence of the shock. The driver can't brake and if he tries to control the vehicle by accelerating, the drive shaft will rotate with no connection to the wheels and therefore the speed indicator will block showing a higher speed than the real in the impact moment if it gets blocked.

Ingenious and clean. Not counting that the driver not knowing what happened would worsen the situation through any manoeuvre. Guaranteeing the disaster.

- *A European car. Who could be this time the target?*
- *Harris, that's not part of our job. We'll find it out probably like last time, from the News. Probably not even George knows it. He likes making people believe he knows everything and usually he does. But often he is nothing more than an instrument like we are.*
- *And the targets have been simply sentenced.*

5 SENTENCED

C1 were still debating. C1 is the most powerful group in Great Britain and one of major influence in the world. If The Way Ahead Group mainly is an inner circle of advisors of the Royal Household, C1 is the real power behind all apparent powers.

Finally they voted and sentenced: Diana and Dodi have to disappear. They are planed to have a car accident in Paris. This way British authorities could justify not interfering in the inquiry. A definitely long inquiry. This will last a few years maybe.

They have to be sure nothing would remain uncovered. Meanwhile MI5 and MI6, the first to be suspected on orchestrating the accident, will completely remain out of the game till the accident. It will be this way 100 % covered. Of course after the accident they will do their usual jobs: cover-up and rubbish cleaning. A top-secret weapon, developed by the Americans, will cause the accident. All they know about this weapon is its codename: Wasp.

The Wasp is reported to be the most efficient weapon when it is about mounting a car accident. Or a

plane accident. No traces are left. It is amazing. No investigation could explain the real cause of the accident. The secret of the weapon is guaranteed. The target has to be “tuned”. Without tuning the target first, the crash generator is worthless.

A Mercedes belonging to a Rent a Car company working for Ritz Hotel in Paris has been previously been stolen and “tuned”. Initially in order to eliminate Mohammed al Fayed, who had become lately very upsetting. But now plans are changing. Al Fayed is less disturbing then the possible marriage of his son with Diana. Anyway, he will also be hit. At least emotionally. Dodi is his beloved son.

Americans are not directly implicated in the execution. They are only the producers and owners of this infallible weapon. As usually in sensible cases, the executors will be Dutch. Like the one who had stolen and brought back the “tuned” Mercedes. The Dutch are famous for working efficiently and clean.

More then ever, clean work is needed. Diana is one of the most loved persons all over the world, not only in England. If anything would go wrong, like leaving traces to a plot, this would be critical.

There are signals that Diana has the intention to slap again the Royalty in the face. Only this time there are not just a few declarations, like before. This time it is going to be a real hit. She passed the first part of the holidays together with her sons on the boat of Mohammed al Fayed, together with his family. They all seemed to have fun.

But she went again, to have a second holiday on Yonakal, only this time alone with Dodi. There are rumours going around that they want to marry. And more than rumours that she is pregnant. It is evident that Diana, as mother of the future King and Head of the Church could not marry a Moslem and give birth to a child. Or even worse, pass to Islam religion. Not only the British, but also European and American Elite agrees in this point. This is not just a simple case of multiculturalism anymore.

Multiculturalism is nothing else but a manner to assimilate and convert in a convenient way foreign cultures into the European. Or American. Without changing its main values. It is practically nothing else than assimilation of foreign cultures into the western culture. This way dangerous tendencies of foreign cultures influences can be kept under close watch.

And the most negative tendencies controlled or eliminated. Behind the masquerade of the open western culture. It is necessary because engaged cultural phenomena often can easily turn to political movements.

Islamism cannot be permitted to take any advantage by entering trough the backdoor. Moslems have a restricted and transient power and influence. They know this themselves. Those who are not blinded. By the holiness of their mission and religious fanaticism.

Part of the Islam is controlled, being pro-occidental. Of course these countries are not

implicated in religious fights or wars. And most of them try to take advantage of their transient power. The Power of Oil. They know this wouldn't be forever.

So what they have to do is being reasonable and book a place in the future economy if they don't want to fall back to the poverty reigning before the Oil Boom. They are booking a reasonable place not only in the economy. Policy is more decisive then ever.

The other fraction is a group of countries, mainly under religious or dictatorship governments, which have declared the Jihad, the holy war in the name of Allah. Or countries struggled by internal fights between different religious groups.

These governments or groups are going to be destroyed or neutralized. By war. A modern crusade started apparently to protect the basic rights of the modern western civilization and democracy. A war against terrorism.

A war declared to all fundamentalist Arab countries or Arab fundamentalist groups, as being part of the pack of international terrorism or at least supporting it. This is the same. Because all those who will refuse to cooperate against terrorism will be declared terrorists.

This marriage will never be celebrated. It is not the first time Prince Philip was asking to pass from frightening to silencing some way Diana. Before, he didn't gain the approval of the committee. Her attacks

against the Establishment and arms industry weren't enough motives for such measures. This time he won, because of the anti-Islamic agenda to be run in the next period of time.

Assassination is an extreme measure, not due to the respect for someone's life but because of the risk of unwanted waves it could produce. And interfere with the main agenda. However, this time there is no alternative.

And no time. Diana already announced reporters about some big surprise to come. It is roughly evident what kind of a surprise. So the problem needed an urgent solution and approval.

Therefore the time has come to vote for a rapid and radical solution. To vote a death sentence. The C1 members voted. The result was predictable. Diana and Dodi have been sentenced.

The cooperation between the three major forces implicated in the plot will be minimal. Communication will be done through parallel channels, not through the official ones. Each of them will work on their account, independently.

Of course not all the members of the committee know details. As usually, four executives have planed the details before proposing the solution. And as the problem needed an urgent resolution, they have started the action days before the final vote. There was no problem with this, as the action could have been aborted whenever in case of a negative vote.

But the executives have been right in their predictions and in the manner of acting. Is this sentence wrong or right? This committee isn't deciding in the limits of normal justice. Therefore not in the general limits of wrong or right. Its decisions are always based on agendas, economical or political interests, internal and international conjectures.

It is deciding and executing the plans of the future. If we like it or not. If we know it or not. And sometimes it is better not to know too much, because as Einstein quoted: *The more I know and find out, the less I understand.* By the other side, living a life webbed in all kind of more or less ridiculous conspiracy theories could lead us to paranoia.

Therefore it is advisable to be precautions. Not to believe all the lies we are hearing and make a selection of the information we get. But the best is to remain cool and out of any definite conviction. Not to get involved.

Just to watch and analyse for the own intellectual delight. To communicate with other people, but without any mark of intention of recruiting anybody for a cause. For the reason that this kind of cause is a lost one. From the very beginning.

All you can do is being content or even proud that you are not that fool to believe them. But that is all you can do. Any action like trying to do something about it is a lost battle. We can't do anything about it. We can't fight them. But I can say: I don't believe a

damned word of what you say. And the truth is I don't even need to call you a liar. I am just saying I have my own belief and you haven't convinced me it is wrong.

Everybody has his beliefs. One's beliefs mean nothing else than occupying a position in the world surrounding us. Regarding this matter, the relation cause-effect uses to work back to front. Often our beliefs are the consequence of the position in the society. Besides this, sometimes we are acting against our beliefs.

This happens in conjectures out of our direct control when reasons are dominating our decisions. Also in moments of nervous or moral breakdown, when nothing really seems to matter anymore. Even acting inconsequently, our beliefs won't change. Regularly we are acting more or less according to our beliefs. Deliberately or not.

When we are going to vote one of the parties and not the opposite one, we don't do that because we are convinced they are saying the truth and the others lie. No. We do so, because we would like it to be so. Don't come telling me that means we are lying ourselves.

Of course we do. If they have the right to lie to us, we have the same right to lie ourselves. For many of us this has become a way to survive. For some, the only way to survive. For others something like meeting a friend.

6 MEETING A FRIEND

This wasn't the first secret meeting between Mohammed al Fayed and Richard. They usually met in the reunions of a secret committee they joined many years ago. They got close through common interests in the Arab financial circles. Besides their mutual friendship, Richard felt sympathetic with Diana and her dissident attitude. He considered her a victim of the Royal House. Sometimes her political manifests were against his interests. Diana was some way his enemy, but a nice enemy, which he respected. Although when it came to vote, he voted in favour of the sentence.

Despite the fact he was against radical measures, when it came to decisions, he didn't oppose to the general current. All he could have done was announcing his friend Mohammed about the sentence C1 pronounced. And not all of it, details were not available.

- *The decision had been taken, Mohammed. Diana and your son Dodi have been convicted.*

Mohammed took this announcement bravely.

- *I suspected some day Philip will reach his purpose.*
- *You know it isn't just Philip. If it had been only him, nothing would have happened. As it didn't till now. I have to tell you I also voted in favour.*

Mohammed's tired look seemed to pass through his companion.

What was fighting and living worth if someone suddenly decides to take your son away. To murder him. For no crime, but for a love that interferes with the elite's agenda. He knew from the beginning this story would have a bad end. Now there he was, being announced that his worst fear has turned to reality.

His son has been sentenced. And so has been lovely Diana. And she was pregnant. So they won't kill only the two of them, but also the fruit of a prohibited love, their unborn child. His grandson or granddaughter.

He hoped the late Lord Spencer, his close friend, would not damn him from his grave for not stopping this dangerous love affair. God leaves you alone when you have to choose between right and wrong. The worst is that often right and wrong aren't that obviously opposite. And often you have to choose between wrong and wrong.

- *I understand. You did the right thing. There is nothing you could have done. It would have been worthless and at least inconvenient to act otherwise. I know how things are running. It wouldn't have made any difference. I also have*

voted or taken decisions against my beliefs, some times in my life. I highly appreciate your loyalty to our old friendship and your sincerity. I thank you very much for warning me.

- *With this occasion I found out you have also been targeted not long time ago.*

Yes, I am a pain in the ass of the Establishment. Once I was the darling of the Iron Lady. I have been powerful enough to overthrow the British government. And now they are punishing me. Nice way to thank me for helping them to get the power. Here I am helpless, waiting to loose my son. Why did they have to sentence my son for my sins?

- *And now they hit me shooting two birds with one bullet. And the British will do this alone? I don't think so, they won't run this risk.*
- *Sorry, you already know too much. You know the rules of the game.*

Yes, I know the rules of the game. I used to play this game myself. But not in this position. I won't let this happen without a fight. As I know the rules of the game, I will fight back. Trying to forget this is personal.

- *That was a rhetorical question. I will see what I can do.*
- *I am sorry. I don't think you can do anything, but good luck anyway.*
- *Thank you, again. I hope we'll meet next time in happier circumstances.*

Mohammed knew this game was dangerous.

What the press said about him pushing himself into Britain's highest levels backdoors and by force encouraging Dodi's affair with Diana, was false. He loved Diana. Late Earl Spencer, her father, has been his friend. He was surprised they have fallen in love and he warned his son that things would work out bad. But both of them were decided. Nobody could have stopped them.

Now what he most feared happened. Are they going to shoot them, or what? No, they won't shoot them. They will need a cover-up. Yes, he knew the rules of the game. But he will try to enforce his own rules, like he did before.

First of all a full study of the surroundings of a cover-up is imperative for any further plan.

The best way to cover the truth about an event is to keep it secret some time. You may surface it later in such manner that it obviously appears like a fraud or a fake. Or even better, as obviously improbable or impossible. All depends on which way unwanted investigations may reveal facts connected to the event. That's the art of intelligence. That's the way the rumour mill works. And it works very efficiently.

If you want to cover an event, get the major media leave the story to professionals to distortion the story in the way you want, or to novices. Beginners will hunt the spectacular and the sensational, guaranteeing the full absence of professional journalistic report and investigation. This is disinformation for free. This way you keep serious

critical stories and issues away from the public. And if some of them may hit a point, so what? You “reveal” evidences, this time made by professionals. Who will contradict, overthrow or ridicules the point. This is paid disinformation.

You can also “reveal” two or three contradictory and inconsistent versions based on insider information or declarations keeping the source anonymous, for privacy reasons, of course. Or avoiding the challenge, you simply keep silence ignoring an inept story, not worthy to waste your time. This is risky, but it usually works.

Modern, real meaning of democracy is that everyone may put any question, but nobody has any obligation to answer the truth. Or to answer at all. No comment.

The best way to control information is to own the media. We know who owns it. The best way to control the rumours on Internet sites, for example, is to own the best, and thus, the most visited sites. Many conspiracy sites are mounted by intelligence services.

Time is money. But not only money. It is much more. As time passes, public interest, once global, changes direction. Depending on the will of the media. Public interest is capricious. Depending on the impulse of the media.

What yesterday has been of high interest tomorrow will be almost forgotten. Public interest is based on sensational and today’s events. So you have to react quickly today, to guarantee a quiet tomorrow.

The people of this world are divided in two groups- Us and Them. We are the ones wallowing in unawareness while they control the steer wheel.

We still are lucky that different groups are fighting for control and power and therefore, one can spread information to strike the other one. We are the ones to decide for ourselves what might be the truth.

But sometimes none of the groups is interested in revealing the truth. And then we are left in the dark. The different parties will bomb us with redundant details and lies.

Of course not the same, as their interest in the same affair may be different. This is one of the crucial advantages of democracy. In dictatorships we have only one party in the game, so media is just a slave. A very obedient one. As a result, information becomes non-information or worse, disinformation. A brainwash instrument.

As Einstein quoted, time is relative. And it is above all, subjective. As history is. Even if it is supposed to be objective. But history never attained this ideal. The impartiality of history resumes to historical facts or events. Even these are often questionable. History mainly is fiction.

The Why, How and Who was behind, which bring colour to the historical story always depends on the history teller. Not forgetting that time is altering public and individual memory. And of course, history, which is some kind of public memory.

Look at what happened during any of the

dictatorships. They confiscated the old, younger and present history from the public memory. Inoculating a fake, false, but convenient history that changed and corrupted public and individual mentalities, minds and beliefs through a mass brainwash.

