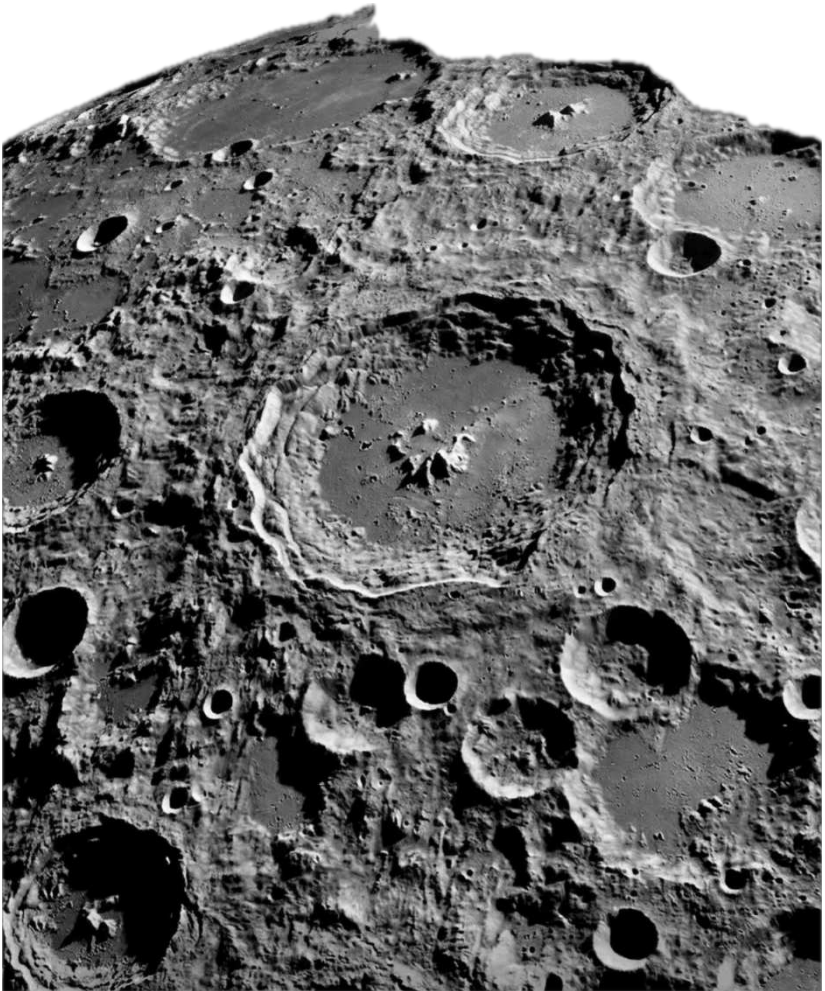


Destination Earth

Arnold van den Eng

DESTINATION EARTH







TEASER

The amateur astronomer Vrida makes a discovery with her 11-inch telescope. She observes an object in space that has not yet been identified in the catalogs.

Experts at the provincial observatory dismiss her. "It's nothing special." She doesn't believe this, however.

Through her brother's sister, Agaath, she manages to submit the observations to the Cyborgs in Greenland.

They contact CalTech's Mount Palomar Observatory and share the astrophotos taken by Vrida.

CalTech confirms that these are two large, unknown asteroids.

These asteroids are heading toward Earth. Do they pose a threat to our existence, and where do they originally come from? What exactly are they? Can they be stopped?

Cyborgs must take action. Will *THEY* save us from destruction? Or *are* we already lost...?

The man opened his eyes and looked around. He was surprised by the place where he found himself at that moment. The world lay at his feet, just as he had always wanted.

He felt a slight churning in his stomach. That was unusual for him; he was never sick, could tolerate any food, and was in the prime of his life.

He dismissed the feeling with a sigh and a shrug. Nothing important, no doubt.

How beautiful the Earth looked from Above.

The colored patches beneath him and the blue haze along the edge of his planet.

Oceans did indeed make up the majority of the Earth's surface; something he had never believed, though he had learned it in school, and could now see and verify with his own eyes.

As peaceful as that world below him looked from above, just as brutal could things actually be on the ground far below him. He knew all about that; after all, he was partly to blame for all that violence and unrest on Earth.

He was high up. Really high up. Perhaps too high?

He felt around him. He expected to touch a wall of glass or translucent plastic, but strangely enough, that wasn't the case.

Wasn't he in a dome? Inside a space capsule?

He still remembered the force with which he had been carried upward. You only experience such forces during the launch of a space rocket, in which you, as an astronaut, could be taken to greater heights. The pressure on his spine had been clearly felt. The pressure from the acceleration and his own body's inertia.

That PUSH!

Such a push was unparalleled. Not even a souped-up heavy motorcycle could match it. Nor could a Formula 1 car; he knew that from personal experience because he had once driven a lap in such a machine on his own race track back home. Acceleration is addictive to the brain. The mind wants more and more; the body, however, does not.

Only then did he realize that acceleration can work both ways.
Upward.
And
Down....

His stomach suddenly churned.
For a moment, his mind didn't register that a lack of oxygen could
also be fatal.
The realization that he was falling only now truly sank in.

The homeland was slowly but surely getting closer. It was getting
bigger and bigger. Details on the ground were already becoming
visible. He recognized the surroundings.
As beautiful as it had looked before, the sight of his free fall toward
his own land now filled him with fear.

He had about ten seconds left to live. Give or take. There was no certainty
about that.

They say that your life plays out like a movie before your eyes when
you expect death to come soon.
He knew now that it was all lies...

Just as panic seemed to set in, he was already kissing the soil of his
own country. The country he had ruled over for so long, governing
with an iron fist and oppression.

Just before his involuntary landing on North Korean territory, he had
heard a voice—brief but extremely powerful.

