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fivegroups origin

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Intro ----------3

Chapter 1 – Alliance Origin----------5

Chapter 2 – Order Origin ---------- 10

Chapter 3 – Clan Origin ---------- 16

Chapter 4 – Bukko´s Faith ---------- 22

Chapter 5 – Dondalya King Warrior---------- 28

Chapter 6 – The Guild Origin ---------- 33

Chapter 7 – Suresh Prasad Workers Riot---------- 38

Chapter 8 – Zhu Grand Master ---------- 43

Chapter 9 – Rossi´s Tradition ---------- 49

Chapter 10 – Kim Taylor New Era ---------- 54

Chapter 11 – Bob Montross - Seven Days ---------- 58

Chapter 12 – Ben Martin´s Five More ---------- 62

Chapter 13 – Solo Origin ---------- 67

Chapter 14 - Characters ---------- 68

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Intro

During human existence over earth, several groups emerged and disappeared. But fivegroups prevail: One led by power and money, other by faith and religion, third by science and study, fourth by work and union or independent individuals. Clan, Alliance, Order, The Guild and Solo are the strongest driving forces of our planet.

Every time people from one of fivegroups unite, they develop something that affects most of our lives. Most of it seems natural to us, but they were decided in closed doors by a group of influential people. Wars, laws, religion, power, knowledge are decided there.

Would you like to be part of one of these groups? You may participate at Clan Conference, where people decide which countries, companies and products will dominate our world. Or you can find yourself among some of the most exceptional people from all around an Order Meeting. If you are faithful person you can go to an Alliance encounter. If you just work hard every day, and believe you don´t need to be exploited go find The Guild

Convention. If you believe you´re a free spirit, and can´t fit anywhere, believe me you´ll find several Solo people all around the world just like you – those you can find at social communities and events all around the world.

Chapter 1 – Alliance Origin

They exist for almost 3.000 years; they´ve changed and gather new people during that time. There´s no one religion, over 400 tribes was created sharing the same beliefs. But there were always a connection linking them all – Faith. Alliance members fight all the time, their main fighting mechanism was arguing. They have a gift to speak as no one else in the world could. For 3.000 years they managed to stay unite, but at the beginning of this millennium some gaps became larger than before.

“Two monks came in our little town to preach. They stayed for a couple of days and gave many speeches. One of them was speaking most eloquently, choosing beautiful words and putting them together in perfect order. Honey was dripping from his mouth and his wonderful sayings caressed our ears. The other monk though was the exact opposite. An uneducated, poor old man, he didn’t have a clue about public speaking. He had a hard time putting his words together and what he was saying didn’t really make any sense. And yet, after the two monks had left, only the words of the latter, the uneducated monk was preserved inside people’s memory. The reason for this is that the eloquent monk was speaking with his brain while the poor old man was

speaking with his heart; therefore, his words penetrated deep inside the people's hearts, warming them and making them peaceful. This strange old man has taught us the magic that lies inside the human soul, the beauty of the human spirit. We are very thankful to him for giving us this most precious lesson." This is the first testimony of the Alliance and it is from 2000 years back. I found it in Iran, former Persia, during my journey around Asia and I have reasons to believe that the old man in the story was Kazemde, the Egyptian sage. He is said to be the founder of the Alliance by passing his wisdom on to his chosen students, although he must have had his own teachers who pointed him in the Way of the spirit; therefore, we may say that the Alliance is even older than that.

For quite some time, I hadn't really been interested in the history of the Alliance. I thought that it did not matter how and where it came from and I was more concerned with the spiritual matters, the struggle for spreading the wisdom to the world, the fight against evil. Serving humanity was all I ever cared for, but 16 years ago, an identity crisis made me question my principles, my dreams. It made me question the existence of the Alliance itself.

For many generations, the members of the Alliance are said to have been dedicating their lives in serving humanity, putting their

personal interests aside. When the 20th century arrived though, the world started changing. It was easy to become greedy, exploit other people, disregard the laws of spirit and serve your egotistical desires. Never before had it been so easy to divert from the righteous path and sell your soul to the devil.