Modern democracy does also use brainwash techniques. Through an obviously oppressive control of the major world media and its ability to influence world public opinion.

But at least we are not forced. Everybody is free to believe what he wants. As free as his mind remains after the systematic brainwash. And thanks to God, free to express his doubts. Taking the risks of course.

Everybody takes a risk. To look like a maniac, to lose the consideration or respect of a friend or a relative. To lose a job or a social position he had worked hard to obtain. Some have lost their lives to save their ideals.

Individuals can't change the course of history radically. But things can change faster if individual will transforms into collective will. But even so individuals can't decide the timing for changes. Things change when time has come. And this decision is not theirs. One question is if this will is the right one.

Some times it was right, sometimes it was awful. Other times it seemed to be the right one, but resulted to be awful. And some very few times it seemed to be wrong, or even monstrous, resulting

finally to have been the right, or at least the less harming solution.

When one sees some politician stepping out in crisis moments, he should always listen what he says, but always ask himself what he doesn't say, what the hell does he want to cover. He may not lie but he never says it all. And not saying it all is also some kind of a lie. There is a reason for that.

People can live without knowing. People don't have to know. They let people know what they decide to be convenient for people to know.

Look at the poor bastards from the third world. Nobody is stepping out to tell them that they have been convicted to civil war because they wanted independency. They have been punished for not being obedient. That is the punishment.

This way the welfare of "democracy" doesn't have to be preoccupied about exploiting them and keeping them poor. They are preserving themselves poor. It is even more convenient then in the colonialism era. It has no administration costs and the critical public eye, fixed on exploitation, doesn't disturb the business anymore.

In many countries opposite parties fight with the same weapons. No comment.

This is the way the system works. You have to consider all these facts if you want to fight the system.

Mohammed knew all this and much more and all his knowledge and experience had to focalise now in one direction: to save his son and Diana. This was

the highest challenge in his life.

Now he had to fight with less weapons than the establishment and find some new strategies and techniques. To win a war apparently fated to be lost. But things can change. History can change. He wrote more than once history. He will try it again. As he did before. Doubling the bet. Yes, this will be a double game.

7 DOUBLE GAME

Dodi was sitting at his desk writing in his secret journal. If his father will find it, later, he will know they are alive. His father was the man he most loved and respected. But this wasn't about love and respect. This was a game played on death or life. Like his father, he had his obsessions about security.

He had to arrange everything personally, the less persons knew, the better. He didn't know how Mo-Mo found out about the death sentence.

Mo-Mo had been right from beginning, he has warned them. They didn't want to believe. But when love floods over one, there is nothing he could do. He had planed from the beginning substituting themselves for some time with two doubles.

So they could have prepared the wedding. And their tragic accident. Diana wanted to marry before they were going to disappear. That was her last punch in the nose of the Royal House.

Earlier she was desperate enough to think about suicide, after that she decided to fight them

back and did it her way. But now she was in love and had the opportunity to declare her love to the entire world.

She already had been talking about this with father Frank Gelli from St Mary Abbots Church, 300 yards from her home at Kensington Palace. She asked him if he would perform the wedding service. Father Frank Gelli said he doesn't see anything inconvenient doing it, despite the fact Dodi was Moslem.

While wondering how things were going to continue, the safe line mobile phone rang.

- *Hi, Dodi. I have everything prepared.*
- *Hi, Andrew. Are you sure the line is safe?*
- *With the digital encoding system, this is one of the best on the black market. The only thing they could do is make a digital recording and work a few years to decode it.*
- *Well, that sounds safe enough to me.*
- *When do you want them there?*
- *Send them tonight with a private jet. After that they will take the boat. Disguise them well. Is the similitude that obvious as you predicted?*
- *Don't worry. They are your twins. You know what kind of a work Doctor Wayne is capable to do. By the way, he said he's expecting you, whenever you want.*
- *Good. What about the documents?*
- *You will have everything tonight. New identities, bank accounts, everything you need.*
- *Well, then see you soon!*

- *Hope so. My regards to Diana!*

So, So. The doubles were on their way. Dodi needed them to preserve some freedom of movements to prepare everything for the tragic death of Diana and Dodi in a fatal boat accident.

It will appear as a devilish assassination plot organised by the secret services. He had tried to analyse the problem from all sites, but no other solution was available. This time it wasn't about threats like before.

Manakee was the best example to prove how ruthlessness the Establishment can be. The poor devil has been killed for just being an inconvenient presence. This time it was different. This was a war declaration. This time it was a specific death sentence. The silence of the doubles will be well paid and guaranteed by an offer they couldn't refuse.

They both knew they were playing a dangerous game, but everyone has his price. The most complicated part of the plan was keeping everything secret. The only ones to know about it were his friends. Doctor Wayne, Andrew, his best friend and Rene Delorm, his devoted butler and confidant.

This time he will turn the misbehaviour of the media to his benefit. He will use the Establishments favourite weapon. Confuse the enemy. The Rumours Mill.

8 THE RUMOURS MILL

When Diana entered, Dodi was taking a look at the last report on tabloid reactions to their relationship. His desktop was full of excerpts. The material has been organised in three categories – favourable–opposite–reports and interviews.

- *Good morning, darling. The things are beginning to get hot.*
- *Good morning, darling. I imagine. What I can't imagine is how all this will end.*

She kissed him, and pressed his head against her chest.

- *But I do fully trust in you. You have been right from the beginning. Those lizards were after me anyway. The fact I love you just fulfilled the glass. They were close anyway. This was no life to live anymore. They make me sick. Bastards! I am certain they killed Barry Manakee. I should never have played with fire and I did and I got very burnt. Fergie also fears for her life. James Hewitt claimed he was warned by elements of the security*

forces and a member of the royal family to stop seeing me, or his health would suffer. They have personally warned me about consequences if I continue the relationship with you. The first to convict me was for sure Prince Philip.

- *They say you quoted: ``No one can tell me what to do. I work by instinct. It's my best adviser.''*
- *Let me take a look!*
- *Make it comfortable, my love.*

Dodi stood up and left silently the room.

- *I am going to take a bath.*
- *I will join you in a minute.*

She sat down and began to read the material on the desktop.

FAVOURABLE

The relationship between Princess Diana and millionaire film producer Dodi Fayed is just a few weeks old, but Monday's headlines on Britain's royalty-obsessed tabloids practically had them married.

Newspapers confidently predicted a wedding and compared the match to Jackie Kennedy's 1968 marriage to Aristotle Onassis. "Here comes the Fayed," said the Star.

"See how she gives herself up to her new lover. How she nestles her head trustingly against his

muscular chest," and "Our world exclusive photos show that, after years of inner turmoil and tears, Princess Diana has finally found a man who makes her feel like a real woman." Mirror

"My love for Di Princess Diana's new man has spoken for the first time about being in love with the most famous woman in the world." Dodi Al Fayed, 41, poured out his feelings for Diana in a heart-to-heart with his former wife Suzanne, 33. Choosing his words carefully to convey the full force of his feelings, he said: "It's not a fling, I promise. It's serious."

„The Latest on Princess Di's Beau. There's been no formal statement from either party, but that hasn't stopped the British tabloids from predicting the marriage of Princess Diana and wealthy movie producer Dodi Al Fayed.”

"Glamorous, passionate, attention-seeking: They are made for each other," Daily Mail "The Brits, though, are nothing if not hardy people. And they're encouraging Diana to forget about the relationship that didn't click and snap up Dodi--the sooner, the better.”

OPPOSITE

"If Dodi enables Mohammed Al Fayed to introduce

Princess Diana as 'my future daughter-in-law' he will have fulfilled his ambitious father's greatest dream, which is to feel an integral part of the British aristocracy," Lynda Lee-Potter wrote in the Daily Mail.

"Whether it will go very much further, I don't know," said royal family historian Sarah Bradford. "Diana ... is in this lonely situation and it's a rebound, too.... from all the various disasters she's had."

"Whoa, there! We are talking about a woman who has, through the years, become the poster girl for Smart Princess, Dumb Choices. The man on whose French-cuffed arm Diana now hangs may be charming, but he is no prince, and his father--though he may be as rich as Croesus no king. A long-time friend of Diana's own late father, Earl Spencer, Dodi's tycoon dad brought the pair together. A self-made billionaire who, in addition to Harrods, has leasehold on the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's Paris home (he is auctioning off the contents in September at Sotheby's), Mohammed Al Fayed sponsors the Royal Windsor Horse Show, where he shares the Queen's box. Yet he has been denied British citizenship following questions about his financing of the Harrods purchase and has admitted paying Tory members of Parliament for political favours between 1987 and 1989, a move often credited with speeding the demise of John Major's government. Many believe

that Al Fayed stoked his son's romantic flames as a way to strike back at a British establishment that has consistently rebuffed him. For such a man, says Brian Hoey, author of 13 books on the Windsors, "it would be the ultimate revenge to have the mother of the future king of England in the family."

REPORTS

"The Dodi and Diana story became Britain's hottest media property Sunday when a tabloid newspaper published a series of photographs, which it claims shows the couple kissing and embracing while on a cruise in the south of France sometime in the past 10 days."

"The princess, 36, has publicly said nothing about the rumours that she is romantically involved with Fayed, 41, an Egyptian whose father owns London's famed Harrods department store and the Ritz Hotel in Paris."

"Fayed's uncle is well-known Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi; his father, Mohammed Al Fayed, was at the centre of a corruption scandal that helped lead Britain's Conservative Party to defeat in May's election.

The Mirror speculated that Diana and Fayed would announce their engagement next month. A winter wedding would follow, and the newlyweds would

make their home not in Britain but in the United States, the paper said. Reuters contributed to this report.”

“Princess Diana met Dodi at a polo match in July 1986. It was at this time that her marriage was falling apart but she was still maintaining a public appearance.”

“Diana off with Dodi - again Diana has jetted off on her third holiday with Dodi Fayed. They are expected to head to St Tropez to join Dodi's father, Mohammed Al Fayed and his Finnish wife Heini.”

„Diana and Dodi return home. It's reported Diana, Princess of Wales has been on a romantic five day Mediterranean cruise with a millionaire playboy.”

„Dodi told the Daily Mail: "We relaxed. We had a great time. We flew to Nice and boarded there before sailing to Corsica and Sardinia, then returned to Nice. "We relaxed and went ashore and there was another girl with us. It was a great time."

„Pregnant By Dennis Rodman Is 7:1: - Princess Diana, vacationing on the French Riviera with controversial British clout buyer Al Fayed, owner of Harrods, granted an impromptu press conference and promised a 'big surprise' announcement in two

weeks.”

„A New Man for Princess Di? Apparently, there's a new man in Princess Diana's life. The thirty-six-year-old ex of Prince Charles is reportedly seeing forty-one-year-old film producer and millionaire playboy Dodi Al Fayed, son of Mohammed Al Fayed, the Egyptian-born owner of London's Harrod's department store.”

“The hubbub surrounding Princess Diana's love life pales in comparison to the trouble she brews when she pokes her nose into politics.” USA Today

The 36-year-old princess was pictured late Monday leaning over a yacht and reportedly telling the reporters: “You are going to get a big surprise, you'll see. You are going to get a big surprise with the next thing I do.” Chicago Tribune

“Well, the rumour mill is still working as usually”, thought she while leaving.

Well, sometimes it works in your own benefit. Like this time. We didn't have to declare anything officially and the media got us already married. That's nice. And they found out I am pregnant. They don't know what this means.

For the media it is just sensational news. They can't imagine what really means bearing safe inside you the fruit of the love of your life. Feeding it with

your blood and your dreams.

And the damned lizards can't see anything else but danger. All they can see is a Moslem half brother of the future king of Great Britain. And a Moslem stepfather of the future king of Great Britain.

Even though they knew it before, I am sure it's not a pleasant feeling to see it publicized by all tabloids. It isn't convenient at all. So let them write anything they want. I already have announced a big surprise. We'll see how they will put up with this.

This will be an action of their favourite style. Hit and run. Except this time we will be the ones to make this move. We'll see how good they really are, playing in defence. We'll see how you will take this. This time I will hit your balls. We will hit your balls. You will have to pay someday. Bastards.

This time you will be the ones to take classes. History classes.

9 HISTORY CLASSES

The demolition of European communism has been well-planned from the beginning, after World War II. It had to be a slow but guaranteed process. Soviets and their European allies will grow poorer day after day.

Their evolution and welfare will remain just an appearance to keep a few decades. Western countries will finance them. In exchange for their main resources. Maybe better paid than their real value. That's why this operation was more a financing of the enemy than a business. The day they won't have anything to sell they will be sentenced.

As gold and titanium reserves diminish, the day draws nearer. The occident has been financing for 50 years the European communism impoverishing in exchange the communist block. This was the cheapest and most efficient war.

But they had also to wait for a good opportunity to fill the grave they prepared for communism. A reasonable president of the USSR.

Able to understand that times had changed and there is no way back. And able to handle crisis and transition periods.

This man was Gorbachov. And Reagan was also a good mediator for the western side. Gorbachov didn't believe this was the end. He hoped this crisis would pass without burying definitively the communism and its ideals. He believed the system was only partially wrong. As well as he was definitely convinced reforms were necessary.

His discussions with Reagan were open and surprisingly free of ideological controversies. Both of them wanted a painless as possible transition for the USSR. Being confronted with the real economical disaster and the possible consequences, Gorbachov became much more than just a reasonable discussion partner.

Unfortunately reforms were not easy to impose in a multinational federation dominated by military and political plutocracy. This was ready to fight to preserve its privileges. By the other side a new type of corruption was on the way to be born. And a new type of power.

In the spring of 1987 Gorbachov had a problem. He's got problems with a few Generals. Opposing to his open interior and foreign policy. Due to the probability of getting much more problems with other generals, he could not have attacked them directly. The Big Soviet Army was the most powerful bureaucracy ever created and there existed to many

powerful generals.

The attack skills of the soviet army have always been good but the defence are even better. At least this was the official version of the communist propaganda. A proof of a leak in the defence system of the army would provide a good occasion to get rid of some inconvenient generals. If proved they were incapable to assure the defence of the country.