Inside his head. At full volume. Piercing.

Contemptuous.

Mocking.

The voice of a woman.

*"You were warned, but you deliberately chose not to obey us,
so now you're paying the ultimate price."*

SPLATZZ..

FOREWORD

This is the third book in the series about Cyborgs and Magical People.

The final part of the Cyborg Trilogy.

Everything from Part 1 and Part 2 comes to a climax in Part 3.

Haven't read these earlier parts (yet)?
No problem!

The summaries follow below. From Part 1 - *Dangerous Passions* (2026) and from Part 2 - *The World in Chaos* (2026)

This book begins with a brief recap of the final chapters from Part 2.

So that the reader—you—can keep reading seamlessly after an opening that immediately sweeps you up in a roller coaster of bizarre events.

Enjoy!

The Author, Arnold van den Eng, June 2026

My Special Thanks go TO:

*My lovely wife **Linda**, who supported me while **I** was writing and served as my role model for a powerful woman who never gives up and keeps going no matter what physical pain and barriers need to be overcome... TurboLind is her very fitting nickname...*

*My sweet daughter **Kitty** and tall grandson **Jayson**, who live their own lives in the Netherlands and whom we miss having around in Spain, where we ourselves reside. The first family member loves to ride her horse; the second prefers riding a fast and noisy bike.*

*My truly sporty, adventurous, and charming friend **Elly**, the swimmer, who somehow initiated and kept checking in on the progress of the work, and who is a really nice person to talk to and walk with in the mountains, and who also supported me throughout the entire process of putting my wild imaginings into words on paper.*

*El, keep on swimming and walking!
And talking...*

*The Norwegian multitalented neighbor across the park, **Elisabeth**, whose name **I** could use to bring to life the strong fictional book character of Elisabet, the Viking Sorceress.*

*She is the first person I have ever met who is just as—or even more—exceptional, extraordinary, extravagant, eccentric, and complicated than **I** am myself; a true compliment coming from a crazy weirdo empath like me.*

Summary BOOK 1

In Book 1, we meet Roland, his wife Lidia, and their former friend Laura. Roland and Laura once had “something” going on. A son was later born from that relationship, though without Roland’s (or Lidia’s) knowledge.

This son—Balthazár—grows up to be a brilliant but nasty person. He harbors an unjustified hatred toward humanity, his former boss Leon Maersk, and also his biological father Roland. Outside the sight of his father and his father’s wife Lidia, Balthazár grows into a brilliant scientist with evil intentions. He develops advanced technologies that he intends to use to sow death and destruction. He will and must bring the world to its knees.

A project in Italy aimed at reactivating Mount Vesuvius—and thereby threatening the city of Naples—is thwarted. By Roland and by Lydia—a cyborg constructed from the human Lidia.

Balthazár swears revenge. He gathers various scientists around him, sponsored by shady nations, to develop superweapons that can be deployed via satellites.

To generate global chaos and fear, Balthazár first uses these weapons to destroy the Russian enclave of Kaliningrad, which is razed to the ground. He then sets his sights on iconic landmarks, such as the Golden Gate Bridge, the Taj Mahal, the Sacré-Cœur, the Sydney Opera House, and many others.

Meanwhile, Roland learns that Balthazár is his biological son. Balthazár challenges his “father” to a fight. Both have since been transformed into powerful cyborgs. The battle takes place at Copacabana Beach in Rio de Janeiro. It becomes the Clash of the Titans.

Both cyborgs are severely damaged. Roland, however, manages to use his superior mental powers to hold Balthazár firmly in place, but Balthazár suddenly activates his cyborg’s self-destruct system. A nuclear explosion looms, with the potential for many

casualties. Roland manages to prevent this disaster by sending both Cyborgs into space....

The nuclear explosion that follows also destroys Balthazár's satellites. But what now?

In addition to Balthazár, Roland also had a few more children from an extramarital affair with the two stunningly beautiful sisters, Laura and Agaath.

Those children—two boys and two girls—have special gifts.

Can they make the difference in the ongoing battle between Good and Evil?

Summary BOOK 2: The World in Chaos

Both cyborgs had sustained significant damage during their clash above Copa Cabana Beach. Roland had defeated his son Balthazár, but still wanted to save him from death on the International Space Station with emergency repairs. He succeeded. In Alaska, a complete overhaul of both of them followed, along with mutual reconciliation. From then on, they worked together.

Russia had gotten into a spat with Ukraine and threatened to raze Kiev to the ground. The now-repaired cyborgs intervened. Russian missile launch facilities were destroyed en masse in the process. Russian President Nupintski was supposedly killed, but in reality fled to Kamchatka. His son, Yevgeny Petrovski, took over the presidency in Russia.

Yevgeny wanted to make peace with Ukraine.

He also wanted to repair the massive damage in Kaliningrad.

Kim d'Oen, the president of North Korea, offered his help in this regard. However, this dictator had a hidden agenda.

After all, a Russian submarine lay on the seabed in the Baltic Sea, just outside the Kaliningrad base. To everyone's consternation, the Russians had lost track of this submarine. Kim, however, had not.

Through his "help," the North Koreans managed, unseen and unsuspected, to make the submarine operational and load it with four missiles, each equipped with a nuclear warhead.

With these, Kim d'Oen intended to sow death and destruction in Europe.

Witch Agaath saw all of this in a nightmarish vision, well before it could take place.

She informed her sister Laura and Seer Elisabet, a gifted Norwegian woman whom Roland had met by "chance."

Roland, along with Lydia—and several other cyborgs who had been converted for that purpose in Kamchatka, such as Hendirk Jan, Annemarie, and Nupintski—had just departed in a gigantic rocket bound for Mars, as part of a project led by Leon Maersk.

That project, incidentally, ended in a fiasco.

