

The Bilderberger Conspiracy

By Jose Rosario

Chapter ONE

The mail boy bounced from desk to desk as he made his early round around the newsroom that July morning. The scrawny college intern took his iTunes headphones out of his ear as he laid a manila envelope on Michael English's desk, he then said, "a man gave me a \$20 bill to deliver this to you as soon as possible."

Michael smiled but didn't put too much value to what the insignificant delivery boy said. Michael English was a rising star in the Washington Post; his skills as an investigating reporter were giving him a name in the Internet and printing press. A year ago he cracked open the congressional travel office scandal that brings down a number of congressmen and the senior senator from Massachusetts. Now his name attached to any articles in the Post, in their Internet site or in the print, would make waves through the cable news media and the old established national press of Washington, D.C. However, the tall and lanky twenty-nine year old could not see what was all the fuzz, luck was a big part in any investigating report and he had a lot of it with his famous travel gate.

The only thing that was on the envelope exterior was Michael's last name with the letters ASAP written on the left corner of it, the manner in how it was sealed jumped Michael's curiosity forward. Every young journalist dreams in getting a break in an envelope, a lead that will take him to a secret meeting

with Deeptroot. So as soon the manila color envelope touched his fingers he began tearing open one of the sides of the fat container. A key fell from the envelope, landing over Michael's desk, while the rest were old newspapers.

Michael paid little attention to the newspapers, he believed that there were there to cover up the key. The National Enquirer, London Sun, Globe and other strange publication clippings were beneath for his standing a reporter of the Washington Post. However the key was a different story, he had seen one of these keys before, he was certain that the key belongs to a locker at Union Station. And as he remembered well this is how he began his meteoric rise as the hottest investigating reporter of the post.

"Hey, boy . . ." Michael hollered the delivery boy, who was about to leave the newsroom.

The young man stopped with a 'wasn't me' expression on his face.

"Yes you," said Michael, "come here . . ." It was early and the newsroom was almost empty, a janitor was vacuuming the blue carpet and the editors meeting was going ahead inside the meeting room.

"Yes, Mr. English, how can I help you?" The intern pushed his loaded mail car to Michael's desk. His formality exasperated Michael at times, the new intern showed his ambition since day one, and many people in the newsroom weren't enthusiastic to help the preppie looking college boy.

"Who gave you this envelope?" said Michael, as he waved it on the air.

"A man, outside the building," the intern said.

"Do you know him? Have you seen him before?" Michael asked the stupefied boy in the red vest.

"No sir. Never see him before. He was in a black coat, white shirt and a black tie. Very plain if you ask me," said the intern.

"Did he say anything else?"

The boy smiled with a confidence look this time, and then said, “He said that if I put that envelope in your hands, he’ll give me twenty dollars as I told you before. Did I do something wrong?”

“No, I’m just curious . . . Was he young, old, you know . . .”

The intern gave a thought to the image he has of the man with the envelope in his head, and then said, “Early thirties or late twenties, he looked Secret Service, if you ask me.”

Michael glanced at the boy, he was too young to be in college, and he calculated that this kid was some sixteen or seventeen years old, “What’s your name?” Michael asked, “And how old are you?”

“Me? I’m Corey . . . Corey Lewis, I’m twenty, and I go to G W U, Journalism School.”

Michael saw something of himself in this boy, he recalled that he too interned for the Globe in Boston and he spent one summer in their mail room. So after a couple of seconds, he said, “Are you busied now?”

“No sir. Why?”

“Drive me to Union Station . . .”

“Yes Sir.”

“Corey, I’m twenty-nine, not much older than you, call me Mike.”

“OK, Mike,” Corey’s excitement showed.

“Corey, get your car. I’ll wait for you in front of the building,” Michael said.

Chapter TWO

The taxi dropped the man in the black coat on the corner of 17th Street and first, he paid the driver with a twenty dollar bill, and let his had the change. It was summer day but it was still early so the coat did not feel inappropriate, for some reason he thought it looks good on him.

The man walked Constitution Avenue down to Jackson Place and Executive Avenue where the guard on the gate called him by his last name, “Good morning agent Cramer. Where is your car?”

“In the shop,” said Mark Cramer, one of the newest attachments to the President’s entourage.

The secret service usually put people with more experience in a position like that, but agent Cramer’s attitude tests were off the chart and his interpersonal skills were too good for Secret Service head past him for other more experience agents.

Mark Cramer was from a family that has a long tradition on law enforcement. His grandfather served the FBI back when Hoover was the director when Kennedy was the president. His father and mother both served with praises from the bureau past four directors. Everyone thought that Mark will end up like his family with the FBI, but for some reason he always thought that the Service has a more attractive allure than the FBI. And appearances were very important for Mark Cramer.