Members of the Alliance, having the ability to talk to people's hearts could quickly win over their trust and submission. Some corrupt members of our noble group saw the opportunity to make a profit for themselves and exploited their naïve followers to gain money and power. This led to conflict among the members which has escalated with time. Twenty years ago, the chasm was getting so wide that I could not understand how this was possible for an organization such as the Alliance; a group with such noble principles, committed to serve the world. Alliance members were supposed to help human beings find their hearts, while they had lost theirs. How could this be possible? Were the ancient teachings really valid? Were our teachers honest with us? Did the Alliance even exist, or was it some alluring fairy tale told to us by our teachers?

I had dedicated my whole life in serving the Alliance and now, when I got chosen to be the group's Grand Master for the next generation I was beginning to question the validity of the whole

thing. I couldn't sleep at night, food didn't taste as good, birds didn't sing as beautifully. The members were expecting me to guide them; how can I guide them when I have lost my way?
This couldn't go on. I had to find answers to my questions. I had to know if the foundations of this organization were strong enough to support it. I had to know if I was dedicating my life to the right cause, if it was really worth it. I had to know if the Alliance was real.

My teachers had told me that the group had its roots in Asia, so I traveled around this mysterious continent, with its steep valleys and lofty mountains, its magnificent sceneries and unforgiving deserts. My quest brought me to some very strange places. Villages unfound in any map, temples hidden up in the mountains, dangerous jungles, marvelous palaces. I searched the ancient books in forgotten libraries, talked to monks about the history of religion, and visited the places the former members of Alliance were documented to have preached. Indeed, my searching led to unexpected results. I found out things I had never imagined and I was amazed by my discoveries. It turns out, that the Alliance not only existed, but its history is a most rich and colorful testimony of the magnificence of the human spirit.

That's why I decided to write about it, so that the new generations may learn from the previous ones.

Chapter 2 – Order Origin

Scholars from all around the world gather to discuss their ideas and combine their knowledge. This society was created over 2.000 years ago somewhere between Asia and Europe. Group of idealists who always thought they have the answer for everything. They have vast collection of books with theories for everything, and they also have a vast knowledge that can´t be found written anywhere. They truly believe science is the key to solve anything. For several years they wrote, spoke and did nothing else about it. But recently some started to say they have to use their knowledge to guide mankind. It all began when…

The old man waited. In fact, he had been waiting for many, many years. He was 109 years old and he should have been dead since long ago, but he couldn't die. Not just yet. Not before he fulfilled his duty. Somebody was coming. The old man sensed his presence. He was coming from far away; he was special. "It's him", the old man thought to himself. At last, the time had come. Now, he could fulfill his destiny and die in peace. A man came in, wearing a red robe, his head was shaved. He kneeled to the old man. "Master, there is…" "Yes, send him in." The stranger was tall and strong. His clothes were worn out and his sandals were

falling apart. He should have been travelling for a long time, encountering many obstacles. His face was hard and soft at the same time, big, kind eyes, and tight lips. It reflected the toughness of a warrior and the tenderness of a poet. “There is royal blood inside you”, the old man said, and “Who are you?” “My name is Callimachus. I am the king of Egypt, I…” “So you want to change the world, huh? You want to make the world a better place? The world is sacred, it cannot be changed. Touch it, and you will ruin it, try to change it and you will rip it apart”. “I do not wish to interfere with nature’s laws”, said Callimachus, “but when people ask for my help I cannot deny it. When people suffer it is my duty to help them, even if I have to sacrifice my life”. “Very well, I know why you’re here. I have been expecting you for a long time”. The old man signaled to his servants.

“Bring the Book”.

The servants came with a big, brown book. It seemed as if the book was thousands of years old; and yet, there was something about it that made it look as if it was indestructible, as if time could not touch it. Callimachus lifted his hands to take it, and for a moment, when he touched it, electricity traversed his whole body. His ears were ringing. This wasn’t an ordinary book. It had a spirit of its own. The book was alive. “This is the Book of Earth”, said the old man. “The roots of human suffering are very deep, deeper than

meets the eye. This book will teach you how to treat the human condition but still, the knowledge of this book is incomplete." "What?" Callimachus was very confused. "I thought all the ancient wisdom was contained in this book".

"That would be convenient, huh?" The old man started laughing and the servants laughed as well. "No, the knowledge is divided into five books, spread across the world. Your journey hasn't come to an end, my dear Callimachus, it has just started.

