



BRIAN L. DOE  
PHILIP F. HARRIS

# THE SACRED ROTA

WAKING GOD  
BOOK TWO

“This is a sequel to *Waking God*, published in 2006, or really a continuation of a three part story. It is a science fantasy theological thriller, odd as that combination may seem to be. The final battle is developing, and while they do argue theology, there are also people getting killed wholesale as the several themes slowly integrate. I conjecture that one author in this collaboration knows how to write, and the other knows his occult lore, because they clearly have done their Tarot homework. So this is a novel worth reading, but it will help to have an open mind.

– Piers Anthony – *New York Times* Bestselling Author

“Be sure you re-read *WAKING GOD*, or at least review it a bit, before you begin *WAKING GOD TWO: THE SACRED ROTA*. Otherwise you may have trouble following the action and keeping the characters straight, and you don't want to do either. This tale moves along smartly, and it features an even more varied and intriguing cast than the first book in this planned trilogy.

Once again authors Doe and Harris draw together the whole range of humankind's myths and spiritual beliefs, and use those threads to weave a story no one else could have imagined. The tale twists and turns, with new puzzles popping up even as those from the first book resolve (at least in part), until *WAKING GOD TWO* ends with a cliffhanger that may just make you want to scream. Scream for the next and final installment, that is...!”

- Nina M. Osier, author of the *Fictionwise* bestselling *FARTHINGHOME* Trilogy

“I have waited for some time, the arrival of this book and it was well worth the wait. Philip Harris and Brian Doe have done what no other authors have. They have captured what perhaps just might be the behind the scenes of what goes on in our world each and every day and they bring it to light for the rest of us to see. This is not just a story but a learning experience. What an amazing read. Can't wait for the next one!”

- Katrina Stiles *WritingWithStiles*, Book Reviewer

## Reviews for *Waking God* Book One

“Epic in scope. *Waking God* is a fast paced supernatural thriller that blazes across mystical

of God.”

- Christopher Friesen, *Book Pleasures.com*

“Authors Doe and Harris have done an impressive amount of research into ancient myths, manuscripts, and belief systems. They've used this research to spin a tale that kept this lifelong lover of speculative fiction turning pages far into the night. Their characters, even the fantastically non-Human ones, came to life and demanded that I care what happened next. Their plot held together, and the universe they created stayed consistent even as it also became progressively more complicated. I'll want to read the rest of this intriguing speculative fiction trilogy for sure!”

Nina M. Osier, Author of *Sagamatha* and 2005 Eppie Award Winner

WAKING GOD: BOOK TWO

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&

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ISBN-13: 978-1-934037-54-6

They meet in a place that is no place, in a moment outside of time.

*Why have you called this meeting? We have nothing to discuss...*

*Oh, but we have much to discuss. You may think that you have won, but you are deluding yourself...*

*You have never lacked confidence, Greatest of the Archangels, but you must know that at least in this world, you are on the cusp of extinction...*

*You are blinded by your own folly and that will be your downfall, again. Just because you have Andrew and Mara, you think that you will give birth to your god seed. But I warn you, if you permit conception, you will be destroying your beloved humanity...*

*Will you never admit defeat? The seeds shall unite and Adam will rise to lead Israel to its destined place among the gods. You cannot stop this...*

*Would you permit inception knowing that all humanity, saving my loyal few, would perish? In Mexico I revealed my plans. That much you correctly surmised. The seals will be opened unless you abandon your pretentious little Adam...*

*You would not...*

*I would and I shall. You have never appreciated my will to survive and to maintain dominion over your petty little flock. To show you how serious I am...*

A book appears in the firmament, and on the book are seven seals. The lamb, in Mantrella's image, opens the first, and the seal is broken —

And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer...

*How dare you! You tread where none should go! If we were not in this place, I would...*

*You would try and fail as you always have. And as for treading, it is you who plays the fool. Cease your meddling or more seals shall be opened...*

\* \* \*

## **Amsterdam, the Netherlands**

The old office was rarely utilized and most members were under the impression that its

had called. Consequently, none dared to be absent. Regardless of their wealth and power, a call from Michael was the equivalent of an order from the Almighty.