That he didn’t show up in his car was something out of the ordinary, thought the guard of the North West end gate of the White House. A couple of weeks ago Mark indulged himself, he bought a used 2009 Ford Mustang, and like many men at that young age his car was his baby. But something unusual happened that morning Mark violated everything he stood for as a Secret Service man. This thing was too important to let it go. “If Michael

English was as good as everyone was saying he was, things were going to be OK,” he told himself.

Mark entered the West Wing through the entrance lobby; he checked up his weapon with one of his fellow agents and then moved onto their assigned office in that part of the White House. And there she was agent Elaine Crawford. They peeked into each other eyes, yet no words were spoken between them. Just that look told Elaine that he accomplished his mission and that there was nothing else to be said between them.

Both agents went above their business and the day moved on without any peculiarities, for the first time in three weeks both agents were at the same shift. The day was unusually slow for news or anything else, the president and the first lady agendas were clear for the day, a family member was coming for a visit and they retreated to the residences on the third floor.

Agent Cramer counted the hours and minutes. He needed some reassurance from the woman that the put him to break the oath of the secret service. He just became a leaker for Agent Crawford. She heard them talking in the meeting, the meeting that she wasn't supposed to be.

Chapter THREE

Corey drove an old pickup truck that Michael couldn't identify. The beat up truck lost all its insignias and its front panel. However, it maneuvered well through the district's light morning traffic. Its two occupants talked very little as they moved through Constitutional Avenue.

Michael saw himself as a member of the Washington media elite, and that it was beneath him to be around the boy driving the truck next to him. He didn't see any of the journalist qualities on him. He was too formal for his taste.

"Mike," Corey broke the awkward silence, "why are we going to the station?"

"Do you remember the envelope you brought me this morning?"

"Yes," said Corey.

"Well there was a key inside it," Michael elaborated.

"But, how do you know the key is from the station?" asked Corey.

"Do you remember the travel gate?"

"Yeah," said Corey. "I decided to enroll in the School of Journalism at GEORGE WASHINGTON after I began reading about it. I think they were great!"

"Are you brown nosing me?" Michael was surprised.

"No," Corey answered, with an embarrassing twitch in his eyes.

"You know I started writing about the travel office, everything started the same way this one is going on now."

Corey didn't say anything; he just looked and waited for Michael to continue with his story. However, Michael shut down. But Corey wanted more and asked for more, "And?"

"Well, as anything happens in D.C., it was a leak, someone sent me an envelope with a key that lead me to a locker in the

YMCA, the one in Rhode Island Avenue.” Michael paused to collect his thoughts, he was not sure if he wanted to have some level of familiarity with the boy from the mail room.

“So, who sent you the key,” Corey pressed for more.

“It might sound as a Twilight Zone narrative,” Michael continued, “but I don’t know. I still haven’t figured it out.”

Corey turned the truck into Massachusetts Avenue. They were five minutes away from Union Station. So, he wanted to press his passenger for more, he craved to know more about Michael English rise to fame. He, himself, desired a life like Michael’s, to be a member of the elite, to meet the decision maker of the world, and be recognized in the news world.

“So, do you think is the same person?” Corey expanded.

“I don’t have an idea, but we are going to find out,” Michael responded. “Maybe someone is playing a joke on me. I’ll show up and cameras will be there to show my disappointment. Or I’ll get pie.” Michael paused for a second and then said to Corey. “I tell you what. Do you want to make the pick up?”

“Are you kidding?” said Corey with excitement.

Chapter FOUR

Union Station is Washington, D.C. most dazzling buildings, the high arch ceiling makes its visitors feel as if they are in an ancient Roman bath house. Its shining terrace floor gave reflection to the marvelous ceiling and created the sensation for its arrivals as if the building is bigger that it really is.

In front of the bathroom section a man in a black suit waited, a pair of Ray Ban glasses covered his eyes. His bleached blond hair and albino skin matched with his slender and athletic appearance. The man kept in his right poke the photograph of the person he was going to shadow after the pickup was made. He waited for Michael English, the New York Post journalist, but he was not a Washington insider or someone that fallow the current events in town. So he kept on looking at the picture over and over again to make sure he wasn't going to miss Mr. English.

Someone tipped his boss that a package was going to be picked up today, and he was there to see it happen. But, the lockers were on the open and they didn't know in which one the package was imbedded. The bleach blond man depended in the Polaroid picture to see his contact.

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Corey stepped out of the truck, and Michael slid to the driver seat, "I'm going to be here waiting for you," Michael said, "if someone asks me to move I'll go around the corner and come back here."

"Okay," Corey said.