Mars was already inhabited by ferocious Great Worms, which nearly destroyed their landing and launch modules. The cyborgs fled just in time.

However, there was a stowaway aboard their escape capsule. They didn't discover this until they landed in Greenland, after a stopover on the Moon.

This small worm could eat round holes through metal.

It was decided that the Cyborgs would quarantine themselves in Greenland, just as Strumpf was planning to annex the island to the USA. The Cyborgs prevented this and made Greenland their base.

Teams were formed to support the world.

The worm was captured and locked in a glass jar from which it could not escape.

Meanwhile, Laura had also undergone conversion in Kamchatka. Into a female cyborg of the latest generation: Laurretta.

Laurretta, Elisabet, Agaath, and their children would form the defense against the Evil in the World.

Elisabet with her Gifts, Agaath with her dreams, and Laurretta with her Power. Additional support came from an unexpected source: Kim Yo Jong, Kim d'Oen's sister, who was disgusted by her brother and suspected his nefarious plans involving that submarine in the Baltic.

Kim d'Oen sees his chance the moment NATO plunges into an internal crisis.

He fires three nuclear missiles from the submarine at targets in Europe. Laurretta, who was already prepared for this, intercepts these missiles from a distance via the ex-Balthazar satellites in space. Afterward, her connection to the satellites is severely disrupted. She can no longer make contact, and thus can no longer activate the weapons from space.

The last missile—number four—then heads for the skies. Destination: Oslo, Elisabet's birthplace.

Laurretta doesn't hesitate for a moment.

With her Transporter, she flies toward this missile herself, connects with it, and gives her Transporter a command:

Return to Sender!!

TRANSITION from BOOK 2 to BOOK 3

Would you rather skip this?

Go directly to Book 3.

Page **45**

STICK

NATO was ready. The exercise could begin. But newcomer Finland was once again standing in the way.

The Finns felt that the exercise area was located far too far south. With far too much emphasis on the Baltic Sea. They wanted NATO's influence to be able to extend much further north as well. Toward their Baltic Sea.

This caused grumbling among the military leadership. Why was that necessary?
An exercise is an exercise, after all. The sea is the sea.

Yet the Finns remained adamant. As always, Mike Reutel managed to calm things down with diplomatic chatter.
A compromise was reached by splitting the operation into two separate, yet interconnected, training areas.
One part was in the Baltic Sea; another part in the Baltic Sea, with a limited land exercise on Finnish and Swedish territory.

A two-day meeting was needed to secure the full approval of every NATO member state for this.
The flags could then be raised.
Europe had presented itself as a true unity.

Days later—after he had also received this report through his channels—Kim d'Oen was once again strolling through his palace, rubbing his hands together and chatting.
This came at just the right time!
Less NATO around "his" submarine in the Baltic Sea, which no one knew about.
Great!

His plans could be put into action. Without delay.
The world will be amazed by the Power of Kim.

Hell Yes!!

ONE DAY

Can the world be transformed in a single day?
From order to chaos?

YES!

With the NATO exercise underway in the Baltic Sea and the Baltic Sea, Denmark had been busy mobilizing the necessary military personnel to participate in this event.

Strumpf saw his chance. That NATO exercise was a distant concern to him. He regarded it as fictional occupational therapy that held little personal interest for him. Europe, anyway, consisted of a bunch of naive souls at the top. He had more important matters on his mind, much closer to home.

On the day the Danes sailed out of the harbor with their naval vessels, heading east toward the Baltic, a contingent of American commandos set foot on the largest island in the world, which from NOW on would belong to them: GREENLAND!

With their peripheral panoramic viewers, they kept a watch day in and day out on the strait between themselves and the mainland of the Asian continent.

Routinely.

Almost never was anything out of the ordinary happening. A rough sea with irregular swells and fishing boats bobbing to the rhythm of those water movements as if they were floats on a fishing line.

This time it was different.

Dark shadows in the shape of seagoing vessels seemed to be heading their way. The plumes of smoke from the smokestacks were clearly recognizable. It wasn't just a handful of ships. No. It looked like an invasion force!

Just as they were about to sound the alarm, the missiles struck. Fired from fighter jets that had taken them completely by surprise from the flanks. The bunkers instantly turned into smoldering rubble.

The attack on Taiwan had begun!

Israel had had it with those guys in Tehran for quite some time. They had already sent some firepower their way in the past. Usually, that was followed by a response from Iran directed at them. That would no longer happen now.

A full-scale battle in the air and then on land would put an end to the Ayatollahs' threat once and for all. Iran would be subjugated. All those in power would be expelled from the country or eliminated. Freedom would be restored to the people. But first and foremost: the total destruction of the Iranian military system.

The day thus began with thunder and lightning in the Middle East...

That morning, Kim d'Oen shrugged his shoulders, straightened his jacket, and strode purposefully toward the command center in a deep underground bunker.

Today is THE day!

The protocol had already been prepared. The staff was on site and ready for action.

They were waiting for further instructions.

From the bunker, Kim gave the order to launch two nuclear missiles from his submarine in the Baltic.

Europe would wake up in TERROR this day...

The Mars module was suddenly swarming with larvae. Where they had come from was a complete mystery. Perhaps Martian life had sought out the source of heat.

The cyborgs stood there in astonishment.

Should they intervene or not? It wasn't specifically mentioned in their instructions.

Was this an attack, or rather an attempt at survival, from the source of Martian life?

In the event of an attack, they were permitted to defend themselves. In all other circumstances, the integrity of Life had to continue to be safeguarded by exercising restraint.

Contact with the Earth base had been interrupted yesterday by electromagnetic storms that could last for several days.

What Now?

Was it Friday the Thirteenth, perhaps? Everyone knew for sure.

Bad Things Happen On Beautiful Days

The KIDS woke up with their eyes wide open.
They saw everything happening. Just like on a live news broadcast.
One thing was already certain to them.