You have four more Books to gather, and it's not going to be an easy task. But don't worry, I will tell you where the Book Keepers are and how to get there. They all know you are coming.
They are already expecting you." "And what will I do when I get the Books? In what way will I use them to help the world?" "You will not help the world in any way", the old man stunned Callimachus for the second time. "The world is not yet ready to be saved. Such great wisdom cannot be understood by people today. No, Callimachus, you were not born to save the world. Your destiny is to guard the wisdom and pass it on to a successor of your choosing, who will pass it on to another successor, on and on, till a day comes when humanity is ready to be helped. Then the guardians of the Knowledge will step out of the shadows and start taking action."

The next day Callimachus left the temple, and started climbing down the mountain. Yesterday he was a confused man. Today he is a man with a purpose, a man with a destiny to fulfill. He has a mission to complete; a difficult one, yes, but it's worth it. He will travel the world and find the Book Keepers who will entrust him their treasures, accept him as an apprentice and teach him their sciences. And finally, when the time comes for Callimachus to leave and continue on his journey, they will give him the Books.

In India, Deenak the doctor, holding the Book of Water. He will teach him the ancient medicine of his ancestors, medicine that can cure all diseases and help people. He will show him how to modify the body and mind by eating certain foods and regulating the breath. Deenak is a scientist of the human body. His wisdom goes back more than a thousand years and with this knowledge, Callimachus' successors may someday save the world.

In Norway Nomenek, the one-handed ironsmith, scientist and chemist, holding the Book of Fire. He knows how nature functions and by using fire, he molds metals and creates strange devices which do things that man can't; he makes machines. He will teach Callimachus the laws of nature and how to combine and transform

the chemical elements. Nomenek has dedicated his life in studying science and helping human beings. Even when an explosion during an experiment cost him his hand, Nomenek didn't stop his research. His sense of duty made him persevere. Now, Callimachus will receive his knowledge and continue his research, so that Nomenek's sacrifice will not be wasted.

Then he will travel to Africa, to find Boola the shaman, who holds the Book of Wind. From this strange man, who wears colorful clothes and speaks with a singing voice, Callimachus will learn how to communicate with animals and plants. He will learn how to foretell the weather and how to protect oneself from nature's forces.

And finally Greece, where Dalida is expecting him to teach him her wisdom and hand him the final Book, the most important of all the books ever written by man. The Book of Heart. Dalida is a philosopher who studies the human soul. She knows everything about the sources of human unhappiness. She will show Callimachus how to awaken his heart, love all Life and feel happy no matter what obstacles he encounters.

If the other Books contain the knowledge, this Book is the spirit that will guide it to serve a good cause and help humanity. Then, when he goes back to Egypt he will find a worthy young student and teach him the wisdom. This heritage will be passed on from teacher to student, until the day comes when humanity is ready to be saved. Until the day come, when humanity is ready to listen to its heart.

Chapter 3 – Clan Origin

Early, over 3.800 years ago trade was already made by people, cities and civilizations. Men developed vast array of routes to exchange products through Asia, Europe and Africa. During the first Babylonian dynasty of Armorite Kings – King Hammurabi – a small group starts to gather around the same goal. As long as trading was considered an exciting adventure, it was also really dangerous. And theft and robbery were usual.

Sometimes products had to cost 10, 20 times more just to cover what was lost during their travel. They carried everything from barley and wheat to bronze and living animals like sheep and goats. Their main transportation was bare feet, donkeys, carts and primitive rafts. One group then came up with something that would change it. They established a vast amount of settlements throughout its trade route. This way they had always a safe place to stop, and also they had informants everywhere in their route to find out where thieves could be.

This is where Clan begins to exist; at start they had no name. After some time, as a family business started to expand it was clear that

merchants Clan was already in place. This worked for over 1.000 years, but after sometime when new world was found and maritime routes were expanding, it wasn´t safe anymore.

Radhanites Clan members were led to build a small hired army. Clan´s army consisted of a few poor family members that used to help merchants but had no money or part in the business. They were strong and smart, because they were part of the business since its inception, but now they would have a new mission, protect and secure Clan.