The young man came inside the building through the front glass doors. This was Corey second time in Union Station, so he was a little disoriented as he moved through the grand vault of the Station. He knew that the only place that you can find lockers in place like that was by the restrooms. He maneuvered through an

array of different clusters of people inside the place. The busy day was at its zenith, and two groups were following their respective group leaders. The Washington bureaucracy spilt in masses over the station floor, they headed to the underground food court.

Corey saw from the distance the gray wall of metal lockers; he then looked at the key in hand and read the number engraved on the metal part of the key. "QB7," he said. "That has a ring to it," he mumbled to himself. He then thought about Washington, D.C., restrictions on storing things overnight since nine eleven. "I had a problem when I came here for my first visit to GEORGE WASHINGTON, I only staid few hours, waiting for my train, and I thought about leaving my luggage here overnight, and these people didn't let me," he mumbled to himself again. "Whoever sent this key to Michael's desk he put it in the locker this morning. Ha, I am becoming a journalist." Suddenly, Corey stopped, "maybe someone is watching," he thought.

The young man then began scanning into the lockers direction, and he spotted an albino looking man with dressed in a black trench coat standing in from of the lockers. He was certain that this man was not the same man that gave him the manila envelope early that morning. But for some reason that man looks suspicious to Corey, early thirties, tall, slender and with black shapes.

Corey's heart began to pump as if he just finished running a marathon, sweat drops began to form on his forehead, and doubting thought began clouding his head. "What should I do?" He thought.

* * *

As Michael waited for Corey to return, he sat in front of the steering wheel of the mail room boy's truck. He kept his mind preoccupied trying to figure out what was the model of the dirty old machine. The truck inside was a mess: two old McDonald's shake cups rested on the drink carriers, old French fries were all

over the carpet, books and papers, probably for school work, laid all over the back seats. And then sweaty smell coming from the seats made Michael to keep the window open.

“It’s a Ford, I knew it,” Michael said to himself. A bite he then fumbled on his neck, a rush of blood came after; he put his hand on it as he looked through the truck’s window. The last thing Michael beheld, it was a barrow of a gun, smoking out, pointing at him. Michael English’s head felt to the side, in a matter of seconds he was now death.

The man with black gloves pointing a gun at the window, pulled Michael’s body straight on the seat, and then walked away from the truck. “That was easy,” he pronounced loud.

* * *

Five minutes later Corey came out of the Station’s front doors and ran straight to his pickup truck. “Hay, there was someone watching the locker,” Corey said. “So, I paid a kid to do the pickup for me. You know the twenty I got this morning.”

But Michael didn’t respond, Corey beheld the young man beside him, “Jesus,” he shouted as he moved back from the body. “What ta f . . . ?” he said stunned by the site. In a second the young man then thought, “I need to call the police . . . What if I’m next . . . What if they say I did it . . . I need to leave now . . . What if . . .”

An inside panic stroke Corey then, so he opened the passengers’ door of his beat up truck and dashed away from the scene. And as he hurried away from Union Station, Corey noticed in his right hand the small box.

Chapter FIVE

Elaine came from work that night, the only things she had in her mind then was to take a hot and relax bath and then rest of the evening. She was free for the next three days; her shift rotation was arranged by the Service chief of the White House branch, something that didn't happen often.

The bauble bath awaited her in her bathtub master room, Mark knew her very well, so he prepared it for her that evening. He came to her quarters before she did; they weren't supposed to be seen together after work. Elaine did not want to be transferred to another entourage: a former president, a widow former first lady attaché, or worst to a district office safeguarding the US currency. She was determined to stay put where she was, particularly now that she was the solo witness of the strange gather during the Canada Summit.

Agent Elaine Crawford was the only female in the president's attaché then, and even though she wasn't directly involved in his protection she was essential for the daily operation of the Service. Elaine was in her fifth year at the White House office, so she was well regard by her coworkers and the president's staff. So she was placed in the scheduling and the logistics of every President's outings.

Agents Cramer and Crawford were an odd couple in every sense of the word. She was some five years older than he, petty but well shape with olive skin and small green eyes. Perhaps it was her 15 percent Cherokee blood that ran through her veins. On the other hand Mark's body was well accented and tall, his head highlighted with a thick curly red hair while his full of freckles face showed the Irish in him. These two became involved in Mark's first week in the job, Elaine made the first move and he followed. Cramer moved to Elaine's place in his second week in the job. They tried to keep their relationship secret and until that

point they were successful in doing so. No one at the Service knew this; Mark kept his basemen's apartment studio in Alexandria while they lived together in three blocks away.