It could all get EVEN WORSE.....

BULLS EYE

A robot doesn't sleep. Neither does a cyborg. They are constantly ON.

Lauretta had already aimed her visor at the spot the children had carefully pointed out beforehand.

There, Mom, there it is!

Almost simultaneously with the launch of the missiles from the submarine, Lauretta had also fired her anti-missile missiles from the satellites.

The high-impact, high-energy lasers were ready as a potential backup. Escaping her counterattack was virtually impossible... As it turned

out!

The projectiles exploded without a nuclear blast at an altitude of 40 kilometers above the Earth's surface. The warheads fell uselessly to the ground and would burn up partially in the atmosphere without causing further damage.

Bingo! Bullseye...

She couldn't take out the submarine itself. It was hidden too deep in the water.

Even though the object's location was known, the lasers would be ineffective underwater due to the dispersion and absorption of the beams in the water. At the impact site, the water would likely boil, which would only amplify the scattering effect.

Missiles weren't precise enough; they might miss their target.

The best chance to take on the submarine was through NATO, using destroyers. A nice series of depth charges could work wonders.

Unfortunately, NATO had just found itself in a crisis today. Everyone was absolutely furious over Strumpf's Greenland operation.

The Danish navy would likely turn tail and head back to their kingdom on the other side of the Atlantic.

Lauretta suspected she was on her own. Two more warheads to go....

The stakes are now even higher than ever...

PING

It was bothering her.

She couldn't blow up that submarine herself from space. Not as long as that bitch stayed deeper than 5 to 10 meters underwater.

Her missiles were too slow for that, even though they were very fast, and the laser wasn't powerful enough to penetrate the water and cause any substantial damage to the hull.

That dependence on others—to intervene—didn't sit well with her. Not at all, in fact.

NATO had proven far too cumbersome to respond adequately to threats; moreover, they now had a Strumpf problem on their hands that they were eager to wipe away like sticky shit elsewhere.

Who had a destroyer in the vicinity of that submarine?

The Netherlands? Sweden? Russia?

The Danes had already left. They certainly couldn't help her any further now.

She had come up with a plan, though.

The so-called “tagging” of that submarine.

By concentrating sound waves on the submarine's hull, they would be reflected back. A strong ECHO. That sound could easily be picked up by listening equipment.

By using multiple sound sources from different locations in space, triangulation could be used to calculate the precise position of Kim's submarine.

Once the initial coordinates and depth were established, Laretta could then continue to track the submarine continuously by constantly tagging it.

The PING would then constantly determine the target's current position.

Now to find a destroyer or something... A light bulb went off.

Did Yevgeny in Russia still have some useful toys floating around there?

She decided to contact him immediately. You never know.

Maybe...

MONSTERS

The cyborgs on Mars had been ordered to capture a few specimens of the invading Mars Worms and preserve them for later research. Killing the worms was strictly forbidden, unless their presence posed a threat to the cyborgs or their equipment.

So they let the Mars Worms go about their business undisturbed, recorded their behavior and activity, captured a few in perforated vials, and analyzed their spectral emissions.

On the outside, these worms appeared to be virtually indistinguishable from those on Earth. They could not yet see what they looked like on the inside.

Although the worm has a relatively simple structure compared to humans, it was already a highly evolved specimen within the evolutionary chain. Complex cells, fluid interactions, membranes, and diffusion exchange with the environment.
A simple yet advanced life form.

It was important to determine whether and to what extent these worms possessed any form of intelligence.
If so, was it individual or collective? Could they communicate with one another?
Was there organization, or merely random, haphazard behavior?
How did the process of reproduction work? How fast? What was the lifespan?

Back on Earth, people were on pins and needles.
This could mark a decisive phase in the current and possibly even all future Mars missions.

However, they had been completely off the mark.
The recent models regarding Mars were completely wrong.

The lava tunnels were indeed tunnels in lava rock, but they were not formed by the flow of molten rock during the volcanic period.

These tunnels were of a much later date.

And they had nothing to do with lava flows.

The tunnels were of biological origin. They were gigantic horizontal boreholes. Made by large Martian Bore Worms.

On the inside, the tunnels were almost smooth, though you could still make out some grinding marks in the rock. They appeared to have been drilled by a kind of large grinding turbine.

The dimensions were such that a Mars Rover could easily drive through them. Larger cavities were also present in some areas.

The tunnels ran almost perfectly straight in three directions. In some cases, branches extended from a central point, giving the entire network a star-shaped appearance on a map.

Scientists initially viewed these tunnels as potential housing for future Mars pioneers. Because of the layers of rock above them, cosmic radiation would be unable to penetrate inside the tunnels.

Now that a possible biological element has been linked to them, however, this tunnel option for future humans on Mars has become a lot less appealing.

Those tiny worms were likely their offspring. Their little ones.

Their offspring.

Mothers always return to their babies. Why would it be any different here?

The Cyborgs weren't sure if they'd want to meet Mother and Father Worm. The forces used to construct the tunnels pointed to large and powerful life forms.

A serious threat!

This breathed new life into the Arakis syndrome. Giga Worms traversing the planet underground.

Worms of Destruction.

The regularly recorded Marsquakes were apparently not a tectonic phenomenon after all. But did they actually

arise from a biological origin due to those giant worms moving underground?

Out of pure curiosity, Roland carefully picked up one of the worms with a pair of tweezers. The thing wriggled. A very faint high-pitched sound came from it.

Was that a cry for help?

Roland turned the creature around so that the head—or at least, what appeared to be the head—was directly in front of his eyes. He scanned it. The scan revealed a small cavity with sharp reflections from many small, hard objects. Those could only be teeth. The shape of the “dentition” appeared circular, with the many teeth positioned radially around it.