His only problem was he didn't trust anyone. This kind of problem had to be solved with external help from his friend Ronald Reagan. This was more than one hundred thousand \$ worth. But there was another problem. Americans could not have been involved directly. It would have appeared evidently mounted.

So the Americans had to find a European to fulfil their plan. Shortly after the first contact his American friends found the man. Some unknown sport-pilot who took the challenge and wager to land with a Chesna in Kremlin. It was the 19 years old German, Mathias Rust, who took the challenge in the name of the global peace.

He had many stories to tell about how good he was, the best. It wasn't very difficult to involve him, as he did admire Gorbachov and his effort to finish the Cold War. He thought he would build an imaginary bridge between East and West. He was an idealist.

Besides this he could have proved how good he really was. The best. Yes, this was a challenge for the

best. So he took the risk to remain a year or two in some Russian prison if he succeeded to do it. Of course the wager had to remain secret and all possible done to get him free soon.

He just had to keep his mouth shut and will become a hundred thousand \$ richer in a few years. Of course he had to keep it all secret. His parents wouldn't have let him do it. And his friends would have told him it's the craziest thing they ever had heard about. This plan was perfect for this kind of operation.

So he hired a Cessna in Hamburg and flew to Moscow via Helsinki in May 1987. 28th May 1987. The holiday of the border patrol. How very convenient. For Gorbachov first of all.

So Gorbachov was right. The defence skills of the soviet army were not perfect. They were lousy. So, he got rid of most of his opposites. The defence and air defence ministers were both replaced. More than 2.000 officers lost their jobs.

Yes, this has been well done. But as a few voices began remarking that this incident has been too favourable to Gorbachov, they made the next step.

Another fool landed in the Pentagon with the same type of Chesna. This world is full of crazy guys! That was the only reasonable conclusion. Americans were not very happy about this, but leads had to be covered. And the incident will be forgotten in a few years.

Dodi finished the story and Diana was looking

at him fascinated as bewitched.

- *Darling, as I told you things never are what or like they seem to be when it comes to policy. Remember what you know about Kennedy. This is one of the darkest stories of America's modern history. And it is not the worst they have done.*
- *I see, Dodi. At least they knew who the enemy was. We have too many dark and unknown forces against us.*
- *They are only obscure. Don't worry; I know what I am saying. You know I don't give you all the details just to stop you worrying about this and to keep you calm. Ask me anything you want and I will answer you in every detail.*

Diana smiled peacefully. She never dreamed she could ever be so happy. Her life was in danger, more than ever, but for the first time she wasn't afraid. She wasn't vulnerable anymore.

- *This is one of the many reasons I do love you. You are the trustiest man I ever knew. If the world would blow up or go down, you will always be there for me, I know it for sure. I am worried only for the future of my boys.*

Dodi was very calm and he knew how to transmit this inner peace to Diana.

- *You know the boys will be OK. They won't dare doing any harm to them. Besides this, you are the enemy, not the boys. The boys represent the future of the Establishment. As Charles doesn't seem to want to renounce to Camilla, Henry is the future*

king. You know it yourself; Charles is not on the agenda as king. And he knows it too. The love the three of you share will never be lost. They will always love you.

- *As I will always love them.*
- *I have made the schedules for the next days. Please take a look and let me know if it is OK with you.*
- *As I do not have planned any special meetings the schedules will be surely perfect for me.*

Watching the horizon line, she realised it was for the first time after many years she felt free. Not free like a flying bird, but free like the sky above. I never dreamed love could be like this. Look at him!

- *How does it feel to make your girl the happiest girl in the world?*
- *It's the most incredible feeling, when the one and only reason of your existence is the person you love. And the baby you are carrying.*

This was the prince she always dreamed about, not the real one she had married sixteen years before. Charles seemed now to be some ridiculous cartoon figure.

This was her prince. The one to fight for her love. The one “they” could never frighten away, as they did with Barry Manakee. Poor Manakee, they didn't just put him away.

Why did they have to kill him? And James was just a coward. Death threats delivered to him where enough to apart him. He knew what happened to

Barry, therefore he was afraid. He was not worth of her love. He remained alive because they believed she disdained him, so he didn't represent a danger anymore.

Dodi was different. He wasn't afraid. Dodi was a graduate of the British Army's elite Sandhurst Military Academy. He had more honour than most of the royals she used to have around her. He was ready to challenge them, to fight them back. She had been told Moslems are cowards.

That their only courage manifests through their fanatics. Terrorism acts were possible due to mad interpretations of the Koran, which said that the one who dies in "Jihad", the sacred war, would go directly to paradise. She has been taught they had no courage to fight in a war and the proof for that was the fact that a few million Jews were able to frighten hundred of millions of Arabs.

Mo-Mo said that's partially true, but mounting a war was an insane action, and the best they could do is profit of the oil they have and try to fight them back economically. The occident could not be defeated because they are dominating through economic power.

The Japanese tried to do it through their opportunist banking system that permitted for a few years the boom: high cash flows with low cash coverage, even less than 3%.

In order to cumulate economic strength, capital export was prohibited in Japan until 1980. Suddenly gates opened. Japanese capital invaded world markets,

but most the American market. They began the fight against the dollar. Statistics by cash flow showed that ten years long the first nine of ten banks in the world were Japanese.

But as predictable, the Japanese economy could not sustain this rhythm and in the 90' the Yen fell and caused the Asian market crash.

Arabs have no chance in any type of conflict. They will be divided in two groups. The moderate will transform in pro-Americans and the radical in The Enemy, as representing "world terrorism". It won't last long and some incident will provoke war against fundamentalist Islamism and Arab dictatorships.

The New World Order agenda was preparing to get rid of Arab opponents and transform the Arabs if not in "friends", at least in collaborators. As they are controlling almost all the rest of the oil market, if they get control on the Arabs, they got it all.

They hadn't killed Saddam in 91 because Saddam still had influence in Le Cercle as one of the founders of the Safari Club. But this situation won't last forever. Meanwhile Saddam tried to assassinate some of his enemies, even outside Iraq's borders and is losing allies and friends in the Arab world.

Mo-Mo was expert in finance and policy too. His achievements were a proof for that. He contributed to the fall of John Major's Conservatory Government. That he didn't play clean was obvious. Nobody does it on high levels. But he gave the Establishment a punch in the nose.

And now, her love affair with Dodi. Her Prince of Arabia. No wonder they are mad.

The morning was sunny and Yonakal floated quietly on the Mediterranean Sea. Almost imperceptible, the waves seemed to be the calm breath of the sleeping Mother Earth. Diana took a shower and laid down on the deck to enjoy the early sunshine.

Dodi must have gone down, he had some work to do or was preparing some surprise. She first met him 10 years ago, when for the public she still was the happy princess Diana of Wales. But the future storms of her marriage had begun already to show their clouds on the horizon.

Since my childhood I dreamed to marry a prince who will make me happy. The first part of my wish came true.

24 February of 1981. She was 19. I had met her prince. We were officially engaged. Time passed quickly and a few months later, on 29 of July, the same year, the St. Paul's Cathedral was prepared to celebrate our wedding. The wedding of the century, it was called. Hundreds of millions of people all over the world saw the wedding celebration through direct satellite transmission. All Britain was celebrating together with me. Everybody loved me.

That was a ceremony. The silk taffeta dress had a 25 feet train designed by Emmanuels. The Spencer family diamond tiara was holding my veil. Many and various flowers composed the bouquet. Gardenias, white freesia golden roses, lilies, and white orchids.

Everybody attended the ceremony. Royalties, VIP's, celebrities, dignitaries, common people, rich and poor.

Camilla also was there. He joked, saying that he won't be the first Prince of Wales not to have a lover. But unfortunately it wasn't just a joke.

One year later was born my son, William Arthur Philip Louis. Another two years late was born my second son, Henry Charles Albert David. We called him Harry.

Shortly after that began the eight nightmare years of my life. The happiness had been quite short in duration. I was much too young. Despite the fact I had grown up in an aristocratic atmosphere, I didn't know anything about policy, so I didn't know how things are running in this world.

That justice, the same as democracy and freedom, is just a word. That policy is the Big Whore, mother of all the whores and that it is impossible to live in this circle remaining clean. First of all, because as more you know, the more is growing the sensation that you should do something about it. But you don't do it because you are a coward, or because you fear the reaction of your equals in rang. Or simply because you just don't know what you could do.

In 1992 appeared Andrew Morton's "Diana: Her True Story". This way the relation of Charles with Camilla had been made public. But also my five suicide attempts.

So after my separation and even more after the divorce, I made another wrong step again starting my

campaigns. They represented more a way to express my opposition to the system, as I knew this was a lost battle. But somehow my anger against them had to manifest. Of course I am sensitive person. Around me I had known many sensitive persons. But there is a long way from being a sensitive person to acting like I did.

I was remembering all the hard times I had within the royal family, on step to suicide, passing from bulimia to anorexia crisis, desperate to have to live a life that wasn't mine. Living in a world that was anything else but not love. Surrounded by hypocrites.

Besides this, what is even worth, having your own family against you. My brother in law Robert Fallows, the Queens personal secretary, my sister Jane, my hypocrite brother. I bet they will all deny as absurd any possible implication of the Royal House in the boat accident, even if Dodi will leave tracks to lead investigations in this direction.

This will be my revenge. They want to kill us anyway. Let them have a nice surprise.

They were all envious; reproaching me I was not worthy my position. I was living in a world populated by title string-puppets. Struggling to maintain or conquer privileges and putting up with a lot, behaving conveniently in any situation. Nobody saw in me a person. Because they thought I would be a poor puppet. Like they were. But I was a person.

A nice person who needed affection and understanding. My only support was my "rock", Paul

Burrell. Nobody else really cared about me. About how I feel. The only thing I kept surviving for was my love for my sons.

It would have been better stay away from public life. They had warned me not to play a risky game and stay apart. But I took that as a challenge. And I started my war. But I had not seen yet the worst part of the evil.

I knew it is a dangerous game, so I intended to gain the sympathy of the media and of major public opinion. Despite some confrontations with paparazzi, the media was a protection shield for me.

14 November 1995. What a day. The 47th birthday of Charles. My birthday present was the announcement to the Royal family of a television interview with Martin Bashir in BBC. That was a shock for them. They tried to convince me not to do it. But I was too angry. I admitted the suicide attempts and described the nightmare I had been living so many years. I even admitted my love affair with James Hewitt. I even expressed my doubts about Charles to become king. That hurt them. I still remember what I said.

At the age of 19, you always think you're prepared for everything, and you think you have the knowledge of what's coming ahead. But although I was daunted at the prospect at the time, I felt I had the support of my husband-to-be.

I think like any marriage, specially when you've had divorced parents like myself, you'd want to try even harder to make it work and you don't want to fall back into a pattern that you've seen happen in your own family. I desperately wanted it to work, I desperately loved my husband and I wanted to share everything together, and I thought that we were a very good team.

During the years you see yourself as a good product that sits on a shelf and sells well, and people make a lot of money out of you.

And then William and Harry arrived - fortunately two boys, it would have been a little tricky if it had been two girls - but that in itself brings the responsibilities of bringing them up, William's future being as it is, and Harry like a form of a back-up in that aspect.

I never had had a depression in my life. But then when I analysed it I could see that the changes I'd made in the last year had all caught up with me, and my body had said: 'We want a rest.'

Maybe I was the first person ever to be in this family who ever had a depression or was ever openly tearful. And obviously that was daunting, because if you've never seen it before how do you support it?

When no one listens to you, or you feel no one's listening to you, all sorts of things start to happen. For instance you have so much pain inside yourself that you try and hurt yourself on the outside because you want help, but it's the wrong help you're

asking for. People see it as crying wolf or attention seeking, and they think because you're in the media all the time you've got enough attention, inverted commas.

But I was actually crying out because I wanted to get better in order to go forward and continue my duty and my role as wife, mother, Princess of Wales.

So I did inflict upon myself. I didn't like myself. I was ashamed because I couldn't cope with the pressures. I just hurt my arms and my legs; and I work in environments now where I see women doing similar things and I'm able to understand completely where they're coming from.

I had bulimia for a number of years. And that's like a secret disease. You inflict it upon yourself because your self-esteem is at a low ebb, and you don't think you're worthy or valuable. You fill your stomach up four or five times a day - some do it more - and it gives you a feeling of comfort.

It's like having a pair of arms around you, but it's temporary. Then you're disgusted at the bloatedness of your stomach, and then you bring it all up again. And it's a repetitive pattern that is very destructive to yourself.

It was a symptom of what was going on in my marriage. I was crying out for help, but giving the wrong signals, and people were using my bulimia as a coat on a hanger: they decided that was the problem - Diana was unstable.

The cause was the situation where my husband

and I had to keep everything together because we didn't want to disappoint the public, and yet obviously there was a lot of anxiety going on within our four walls. It made it very difficult, because for a situation where it was a couple working in the same job - we got out the same car, we shook the same hand, my husband did the speeches, I did the handshaking - so basically we were a married couple doing the same job, which is very difficult for anyone, and more so if you've got all the attention on you.

We struggled a bit with it, it was very difficult; and then my husband decided that we do separate engagements, which was a bit sad for me, because I quite liked the company. But, there again, I didn't have the choice.

There were three of us in this marriage, so it was a bit crowded. But Charles and I had our duty to perform, and that was paramount. I was at the end of my tether. I was desperate. I think I was so fed up with being seen as someone who was a basket case, because I am a very strong person and I know that causes complications in the system that I live in.

What had been hidden - or rather what we thought had been hidden - then became out in the open and was spoken about on a daily basis, and the pressure was for us to sort ourselves out in some way. Were we going to stay together or were we going to separate? And the word separation and divorce kept coming up in the media on a daily basis.

So we got the lawyers together, we discussed

separation - obviously there were a lot of people to discuss it with: the Prime Minister, Her Majesty - and then it moved itself, so to speak.

And in a way I suppose it could have been a relief for us both that we'd finally made our minds up. But my husband asked for the separation and I supported it.