Elaine submerged her naked body in the warmed water inside her bathroom bathtub, while Mark prepared her a nice meal in the small kitchen. The TV in the bedroom was on. Mark moved it in front of the bathroom door the way she liked it, in the FOX News Channel. She was addicted to the cable news. Elaine could watch the damned thing twenty four hours a day. And as she immersed in the water the seven o'clock anchorman delivered the news from the Teleprompter. She paid little attention to the preppie looking man on the TV. All her intentions were to be one hour inside the tub. But the news was on and addiction to the world events and Washington beltway kept her from relaxing completely.

FOX NEWS ALERT, a news bar came across the TV as the man in the dark coat said, "Washington Post's investigating reporter, Michael English, was found dead inside a pickup truck in front of D.C. Union Station, this morning. The D.C. Police informed tonight that it appears to be foul-play involved in English's death . . ."

"MARK . . ." Elaine shouted, as she got out of the bathtub and pickup her white bath robe.

"English came to fame after exposing the correction of the congressional travel office, where his investigation brought down a number of congressmen and the senior senator of Massachusetts . . ." the anchorman kept on saying. "D.C. Police is looking for a young man identified as the owner of the truck, Corey Malcolm Lewis, seen here by the surveillance cameras running away from the truck . . ."

Mark and Elaine froze in front the TV, perplexed with the information transmitted through the air waves.

“What ta f . . . happened?” they both voiced at the same time. The anchorman shifted to other news, Elaine turned the TV off and sat on the bed.

“Mark, they know,” she said.

“What’s goin’ on?” Mark asked her then. Until this moment she kept him in the dark, Mark only ran her an arrow to the reporter that morning; however he didn’t know details about the situation. In way Elaine kept him clean from the information she acquired in the Summit two weeks ago.

“I can’t tell you now,” said Elaine, with a worrisome expression between her eyes, “we need to get out of here, go somewhere that they can find of at least until I clear my head.”

“Okay, get dress, we’ll go to my apartment,” Mark said.

“No, no there,” she responded. “They know that you made the delivery.”

Mark paused to think and then said, “Yeah granted, but you may be followed too, after all you put the package inside the locker early this morning.”

“But I relinquished your key where we agreed.”

“OK! We’re being watch, get ready we are leaving now, and get your gun,” Mark finally said.

Right then, a knock on the door startled them, and someone was behind the front door knocking loudly.

Mark put his hand on Elaine’s mouth, he then signaled her with gesture asking her for what to do.

“What’re we going to do?” Elaine whispered.

The person behind the door knocked again.

“Answer, see who is there?”

“Just a minute,” she shouted. Elaine looked through the peephole in front doors, a sigh of relief over came over her as she unlocked the door.

“Who is it?” Mark whispered

“It’s Mother,” she answered as she opens the door. A bullet pierced through her forehead, while as two men broke into the apartment. The albino looking man dressed in a trenched coat

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came second in the room shooting Marc who threw himself on the floor to avoid the bullets flying inside the apartment.

Chapter SIX

The white helicopter descended over the small village, the place was chosen for the genocide that has been happening here for more than twenty years. Some in the Group were against the idea, but the majority rules the objections of some of the most senior members in the Group. There was too much International Press for some of them, and their project needed to be kept on the wraps until the third stage was completed.

Gleeson and the helicopter pilot tried to sustain a small talk chat, but the two men were so different that whatever topic they attempted made them emphasized the deep dissimilarities between them. The pilot was a member of the group special forces, they were called the cleaners. These people high pay fixers, that nothing will get in their path to complete the mission on tasks. He was handpicked for this one, even though that he couldn't keep his mouth shut; he was considered the most loyal of the company.

On the other hand, Dr. Josh Gleeson was an expert in his field, and was also the believer, the agent that knew everything the group members were about to do to in Africa. His special talent brought him to the small village of Zimonga, in a remote location in Zambia. Dr. Gleeson was in charge of this face of the project recognition and damage control.

From the air the helicopter pilot and his passenger had a view of desolation; there were bodies on the ground as they took a nap in the middle of the day. "Whatever hit these people, hit them very hard . . ."

"Shut up . . ." Gleeson shouted from the back seat. "We've an agreement. You're goin' to drop me in the center court, and no questions. Then, you're going to wait for my signal to pick me up."

The helicopter landed on the soccer field by the school grounds. Gleeson opened the small hatch and leaved the craft without saying a word. He then turned around and gave an OK signal to the helicopter to leave the grounds.

“Freak . . .” the pilot said to himself as he pulled up.

Children’s bodies with their teachers on their side spotted the school ground. They were all dead. Gleeson, looking as a Casablanca character in his white suit, stood on the clay ground of the soccer when his cell rang.

“Sir,” said Gleeson.