The composition of those “teeth” consisted of a material that was still unknown. But it already seemed certain that it was a hardened material.

Suddenly, the worm turned on its turbo. The teeth spun rapidly in a circle, much like an electric toothbrush. The mouth turned toward the tweezers.

Roland observed this action closely. He did not intervene. He wanted to see what would happen next.

The worm made brief contact with the tweezers using its head-mouth. The tweezers snapped in two, after which the worm fell to the bottom of the glass terrarium. The creature immediately tried to find a safe corner. The speed with which this happened was most remarkable.

So intelligence was certainly not an issue. Nor were reflexes. What danger could this pose to them and the future of the people here? He didn't have a very good feeling about any of it...

If it were up to him, now was the time to say with certainty:

PACK UP AND GET OUT!!

CONCERN

Roland contacted the Alaska base on Earth regarding his recent findings

His perspective was that of a cautious man.

“It can be dangerous here. On and around the temporary base. Even for us. Especially if the adult worms are as big as we now suspect, then evacuation is inevitable.

Over and out.”

Earth sent the reply within half an hour.

“Negative.

Stay where you are.

Send us a status report again tomorrow.

Earth out.”

“That doesn’t help me at all,” Roland told Lydia a moment later.

Lydia agreed with him.

She still wanted to take the Mars Rover for a short drive through some tunnels.

Roland advised against it.

“We’re too valuable to let anything unexpected happen to us. This whole Mega Worm business can just as easily be investigated further with the James Webb telescope. That thing is almost as accurate as our own sensors here on the surface.

We mustn’t underestimate the risks...”

In the meantime, that little worm had devoured the entire pair of tweezers. There was no trace of it left.

Sharp little teeth, that thing.

Roland approached his colleague Nupinski in the mother ship hovering in a stationary orbit above them around the planet.

“Vladimir. What do you think? You’ve faced many threats in your lifetime. What does your intuition tell you about this

.”

There was a brief silence.
Then the connection crackled.
Only then did Vladimir come through clearly over the connection.

'Yes, it's too dangerous down there. Come back up here. Leave everything behind in the camp. We want to remain pure up here, without contamination. We'll then observe the planet closely for a week. Take measurements from a distance. Perform time-lapse scans of the surface. Analyze what's changing, and where. Retreat to the modules. Prepare the capsules for takeoff. As soon as you're back here, we'll discuss further. In the meantime, we'll feign a communication failure with Earth. Good luck!'

The mission Lydia had wanted to undertake with the Mars Rover was canceled. The cyborgs began gathering all the equipment. It would be placed in the Main Hangar. A photo was taken of each item, and a description was included in the catalog. The hangar door was then sealed.

From the hangar, one could access the living quarters via an internal passage. From there, through an airlock, to the Mars Modules containing the space capsules. Upon arrival, one capsule was found to have several leaks when pressurized.

While searching for the cause, three holes were found in the wall.

PERFECTLY ROUND HOLES

GONE

Cyborgs know no hesitation.

They can think and act almost simultaneously.

This is in contrast to humans, who usually hesitate before taking action, which can sometimes mean it's TOO LATE ...

This time, too, action was taken immediately.

They knew the situation. They recognized the danger. They intervened.

The leaking capsule was a total loss. Without a doubt.

The four cyborgs divided themselves among the two remaining intact capsules.

Start up.

Go!

They had barely gone “airborne” (though on Mars that had a slightly different meaning than on Earth due to the thin and rarefied atmosphere) when vibrations were already being detected on the Martian surface by the highly sensitive equipment on board.

The cameras were pointed downward.

The abandoned capsule and landing module were simply swallowed up by the ground. One moment it was still there; the next, it had vanished into the depths. Dust swirled up where the thing had been standing just a moment ago.

Right where they themselves had been standing just a short while ago!

Intuition is a wonderful thing. Roland rubbed his hands together, just as Kim d'Oen used to do when hearing good news—which today, a long way from the Mars Cyborgs, was definitely not the case...

Roland and Balthazár looked down through the portholes together with Lydia and HJ. The Martian surface was completely orange, and the air around it was as well. Dust swirled high into the air. It resembled a dust storm of local origin.

The Red Dust Devil, as it was called by scientists on Earth. People thought of small tornadoes, the origin of which was unknown. The cyborgs now knew better. Especially when

an elongated organic object wriggled its way up from the ground, with a round head and a large opening in the center filled with sharp, chisel-shaped teeth, in an attempt to still catch them and the airborne capsules.

They were GONE just in time.



CONSULTATION

Lauretta was in contact with Yevgeny.

It didn't go without a hitch. The Russian President was shielded from the outside world in every possible way by his lackeys.

Still, it eventually worked out, after some strong insistence and a bit of mental manipulation by Elisabet.

"Yevgeny, I need your help." The Cyborg didn't beat around the bush.

"Lauretta, Ms. de Blouisson, under what circumstances do I have the honor of speaking with you?" The President was also straight to the point.

"The North Koreans have one of your submarines under their control in the Baltic Sea. It is now loaded with nuclear missiles from your arsenal. They intend to unleash a Third World War right in the middle of Europe. You'll be blamed for it, and Europe will bear the brunt of the damage. There will be countless casualties if we don't intervene."

"How did YOU get that information? Why don't WE know this?"

"You're asking the obvious, Yevgeny. You're overlooking things because Kaliningrad is a priority for you with all that cleanup and reconstruction, leaving you no room to focus on other matters.

I know because I have access to entirely DIFFERENT sources of information.

Believe me, it's going to happen! YOU and I can still stop it now!"

'How?'

"I know where that submarine is. If YOU still have a destroyer operational in the area, you can sink it."

'I do have a boat there, but that damn NATO is also actively conducting a large-scale exercise in the area. They'll interpret any action on my part as an attack on them,' said Yevgeny, now with some concern in his voice.