“My Prince, my Prince!” screamed the servant as he ran through the golden halls of the Babylonian palace. Belshazzar sat on the floor, deep in meditation, when he heard the shout of his servant. With a self-deprecating sigh, Belshazzar lightly got to his feet and walked through his torch-lit suite of rooms toward the sound of panic. There was constant panic in his life, now. Since his father Nabonidus traveled to the oasis of Tayma to worship the sun god, Sin, Belshazzar’s life had been in constant chaos. He was the serving-ruler of Babylon while his father, the king, was away devoting his life to Sin. The kingdom of Babylon was his responsibility and it was one that sat heavily upon his shoulders. But he would do his father proud; he would do his kingdom proud.

He, nor his father, would live forever, but Belshazzar was working over a plan that would ensure that their mark lived on in this world. When Belshazzar finally made it to the throne room where the servant was already kneeling before the empty throne, he could see the panic in the man's face. He was breathing heavily and sweat coated his brow. The servant kept his face down, but Belshazzar could tell that it was difficult for the man not to yell out what had happened.

Belshazzar sat on the throne in front of the servant, and before he even told the servant to speak, he knew. He knew that he had lost more people. "Speak," he said. "My Prince, the thieves," he spat out quickly. "They – they killed Mognolis and his sons, sire. They were killed while they traveled to the southern territories to deliver the wheat. The goods were stolen and Mognolis and his sons were found butchered by their empty cart." Belshazzar squeezed his eyes shut. He knew Mognolis; he had been a good and honorable man. He nodded to the servant and motioned for him to leave. He could tell that the servant wanted more. He must have known Mognolis personally as well.

And it wasn't that Belshazzar didn't want to do something, but what was he to do? Thieves were rampant along the trails to and from his territories.

What would his father do if he were here, Belshazzar wondered?

His father would want to storm the keep of their enemies – just as he wanted to do. But their enemies were not just one people; they were many and they were spread out. The only thing to do was to devise a way to prevent these types of incidents from happening again. There were many problems with their current means of travel and trade. The first problem was that his people traveled alone. The wheat farmer, for instance, traveled only with his family to trade with another family in another territory. Trade was done more on a personal level for the goods that the family needed. Belshazzar knew that that needed to be changed. They needed a more organized system; but how?

With another sigh, Belshazzar rose from the throne and started walking aimlessly. The halls of the Babylonian palace were lavishly decorated and lit with torches that never burned out. Belshazzar normally admired the beauty of the palace, but today he was too distracted. He knew there had to be a way to fix this problem. And as he walked, he pondered.

Organization was not their only problem. They only delivered to territories under his rule, but why not deliver to more than just

inside his own kingdom? But, even though they only delivered to their own territories, the travel was still hard and very far for those who made the trip. Many of them were barefoot, while some had shoes. Some used carts, some used baskets, and some were even lucky enough to own a donkey to help them pull their load. But thieves did not care who they attacked as long as they got what they wanted.

Belshazzar looked up to find himself on the balcony of the palace that overlooked the city of Babylon. It was a beautiful city, he thought. The market below brought the sweet smells of roasted meat, freshly picked vegetables and fruits, and the smell of freshly baked bread. These were his people, and Belshazzar's first priority needed to be to protect them. Secondly, they needed to organize their means of trade and extend the reaches of their trade. A plan started to formulate in Belshazzar's mind as he looked out over the land from the high balcony of the palace.

He would not stop with his own territories. No, he would extend their routes as far as he could. He would leave his mark on this world. He would make his father proud, and he would make his kingdom the most prosperous in the land. With a deep breath, Belshazzar turned to walk back into the palace. He has work to do.

The next day, he set his plan into motion. He ordered that multiple settlements be set up along the routes to his territories.

In doing this, his people were more protected from the thieves. He also demanded that his people travel in groups to trade their product; this was also another factor in protecting his people and his goods from the thievery in the land. But Belshazzar did not stop with the territories that were close to Babylon. He set up brand new trade routes and trading posts that reached as far as Europe, India, and Persia. In doing this, Belshazzar ensured his kingdom's prosperity as well as his own, and Babylon became the most powerful empire of its time.