“How did it go?” A dark voice sounded in the other.

“Success, Sir.”

“Good,” the voice said. “Get some examples and come home. We’ll talk then.”

An awkward moment of silent came through between the two interlocutors. “Sir, do you think all this is necessary?” Gleeson said as he pointed to the massive body count on the dirt road of Zimonga.

“Mr. Gleeson, pick your examples and come to DC, we’ll talk then.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And Gleeson, make an effort to visit town clinic,” the voice said before it hung.

The doors of the town clinic doors were opened but there was no movement inside. Gleeson stepped inside the small room, “HELLO, if anyone here,” he called out.

The room was a typical looking small clinic, on an old desk the receptionist laid dead. Gleeson saw a dead body up close the first time, the woman appeared to be sleeping on the desk if was not for her skin appearance she would look asleep. Her skin was brittle as if all the moisture was taken from body. He then pulled a pen out his pocket and tried to move the African woman head to face him up. Her eyes were opened, the glassy looking stare

spooked Gleeson, and it seemed as if she died sitting on the desk doing her job.

A noise came from the room next door. Gleeson was about to jump out his skin, when a small child came out of the room.

A nine-year-old blond boy stood on the door frame, his blue eyes scanned the Gleeson who was standing by woman's corpse. His pale face seemed to be frightened by everything that was around him.

"Where are your parents?" Gleeson asked the boy.

With reluctant the boy answered, "Father's the town's doctor, he's outside helpin' the people."

"Do you what's going on here?" Gleeson said.

"This morning the people began to feel ill, everyone at the same time. My father went out to see what was goin' on. By noon everyone was on the ground moaning in pain and then they died . . . Father came back around 3:00, but went as fast as he came in . . . He told me to stay inside but I feel fine . . ."

Gleeson then said, "Good . . ." he then leaped out of the clinic's resection room to the clinic front porch as the boy followed him. "What's our name boy?"

"Oh sir, my name is Walter."

"Walter, don't fallow me! You'll be fine. Your father will be here soon."

Gleeson moved to get close to one of the victims, and then said to the boy, "You see boy life is not fair, some people aren't blessed by the gods."

The boy couldn't understand what he tried to tell him. For some reason he knew that even though there was not a smile on his face, the man dressed in white was smiling inside.

Chapter SEVEN

Foggy Bottom-GWU Station wasn't as frequented as the other DC metro system stations at this time of the day. A small number of George Washington students waited on the concrete benches when Corey crossed the train electric outlets. He slowed down his pace after a thirty minutes emotional roller coaster mixed with a paranoid touch. He considered at every corner and shadow inside the train small car, every person was a possible hit man, a killer, looking for him and the manila envelope he carries inside his pants.

Corey Malcolm Lewis spent the last twenty-four hours hiding inside his high school best buddy's basement. He knew how to get there without telling his friend's family that he was going to sleep in that night. Years of reading mystery novels, and watching movies and shows about espionage sagas, helped him to survive the first night of his new life. Corey's friend, Jamal, was a student at Virginia Tech and his parents worked the night shift at George Washington University Hospital. Their basement was the place to hang out after the high school parties and when he didn't want to be found by his parents. This place became Corey's fortress of solitude, at a time he didn't have the need to tell his friend that he was going to crash the place.

The moment he saw the Mark English's lifeless face with a bullet hole on his left temple, Corey understood that there was something more than just a simple investigation for a newspaper article. The key of the whole matter was inside the manila envelope that he introduced in his khaki pants as he ran out of the scene. He knew that some of the most sophisticated agencies in the United States government will be after him in the next twenty-four hours. And that the best place for him was at his friends' basement, where he could give some thoughts to what his next move will be.

The night fell slowly in that April afternoon, but the time move very fast for Corey, a tiredness leveled him over the red used couch they utilized as the center of their high school world. There was nothing else to do. Think, wait and sleep until the next morning were his only choices then. The next morning he needed to go by his apartment without being see, get some money from his account and to obtain some clothes. Corey, also, needed to put an alert to his three apartment mates. Life was getting complicated for him, and his possibilities were narrowing as he thought about what was next maneuver. Going into hiding wasn't an alternative for him, he was too young to believe that his life was over, he like his life very much until that moment.

What shit I had got into now? Corey asked himself as he walked to steps that were going to lead him to the street. 23rd Street was cleared of peasants and the traffic was fluid, Corey felt that he could cross the street then. For some reason he felt that he was going to be the next target, and that he didn't have enough time to make a graceful exit from the scene, until he could figure out what was going to be his next step.