“OK. Can you please stay on standby with that? I'll give you the current coordinates of that submarine. Just check your inventory list. You'll see that this submarine was overlooked. Kim has now confiscated it and loaded it with your missiles, which he had retrieved from the sunken sub off Kaliningrad. He'll be launching very soon...”

“It seems like yet another drama since I've been President here. Behind my back, they're stealing our stuff for large-scale misuse. Our people have also proven incompetent in overlooking that submarine. I'm trying to stop that war in Ukraine and settle it amicably, but everyone is working against me in that regard. Laretta, those conflicts must stop! I appreciate your help and dedication in this matter. I'm going to do my best with that Destroyer...! ‘

“I myself will assist you in this. My satellites are ready. But underwater, I can't do much with them. Depth charges are the best option right now. That sub has to be destroyed. If not. Then I know of only one way out.... Greetings, Yevgeny. It was nice speaking with you.”

were the last words she ever spoke to him,
ever.

LINK

Vladimir Nupinski and AnneMary had witnessed, via the surface scan, their colleagues' lucky escape from the aggressive MarsWorm. It had been a close call, they realized.

Mars is no place for humans. Nor
for cyborgs.

The worms' message had been clear enough. Leave us alone!
Get lost, go back to your own planet.

The Mars Mission was over. There was nothing left for them to do here. Maersk will have to cross the Red Planet off its wish list. Other parties will have to do the same. Mars is not suitable for colonization.
End of story!

The two capsules had successfully docked with the Mothership. Everything was prepared for the return journey. No more observations of Mars.
All of that had now become useless.

After intensive internal consultation, it was decided to set course for a new destination. Not Earth. No, not just yet.
They hurriedly fired up the rocket engines for a trip to the MOON.

On the Moon, they would continue to consult with the Bosses regarding plans for the future.
Mars had been scrapped. Perhaps the Moon still had something to offer.

In a few months, they would know.
For now, they still had a long journey ahead of them. The rocket engines ignited.
Everyone was pressed firmly into their seats as a result.

Hacia la Luna, Flying To the Moon, Gaan Naar de Maan ...

GREENLAND

In Greenland, there was no fighting. No one was shooting at each other.
After all, weren't they all NATO partners?

The occupying force was limited in size.
A contingent of soldiers and commandos. A few diplomats.
With such a vast, inhospitable island, you could either keep defending it endlessly with guerrilla groups or simply surrender to an enemy who pretended to be your friend.
They chose the latter.
No unnecessary bloodshed for something inevitable.

With his attempt to annex Greenland, Strumpf also immediately put the entire NATO organization on the spot.
Choose HIM or choose Denmark.

Mike Reutel felt completely blindsided.
Just when he wanted to unite everyone with a large-scale exercise, one after another walked away from his painstakingly assembled, precious collection of once-united nations.

NATO crumbled like loose sand.
The exercise was canceled at the last minute.
Europe suddenly seemed to be in chaos.

In a speech later that evening from Washington, President Donald Strumpf made it clear to his new subjects:

We will take good care of you!

PEACE

While, in the eyes of its inhabitants, the world was slowly but surely collapsing, something remarkable suddenly happened.

The President of Russia — Yevgeny Petrokovsk — made a proposal for PEACE to Ukraine.

The conditions were still somewhat contentious and uncertain. But the first step in the right direction had finally been taken.

Yevgeny was done with all the misery, with all the victims, with all the sorrow on both sides, with the fighting.

Time to start rebuilding the world again, he had proclaimed.

His decision to take this step was not unanimously supported in Russia. Many saw it as betrayal or surrender.

Yevgeny couldn't care less. HE and no one else was in charge.

It was high time for Russia to start focusing on a positive future.

This proposal was part of that.

Initially, Yevgeny focused on freezing the current status quo, namely the position of the current front lines.

In exchange for a little more territory in the eastern provinces of former Ukraine, he would be willing to give up or trade Kaliningrad—once the cleanup there was complete.

You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours.

At the time of his Proposal, the Collapse of NATO was already a fact.

The West was no longer a unified bloc.

Even earlier, the West had degenerated into a collection of fragmented opinions and controversial philosophies regarding the difference between Unity and Self-will.

Although the Proposal sounded like music to many ears, no one stood up to openly applaud it. They—a Disunited Europe—would still have to deliberate on it. Ukraine had been surprised and struck with bewilderment; they would issue an initial official response later.

Kim d'Oen rubbed his hands together once
again. NATO in ruins.
Saved by the Bell.
He had a free hand once again.

Shortly thereafter, his Third Missile took to the skies, with Kiev as its
Ultimate Target...

BOOM

It was still a piece of cake for Laretta.
Her satellites had detected the launch from the submarine.
She sprang into action immediately.

Kim will probably send this warhead to Kiev, she thought. It seemed the most logical to her. And so it turned out. After traveling a few kilometers through the air, the exact trajectory had already been calculated by her AI module.

This time, she would use the Laser Guns. From two locations in space. From the Baltica and from Kiev itself, high in the sky. The Proton Cannons had also been activated as a backup, but she didn't think they would be necessary here.

It was a single missile. One hit was enough.
She waited until the missile had risen high enough into the atmosphere before proceeding to destroy it. That would minimize the radioactive fallout after the detonation.
She fired!

A bright flash became visible in the upper atmosphere. Silent, at that moment.
On the ground, a cloud would still be visible. A menacing cloud. Nevertheless, a cloud rendered harmless.
The shock wave from the explosion had little remaining force at the surface.
The fireworks show was over.
Life went on...

Suddenly, the connection dropped for Laretta in Assen. She could no longer connect to the satellites. Was it a malfunction? Was it sabotage?
She checked all the systems. A few of them were still functioning. Others had gone completely dark.
She was no longer in control. She was disarmed!