Giovanni, Lord Brathmore, Otto, and John G. were seated at one end of a conference table built to seat the forty combined members of the Advisory Group and the Steering Committee. The walls of the windowless room were impenetrable to the most advanced eavesdropping devices, and the only furniture in the space was the table, its high-backed chairs, and a podium. The walls were unadorned, the polished blackness of their marble composition reflecting images of the members in a surrealistic darkness. There were no statues or art work of any kind. Although a red carpet lay under the table, the gloss-white floor sharply contrasted with the otherwise dimly lit room. There was no paper, nor were there any writing utensils; members were not allowed to record anything lest a quick note, name, address, or idea might find its way into the media or into the hands of some other undesirable seeker of information. Moreover, the normal entourage of U.S. Secret Service and private security guards was absent. With a major event about to occur, Michael had no need for such nonsense.

A scarlet orb appeared at one end of the sparse room. The Inner Circle members understood the meaning of the light, but even though they had come to expect this manner of grand entrance, they continued to be awestruck each time it happened. The orb grew in size and brilliance until the group had to shield their eyes as the crimson radiance, reflecting off the polished walls, was like looking directly into the sun. Within seconds, the room returned to its normal obscurity, but the afterglow still burned in the members' retinas.

"Greetings," Michael said as he made his way to his faithful followers.

The four stood, bowing to Michael, who indifferently motioned the group to sit. They knew not to ask questions or to speak until Michael had precipitated the conversation.

"Are we on schedule?" He asked.

"All those you designated and more have been tagged with radio frequency devices," Giovanni replied. "We know their whereabouts at all times. We have checked the audio chips and they are functioning well. This second generation RFD chip is a marvel. I wish we'd had it earlier. It is one thing to know the location, but it is quite another to hear their conversations." The grin sliding across Giovanni's deeply tanned face communicated a sense of satisfaction for the small, very thin old man.

John G., however, squirmed. He did not want to say what he knew he must. Nonetheless, he cleared his throat. "I am sorry to say that Mantrella has become aware of the Adam Gene

Unconcerned, Michael said, “And how are the vaccinations going?”

“All who might be of consequence have had the gene disrupted,” Otto offered. “The masses will be neutralized within the year, minus a few isolated strays.”

Michael smiled in approval and the Inner Circle finally relaxed. “There is little that Mantrella can do. Who would turn down a cure from the AIDS pandemic? Already hundreds of millions have perished. If the religious strife was not enough, few will refuse the opportunity to be spared from the mutated virus. They fear the plague more than the clergy.”

“Lord,” Brathmore said, “we are losing much in this turmoil.”

Michael turned on the man, eyes blazing. Brathmore fell to his knees in maddening pain. The others moved back from their comrade in fear of touching Michael’s anger.

“You know nothing of losing,” Michael whispered. As he spoke his eyes cooled and the pain invading every molecule of Brathmore began to subside. Michael felt absolute contempt for humans. He needed them, but he also hated them. The memory that he once bowed before the archetype, an event he vowed never to repeat, turned his stomach.

Regaining his wits, Brathmore uttered, “I am sorry, my Lord. You have always done us well. I did not mean to doubt. Forgive me.” Brathmore prostrated himself before Michael, who smiled at the supplication.

“Fear not for your worldly treasures,” Michael insisted. “I will soon reveal the Joshua Tree.”

Otto and the others were shocked by the Archangel’s announcement.

“How did you get the Priory to reveal the name of the Joshua Tree?” Otto questioned.

“They have been betrayed,” Michael answered evenly. “I have had an insider since the beginning. He will be making the announcement. He will use DNA from Mary to prove beyond any doubt that David is of the lineage of Jesus. The world is ready to buy into just about anything that will offer some hope of salvation from these terrible times. And who better than the next Secretary General of the United Nations?”

“Does Mantrella know?” asked Giovanni.

“He will learn of it shortly in the news, along with the rest of the world,” Michael promised, erupting into bitter laughter. Although uncertain, the Inner Circle joined in the jubilation.

They had no choice.