Chapter 4 – Bukko´s Faith

In the ancient years, an old man named Kazemde traveled around Asia preaching the Way of the Spirit. Nothing about the identity of this mysterious man is known, only stories about how people who listened to him speaking, came to find inside them magnificent warmth they never knew was there. This strange traveler had the ability to touch people's souls wherever he went. When he spoke, the ancient stories tell, your heart was filled with bliss, your spirit was in peace and you felt that the universe was truly a magical place made by a loving Creator.

All the scriptures I have found and studied, all the sages I have talked to, make the same claim: Kazemde may be the man who pointed humankind to true religion. He may be the first "real" monk in history. The stories about him are quite extraordinary.
One of them, found in the kingdom of Naz Ran 'na reflects the main principle on which Alliance was built: that good is more powerful than evil and that the power of the heart is all pervasive. The story speaks about the time when Kazemde was invited by the sultan to a feast. It was extremely rare for strangers to visit this kingdom: being surrounded by dangerous jungles, wild beasts would quickly attack and eat any poor trespasser. Yet, this fragile,

weak old man had managed to traverse this hazardous man-trap and come to Naz Ran ‘na to preach. The sultan couldn’t believe how this old man had survived from the jungle. Inviting Kazemde to a feast, he planned to test him. He would wait for the moment were everyone was relaxed and having fun and at that moment, he would bring a wild tiger in the room and see how he would react to this. The story, documented by one of the sultan’s servants, goes as follows:

“… The women danced beautifully to the music. Everyone was drinking and having fun and laughing and watching the gorgeous women and wondering what this poor old man would do when the tiger would be brought inside. Suddenly, the sultan gestured the musicians to stop playing and ordered the women out. ‘Bring Vanazar’, he said. Vanazar was the fiercest of the sultan’s tigers; he was considering killing it since the beast wouldn’t obey anyone and had attacked and eaten many of the king’s servants. The tiger was brought inside its cage, roaring and breathing loudly. The sultan ordered Ishini, the kingdom’s greatest warrior to subdue the beast. Calmly, he got into the cage. Just as the wild animal was about to attack, he hit it with his iron stick on the head. The huge cat shrank back and crouched in a corner. ‘Now it’s your turn’ said the sultan to the old man. We were very surprised to see that the monk didn’t even flinch. He was dead calm. Slowly, comfortably, he got up and entered into the cage unarmed. Just as the tiger was about to attack, he lifted his hands and started rubbing its face and

ears. The beast calmed down instantly, purring and rubbing itself against this mysterious man. No one could believe it, yet there it was: the old man was playing with the fiercest of all tigers. He turned to Ishini and said ‘This is how it’s done. No need to hit the poor animal’. Ever since, Vanazar has been very quiet and has never attacked anyone.”

Soon, young seekers from the places Kazemde visited begun following him to be his students. These were people from many different countries, following different religions but with a common goal. They were all seeking to walk the Path of the Heart and Kazemde was the guide that would point them to the Way. Whenever he thought one of his students was ready, he had him settle in one of the places they were visiting to teach the wisdom. Soon, Kazemde’s enlightened disciples were spread across Asia and Eastern Europe.

The Alliance isn’t a religion and the disciples belonged to different dogmas, but they all shared faith that there is a God who made the world with wisdom and that everything in the world is sacred. From Asia, the Alliance progressively spread to Europe on one side, and China, Japan and Korea on the other. Especially in China

and Japan, the teachings of the Alliance were widely accepted from Buddhist monks.

An interesting Chinese member of the group was Bukko, the Zen Buddhist priest. At a very young age, Bukko decided to pursue the Way of spirit. He left his home in pursuit of a temple with accomplished monks to teach him Zen Buddhism. The more temples he visited, the more disappointed he felt. There were no real monks, only stupid old fools who pretended they were living a spiritual life but didn't have a clue about the true Way. After three years of wasting his time he decided it was time to go home. He didn't have money to take a passenger ship though, so he asked a merchant who sold food to take him with his. In exchange, Bukko would help him in all the chores. One day, the ship was at shore, selling its merchandise. A very old man came, shaved head, purple robes. Bukko knew he was a Buddhist monk, and the purple color meant he was at the highest level. "I am a priest and come to buy some mushrooms to make soup for the other priests." "Sure," said Bukko, preparing the mushrooms. "Where is your temple?"