Corey made a stop on the Sovron Bank's ATM machine on I Street before he got to the apartment where he paid one quarter of the rent. Money that was given to him through a full ride scholarship giving to him by the George Washington University through the Freedom Forum Association, given to the District native students by George Washington University. In high school Corey other than playing the point guard position for Woodrow Wilson High, he was the valedictory of his class.

As he entered the apartment Corey was startled, there she was the girl of his nightmare, Hollie Thompson. She also paid one quarter of the rent, and in that moment she was ready to get in the shower, she was practically naked with a small towel circling her small frame.

"Oh, Corey you spooked me," said Hollie, as if she didn't care to be naked in front of the freshman.

Corey initially couldn't say a thing, *what I'm going to tell her?* Except that Hollie continued babbling about herself without giving any consideration to the olive skin young man that just showed up.

"I've class in thirty minutes, and look at me I don't have any clothes to wear . . ."

"Hollie, I'm goin' to tell you . . ."

"Professor Eckert, that mad woman, assigned a paper about the first amendment and its consequences . . ."

"Hollie, you need to listen . . ."

". . . consequences in a free society . . ."

"HOLLIE, would you SHUT UP!"

She stood quiet facing him, a preposterous expression revealed all over her face. The young man never spoke more than three words to her before, and now he was howling at her to shut up.

"You need to get out of here before they come; our lives are in danger . . ."

"Are you stupid? Who do you think you . . ."

"Hollie, you need to get dress and get out of here, by now the provably know everything about me . . . and you need to get out of here . . ."

"They? Who's they?" she asked.

Corey revolved to face the mirror hanging from the apartment foyer wall, in some way he knew that he was covered in manure all the way to his knees. The people that assassinated Michael English were professionals and they were coming for him and for whoever they find in the apartment with him.

"What're you talking about?" she demanded of him. "Tell me what's going on?"

Corey moved inside the apartment great room and turned on the TV, on channel 7. His instinct was telling his the news would be a report about the death of Michael English in front of Union Station. However, there was nothing on the news about the death of the award winning reporter.

“What are you looking for?” she asked, as she fought to keep on the white towel around her waist.

“Nothing,” he responded with an agonizing expression on his face.

“You’re in trouble,” she said.

“Gee, I never thought you were so brilliant. Off-course, I am. That’s what I’d tried to tell you . . .”

“Wait, just one moment I’m not shouting . . .”

Corey took her fragile body by her shoulders and shook until he got her attention. “This morning I took Mark English to Union Station to pick up this envelope.” He pulled the large manila envelope from inside his pants and showed it to her. “I picked this out from one of the lockers inside the station. When I came back to the car English was shot on the head. He was dead. And I’m afraid the people that killed him are known after me, because of this.”

Hollie took the manila envelope out of Cory hands. “What’s in it?”

“I don’t know, but we don’t have time to open it now, we need to leave before they get here.” As he told his story, he began to put clothes in an old bag pack he kept under his bed.

Hollie put on a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt, at the same time she kept on asking questions, “and what’re you planning to do?”

“I’m going to look for a safe place and then I’m going to find the man that gave me the original envelope the one with the locker key,” he said. “She got to know something . . .”

Two members of the secret service, apparently in a suicide pact, were found dead this afternoon by the building landlord . . . The anchorman pronounced the news as if nothing was with him. Agents Elaine Crawford and Mark Cramer worked at the White House attachment for more than four years . . . Mark Cramer’s picture popped out on the TV screen.

“He’s dead too . . .” Corey said. “We got to go now.”

“Who’s that?”

“He’s the man that gave me the initial envelope, the one I gave to Mark English. That’s why we went to Union Station; there was a key inside it, a locker key?” Corey said as he moved as fast as he could to get out of the apartment.

The two college kids ran out the door minutes after, they head to the elevator in the middle of the hall. Corey pushed the down button with an impatient motion as he looks at the girl’s small frame. She was two years older than him, short in stature but with a lighthearted disposition. It was that what made him feel curious about her.

Both elevators came to the floor at the same time, two men in black coats came out the elevator in the same moment that Corey and Hollie got inside the other lift. The albino man and his older partner crossed path with their target and failed to look back at the couple going through the elevators door.

“Jesus,” Corey mumbled as his observed the two men moving toward their apartment.

Hollie waited for the elevator doors to close to say a thing, “That’s them?” she asked.

When the doors opened, both ran though the apartment building lobby straight to 25th Street where Hollie’s olive green beetle was parked. “Who are those two?” she asked as she introduced the key.

“They killed Mark English,” Corey responded in a mumble, “don’t talk and open the car, let’s get out of here.” His hands were shaking with and an uncontrollable tremble, which he tried to conceal by putting them under his thighs.

Hollie turned the car key and the beetle engine started. She drove the small olive green car through 25th street and turned right on Pennsylvania Ave.