\* \* \*

*pictures—ancient civilizations, surreal worlds whose achievements surpassed modern-day societies, great battles between strange looking beings, floods, and destruction. Yet two particular images haunted him.*

*The first was of ancient Egypt and the pharaoh known as Akhenaton, or “the Son of the Sun.” The pharaoh acceded to the throne in 1383 B.C. Against all those in power, particularly the high priest in Thebes, he proclaimed that there was only one God—the Aton. While symbolized by the Sun, it was not the Sun that he worshipped; rather it was a universal force that spread its light equally on all creation, rich or poor, good or bad. He built the city of his dreams, Tel El-Amarna. Here the Religion of the Disk took root. In his temple there were no commandments, no sacrifices, no promises of reward or punishment, no concocted miracles, and no hint of evil. It was here, amidst the glorious garden and open courtyards of light, that this renegade king proclaimed a God who was not a person, but rather the power and source of all things. It was a God that was all things and devoid of good and evil, devoid of the concept of immortality. This was a religion and a philosophy of Truth: maat. The religion had no dogma. Akhenaton’s God was the energy that not only pervaded all of existence, but also was all of existence. It was the visible and invisible, material and immaterial—a pantheistic monism.*

*Akhenaton had not tried to force his views on others. He did not destroy the temples or the priests of those who held sway over the masses. He did not expand his empire nor properly defend it because he lived his life according to his beliefs, of which war was not one of them. He was the Pharaoh who initiated Moses into the mysteries, and in brotherhood, let his people go.*

*The Son of the Sun died at the age of twenty-nine. Some said he had been poisoned; others said that he walked with God. On his death, the beautiful city of light, Amarna, was destroyed, and his religion was wiped from the stones, pillars, and tablets. The powerful priests removed from the people’s memory the very existence of this messenger of Truth.*

*The second image that disturbed his mind was that of a being whose beauty exceeded imagination. As he tried to examine the image more closely, the limo suddenly veered to miss a burro that was standing in the middle of the road. The sharp turn slid him across the seat and he bumped his head on the window. Having been jolted from his visions, he yelled, “Shit! We have to turn back. I have to tell Andrew about the goddess and the birth.”*

*“Believe me, he knows of the goddess,” the driver said.*

*“I’m talking about the goddess images in the Tarot. If you read the cards in reverse, you’re presented with a double helix and a new kind of being. Somehow Gabriel has something to do*

is destroyed. Then . . .”

*Sariel interrupted Eli with a jamming of the brake. “We’re here. You must leave now.”*

*The driver quickly got out, opened Eli’s door, and pulled him from the car. Before the Jewish mathematician could say another word, the limousine was speeding away from the masses of people that still clogged the airport. Abandoned, Eli made his way numbly through the terminal. He was constantly bumped and shoved as he went against the flow of the human sea. People continued to pour off the planes to get a glimpse of the mysterious night sky lights, an event that completely escaped Eli’s attention. Caught up in his own thoughts, he managed to make his way to the terminal just as it announced the departure of flight 144 to Orlando, and then to Boston.*

*As Eli was about to step onto the boarding ramp, something sharp seized his arm. He yelped in pain, only to find the source of the attack—Nevyn.*

*“Holy shit, Nevyn! How the hell did you get here?”*

*The wolfhound wagged his tail, but with his fangs firmly gripped to Eli’s arm, he forced the man from the terminal. Several times, Eli tried to release himself from the stinging vice, but Nevyn would not relent. The people jostling around him didn’t seem to notice the large animal attached to his arm, and he realized that in some way the creature appeared invisible to all but him. The dog pulled him to a remote terminal and onto the tarmac, where a private silver jet with engines idling awaited him. Nevyn led Eli up the steps and into the jet, then, finally releasing his arm, pushed him into a seat. Eli rubbed the quickly fading bruises on his forearm, and then buckled his safety belt. The man now secure, the dog ceased his guard and lay quietly beside him in the narrow aisle.*

*An hour later, Eli tried to sleep. Over the Gulf of Mexico, flight 144 was soaring toward Orlando at an altitude of 32,000 feet. Without warning, the plane carrying 124 passengers burst into flames, sending the pieces of its occupants down toward the rusty Gulf oil rigs mindlessly pumping crude to feed an ever-collapsing world economy.*