I come from a divorced background, and I didn't want to go into that one again. I asked my husband if we could put the announcement out before the children came back from school for Christmas holidays because they were protected in the school they were at.

And he did that, and it came out on December 9th. I was on an engagement up north. I heard it on the radio, and it was just very, very sad. Really sad. The fairy tale had come to an end, and most importantly our marriage had taken a turn, different turn.

People's agendas changed overnight. I was now separated wife of the Prince of Wales, I was a problem, I was a liability (seen as), and how are we going to deal with her? This hasn't happened before.

Visits abroad being blocked, by things that had come naturally my way being stopped, letters going, that got lost, and various things.

I felt very protective about James Gilbey because he'd been a very good friend to me and was a very good friend to me, and I couldn't bear that his life was going to be messed up because he had the

connection with me. And that worried me. I'm very protective about my friends.

On that telephone conversation tape, Mr Gilbey expresses his affection for me. The transcript was accurate. But the implications of that conversation were that we'd had an adulterous relationship, which was not true. It was done to harm me in a serious manner, and that was the first time I'd experienced what it was like to be outside the net, so to speak, and not be in the family.

It was to make the public change their attitude towards me. It was, you know, if we are going to divorce, my husband would hold more cards than I would - it was very much a poker game, chess game.

I was the separated wife of the Prince of Wales. I was a problem, full stop. Never happened before, what do we do with her? She won't go quietly, that's the problem. I'll fight to the end, because I believe that I have a role to fulfil, and I've got two children to bring up.

The pressure was intolerable then, and my job, my work was being affected. I wanted to give 110% to my work, and I could only give 50. I was constantly tired, exhausted, because the pressure was just, it was so cruel.

So I thought the only way to do it was to stand up and make a speech and extract myself before I started disappointing and not carrying out my work. It was my decision to make that speech because I owed it to the public to say that, you know, thank you. I'm

disappearing for a bit, but I'll come back.

I did a lot of work, well, underground, without any media attention, so I never really stopped doing it. I just didn't do every day out and about, I just couldn't do it. You know, the campaign at that point was being successful, but it did surprise the people who were causing the grief - it did surprise them when I took myself out of the game.

They hadn't expected that. And I'm a great believer that you should always confuse the enemy. The enemy was my husband's department, because I always got more publicity, my work was more, was discussed much more than him.

From that point of view I understand it. But I was doing good things, and I wanted to good things. I was never going to hurt anyone, I was never going to let anyone down.

I was totally unaware of the content of the book of Jonathan Dimbleby, and actually saw it on the news that night that it had come out, and my first concern was to the children, because they were able to understand what was coming out, and I wanted to protect them.

I take full responsibility, I take some responsibility that our marriage went the way it did. I'll take half of it, but I won't take any more than that, because it takes two to get in this situation. Absolutely, we both made mistakes.

James Hewitt was a great friend of mine at a very difficult, yet another difficult time, and he was

always there to support me. I adored him. Yes, I was in love with him. But I was very let down. I was absolutely devastated when this book appeared, because I trusted him, and because, again, I worried about the reaction on my children.

There was factual evidence in the book, but a lot of it was, comes from another world, didn't equate to what happened. There was a lot of fantasy in that book, and it was very distressing for me that a friend of mine, who I had trusted, made money out of me. I really minded about that.

And he'd rung me up 10 days before it arrived in the bookshops to tell me that there was nothing to worry about, and I believed him, stupidly.

You know, people think that at the end of the day a man is the only answer. Actually, a fulfilling job is better for me. I mean any gentleman that's been past my door, we've instantly been put together in the media and all hell's broken loose, so that's been very tough on the male friends I've had, and obviously from my point of view.

I'm not really on my own. I've got wonderful friends, I've got my boys, I've got my work. It's just by living at Kensington Palace obviously it is a little bit isolating, but, you know, maybe we all feel like that. I still to this day find the interest daunting and phenomenal, because I actually don't like being the centre of attention.

When I have my public duties, I understand that when I get out the car I'm being photographed,

but actually it's now when I go out of my door, my front door, I'm being photographed. I never know where a lens is going to be.

A normal day I would be followed by four cars; a normal day I would come back to my car and find six freelance photographers jumping around me. Some people would say: Well, if you had a policeman it would make it easier. It doesn't at all.

They've decided that I'm still a product, after 15, 16 years, that sells well, and they all shout at me, telling me that: "Oh, come on, Di, look up. If you give us a picture I can get my children to a better school." And, you know, you can laugh it off. But you get that the whole time. It's quite difficult.

I've never encouraged the media. There was a relationship that worked before, but now I can't tolerate it because it's become abusive and it's harassment. But I don't want to be seen to be indulging in self-pity. I'm not. I understand they have a job to do. You could equate it to a soap opera really. It goes on and on and on, and the story never changes.

And each time one enjoys oneself - albeit it's in a different situation - you have to pay for it, because people criticise, which comes with the patch, as I said previously. But I am a free spirit - unfortunately for some.

I've been in a privileged position for 15 years. I've got tremendous knowledge about people and how to communicate. I've learnt that, I've got it, and I want to use it.

And when I look at people in public life, I'm not a political animal but I think the biggest disease this world suffers from in this day and age is the disease of people feeling unloved, and I know that I can give love for a minute, for half an hour, for a day, for a month, but I can give - I'm very happy to do that and I want to do that.

I think the British people need someone in public life to give affection, to make them feel important, to support them, to give them light in their dark tunnels. I see it as a possibly unique role, and yes, I've had difficulties, as everybody has witnessed over the years, but let's now use the knowledge I've gathered to help other people in distress.

I don't feel blame. I mean, once or twice I've heard people say to me that, you know, "Diana's out to destroy the monarchy", which has bewildered me, because why would I want to destroy something that is my children's future.

I will fight for my children on any level in order for them to be happy and have peace of mind and carry out their duties. But I think what concerns me most of all about how people discuss the monarchy is they become indifferent, and I think that is a problem, and I think that should be sorted out, yes.

People don't care any more. They've been so force-fed with marital problems, whatever, whatever, whatever, that they're fed up.

I'm fed up of reading about it. I'm in it, so God

knows what people out there must think.

I understand that change is frightening for people, especially if there's nothing to go to. It's best to stay where you are. I understand that. But I do think that there are a few things that could change, that would alleviate this doubt, and sometimes complicated relationship between monarchy and public. I think they could walk hand in hand, as opposed to be so distant.

With William and Harry, for instance, I take them round homelessness projects, I've taken William and Harry to people dying of Aids - albeit I told them it was cancer - I've taken the children to all sorts of areas where I'm not sure anyone of that age in this family has been before. And they have a knowledge - they may never use it, but the seed is there, and I hope it will grow because knowledge is power.

I want them to have an understanding of people's emotions, people's insecurities, people's distress, and people's hopes and dreams.

I would like a monarchy that has more contact with its people - and I don't mean by riding round bicycles and things like that, but just having a more in-depth understanding.

And I don't say that as a criticism to the present monarchy: I just say that as what I see and hear and feel on a daily basis in the role I have chosen for myself.

I don't want a divorce, but obviously we need clarity on a situation that has been of enormous

discussion over the last three years in particular. So all I say to that is that I await my husband's decision of which way we are all going to go.

I would obviously discuss it with him, but up to date neither of us has discussed this subject, though the rest of the world seems to have.

I'd like to be a queen of people's hearts, in people's hearts, but I don't see myself being Queen of this country. I don't think many people will want me to be Queen. Actually, when I say many people I mean the establishment that I married into, because they have decided that I'm a non-starter.

Because I do things differently, because I don't go by a rule book, because I lead from the heart, not the head, and albeit that's got me into trouble in my work, I understand that. But someone's got to go out there and love people and show it.

They see me as a threat of some kind, and I'm here to do well: I'm not a destructive person. I think every strong woman in history has had to walk down a similar path, and I think it's the strength that causes the confusion and the fear.

Why is she strong? Where does she get it from? Where is she taking it? Where is she going to use it? Why do the public still support her? When I say public, you go and do an engagement and there's a great many people there.

I don't think any of us know the answer if Prince of Wales will ever be King. And obviously it's a question that's in everybody's head. But who knows,

who knows what fate will produce, who knows what circumstances will provoke?

There was always conflict on that subject with him when we discussed it, and I understood that conflict, because it's a very demanding role, being Prince of Wales, but it's an equally more demanding role being King.

And being Prince of Wales produces more freedom now, and being King would be a little bit more suffocating. And because I know the character I would think that the top job, as I call it, would bring enormous limitations to him, and I don't know whether he could adapt to that.

You have to see that William's very young at the moment, so do you want a burden like that to be put on his shoulders at such an age? So I can't answer the question if it would make more sense if the position of monarch would pass directly to my son Prince William. My wish is that my husband finds peace of mind.

I decided to give this interview now because we will have been separated three years this December, and the perception that has been given of me for the last three years has been very confusing, turbulent, and in some areas I'm sure many, many people doubt me.

And I want to reassure all those people who have loved me and supported me throughout the last 15 years that I'd never let them down. That is a priority to me, along with my children.

I don't sit here with resentment: I sit here with sadness because a marriage hasn't worked. I sit here with hope because there's a future ahead, a future for my husband, a future for myself and a future for the monarchy.

That was then. Now things have changed. Diana has become a traitor from the British monarchy. I sit here with resentment. Because they want to switch me off. Because for me there isn't left any future ahead. Because the future I want for me could mean no future at all for the monarchy.

Of course they won't let me marry Dodi. Neither have his son. I learned to know what kind of people are acting through all these secret organisations. The Club from Rome, The Group of The 300, The Trilateral Commission or Bilderberg Group, The World Government, The New World Order, Le Cercle, The Heritage Foundation, The British Freedom Association, The Safari Club, the various Masonry foundations, The Bohemian Groove.

I never imagined things would finish that bad. What would have happened if Mo-Mo hadn't found out about the sentence they dictated against us? Maybe he is also part of some secret committee and found out this way about the sentence. Most probable.

The sole thing I feel desperate about is that I will lose my sons, or they will lose me. I won't be able to protect them anymore. I have done all my best

and tried to warn them in what kind of wild world they are living. I taught them not to believe all the lies surrounding them and to stay away as possible from intrigues.

I don't understand why wants Dodi to keep everything secret, even from his father. Why doesn't Mo-Mo have to know anything about our doubles and our planned disappearing in the boat "accident"? But Dodi knows what he is doing. The less persons know about it, the better. Any way it was amusing when Robert and Irene got lost in Monte Carlo jogging accompanied by the bodyguards. Not even they noticed it, at least they didn't show it. Dodi and Diana getting lost in Monte Carlo! That was a good joke. They had to phone to be taken home. I didn't believe anyone will be that stupid to buy this story. They were good, really good, fooling everyone.

So, it seems things will function as planed.

They still had a few vacation days. On Sunday, 24.th of august they leaved Monaco in direction Portofino. Of course paparazzi were after them, shooting photos.

Next day the yacht changed the rout in direction Portovenere, a little village 20 km south from La Spezia. Tuesday they went to Elba Island for a day before reaching Sardinia, where their journey will end. Searching lonely places like Olbia, in the northeast of Sardinia.

Days were passing quickly. The end of this cruise has come. They were going to fly back to Paris.

10 BACK TO PARIS

Henri Paul was waiting for the couple together with Philippe Dourneau at Le Bourget airport at 3:20 in the afternoon of the 30th August 1997. They came with a private jet from Sardinia, ending a Mediterranean cruise.

Henri was driving a Range Rover while Philippe was driving a Mercedes 600. Philippe Dourneau was Mohammed al Fayed's official driver during his visits in France.

Henri was deputy security manager of the Ritz hotel. He had been working at Ritz hotel for 8 years. In the last 3 years he was on the payroll of both British and French secret services. It was usual secret services having inside informers in VIP hotels like Ritz. This way they obtained important information about people they were interested in.

Henri Paul began the day with his usual Saturday-morning tennis game. He left the central Paris apartment where he lived alone to join his friend Claude Garrec at the courts.

Tennis was a pleasant way to keep body and mind in form. They played from 10 until 11, and then stopped at the Pelican bar. There, Paul drank only Coca-Cola. That was quite usual for that hour of the day. At 12:30 Paul leaved.

Diana and Dodi were accompanied by two English bodyguards, employed by the private security of the Fayed family, Trevor Rees Jones and Alexander Wingfield.

At the airport were also waiting photographers. But this was something that had become usual. Some of them had followed the couple along their cruise wanting to shoot some evidence of the love story that invaded lately the press.

Paul turned off and delivered the baggage to Dodi's apartment near the Arc de Triomphe. Dourneau, with Diana and Dodi in the rear, arrived around 15:45 at the Villa Windsor. This was the former home of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Mohammed al Fayed leased it earlier that year. Dodi congratulated Dourneau on losing the paparazzi on the way from Le Bourget.

The visit they had at the Villa was short. Dodi only wanted to show Diana the Villa, as she was curious to see it. They initially thought to move in here. But lately plans changed, so this was just a visit.

The history was fascinating. King Edward VIII abdicated the crown for the "love of a woman". Edward got involved in policy hostile to Britain's interests. After abdicating, Edward became the Duke

of Windsor and he and his wife became enchanted with Adolph Hitler and Germany's Nazis. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were exiled to Bermuda at the onset of World War II.

Around 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Mercedes, bearing Diana and Dodi, went to the Ritz, followed by Paul in the Range Rover. For the next three hours, Paul remained at the hotel. He had several glasses of Ricard pastis at the Hemingway Bar.

Pastis is a typical French refreshing drink, something like tonic water, made of nine parts water or juice and one shot of Ricard, a strong essence liquor. At 7 p.m., Dourneau drove the couple from the Ritz to Dodi's apartment. At 7:05 Paul was off duty. He leaved the hotel.

He went home to take a shower and to take a restful break. Later he felt like enjoying going out, so at 9:30 he left his home.