The albino young man put his silencer on the gun while his partner attempted to break the apartment door down. The two men couldn’t be more different than oil and water. They didn’t know

each other until they met three hours ago. Except, that these two were professionals, hired to clean the mess left behind by the two traitor secret service agents by leaking what happened in the most secret meeting.

Now these two assassins were going after the small fish, Corey Malcolm Lewis. By this time the old assassin knew everything was there to know about young Mr. Lewis, *graduated from Woodrow Wilson High School here in the district with honors, and actually studying at George Washington University with a full ride scholarship from Freedom Forum Association. Corey, in high school, was a member of the basketball, wrestling and track teams, and an editor of the school newspaper, the yearbook and was voted the most likely to fulfill his goals. Mr. Lewis happened to be from Italian and Native Americans descend and his IQ tested in the high percentile.*

In different from his young colleague, the old assassin suspected that Mr. Lewis was not going to be an easy prayer to hunt. The only way to smoke him out of his hide out was by getting to know him as if he was a member of the family.

“There ain’t here,” said the albino.

The old assassin pick up his cell, “The apartment is empty. But he was here.”

“*He’s gettin’ in an olive green beetle right now in front of the buildin’*,” said a voice with a deep southern accent.

“They’re outside getting in a car now,” the old assassin said as he closed his cell phone, and ran out of the apartment.

Chapter EIGHT

“Mrs. Graham, there is a detective Ross waiting to speak with you,” the secretary said from as she held the glass door.

“Detective?”

“He’s outside,” the woman pointed to the man in a gray suit standing in front of the door.

Margaret Graham, Editor, the sign on the door said, John Ross most had read that sign five time before he went inside the glass case office.

“How can I help officer . . .?”

“Detective Ross, John Ross.”

There was an odd moment between them as he tried to extent his hand to shake her. Margaret Graham never shook hands with anyone, she suffered from verminophobia.

“May I sit?” said Ross.

“Sure,” Graham indicated to Ross where she wanted him to sit. “I’m sure you are here for the death of Mr. English. What a terrible thing? He was my star reporter, and he’s going to be missed greatly.”

“Well it related to what happened to Mr. English. You don’t might if I smoke.”

“No, please don’t,” she said.

But Ross ignited the cigaret anyhow, with a deep that came from his excessive use of the habit. “The mail-boy,” he looked at his small notebook, “Corey Lewis, he left early yesterday, the cameras at the station showed that he was inside when the shooting happened.”

“Yes, and your question is?” Graham asked with annoyance. There was something unusual about the man. He was dressed in the gray flannel coat and a blue tied, his voice sounded as if there was a frog in his throat, and every time he opens his mouth, his upper lip rolled-up on his teeth.

“Why these two young men were going together to the Union Station?”

Mrs. Graham made an expression that told him all, she didn't know, it was not a custom for reporters to get out with interns.

“You don't know?” Ross said.

“No, I don't. Mr. Lewis started his internship some two weeks ago, he was recommended by the George Washington University Dean of the School of Journalism. Other than the usual we don't know much about him.”

“I see. What about Mr. English? What was he working on?”

“Nothing that I could say it was not out of the usual,” she responded with a sincere expression in her eyes.

“I see,” the detective conveyed. “You don't know if we look in Mr. English's desk?”

“No, no at all. You go ahead, the desk hadn't been touched since yesterday,” said she.

Mark English's desk was a mess in itself, stacks of research papers mingled between crumpled pads and sticky yellow notes placed all over the desk wood top. The only thing that jumped over Detective Ross eyes was legal a side manila envelope addressed to Mr. English in a woman hand writing.

Detective Ross opened the yellow envelope and looked inside. “Bilderberger Hotel,” he read to himself the article's Headline. His nasal tone of voice made some of the reporters on the floor to turn their heads to look at him. *Where is the Bilderberger Hotel?*, he taunted a loud.

From inside the envelope two other articles came out, they were from two weekly newspaper that he couldn't recognize. He pulled the articles out of the envelope and “*The Third Eye*,” he said.

“That's a conspiracy paper,” a man said, “they believed the government is hiding aliens in an Ohio base.”

Detective Ross stared at the guy that answered his self inquiry. The envelope was infused with articles about all kind of ridicules subjects that didn't make any sense to a pragmatic man like Ross. "Do you know when did Mr. English receive this?" said Ross as he shows the envelope to the man sitting on the desk.

"If I'm not mistaken, it's provably stamped in the other side," the man said.

Surely, the manilla envelope's stamp recorded its arrive on Tuesday morning, two days ago.

"This is the only thing that came in here?" Ross asked the man, he had a hunch about the man sitting on the next desk.