\* \* \*

With the exception of Nevyn’s strange behavior at the airport, Eli’s flight from Mexico to Boston’s Logan International Airport had been uneventful, offering clear weather and little turbulence. Nevyn slept the entire flight on a padded birth that seemed designed for the dog’s proportions. When they had first boarded the plane, the dog had lain in the narrow aisle beside Eli but once in the air Nevyn had decided to seek the comfort of what was apparently his

itself, but it was disconcerting to have someone else's thoughts operating in his brain. He was not sure if he feared Mantrella; actually, he decided that he did not. He was uncomfortable, not afraid. He knew that his choices were very limited with respect to the use of both his own discretion and the foreign knowledge that rolled like a movie in fast forward through his mind. Exactly what he was to do with this new information had not yet been made clear. Andrew had told him that instructions waited at home, but he was not sure whether he was in any hurry to know the mission. The reference to John the Baptist was not encouraging to a Boston Jew.

His thoughts turned to his best friend. *What in the hell had Andrew gotten himself into?* Everything in Mexico had happened so fast. He had hoped to have more time with his friend and he'd figured they could spend days on the beaches of the Gulf musing over his findings. Instead, his expectation for a leisure holiday turned into a whirlwind tour of the Twilight Zone. The airport in Mexico had been a zoo filled with alien hunters, UFO watchers, and religious fanatics. He was picked up by a likable, but gigantic man, who would have made wrestling federation stars look like ninety-pound weaklings. Then he arrived at a hacienda filled with dozens of leviathans. After spending almost no time with Andrew, his friend basically kicked him out. Then his path crossed Mantrella, a man with godlike qualities, who had been invading his thoughts with strange images, symbols, and incredibly interesting ideas ever since.

Eli was both anxious and nervous. He was anxious to get home and bring Jen up to date on Andrew and his bizarre companions, no matter how hard the story would be to believe. Luckily, Jen's willingness to listen and talk about every aspect of Eli's life and work was why he had fallen in love with her. The fact that she would engage Eli in his rather boring discussions concerning mathematics and code theories was what had really cinched the union.

Eli gazed out the window again. His back was stiff and he had trouble getting comfortable in his seat. A hand touched his shoulder, startling him out of his concentration.

"Can I get you something to drink?" the pretty flight attendant asked.

Eli swallowed hard and his voice cracked as he spoke.

"No. Thank you," he said.

"Ok, well, just push that button if you need anything," she said pointing to the orange dot above his head. She moved toward the front of the plane, her brown hair swaying gently from side to side. She reminded him of Jen, his beautiful Jen. How he wished he could talk to her now. When was this plane going to land?

"Excuse me miss?" he called after her before she had disappeared into the cockpit.

“Sure, no problem,” she answered. “Oh, and my name is Amy, if you need anything else.”

“Thanks,” Eli said as he watched her walk away again. He thought it a little strange that a personal jet carrying one passenger and a dog would have a flight attendant, but then again, Mantrella seemed to provide for the needs of his guests.

A bell rang in the cabin and Eli saw the blinking *Fasten Seat Belts* sign. He looked over to Nev, who didn't so much as twitch, convincing Eli that the landing would be uneventful.

The sky was cloudless and the shimmer from Boston Harbor was blinding. Wrapped in his thoughts, Eli barely even noticed that the jet had landed and taxied to a private terminal. When the plane came to a halt, he collected his few belongings. The cabin door opened and Nevyn finally jumped off his special seat and followed Eli to the exit.

Thinking he would have to go through customs he reached into his coat for his passport. It then dawned on him that since he had gone to Mexico without one, his only means of identification was his license. With the heightened security, he was certain that he was about to have a major problem with Homeland Security guards at the terminal. As they approached the entrance, Nevyn seized his sleeve and pulled him to another door that opened at their approach. A tall black man wearing a dark suit nodded to Eli as he entered. Nevyn looked at the man and wagged his tail, evoking a smile and a nod from the large stranger. Eli and Nev walked down a long corridor that emptied into the terminal lobby. He quickly understood that customs would not be an issue.

Making their way through the throngs of would-be travelers, Eli came to an abrupt stop in front of a newsstand. There, a crowd of people had gathered around a TV to read the words proclaiming the destruction of flight 144 from Mexico to Boston. On the screen flickered images of airline debris floating in the Gulf. This was Eli's original flight. He glanced down at Nevyn and the dog peered up at him, wagging his tail in what could only be interpreted as an expression of self-satisfaction.