He walked relaxed to Champmesle on rue Chabannais. This was a lesbian's bar he liked very much. He was a regular customer there. He took a Perrier, chatting with Josie, the barkeeper, they knew each other for more than 20 years. But his nice and calm evening came to an end as his cell phone rang.

They called him back to Ritz. He was on duty again. A few minutes later he parked his black Austin mini in front of Ritz. It was shortly passed 10 o'clock. Till midnight he remained in the Hemingway bar, waiting for orders.

Finally Dodi called for him. Dodi trusted him

definitely. During the holidays in St. Tropez with Diana and her sons, earlier in July, he had been responsible for the security. He became the order to drive the Mercedes to the backdoor, on rue Cambon. Destination still unknown. He had to wait for the couple to finish the dinner.

11 THE DINNER

- *As you see, there is no quiet place in Paris. At least not for us.*
- *Don't worry, we are all right here. It's a nice place. I like it, Dodi.*
- *It is supposed to be a nice place, considering its price.*
- *Which you don't have to worry to pay.*

They finally decided to come to Ritz for dinner. At least they had privacy here. The Imperial Suite of Ritz was most impressive. The large windows overlooking the Place Vendome had style. Also the high ceiling or the painted base-reliefs decorating the walls. Rust-coloured marble columns and floors covered with Persian rugs.

The menu has been brought from the restaurant downstairs. They began with scrambled eggs with mushrooms and asparagus.

- *What else will you have, darling?*
- *Sole with vegetables tempura would be fine for me.*
- *Perfect. I will have turbot.*

Dodi remained a moment silent. He seemed to have recovered and calmed down.

- *It's a pity we won't remain here over night.*
- *Don't be silly.*

Outside, in front of the Ritz, a British agent kept the main entrance under surveillance. He had a professional camera and as photographers crowded the place he had no problem.

An other agent was placed on rue Cambon surveying the backdoor. They were communicating through digital walkie-talkies. Their job was keeping an eye on every move of the couple. And report. So, the couple has come back to Ritz. So did Henri Paul, Dodi's favourite bodyguard. Something will happen tonight. They will leave the hotel again.

What the two agents didn't know, was that there was a third agent sniffing around. One they didn't even know. A Dutch one. His walkie-talkie was tuned on the same frequency as theirs. So he had direct access to the information the two shared. This agent didn't have such an innocent job to do as the British ones.

A second Dutch agent was in permanent contact with the first one. This one was the Mechanic. The operator of the Wasp control unit, which has been built in a black Ford Mondeo. It wasn't the first time he activated the wasp, but he still didn't know much about the weapon. He knew it was efficient. The

control unit was extremely simplified. Only two buttons. One to start the unit and get it loaded. The other one to activate it.

The most difficult part of the job was keeping close enough to the target car while activating the unit and to take care not to be touched when the target car started to lose control. That was all.

Anderson also was on duty. He was working unobserved on his own. He didn't like running around with the other photographers. You can get really good shots and make big money, only if you work separated from the crowd of photographers. He just arrived from the northern coast of Sardinia. He had been following the couple along the coast and he got some good shots. Now he was sitting in his white Uno, an unspectacular car. He was expecting something to happen. He had a last generation digital scanner, a pretty expensive one.

This was a pretty nice tool. Bodyguards and surveillance teams generally surround VIP's. These were normally communicating through walkie-talkies, normal ones or digital. With a little luck you can scan their communication frequency and spy their conversation. So you can get interesting information.

Meanwhile the couple was enjoying the dinner in the Imperial Suite. Unexpectedly Dodi's safe-line mobile rang.

- *Change of plans* communicated the voice on the phone.

Dodi wasn't happy about this and he didn't hide it. But he really had no choice. Diana knew who was on the phone, she didn't understand why is getting Dodi upset.

- *Yes it will be done*, answered Dodi and hung up. *We will have to hurry up with the dinner. Around midnight we will go.*
- *Very well, darling. Don't worry.*
- *I have to make a call.*

This time he used the regular hotel phone.

- *After midnight be prepared. We will use the two cars as decoy and leave the hotel by the backdoor. We will go with the other Mercedes, the S280. Henri will drive it. Trevor comes with us. I don't want to hear any argues. It's my final decision. I will let you know, five minutes before we leave.*

This conversation seemed to excite him even more. He evidently made an effort to keep calm.

- *Is there something wrong, darling?*
- *The only wrong thing is to have to argue with your employees about your own decisions.*
- *Come on, sit down and finish your dinner, darling. You have nothing to worry about.*

He set down, looked at the calm expression of her face and knew she was right.

- *Of course darling, we have no hurry.*

Downside, the agents were communicating.

- *I just got new information. They probably will leave by the backdoor, so be prepared. A black*

Mercedes S280.

- *I got it.*

And so did Andanson. This new technology was amazing. So he also was prepared. Expecting some reaction to this conversation, he scanned again.

But the most interested in this conversation was the Dutch Mechanic. Finally the waiting and surveillance seemed to be successful. The black Mercedes S280. The target car. His mobile rang.

- *Get prepared. They will go along the Seine.*

- *I am. I just heard it. I am ready. I will go ahead when they will step out.*

Andanson was still waiting for the scanner to stop. "*I will go ahead when they will step out.*" That was all. Maybe he missed the best part. This was a new voice. This guy must be somewhere around. Watching the backdoor.

The best thing would be to take a calm walk around and see if there is someone sitting in one of the cars on rue Cambon. Hoping his presence hasn't been already noted. So he stepped out of the car leaving it unlocked and took a walk.

Finally he saw the man. A black Ford Mondeo. Andanson memorized the licence number and continued his walk. Later he went back to his car avoiding been noted by the driver of the black Mondeo.

Wow! Yes, he was the best. He managed to obtain first hand information. And he will be there.

While the other photographers will be waiting to take some regular shots of the couple.

Wherever the couple will go, somebody is after them. Or better-said, waiting for them to follow them without being suspicious. Why? He didn't know. But he also will be there. Maybe he will get some good shots. Photo shots. No guns. No blood.

12 BLOOD

Above a certain level you can't play the fool being part of the system and opposing the system. The system will consider this foul play. And it will react. You will be silenced some way.

If necessary, definitively. And even if you leave the system, foul play is a difficult game. The danger may come from inside or from outside, the immunity system is reacting against any opposites to the agenda of the Real Power. Whatever its name is, it is always the most influent representative in the territory.

As long as Diana's attacks were limited on the

Establishment she has been just surveyed by the Americans, but everybody had an eye put on her as being a high-risk loose canon. This time she's got to far. And she knew it very well.

The time of matrimonial alliances hasn't passed, and of course a matrimonial misalliance isn't only inconvenient but dangerous to the agenda of the system. Attacking it in very sensible points like Islamic immixture in the oldest parliamentary monarchy of the world, won't be permitted. It will be stopped. Even if the Americans would want the British Royal House to fall, it will not happen this way.

- *David, we got problems ...*

On the other side of the line, David Spadding was frowning. He knew they have problems. He was hoping this time they will have one problem less.

- *I know we got problems. If you forgot, having problems is our job.*

- *Nice said. Let's see how you handle this one. The victims of the crash are not the pigeons. They flew away. We got here two stand-ins. The man is dead and the women dying. She has some internal bleeding.*

David got paralysed for a moment. Something had to be done to keep the things under control. But it urged. OK, everything's under control.

- *Change of plans. Suspend any movement for 15 minutes, I'll call back.*

In the next 15 minutes History will be written and as many times along her complicated course it won't describe real facts, but some story written by unknown writers, usually a convenient story covering reality.

- *James, convene a C-1 committee high-grade videoconference in 5 minutes. There is no time to transmit data. I will present myself the agenda.*

Five minutes. Five minutes to mentally organize some fast and clear way to present the problem and to find some possible solutions, because they will ask for some. C-1 was already convened.

15 minutes ago they have announced him that Diana and Dodi had an accident in the Alma Tunnel in Paris at 120 miles/h: Henri Paul, the driver, dead. Dodi dead. Diana deadly hurt, in coma. Trevor Rees Jones hurt.

C-1 asked him if he had anything to do with the accident. "Of course not" answered he without blinking. Our one and sole job was surveillance.

Damned, they knew very well it was so. C-1 were the ones who gave the order of surveillance. Or it was something more in it and they wanted to find out if he knew something. Damned, this is foul play.

They actuated without announcing him. Who may have helped them? The CIA? No. At least not as an institution. Maybe some half independent cell. They may have contacted through unconventional

channels. And probably there was also some European cell implicated. Maybe Dutch.

At the first moment the accident seemed to him some way strange, considering how convenient this accident was. After all the scandal that run lately in the tabloids around Diana and Dodi. He also remembered the Miloshevich intent years ago - car accident in a tunnel to get rid of him. If he was right, this has been a very clean job.

Clean but failed. The targets have been changed. Another clean job. Damned. Everybody played so clean that he was the last fool to find it out...

OK. Decisions have to be taken. To take any, it has to be analysed who what knows, how they could had found it out, what will be permitted to be the public official story, what will be covered up, first disinformation moves.

- *David, tell us what the News are.*

The five minutes have passed. C-1 was convened. He had to present the reality. History will be changed in the next minutes.

- *After the first surprise announcing the accident of the car in that travelled Diana and Dodi, we got another surprise. They are not Diana and Dodi. They are some stand-ins. Even I have told you MI6 has nothing to do with the accident, we will be the ones to be blamed, because as you know there have been some rumours about some future*

General Cleaning but without any specific details. Our Man had intercepted the ambulance. He is waiting for some answer in 5 minutes.

- *What's your point, David? Out of record, as you probably found out there was some plotting, but we are not implicated. It was a clean job executed by the Dutch connection with American technology.*

I present you eight points that reflect my conclusion.

- 1 *Who knows – Diana and Dodi know it for sure. If Mohammed al Fayed still doesn't know, he will soon find out.*
- 2 *What they know – Dodi probably was planning something. It is excluded he knew more than I did know. He didn't have the necessary resources. It must have been some strange coincidence that saved them. Most probably the substitution in this very moment had been by sheer chance and this had been the accidental part of the accident.*
- 3 *Mohammed al Fayed probably found out something through the Arab channel and warned them, but I am quite sure he had no detailed information.*
- 4 *Nothing will be made public – the Establishment has to be content, the Diana-Dodi problem disappeared. Diana and Dodi could be content for being alive, and*

- will hide behind some false identity and probably some plastic surgery.*
- 5 *Mohammed al Fayed will profit and probably provoke some waves but not too many. That depending on how much he knows.*
 - 6 *Trevor Rees Jones if survives, will be activated to find out what exactly Mohammed al Fayed knows.*
 - 7 *First disinformation moves: the paparazzi were following the car, provoking the crash, the car had high speed and faulty breaks-that's what the usual driver will declare, the driver was drunk, blood samples will be changed, they will discover Henri Paul was MI 6 informant, Diana declared not pregnant, the French inquiry will search only for the causes of the accident not the following moments to the accident and will carefully cover any traces that could lead to the real causes of the accident whatever these were. The length of the legal proceedings in France is well known, so the final report of some thousand pages will be delayed at least four years. During this time no full public inquiry will be done in Britain. It has been surely a clean work but one has to be cautious.*
 - 8 *The cover-up of the disappearing of the stand ins will sure be handed by Dodi or*

his father.

*Our Man had intercepted the ambulance.
He is waiting for some answer in 5
minutes.*

- *In 5 minutes you will get our answer.*

Suddenly silence. Five minutes of silence. Silence that will move History. My part in this history has ended. Some anonymous part in a very public story. Almost incredible that in the age information the manipulation of history is still possible.

First of all, people don't need any true stories any more. A credible or convenient story is usually sufficient. And a fragrance of incredibility and improbability makes it even more credible.

And so any trace of reality, if discovered or supposed becomes secondary or fiction. In a few minutes I will find out how exactly this story has to sound and I will be the one to write it down.

- *David, you have been right. Diana and Dodi died in the car accident. The British Establishment didn't have anything to do with this story; the only job of MI 6 was the surveillance of Diana for her protection. Diana was not pregnant. No marriage was planned. Take care if she awakes from the coma before she dies, not to unveil her identity. You have to organize the transport of her body to London. No full post-mortem will be done, neither to Diana nor to Dodi. You have to take full control*

of the French official declarations including doctors and police. We need done it as clean as possible. Contradictive declarations are the oldest but best coverage. We have to find out what Mohammed al Fayed knows. French Police has to confiscate all photos made at the site of the accident. The traffic surveillance tapes must disappear. They have to make a quick cleaning of the site and refuse any civil collaboration in the inquiry of the accident. Civilians are more difficult to control.

- *Yes, sir. It will be done.*

The 15 minutes necessary to write History have passed.

- *Ed, what's the atmosphere there?*
- *Unchanged. Only that time is pressing. Diana is not pregnant. Well, the woman is not pregnant.*
- *One problem less. Look, these are the orders.*

The French authorities taken by surprise by events, have failed from the beginning in discovering any trace to lead to an “arranged” accident. With the full collaboration of British secret agents, of course.

Disinformation, contradictory information and the immixture of the British secret agents, motivated by the personalities involved in the crash just troubled the waters and took by surprise the French.

Leaving the impression of incompetence at medical, police and judicial level, because considering the high-level persons involved,

everything should have had run with the precision of a Swiss watch. This obviously did not happen.

This Swiss watch was broken. From the Alma tunnel to the hospital, the ambulance should have arrived in 10 minutes, there are only 4 miles to travel. The ambulance crawled so fast that it lost the motorcycle police escort. And arrived after a 45 minutes ride.

At La Pitie Salpetriere Hospital the best surgeons have been waiting more than an hour for the ambulance to arrive. Interior Minister Jean-Pierre Chevenement has been alerted and was present at the hospital together with Philippe Massoni, the police chief of Paris. One hour before the ambulance arrived, photographs and journalists were also present.

The two officials were quite anxious about the delay of the ambulance, declaring they wonder where it could be.

In fact, as evidently all ambulances have a radio transmitter and the crews cell phones, they knew very well where it was.