Had NATO intercepted and scrambled her signals? Or was it
North Korea after all?

A Trap. For Her!

Suddenly, Europe lay exposed and vulnerable.
She could no longer do anything with her satellites. What
now?

THE LAST RIDE

There was one missile left on
board. Kim's last chance.
Just as much for Lauretta, the only cyborg on Earth.

Kim and She were complete opposites. He
was ugly and fat; She was beautiful and
slender.
He was weak; she was strong.
He had lost his face; she had given away her body.
He had renounced his family; she had cherished hers.

He could never compete with Her.
But the rocket was on his side...
The Whole World stood between Them.

Who would win?
Evil or Good?

Without Lauretta, no story ever gets started. With Her there, a
good story never ends. Lauretta was always the SPICE OF
LIFE.
Now and Forever.

The most beautiful cyborg ever made.
A cyborg to fall in love with.
Many a man would fall for her and lose his head in the process.
Eternally Beautiful.
That is not granted to anyone or
anything. Unfortunately.
Not even Lauretta...

She was born to love.
She was transformed to protect the World. She served
Humanity and their Values.
Even cyborgs have their principles. So did
Lauretta.

Laura had learned everything from Lauretta.
Her internal database containing general data had been copied.

Her Soul, containing all her personal experiences and memories, had been handed over.

Laura was just as much Laretta as the Cyborg itself.

Laura took over her duties so that the Cyborg could ensure survival.

Laura would continue to raise the children,
after Laretta had provided them with the ultimate protection.

A mother fights for her children.

That is exactly what Laretta intended to do now.

No one touches my children!!!

The rocket shot out of the water, soaring upward in a flash.

No noise, but with the venomous hissing sound of an aggressive snake.

The target had already been

set. OSLO.

The capital of Norway would pay the ultimate price.

The End was Near.

For this city. For Humanity.

Retaliation would soon follow, with endless clanging of weapons and violence.

Kim would unleash Hell upon Europe.

The Devil was already jumping for joy. The

Age of Darkness was about to begin...

No one, absolutely no one.

Had taken Laura's tenacity into account. Now Laretta.

The Beautiful Witch. Seductive and Cunning. Sensual and, precisely
because of that, so Human.

Laura had already sparked many a

conflict. Now she would end THE

conflict. Once and for all!!

She activated the Transporter. Activate! BAM.

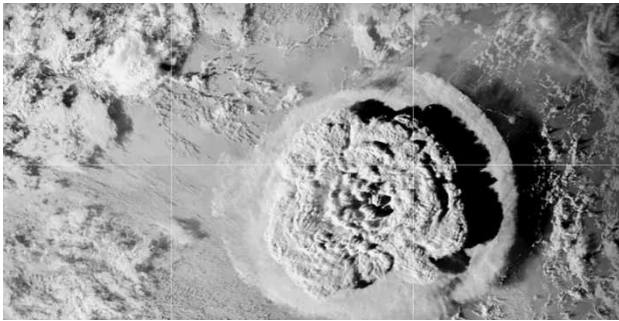
Laretta was gone. On a course for Interception.

She had the missile in her grasp in no time. Very simple, on manual control.

She gripped the thing firmly by its metal casing and set the Transporter to:

RETURN TO SENDER!!

BOOF



BOOK 3

DESTINATION EARTH



FEMININE POWERS
ARE
SHAPING
A
NEW
FUTURE

Ladies in Charge
of a
Peaceful World?

Introduction.

The world knew nothing of the sacrifice Laretta had made to save them all from Global War and Armageddon.

The explosion of the atomic bomb in the Baltic Sea was dismissed as a serious technical malfunction on one of the damaged Russian submarines that had once been based in Kaliningrad.

Fortunately, the self-destruct system had intervened effectively just as one of the missiles threatened to escape toward an as-yet-unknown target.

The danger had passed.

People could sleep soundly again.

Russia solemnly promised, through the new President Yevgeny Petrovski, that such an incident would never, ever happen again.

A mistake was a mistake; that was sincerely admitted.

But this must never be allowed to happen again. All launch protocols would be drawn up, monitored, and enforced even more strictly.

He would personally guarantee this.

At the same time, the President declared that the war with Ukraine would be ended in the near future. Negotiations on the matter proceeded positively and respectfully.

A ceasefire had already gone into effect; both parties were adhering to it well.

There had not yet been any violations of this temporary truce.

Calm thus returned to Western Europe.

Even if it was perhaps only temporary.

Elsewhere in the world, it was a different story altogether. There, conflicts were still raging with full force.

China, Israel, the U.S., Iran, Greenland, Central America:

all were embroiled in hotbeds of intense internal violence.

Some fought for power and territorial expansion, others to preserve their sovereignty.

The arms industry was thus running at full speed again. A few scoundrels in the world were rubbing their hands together in glee at the business opportunities this presented.

Viewed from the Moon, all of this seemed a completely pointless endeavor.

Humanity, all of us living on one and the same Earth, apparently feels the need to turn our shared home into a massive mess everywhere and at all times, instead of working together to share what this one and only planet has to offer in terms of beauty and utility within the unimaginably vast and threatening Universe.

They never learned from past mistakes. Time and again, they fell with open eyes into the trap they themselves had dug right at their feet: using weapons to rob others of their lives and their land.

With their advanced equipment, the cyborgs could observe everything that was happening on that Blue Planet from their observation post on the lunar surface.

They observed virtually everything and everyone, without anyone being able to detect them.

Only a handful of people knew of their presence on the Moon.

It was still a Top Secret matter.

The world keeps turning.

That's what everyone always thought... There's just no end in sight.

That could change in an instant. Because

The FATE of the EARTH now lies in the hands of the UNIVERSE...

Is there really Equality in the World?

It seems not.