The old man pointed high up at the top of the mountain.
"WHAT!" said Bukko. "But this mountain is so high…and snowy… and you're just an old man! Why did they send you? Aren't there any younger priests to do it?" "This is not their job.

This is my job." "You must be very tired from this journey. You can stay here to rest and go back tomorrow." "No, I need to make the soup today or the others will have nothing to eat." Bukko could still not believe how this old man could accomplish such an amazing feat. "But you are a Master," he said, referring to the purple color of his robe. "Aren't there more important things for you to do, like studying the Scriptures and letting the young ones do the boring chores?" "You don't know much about the Way of the Spirit, do you?" "What do you mean?"

The real wisdom isn't in the Texts. The real wisdom is in everyday life," said the old man, and turned his back and started walking towards the mountain. Bukko knew that he had found what he was looking for. Without looking back, he got off the ship and followed the old priest, who turned out to be a member of the Alliance. What happened next is unknown and I couldn't find any information, but I found that when Bukko was old he was a Master priest at the Buddhist temple at Wudang Mountain. In my journey, I visited this temple and the monks there told me an amazing story about him. When the Mongols invaded China and were sweeping through the country, they came in the temple. All the monks ran in panic but Bukko, who at the time was very old, calmly remained in his seat. A Mongolian soldier came with his sword and was about to cut him down. Bukko recited a poem. "In heaven and

earth, no crack to hide in; Joy to know that man has a soul and everything too has soul! Splendid the great Mongolian Sword—the lightning flash cuts through the spring breeze”

The Mongols were baffled by this old man’s courage. The temple was left alone.

No one could speak like the Alliance’s members could. They had a very special gift and with words they could achieve in an instant what others couldn’t achieve with war in years. When Alliance members spoke your heart was deeply touched. It was a time where these teachings were much needed, and members of the group stretched out across all Asia. It was a matter of time for the Alliance to reach Europe.

Chapter 5 – Dondalya King Warrior

The rocking of the ship normally lulled her to sleep, but not tonight. Dondalya lay motionless on her cot, her eyes wide open and sleep completely evading her. It was the night before battle, and she never slept the night before they go to war. They would meet the enemy on the shores of their land and they would fight to the death. The men they went to fight had pillaged one of the towns under Dondalya and her father's protection.

Dondalya would not tolerate such a thing. She loaded up her men and they set sail toward battle. Most thought that she should be back at her father's palace, living as a princess should. But she would rather fight than lie around like most of the Ladies did.
That was not her at all. She wasn't one to be stuck in a frilly prison with servants meeting her every need. She didn't even dress as a Lady should. She preferred the leather leggings and fur shoals of her fellow warriors to the shift dresses that her father wished she'd wear.

She knew how much her father wished she wouldn't fight, but it was in her blood. He had taught her everything she knew, had

made her into the fierce warrior and leader she was today. Yet then he would ask that she not fight. Why? She knew the answer to that question, though. He didn't want anything to happen to her.

The wooden long ship creaked beneath her, and Dondalya rose up out of bed. She absently looked around her private room, not really seeing any other amenities the room offered. As the princess and the leader of her own army, Dondalya had the only private room on the ship. Furs blanketed the cot and the floor and a fire burned in the clay chimney in the corner. The one window in the room looked out over a black night and an even blacker sea. But Dondalya saw none of it. She was too lost in thought.

She was a fearsome woman, and she would prove to her father that even though she was a woman, she was a capable and fierce leader. And even though she was the only female warrior in her clan or any other, she ruled her men with an iron fist. If there were not on their way to, or in a battle, then they were training for one. She was resilient and power-hungry, determined to prove to her father, who was also her king, that she was capable of ruling his territory when he passed away.

The only other viable choice for leadership was her cousin Vidin, a pompous ass who had never set foot on a battlefield. Dondalya silently snarled at the thought of her lazy cousin ruling her territory. That would happen over dead body. Her father's land was rightfully hers, and she would see to it that her father saw it that way as well. Dondalya visibly startled when a light knock sounded on the door. Shaking her head and taking a moment to redeem her composure, she quietly called, "Enter."