The man made an offended gesticulation with his face, as if he was disturbed by the detective's insinuation. "Man, we respect each other grounds," he said.

"What's your name?"

"I'm Ryan Woolworth," he answered with a smirk on his face. "It's not that I'm not curious about the investigation you are conducting. But you need to understand that . . ."

"You want an exclusive," Ross finished his Ryan Woolworth's sentence.

Woolworth grinned.

"So, what else was inside the envelope?"

Woolworth gave himself a second and then answered, "I believe a locker key was inside the envelope."

"That's why they were at the station," Ross said.

"But you know that," Woolworth said. "It's in the station video feed."

"We know that there is another envelope, and Lewis has it. But we don't know where is the mail-boy."

"I can help you that."

"How?"

"Give me two days and I'll fine him for you."

Detective Ross moved away from and began to walk toward the elevators, "Call when you get something," he then said as he made his exit.

Chapter NINE

Corey held the envelope in his hand as if it was one of his right-hand fingers. He could feel that there was something hard, *another key most probably*, he thought. However, he spent three days with the envelope inside his pan and never brought his courage out to open the damn thing. He figured out that by opening it, he will be more involved whatever this junction was going to take him.

“What’s that?” Hollie asked as she turned her line green Volkswagen into Pennsylvania avenue.

With reluctance Corey answered, “It’s the envelope I found in the Union Station locker.”

“Ok, so what is it?”

“I haven’t open it, yet”

“Why?” Her eyes open wide, Hollie couldn’t believe her ears. “You don’t want to know what’s inside it?”

“Yeah, but I’m . . .”

“You are afraid . . .”

“No! Yeah!”

There was an awkward moment between them, they both didn’t know how to proceed, Corey was being hunted by two men in black and his face was all over the news as a person of interest for the death of the Washington Post reporter, Mark English.

“Open it,” Hollie then said.

“Why?”

“Because, this is your only ticket to stay alive, if those people are really coming after you,” she said as she touched the envelope in Corey’s hands.

Corey reflected on what she just said to him, and then tear the upper par of the envelope, a key fell in his hand.

“What is it?” Hollie asked with excitement.

“It’s a YMCA locker key, locker number 17,” Corey responded, a confused expression was splashed all over his young face.

“I know where is that from,” she said. “The Y in Rhode Island avenue, it ain’t far from here. Let’s go I’ll take you there.”

“How do you know that’s the Y we are looking for?” Corey asked

“I’m a member.”

The two young college students entered the red brick building on Rhode Island Avenue. It was early in the morning still and the halls of the usually busy building were empty. The key belongs to the women’s locker room so Hollie went by herself to retread the object inside the locker. And to her surprise she only found a small business card laying on the bottom shelf of the red metal box.

*Luis Cartel, PhD Md
CDC
Atlanta, Georgia*

Hollie read the card, although, she didn’t understand what all the fuzz was about, for a little piece of paper with a name and telephones a Washington Post reporter lost his life alone with two secret services, if Corey was to be believed.

Corey waited outside the women’s locker room, he could understand why she was taking so long to come out of the smelly place. “Where’s this bitch?” He said to himself aloud as she came out of the locker room.

Corey knew that she heard him, “Sorry,” he then said.

Hollie began to walk toward the lobby without saying a thing, she just showed him the card she found inside the locker. She felt offended by the boy’s remark. She always found the expression offensive, when in High School she kicked the guy in the balls for calling her that.

Carey knew that he did a bad thing but for some reason couldn't bring himself to apologies to his new friend. He was more focused in the card she held in her fingers. "Hollie, what is that?" Carey asked her. "What's that in your hand?"

"What it was inside the stupid locker?" She gave the card to him.

"I don't understand," said he.

"This ain't for you, Corey," Hollie said, with frustration. "This is for your friend, English. You're just a pansy. Don't you see? You ain't a reporter, at least not yet. What you need to do is turn yourself in, and give the story to your paper. Do it now before is to late . . ."

"OK, I know . . . I KNOW . . . what you're saying," Corey shouted with emotion, as if everything was crashing on his head. She was right, the best thing for him was to turn himself in to the authorities and give the story to the Post. But in the back of the card there was a telephone number and his curiosity was aroused by the possibilities. *Who is this Dr. Cartel? What if this goes farther?* In his head Corey saw himself solving the biggest puzzle of his life. He then pulled his cellular phone out of his pants pocket and dial the number on the card.

"What are you doing?"

"Calling Dr. Cartel," he responded with a smirk on his face.

In the other end the phone rang three times before a man answered the call, "Hello," the voice said.

"Who is it?" Hollie asked Corey in that same instant.

Chapter TEN

The man in