What they were really worried about was they would have to explain the delay some way. Finally they didn't, as the inquiry had been limited to the accident.

On the second floor of the hospital in an intensive care. French and British officials headed corridor a crisis centre. After declared dead, at 4.00 am, Diana's body has been brought here, covered with a white sheet up to the shoulders.

This was the end of an embarrassing love story.
An impossible love story.

13 LOVE STORY

They were enjoying the quiet night, even if it came out to be different from what they had initially planned.

- *I hope both of them will also enjoy the night. After they get rid of the paparazzi.*
- *You are incurably romantic. Are you insinuating there is something going on between them?*
- *Haven't you noted they seem to feel very happy together?*
- *Yes, but this is essential in their role.*
- *And if it's more than a role?*
- *I hope it isn't.*

Dodi was right. A sentimental story between Irene and Robert was not the ideal evolution in this situation. As established they had to separate and never contact again after their role was finished. That was part of the deal. But maybe they just wanted to have fun. To make their job joyful. Both of them seemed to be open-minded.

The clean line phone rang.

- *This must be Andrew. I hope everything is OK.*

Dodi seemed to be worried. This wasn't a usual call.

- *Hello Andrew, what happened?*

- *Thanks God, you're alive! This was the longest call waiting in my life. I was afraid you would never answer the phone.*

Dodi turned suddenly pale and dizzy. With a ravaged voice he asked again:

- *What happened?*

Diana noted the strong emotion and was getting anxious. Something bad happened.

- *Do you have a TV set around?*

- *Of course we do!*

- *Turn it on. On BBC1. I will call you later.*

Dodi was trying to recover. He looked at Diana. His Diana. His beloved Diana. God damned bastards.

Diana looked at him and she knew. Silent tears were flowing on her cheeks. Long, long seconds passed. Finally Dodi broke the silence.

- *They did it.*

He took the remote control and put the TV on BBC1. The terrible news was running around the world. Princess Diana and Dodi al Fayed had a car accident in the Alma Tunnel in Paris while being chased by paparazzi. No official news about survivors. Dodi turned the TV off.

The next five minutes both remained in silence. Both of them were thinking the same way. Yes, it was

a miracle they are still alive. But the price of this miracle was the lives of two innocent people. Even if they didn't die in the act, they won't survive, that's sure. They are both sentenced. And none of them could help them. The clean line phone rang again.

This time Dodi took up the phone without saying a word.

- *So you have seen the news.*
- *Yes. They didn't deserve this.*
- *No, but neither would you have deserved it. It could have been you, remember? What happened?*
- *Well, the paparazzi had been chasing us all day long, so I decided to use Irene and Robert as decoy and spend a quite evening. Goddamned bastards. And what if we step out and throw all the shit in their face?*
- *I was sure you would say this. Please calm down and don't overreact. You know this is a stupid thing to do. This could easily be turned against you.*
- *OK, you're right. What should we do now?*
- *We will have to wait for official news about the survivors. What do Trevor and Henri Paul know?*
- *They don't know anything. Irene and Robert have fooled them again. Nobody knows anything. They have been doing a fine job. Why did they have to die? We haven't planed it this way.*
- *I know. This wasn't anybody's fault. This wasn't your fault. You don't have to blame yourself for what happened.*

- *I know. But it isn't easy for us. Diana hasn't spoken a word since. She is just sitting in silence, pale, with teardrops in her eyes.*
- *You have to recover. And prepare for a trip. Regular luggage for American tourists. Nothing extravagant. You will travel separately. You don't know each other. We don't have to take any risks at all. You are on your own now. The boat is waiting for you on the coast of Corsica. I will call you to give you further details. Give Diana a hug.*

So, that was the end of the story. Even if the story didn't officially end, the end was predictable.

- *Andrew gives you a hug.*
- *Dear Andrew. What would we have done without him? Are we packing?*
- *Yes. Nothing extravagant. An American tourist couple.*
- *How much time have we got?*
- *I don't know. A few hours maybe.*
- *And what's the destination?*
- *Corsica.*
- *I love you.*
- *I love you too, darling.*

Diana ran into his arms and finally started crying from all her heart. Dodi embraced her without saying a word. Yes, this was the end of the story. He didn't want it to end this way. God was his witness.

- *How will we live with this? Why has our new life to start under the sign of death?*
- *We'll see how we will live with this. One thing is*

sure. Andrew is right. We don't have to blame ourselves for their death. We did not kill them. We didn't even call them to step in for us to save our lives. They were supposed just to cover us so we can prepare to disappear.

Dodi was convinced of what he was saying, but theory was one thing and living the feeling you pushed somebody into death was different. So the only thing to do was recover and fight for their lives.

It wasn't sure they would be left to live in peace. The things worked out otherwise than planned. They were not perfectly covered, as they would have been if events hadn't run out of control.

There existed the risk the substitution to be discovered. And after that all the risks running from this one. Of course it won't be made public. Nobody had interest in something like public scandal. But keeping secrets is quite difficult. Every person acquainted with a secret is a weak string.

Now Irene and Robert were dead and nothing could be changed anymore. Life had to go on. Even if it wasn't that easy predicting how exactly.

- *You are right. But I don't know if I should happy be we are still alive, because I feel sorry for the two of them. How could I be happy if someone paid for my happiness with his life?*
- *Yes. It's a terrible feeling. Just think we had luck. This was a miracle.*
- *Yes. A miracle...will they pay for their crime?*
- *I don't know, darling. Now we have to concentrate*

about running away.

- *That's disgusting. To have to run away after they have already killed you. Because Diana and Dodi are dead.*

Dodi brought two American passports and handed one over to Diana. He also gave her a wallet. Andrew has prepared everything for their disappearing after the planed boat accident.

- *OK, Jane here is your passport. In the wallet you have some money and credit cards. Let's prepare for the trip. We don't need many things, we can buy anything we need on the way.*
- *And where are we going to, James?*
- *I think Corsica, but we have to wait for Andrew's call. He will give us all the details.*
- *All right. I will go to put on the wig, the mask and the make up. And you should do the same.*

The big turn of their lives has come earlier than supposed, but both of them were prepared for this. They will change their lives and their lifestyles. Everything will change. There was no way out anymore. But James was confident. He knew it wouldn't be easy.

And his Jane will do it fine. She was only apparently fragile. Life has been hard on her. She really was a strong person. If she survived all the shit and misery of her marriage, she will pull herself together. The phone rang again.

- *Hello James. Do you have the TV still turned on?*
- *Hello Andrew. No. I turned it off immediately after*

seeing the news.

- *How is Jane?*
- *She was shocked, but she is getting over it slowly.*
- *And you?*
- *Almost the same.*
- *There is no time for slow recovery. At least for you.*
- *Don't worry, I will be OK.*

Of course he will be OK. For both of them.

- *As you suppose first destination is Corsica. By plane. I have booked for each of you a ticket at Orley airport at six o'clock in the morning. As we have planed, the crew of the boat is new and they are expecting an American couple. I have almost forgot to tell you. It's official. Dodi died in the act and Diana died at four o'clock in the hospital.*
- *May God rest them in peace.*

So, this was the way the story ended. At least their part in the story. Of course this won't be the end of the story. Some part of it has just begun. As it wasn't just an ordinary story, but one to be part of contemporary history, like in so many other situations along thousands of years of history, truth won't be part of history.

Hundreds of thousands of pages will be written about this accident, official history and conspiracy stories. And all of them will be pure fiction. Or pure lies, cover-ups, speculations. And Diana and Dodi won't be only victims in this story.

They failed. The ones who wanted them out of

the scene have reached only partially their goal. Sooner or later somebody who knows too much will be uncontrollable. And will be swept off. It's a wonderful world. Like shit. And they have to run and hide.

No. They won't hide. They will begin a new life. It was a miracle they were still alive. Like a rebirth. Life was worthy to be lived.

Jane came in with a regular Samsonite suitcase and a small handbag. She looked exactly like the photo in the passport. She was wearing light sportswear.

- *You're perfect, darling. We have to travel separately. We don't know each other. After the plane is landing, you go directly to the boat. They are waiting for us. Don't worry, you will do it fine. I almost forgot. You will have to leave the ring here. They will have to find it. I am sorry.*
- *It's all right. I love you.*
- *I love you too. Well, you should go now. A taxi is waiting for you downstairs. Good luck, darling. See you on the boat.*

She embraced him. Yes. She finally got the prince she always has been dreaming of.

- *See you on the boat, darling.*

On the way to the airport she thought about the untold this terrible night. She hasn't said one word about her sons and he hasn't said a word about his father. But she knew both of them have been thinking about the three of them. They just didn't say anything,

not to hurt the others feelings in such a moment.

Ten minutes later James has also put on his outfit. He left the room without looking back. That's the way he had to take over his new role. He still was thinking about it as a role. But it will be much more. This wasn't the screenplay of a movie. This was life. The new life.

Dodi paid the taxi and entered the airport. He went directly to get his flight ticket. After that he passed to the waiting room. Jane was already there reading a women magazine. He passed, without noticing her, to the men's room, to verify his outfit and disguise.

When he came back he had a real surprise. A disagreeable one. Look who was sitting in the same waiting room, a few yards away? Damned, it was Andanson. What the hell was he doing here? The damned paparazzo has been after them shooting photos all the holiday long. Andanson seemed to be after something, but also seemed to be if not unquiet, then at least uncomfortable.

The damned son of a bitch was involved somehow. And he knew something and was now after them. Or he was afraid and just running away to get an alibi. And the best place to run to seemed to be some place close to where he just came from yesterday: Sardinia - Corsica.

Anyway, there was something wrong with his presence at the airport. James was someway calm. He had everything under control. He had recognized the

enemy and was watching him. Meanwhile the enemy couldn't recognize them. At least not directly.

He probably suspected they have some disguise. Maybe if he was smart enough he could guess through the method of elimination. Eliminating the figures improbable to fit to the characters, from the passengers on board.

This was a little bit too conspiracy crazy, to be true. It was practically impossible that Andanson could have found out they are flying to Corsica.

James ostentatiously set down on a chair in front of Andanson to watch the photographer's reactions. When someone entered the waiting room, Andanson looked at him. But it wasn't an investigative look. He was afraid. As he wouldn't have liked to be recognized.

When a secret service figure guy passed through the waiting room, Andanson got pale. There was something wrong. James was apparently reading a book, but in fact rapidly analysing the new data.

What was Andanson really doing here? All the summer long Andanson has been after Diana and Dodi to get the big shot, he followed them back from Sardinia yesterday. Now Diana and Dodi had a tragic car accident, they were dead. He could have had the occasion to get the big shot.

And what was he doing? He was running away. Or he was feigning and coming after them.

Anyway, James had to be precautious. He had to warn Jane not to go directly to the boat. Andanson

probably was implicated somehow in the dirty deed. But what was he afraid of? Or what was he after? James didn't think Anderson was right now a direct threat. But he had to be sure and therefore precautions.

If Anderson really was after them, he probably will keep an eye on Sakara, or on Yonakal. It was practically impossible that Anderson would know anything about White Pearl, the boat prepared by Andrew and not only by coincidence anchored on the same pier, not far away.

Anyway, he had to let Jane know about the schedule change, so Dodi took his notebook and wrote a note:

“Don't worry, there is a change in our schedule. Don't go directly to the boat. Go to Hotel “Saint Christophe” in Calvi and book a room for yourself. Wait for me there.”

It wasn't necessary, for the moment, to let her know about Anderson. That would have caused her inconvenient worries. This way Jane knew she just had to behave normally, because he had everything under control.

Meanwhile he will follow Anderson discretely and keep an eye on him, to find out what he was after. When the passengers have been invited to prepare to go onboard, Anderson was among the first to queue up.

James took advantage of this moment and while passing nearby Jane, he put the note in her

hand.

Jane took it, as she presumed that James was writing her a note and probably will wait for the best occasion to hand it over to her. Something happened, but she wasn't afraid anymore. She knew whatever happened, James had it under control.

They have killed her once and what could be worse than being killed. Being killed twice? There was no hurry at all. She would read the note later. She put the note into the magazine.

It was early. She will ask for a coffee on the plane. She will wake up from this nightmare. Too many times she has rejected facts, continuing to live in a world that had disappeared. If the world has changed, she will learn to adapt to circumstances. From the first moment. There was no reason to burden James. Yes, he was much stronger than she was. But this was no reason to overcharge him.

After the plane took off and she finished her coffee, she opened the magazine and read the note. OK. A change of plans. There must be some reason. But there is nothing to worry about. One or more nights in a hotel in Corsica wouldn't be a problem. She will see Corsica with other eyes. An experience she never could have made before.

There was some advantage in being dead and being meanwhile somebody else. First of all because finally she could be herself. Nothing to worry about your public image, if you aren't a public person anymore. Who cares about the behaviour of miss

Nobody? Nobody cares.

It was strange, the tragic way the story ended. None of the parties wanted or planned it this way. It was the result of the hazard and the double set-up.

14 DOUBLE SET-UP

- *Good morning, John!*

Mohammed al Fayed entered in John MacNamara's office, as usually, to be informed about the last news. John MacNamara was the chief of security at Harrods. He used to be happy with his job as inspector of the Scotland Yard.

But years ago Mohammed al Fayed made him an offer. A well-paid lifetime job with only one chief. The boss himself. No reasonable person could have rejected this kind of an offer. And as he was an extremely reasonable person, he didn't. He was doing a good work for al Fayed, not only in Harrods.

He was the one responsible of all investigations done around the Alma tunnel crash, coordinating also the work of Pierre Ottaviolli and an ex-CIA agent in France. Ottaviolli was a former chief of criminal brigade, running now a private French security firm.

- *Good morning. We got news. This one could be hot.*

MacNamara seemed to be preoccupied, but

having the situation under control, as usually.