*Isn't it HIGH TIME to start
changing that?*

Elisabet, 2026

*You cannot change the past
But you can try to reshape the future...*

1. **DESPAIR**

Lauretta the Cyborg's self-sacrifice had plunged her loved ones into deep sorrow.

Her children were inconsolable over the loss of their Mother, and the other children were just as devastated by the passing of their Aunt and Friend.

The mood was somber in Drenthe. On the Moon. In Alaska. Everyone understood, but no one could or would face the reality just yet:

Lauretta would *never* return to them...

Only the memory of her would remain.

Nothing tangible remained to arrange an actual funeral.

Nevertheless, a small, private funeral was held, attended by family and friends.

It was a ceremony that would have given outsiders the impression that a very important person had passed away. All formalities were taken care of down to the last detail. The eulogies were full of praise for the deceased, with an undertone of deep sadness and despondency.

All of that for a Cyborg. The most beautiful one ever. The most "lively" of them all. Now dead.

Without Lauretta, a story never really gets going... Everyone would have to get used to it.

Life would never be exactly the same again.

A deep rift had been driven into the soul of everyone who had ever known her.

The loss of Lauretta hung heavily in the air...

Lauretta had done exactly what she was trained to do.

Protecting humanity in general, as well as her children and family in particular.

Without any hesitation, she had confronted the nuclear missile. Fully aware of what her fate would be in doing so. Fully convinced that what she was doing was the only possible way to bring salvation to many thousands of people, possibly

even millions. Putting herself aside in this entire process of making lightning-fast decisions and taking appropriate action.
It was a Heroic Act!

2. PLANNING

Elisabet was—strangely enough for some—not personally present at the funeral service.

She had already paid her last respects to an empty coffin and had then gone to a room next to the funeral hall.

The speeches that followed left her unmoved. To her, they were well-intentioned, but ultimately just a series of completely empty words.

Words don't change the world; actions do.

She remembered that from the past. It still held true in the present.

She was busy. As always.

Her mind never stopped. The cogs were turning. Plans were being made. Plans were being carried out. Plans could succeed or fail.

Now it was a matter of waiting for the ultimate outcome of her latest ideas.

During her stay in Drenthe, she had had several heartfelt conversations with all the children—her own as well as those of Laretta and Agaath.

The kids were much more mature than their age would suggest. They had an understanding of and knowledge about matters that really only concern adults.

These kids possessed skills that an ordinary mortal could never comprehend.

These children knew the ins and outs.

They had a crystal-clear grasp of the situation they were in and the actions needed to keep everything around them on the right track.

They possessed the tools to do exactly what, in their view, seemed clearly necessary.

They did what a situation often demanded: take action!

*You cannot change the past, but
you can redefine the future.*

She had adapted Maersk's statement to her own wishes and insights.

You can intervene in the future!

The future follows what the present and past throw in its path.
Many accept this as an inevitable fact. Elisabet did not!
She intervened, with the help of the children,
and thus transformed that supposedly inevitable Future
into something entirely Different.

Into something no one could ever have foreseen. No one,
except Elisabet & Co.

The Future is malleable.
That is exactly what Elisabet did.
And kept doing....

3. INVASION

The overwhelming force was too great.
China had pulled out all the stops to take Taiwan.

A massive invasion force swept over the Chinese province, which was considered a renegade.

The number of casualties among the Taiwanese was deliberately kept to a minimum.

China was going to annex Taiwan, and as a result, everyone would immediately become equal Chinese citizens.

So, no future compatriots... unless resistance was offered.

The navy, the army, the air force, and the artillery overran the relatively small island.

Taiwan apparently had no chance of repelling the Chinese attack.

They didn't even make a serious attempt to do so. Much to the surprise of the Chinese commanders on the ground.

The Taiwanese had, however, already sunk many Chinese ships in the strait separating them from the mainland. The guided missiles had been mercilessly precise.

High-tech equipment enabled them to do so.

But when enemy troops actually landed on their coast, Taiwan's defenders offered remarkably little resistance.

They surrendered on the spot, even before the weapons could truly speak.

Resistance is Futile ...

You will all be Assimilated!

Elisabet still remembered this line Roland had once uttered. Based on science fiction movies she hadn't seen.

It works both ways, he had remarked. Now she knew that too...

Elisabet had had a nightmare weeks earlier. Similar to Roland's about Vesuvius and Agaath's about Kiev and Oslo. Events that were bound to happen but hadn't actually taken place yet.

You cannot change the past, but you can redefine the future...

That was exactly what was about to happen NOW...

Without the conscious knowledge of the Chinese who had arrived in Taiwan; of those who had left their own country to go on a conquest elsewhere.

Whoever leaves the Nest loses control over the Eggs....

4. COUP D'ETAT

Taiwan had been warned in advance. They knew exactly what was coming.

The Seer-Transmitter Elisabet, the most powerful the Earth would ever know, had informed them of this.

Appropriate measures were taken. Plans were made. Action was prepared.

The vision that the Seer-Transmitter had shared with them was crystal clear. What needed to be done next was just as clear.

Move with the Attack, turn in a circle, and strike back at the Source. It was a very daring plan. A good plan.

Taiwan is a highly developed country. The population is well-educated and highly disciplined. They have an excellent work ethic, resulting in extremely high productivity per capita.

Technologically, it is on par with the world's best. In some areas, they are even at the very top. Especially in robotics and cybernetics.

The population had always considered itself vulnerable to China, the potential aggressor.

Taiwan, the little David, would one day have to defend itself against the aggressive Chinese Goliath.

At first glance, it seemed like a lost cause.

But there was hope.

Hope inspired by Elisabet. A plan of action.

A Tasty Treat for Taiwan.

The Use of Technology.

Highly advanced technology.

State-of-the-art. Unmatched. Unbeatable...