- *The reward offer we posted brought us many freaks, lately.*
- *But this time it is different. Some well-known lawyer from Beverly Hills, Keith Fler, offered me some CIA documents containing evidence to prove that it was no accident, but a murder ordered by the Buckingham Palace, with approval of the British secret services and the involvement of the CIA. He also claimed to prove Diana was pregnant at the moment of the accident. He pretends representing “trustworthy individuals”.*
- *This is really remarkable.*
- *He asked 20 million \$ for the documents.*
- *This is even more remarkable. These guys are thinking about playing the big game. You know this kind of documents can't exist. And if they exist, they are forged. The only documents the CIA has, are the surveillance tapes, some reports on Diana's public and private activity and quotes of different persons about her.*
- *That's right. But we have to take some position. And what if this is some CIA manoeuvre to surface some alleged documents to prove that any CIA implication is just a fool speculation. And meanwhile they would check your good faith. We have to prove you don't have the mere intention to play foul.*

This was getting more complicated than supposed. Mohammed knew well he couldn't play

foul with the Americans. He had a secret pact with them. They were not reacting as long as he limited his accusations to facts they never denied or something they have always declared they have.

But don't want to make public, like possessing reports and surveillance tapes transcriptions on Diana. They were not interfering in his fight against the British Establishment. Not to say that maybe they had some interest to encourage it.

- *You are suggesting cooperation with the CIA.*
- *Not directly with the CIA. We will contact the FBI. Forgery is a federal crime.*
- *But how will react the public on cooperating with a secret service I am accusing being implicated in my son's death. And we are talking about documents proving the murder. One can't go to the wolf to secure proofs that demonstrate the same wolf killed his sheep.*
- *Well, the newspapers will say you saved big money to find out what these documents are about, cooperating with the CIA, as you are interested official proofs about the plot, not in forged or stolen documents. They will say there was a conspiracy to extortion you. And after they have arrested them we will ask from the CIA an official answer about the content of the documents. We have to remain always within law limits. This is the only way we are interested to act. We are anyway accused of claiming absurd conspiracy plots. We can't afford letting anybody*

say you lost your mind. All they may say is you are blinded by your son's death. So all your requests, movements and attacks have to be done in accordance with the law. And within the limits of the law we have to act.

- *As they know what we know and we know that they know what we know, this seems to be the only reasonable solution. Well. Continue negotiations with this Beverley Hills lawyer, send him some money, 20.000 \$ for example, as an advance and alert the FBI through official channels.*
- *You may consider it done.*
- *Thank you, John. I am very happy I made the right decision offering you this job. I know it isn't easy to pass sides.*
- *Nothing to thank for. I am also very happy I haven't been that fool to reject your offer. This is more than a job for me.*

Things began to move in an unexpected direction. But they had no election. Mohammed has left the office to let him prepare the next moves. Until afternoon there was plenty of time to get everything planed. He always forgot about time differences between Britain and America. This time he won't disturb the American's sleep.

Besides that, things made in hurry result working out badly, most of the times. Everything had to be planed according to the rule that said - nothing really is what it seems to be. First of all he had to contact Steven on the private line.

- *Hello, Steven. John M on the phone. Is the line clean?*
- *Hello John. Yes it is. How can I help you?*
- *I've got a problem and I need an advice before doing the first steps.*

So, on 14 April 1998 John sent 25.000 \$ to an account in New Mexico, in advance, as established with Keith Fler. George Williamson, an investigative journalist withdrew the money.

Fler and MacNamara negotiated where the documents should be handed over. Finally they agreed and a meeting was arranged in Vienna. The money had to be sent to an anonymous account in the Austrian Kreditanstalt Bank.

Following Fler's instructions, MacNamara travelled to Vienna on 22 of April to meet someone. At 2.00 pm he sat at a table in Hotel Ambassador in Vienna.

Earlier that morning, Oswald Le Winter, an ex-CIA agent met in the hotel Stadt in Bamberg Pat McMillan, former CIA agent and Karl Koecher, legendary master Czech Spy. After his arrest in 1985 Karl Koecher has been exchanged with Russian human rights campaigner Anatoli Shcharanski, on Gorbachov's recommendation.

The exchange took place on Potsdam Bridge between Eastern and Western Germany. Le Winter tried to involve him in the business.

Karl Koecher was a smart guy. Eastern European agents were often clever and really good.

They used to fail because they usually were put under pressure to do their jobs quickly. But he used to be one of the best. Now he was retired. But the years of experience told him something was going wrong. When Le Winter first called him, he agreed to meet the man.

Of course he knew him. Le Winter asked him to book a hotel room for him in Vienna. He did it. He met Le Winter. But it wasn't the old Le Winter. Stepping into a shit like this without any regard to the signs that should have alerted an old fox like him, was offending Karl's intelligence. Not even the presence of an inside CIA guy, who really seemed to be one, presented as Pat, convinced him. So he refused Le Winter's offer and left Austria.

At half past two, Le Winter approached to MacNamara's table at Ambassador Hotel, as established and presented himself as George Mearah. They agreed for a next meeting at seven the same afternoon, when Mearah had to present some of the documents.

But Big Surprise. The old fox Karl had a good nose. During this meeting Le Winter has been arrested by CIA, FBI and Austrian Police. Le Winter had both American and Austrian citizenship. So he was later sentenced in Austria for attempted fraud to four years imprisonment. He also was alleged investigated in the USA for the initial 25.000\$ and attempt to obtain 20 million \$ under false pretences, but never will be charged. Very convenient this double citizenship.

American authorities won't have to officially charge him four years long.

Surprisingly he was released earlier and lives today in Portugal.

Surprisingly neither American nor Austrian authorities had any interest in identifying Pat. MacNamara has identified him later with the help of nobody else than Karl Koecher himself. In the person of Pat McMillan, a CIA insider indeed.

Or not that surprisingly, because they have no real interest in it. They have achieved their task. They have showed the public that any implication of the CIA in a plot is a ridiculous supposition and any alleged official document proving an implication, fake.

The only way to present secret documents, genuine or forged, as a proof is to surface them more or less officially. You never could present secret acts you illegally possess. If you want to remain within the, legal limits of offence, you have always to avoid quotations like "I have inside information" or even "I know". So, whenever you read or hear in the media something like "alleged", "supposed", "reportedly", "claimed", "unofficially declared", you have to read it: "folks I am quite sure what I am saying is true, but I am not permitted to put it this way".

And whenever you read or hear something like "it has been proved", "it is sure that", "without any doubt", "official investigation says" you have to read it like "we have no damned proof it is true, but this is

what they have told us to tell you”.

Is this a blame thrown on all media? No, it isn't. Most of the people working in the media are highly professional and honest. But the owners of the media aren't that professional. Nor are they that honest. And when it comes, there are many efficient ways to fool, convert, or silent a voice that is going to sing another song than predicted.

That is why laws like The Secrets Act have been made and they are effective. And also an explanation why freedom of press is less real then they want us to believe.

Intelligence and secret services have to defend themselves, in the interest of national security. Their reputation and image is anyway quite damaged. So the first thing they have to do is denying any mixture in illegal actions as organisations. The day a secrete service will recognize a crime, will never come.

Also there exist more or less autonomous cells within the system, which are coordinated worldwide. Even multi-system cells or organizations. All intelligence systems are submitted to another law system than the one we are submitted. The two systems are often in contradiction. What within civil system is defined as a crime could be defined in the other one as duty and what in the civil system is defined as duty could appear in the other one as treason or capital crime.

We are living in a world governed by two different law systems. The civil one is ruled by

concepts like freedom, democracy, independency, equality, and transparency, all related to protect the individual rights. The highest value of this system is the right of every person to live.

By the other side, governments dispose of a law system ruled by secrets, secret acts to protect these secrets, blind and unquestioning obedience, autocracy, military type hierarchy, total opacity, all related to protect the system.

Within this system individual rights have no value at all. Neither has any value the life of a person, or ten, hundred or thousands of individuals. Sentencing someone to death and executing this sentence out of the legal limits established by the other law system isn't a crime. Neither is it a crime to sacrifice innocent people's lives.

Even your own citizen's lives. Those who have voted democratically these governments with good belief and hope. This seems terrible at first sight but it is the naked truth. One law system to preserve individual rights and life against abuses between individuals. Another law system to protect the governments. To protect their agendas, their privacy, their secrets, their lies, their abuses.

By the other side this is nothing new. It has always been this way since governments exist. Maybe it is the only way. Maybe it is not.

Evidently the western democracy is the best so far. But that doesn't mean we have to keep our eyes closed. Always take a look at the postscript.

15 POSTSCRIPT

Five years later most of the story has been forgotten. James tried to review the last years of his life with Jane at his side. He was content. He was happy. They were the living proof that personal life, far away from policy, and publicity could be very satisfactory.

Many times one or the other of them was on the limit of exploding of fury seeing what was happening. In these moments always one tempered the furious one. Lately, all that remained from their past lives was disgust and sometime they analysed together the news just for fun, wondering how people can take for good all the shit the media are presenting.

Let's see for example the decision of French republican justice in Shayler Case. It says clear about the Secret's Act prosecution that it is political and therefore not effective in France. So they deny the extradition of ex-agent Shayler.

Evidently, France is a republic, French public

services are public, as in France public employees swear loyalty to the constitution and the republic, not an oath of loyalty to the monarchy, as in the United Kingdom.

Consequently in England, public services like police, intelligence services are in fact private services serving the Crown. Public is only the money they are paid from. Generally, Crown and public interest may concord. But what happens in situations of discord?

Let's guess in whose interest these services will act. Or who is deciding what is wrong and what is right. Not even the church remains apart, as the Queen is the Head of the church.

- *God shave the Queen!*

Jane entered and crawled into his arms. They apparently were communicating without talking. She enjoyed this joke, she hated all of them. Mostly Phillip, next the Queen. The Queen's position in the funeral has been very difficult. If she appeared disapproving and minimal she would have seemed mean-intentioned and petty.

If she showed affected and participating in the mourning, she would have looked hypocrite. As did Prince Phillip or Henry Kissinger.

Who the hell did invite that bastard to the funeral? Well, imagine him declaring something like: "I am deeply sorry for what happened. I would have been delighted to be invited to her wedding not to her funeral." Almost incredible, but Charles seemed to be

the most innocent of them, regarding the plot.

Her sons had at least one human like person at their side. He probably hadn't been aware about the plot. And he was probably the sole member of the royal family happy to find out the conspiracy failed and they didn't die.

- *Good morning, darling! Yes, I was thinking about your ex-mother in law. After all these years my happiness isn't complete, as you know. I am troubled as you are about William and Henry.*
- *Yes, darling, I know. What a shame. Do you remember how the Royal House reacted on conspiracy theories and assassination theories? Saying that they were of worst possible taste and distressing especially for Prince William and Prince Henry. They should have remained silent and avoid making any remarks on this subject. I think there isn't anything more distressing and painful then thinking that probably your grandfathers are responsible for the death of your beloved mother. But shame never was an impediment for Royal Houses, as it wasn't crime. Nietzsche quoted "the State is the coldest of all cold monsters"*
- *Those times passed. You know, I am quite sure they are aware we are alive. Still I don't know what would be better, that they knew it or not.*
- *Neither do I. All I hope is they won't let their lives rule them instead of ruling themselves their lives. It was quite difficult to admit then, but you were*

right. The only way was to cut all the relation with the past. Today, if reality would be made public they couldn't find us. They would say it is just another wired theory.

- *They know it. Some of them, at least. Don't you see the cover up purposed to destroy any leaks to the plot, but also to us. Revealing us means revealing the existence of the plot.*
- *And Mo-Mo?*
- *He also is helping us. By controlling the battle against the Establishment. It's obvious he enjoys striking back on the Royal House accusing them of being responsible of orchestrating the murder. He has two loyal advisers, McNamara in England and Ottavioli in France, who keep all his actions and declarations in legal limits, as both of them, as ex-cops exactly know, which the offence limits are.*
- *Are things always so complicated?*
- *No. Things are rarely that simple. Most often they are much more complicated. Or at least complicated to recognize. Things are shrouded in impenetrable official mist or worse, in fabrications that make impossible tracing leaks.*

He was right. Disinformation operations had completed all the work. The blame fall first on the paparazzi, then on high speed, double as the real speed, and finally on allegedly drunk Henri, as scapegoat. The inquiry was finally a mount of inconsistencies.

Trevor wearing seatbelts, while bodyguards almost never wear seatbelts and by the other side, Diana who used to be seatbelts maniac not wearing them, neither Dodi.

None of the British secret services, nor Scotland Yard showed apparently interest in investigating a suspect accident alleged by public opinion to be an intentional murder thoroughly organised by intelligence service groups working isolated, but strictly controlled, to look like an accident.

The official authorized story is inconsistent, full of holes and contortions finessed to be accepted as a normal traffic accident. Very early, a few days after the accident, there were made predictions like Trevor probably never being able to remember events closely to the accident. Very convenient.

After a few days he had forgotten things he remembered the first days. With the reputation of Henri Paul definitively and completely demolished as being presented as an alcoholic suffering from clinical depression, appears also as an informer on the payroll of secret services, both French and British.

What kind of banking laws permit personal accounts made public just because one is dead, and so not able to sue anymore. While those of Trevor, alleged "sleeper" agent, never have been investigated.

A former paratrooper, member of one of the toughest in the British Army, who also completed two stints in Northern Ireland and served in the Royal

Military Police. Seems a perfect background profile for a “sleeper” agent. How was so badly injured Trevor been able to recover so quickly to leave hospital after only one month?

So they presented deliberate twisted and manipulated information in some very suspicious way as truth, figuring nobody will notice. And if someone will, so what? There still exist fools believing in the power of justice. They didn't notice it is the justice of power. The ancient quote “apart and lead” is still effective.

All you have to do is confuse people disseminating inconsistent, faked information. Rumours will complete the job. Many homes of photographers and offices of photo agencies have been broken in and large amounts of material stolen in some professional actions.

Andanson has been first dismissed as possible suspect and parted from the investigation, as they had no interest in implicating a second car causing the accident. And because maybe he knew too much.

One sole person had to be blamed for the accident: the drunk driver. But later, as Andanson tried foolish things like surfacing unwanted material, he has been killed, attempting to make it look like a suicide.

Look at the Internet conspiracy sites. Many of them have been probably mounted by secret services in order to be in touch and control this way the rumour mill. Some kind of cover-up within the cover-

up. For example the rumour that on the way to the Hospital Diana suffered an abortion to hide her pregnancy. That was not necessary as poor Irene was not pregnant.

Father Gelli needed three years to step out and say, “Diana asked me if I would be able to perform the service when got married”.

And there steps out some asshole and declares, “ I am sure the Princess of Wales dearest wish would have been to protect her sons. Much of the publicity now emerging is shoddy and can only add to their distress.”

She knew this world was nothing but misery, she was the one who intended to suicide several times. But this was far more she ever could have imagined.

So Mo-Mo was right when he said the new world order had a religious war on the agenda after the fall the communist system. Their marriage would have interfered with this agenda, as this publicized marriage would have be an unwanted gain for Moslem cultural influence all over the world.

Of course Trevor, the only reliable witness helped the cover-up by forgetting everything prior to the accident. But at least he declared Henri Paul seemed not to be drunk. Because any other declaration would have incriminated him. Thus, his lawyer declared after judge Stephen’s sentence that the conclusions of the inquest seem to him to be reasonable.

According to this sentence Henri Paul was some kind of a walking zombie who should have been in coma for at least two reasons. One was the high alcohol level in his blood combined with the antidepressants found.

A deadly combination. By the other side the carbon monoxide level. High enough to provoke death.

If you present to any reasonable person these results and ask what he could guess about the death of a person with these results, he would probably tell you this was a depressed drunk poor devil, who fell asleep in his garage after parking his car forgetting to turn off the engine.

But wait a minute, any reasonable person must be wrong, because the sentence tells us it is no doubt these results belong to Henri Paul. Two hours before the accident nobody noticed any sign of dizziness neither smelled alcohol while talking closely with him. Surveillance cameras show him perfectly sober.

It is evident they were fooling around. Blood samples had been switched. But nobody seriously investigated this possibility, as it wasn't necessary. They had the scapegoat from the beginning.

The only purpose of the million-dollar investigation, the widest investigation of a car accident in France, has been keeping things under control under the cover of the secrecy of the investigation. But the secrecy of the results of the investigation acts as long the trial has finished and the

sentence pronounced. After this moment they should be public, as the trial was public.

Don't worry, none of the material confiscated from the paparazzi will ever be made public, as it should be. And curiously, none of the photographers initially accused had made any declarations to the media, excepting strictly formal ones and even those made indirectly, by their lawyers.

Probably Trevor has been activated after the accident and remained in the service of al Fayed in order to gather all information about what his boss knew. Shortly after the accident he said in all declarations how grateful he was to Mohammed al Fayed for the support he offered. When his job has been done, he walked. And his attitude to Mohammed al Fayed changed radically.

He became the harassing boss who was just trying to obtain from him any information prior the accident that would fit with his conspiracy theory. And after some time "wrote" a novel.

Well, he had to make profit some way of this entire story and arrange his bank accounts. The Establishment hasn't paid his services too high, as this would have appeared obviously suspect. But writing a novel that reflected the point of view of the establishment was a very convenient way of payback.

Paul Burrell had also written a novel. An honest and risky novel. Reflecting his deep affection to Diana. Written to contradict all the lies that have been told about her. Describing all the cruel life she lived

as a member of the Royal House. And the hard times after her divorce.

As about the reactions to the final report of the French judge, who decided it was the drunk driver to blame for the accident, most of them are incredible cynical. Let's see what different persons reply finding out that Diana died because of a damned drunk, a criminal driver:

Frances Shand Kydd: “ *I accept the findings without reservation. May Diana rest in peace, and I hope that now the inquiry is concluded, her family may be given peace.* “ The mother Diana always wanted but never had. Because the loving mother abandoned her children and ran away to her lover.

Earl Spencer: “ *I would like to thank the French authorities for the time and effort that they have put into the investigation and I respect the legal conclusions that have been reached.* “ The brother who never loved her and never supported her. The brother she despised.

Christian Curtil, Rees Jones's French lawyer: “ *We are satisfied with the judge's decision.* “ Despite the fact Trevor was convinced Henri Paul was not drunk. To hell with ones beliefs. Important is to get out clean from all the shit. Because admitting Henri Paul was drunk, would incriminate him and make him responsible for Diana's and Dodi's death. So what's the best defence? Attack. Then let's sue the Ritz Hotel for being responsible for the accident. Life is a circus. And shame is disgusting.

Sipa Hioglu, president of Sipa Press Agency: “*We are happy now. The photographers had nothing to do with the accident.*” This after all the photos have been confiscated and still remain so, even if they should be made public after the inquiry has been finished.

And after his office has been vandalized in search of supposed pictures taken in the Alma tunnel. Despite the fact that Andanson, one of his photographers has been suspected to be involved. One year later the same Andanson will be found dead, burned beyond recognition.

The office will be broken in again in search for photos. Sipa will declare it was suicide. Andanson has been desperate to save his marriage. So guys, if you didn't know how to save your marriage, now you know it: the best solution is suicide. The finest way to do it? Find a desolate forest in the south of France and let yourself grilled and toasted.

It is well known that fire is the best purifier. We guarantee your marriage will be saved.

The British Household refused to take any position, but surely they are also happy and content.

Well, everybody is happy and content. If you forgot, we aren't talking about a happy birthday, but about a death that trembled the whole world. We have to be all happy. Neither did MI6 kill her, nor did it the CIA or the Establishment.

Diana can now rest in peace. Because she has been killed by a damned drunken zombie driver. You

think this is no reason to be happy about? You must be wrong. So many respectable persons have an opposite opinion.

And they are really so happy about it. But maybe not for a long time. Andanson also was happy. Maybe too happy. So he has been invited to suicide. You don't like how this sounds? I could bet neither did he. They didn't let him make his final statement.

16 FINAL STATEMENT

This novel is a fiction. Even if the author's sincerely belief is that the story in its whole is true, it still remains a mixture of facts and fiction, real characters with their real names, real characters with changed names and characters supposed to be real, anyway not totally fictive.

As about facts, let's not forget that what we name fact and reality often doesn't fit to absolute truth, first of all because absolute truth doesn't exist. What we do call facts, most often only are reports of a happening.

Any report is per definition personal, therefore subjective, the most honest the reporter should want to be. If you start the study of an event, in your research you always will find controversial information, depending on the profile of the source of the information.

If we consider that in most cases facts can be deformed without will, or worse, willing, what remains after a cover-up, disinformation or omission,

is a story that not only barely fits reality, but may be totally opposite to reality, or better said a lie.

As told all this could be done involuntarily or by will, by forces behind the media that could have interest in deforming reality according to their interests.

We may believe in statistics that tell us that more than 90% of the audio TV and written media is in the hands of members of dark and powerful forces. They are grouped in more or less secret organisation that are really leading parts of the world that they economically control.

The only obvious conclusion is that they will present us as reality histories that are convenient to their agenda.

Often there exist special laws, which forbid the publication in any media of any material considered of any danger to the system, as the Law of Secret Acts.

With the novels things are a little different, meaning the censorship is not as severe, as a novel basically remains a fiction, even if it is an autobiography, for example. Besides this, a novel never will have the impact of CNN news. The media has the power to discredit anyone.

The informational revolution has pros and cons. By one side the one interested has access to almost unlimited information, and that is good. By the other side, the limits of accessible information are under strict control. And generally, people need to

organize the events surrounding them, reporting them to opinion streams.

The member of the modern society has to be incorporated in an opinion stream. So his reaction on events is predictable and surprises are avoided.

The same media creates these opinion streams. Every person has to recognize itself in an opinion stream. If there are too many persons remaining outside of any opinion stream, they are studying their profile, searching for a common interest and a new stream is created. And streams can be canalised without getting the members realizing it.

The way we get presented information automatically transforms us in partisans or opposites of an opinion. Individual or personal opinion has rarely any chance to appear. And even if it surfaces, it won't manage to impose.

The only ones, who treat us with more or less respect, as unique individuals, are the analysts. And we get there when we suffer of some kind of paranoia that is disturbing our relation with the society. So we have one chance: to join prefabricated opinion streams like any good citizen, otherwise the gates to the madhouse are open. And the shrinks will invite us inside.

Sometimes appear individual opinions in some segment of the population, which remain out of the control and therefore inconvenient. When they start to be really disturbing, a conflict is invented in order to canalise some way these individuals and transform

them in members of a group or opinion stream.

Often fiction is purposed not only as entertainment, but a generator of opinion streams or prediction test of possible public reaction on an event.

Yes, we admire successful novelists or movie directors, but we do it due to their success. If we take a closer look at them, they seem to us some wired guys, because they don't seem to fit in the world we are living.

Lately we are presented "how it was made" type reports that appear even before the premiere of a movie. Apparently they seem to be a publicity instrument, but they also try to destroy the myth of the creation, revealing secrets of the process of creation usually inaccessible to the common man, presenting us creators as almost normal people, which they really are not.

These types of reports are very different from investigative reports on personalities, which try to present us the intricacy of the act of creation and the world surrounding it.

The times of Brecht passed and we have few creators able to throw it straight away and say it like he did: "don't look like block-heads, there is something else under appearances!" Today we have a society divided in parties and opinion streams perfectly controlled. Even criminal activities are under control.

Even though it is a criminal activity, the drugs business is kept under control. Without eliminating it

through legalization. Because it is more profitable. The Big Money and the control exerted by it reflect the authentic face of the real power and forces.

Who these forces are and who may be behind the curtain isn't a secret as hidden as it seems at first sight. At least in their general and essential characteristics. The Elite has been ruling the world in the last 2000 years or more, behind kings, queens, governments, parliaments and parties. These forces are the economic forces, and their loyal servants are the secret services. The only real forces, all the other are transient.

Our luck, or bad luck, depending on the point of view, is that these forces never could unite and never will.

These forces are grouped or divided in more or less rival organisations. The one thing they share is the struggle for more power and control. Remaining unknown in the shadow, behind the public powers- parties, parliaments and governments- is what they most want. Unveiling, even of the rivals, doesn't serve anyone.

It is usual that some members join more than one group or force centres. With or without the agreement of the rest of the members. Depending on their personal, political or regional interests. These persons are the ones who negotiate in situations demanding temporary and specific alliances or negotiations.

We are talking about groups like the Club from

Rome, Group of the 300, the Trilateral Commission or Bilderberg Group, World Government, Le Cercle, Masonry, the Bohemian Groove and others. And these are the European-American ones. We have to consider also the Asian, Japanese and Arab groups.

They are those who control the media and the secret services, which apparently seem to be instruments of the governments, but in reality, have been created by the Elites to control information and disinformation as instruments of intervention on reality and history according to their needs. And instruments of action, if needed.

Let's take the circumstances of what was called "*The deadly accident of Diana and Dodi al Fayed in the Alma tunnel in Paris was provoked by the drunk driver in a car crash*". We could make a serious cleaning of exceeding information in this assertion, erasing everything that isn't certain. Considering certain—that has been proved. All that remains is "*In a car crash in the Alma tunnel in Paris died three persons*". This is rather different.

These are the only unquestionable facts and therefore true information reflecting reality. With any other detail there begins the fiction. Obviously, from this point of view, any novel, including this one is a fiction. There isn't anything wrong in this, because we need fiction. Writing and selling a fiction is nothing bad.

But writing a convenient fiction and selling it as reality, is called fraud, not counting the offence to

consider us so damned idiots to believe it. After more than 7 years what we got, as expected, is an investigation that hasn't reached any reasonable conclusions about the causes of the accident. Covering through non-investigation what happened right after the crash, presenting us a fiction as reality. An open reality.

A reality that doesn't clear any of the contradictions revealed along the research. A reality that is just another way to hide through absence of finality a history that has to remain secret.

Unlike the official lie sold as reality, this fiction is at least honest. The author sincerely believes this is resembling what happened and tells you *his story*.

It has been written as a reaction to the shameless cover-up and the arrogant and contemptuous official position considering us idiots to believe an inconsistent and ridiculous, hastily invented story.

This story is a fiction based on some revelations, not mystical ones, initially without evident connection to relate them. After a vast study these revelations began to make sense and built a conviction.

After all, most of the ideas are neither original, nor new. New is the story, which makes sense without trying to prove anything. Because the author has one only doubt.

As an admirer of Umberto Eco, he is

wondering and fearing that the conspiracy he describes could be real or transform in reality like the one described in the Pendulum of Foucault. If you gather enough elements you can build through their combination almost any project that makes sense. But it could also turn against you.

If I am wrong, people will say my imagination stepped beyond reasonable limits. But if I am right?

If this “other story” isn’t just another freaky story? If this is the closest to the truth of all written stories?

So many mercenaries have written lies to mislead our attention and cover a horrible crime. Hence, what’s bad in writing leaded by belief?

If this “other story” makes sense to you, that’s another story. If it is so, it might be encouraging for me to write another “other story”, on another hot subject.

My message to Princes William and Henry is: Try to be different from those surrounding you. Don’t forget what your mother taught you. Try to remain as pure as possible within the corrupted society you are living.

I have a final message to Diana and Dodi, if they are alive as I am convinced: Live in peace and happiness, you have done the right thing. They didn’t give you any other choice. And don’t worry. They will ridicule this story. They don’t want to find you. You are history. You are dead. They will never find you, unless you want it. Better not.

CUPRINS

1	RESEARCHERS	5
2	ROCKWELL	13
3	SEE YOU	20
4	ANOTHER JOB	34
5	SENTENCED	39
6	MEETING A FRIEND	46
7	DOUBLE GAME	53
8	THE RUMOURS MILL	58
9	HISTORY CLASSES	66
10	BACK TO PARIS	92
11	THE DINNER	96
12	BLOOD	102
13	LOVE STORY	111
14	DOUBLE SET-UP	124
15	POSTSCRIPT	133
16	FINAL STATEMENT	145