Her first in command, Brocktek, walked in with his head high and his chest out. Brocktek was a fabulous warrior and a competent first in command, but she knew how he saw her. She knew what she looked like. No matter how hard she tried, she could never seem to hide the beauty that her mother passed on to her. Even with the fur and the leather leggings, and even when she braided her hair instead of leaving it loose around her shoulders or braiding it in intricate patterns like the other Ladies did… even then, she could not rid herself of it. Being a woman, she had had to fight harder and faster than any man to gain respect. But being a beautiful woman, she had had to fight even harder and even faster.

She had tried to make it so her men were frightened of her, not enamored by her. But, Brocktek… he had never fully gotten the hint. And even though he was easy on the eyes… Well, she had

more important things to worry about than any man. With that thought she stood, trying to get the upper hand so she didn't have to look so high up. She was five-seven, tall for a woman of her time, but Brocktek – and most of the other warriors she commanded – were still taller than she was. That thought irked Dondalya more than she would have liked to admit. "Yes, Brocktek?" she asked. "Madam Liege," he said, bowing his head. Dondalya had demanded that they call her that instead of Princess. She couldn't stand that title.

"We are approaching their shores," he said. Dondalya could see the anticipation of battle on his face, and was sure that hers mirrored his. Dondalya and her men never fought those that didn't deserve to be defeated. She had won every battle that she had ever commanded, and had helped the towns people get on its feet. She wasn't a cruel woman, but she was power-hungry. She knew that about herself, indulged it even. With power came respect, she thought.

"Ready the men," she said, dismissing him as she turned to her wall of armor and weapons. Her heartbeat thundered in her head and her blood lit with fire. This battle was important. This army had pillaged her territory, and she was not going to stand for it. Winning this battle, against such a formidable enemy, would

ensure her father's respect. The long ship came alive as word of Dondalya's order spread through the ship. The sun started to rise and light poured in through her window to cast an orange glow against her wall of weapons. The long ship anchored and the warriors made their way into the sleeping camp of enemy soldiers. Dondalya was not one to involve innocents in her battles; she always struck an army while they were away from their own territory. As Dondalya led her men along the beach toward the camp, bloodlust swept through her.

The defeat was quick. Bloody, but quick. Dondalya and her men made their way back to their home. When Dondalya arrived and gave word to her father that she had defeated their enemy, her father said the words to her that she had fought so hard to hear.
"As king of this clan I hereby claim you as my true heir, Dondalya. You will be queen." As Dondalya knelt in front of the king, she couldn't help the victorious smirk that spread across her lips. She would be queen!

Chapter 6 – The Guild Origin

Workers all around the world always felt like outsiders. They didn´t own anything, they didn´t believe in anything, and they didn´t have money for much. They just worked 16-18 hours per day in order to get enough to feed their families and spend some at the local tavern.

They didn´t know, but they have something great within – companionship. If anyone had a problem, someone will come forward and help. Sometimes several came forward to help. For more than 500 year they fight as one. But in the new millennium, some started to think different and their thoughts started to ruin this companionship.

"Aaaaaaaarg!" James was rolling down the stairs, bumping his head on the wooden planks, painfully landing on the iron bars. A moment of fear, then the pain started kicking in, then the sadness. For the first time since many years, James was crying. The sound of footsteps from inside the house; the sound was approaching.
"Oh no", he thought to himself and instantly got up to his feet as if his body was a spring. He swiftly wiped the tears from his

cheeks and fixed his clothes. His wife had heard the noise and was coming to see what had happened. She shouldn't see him like this. No, his dignity was all he had. He was the man of the family, the strong one. He was supposed to be taking care of the others, not needing help himself. The door opened. "What happened?" His wife was staring down at him, eyes and mouth wide open, worried. "Oh, nothing, I just tripped and fell from the stairs, I'm so tired I can't even look in front of me", he tried to force a carefree smile. He couldn't make it. "Honey, you've been working for more than 15 hours. In fact you've been working all day for more than two months. Can't you see that it's killing you? You need to get some rest." She led him in the house.

It was an empty house with only a kitchen toilet and two bedrooms. One bed and cupboard for every bedroom, theirs and their son's. A kitchen table with three chairs. Three pictures hanging from the wall: a portrait of James from when he was 20 years old, one of his father and one of Mary's parents. A brown carpet with red and yellow designs. Nothing else. It seemed to be empty and inhospitable but in fact he found it to be quite warm and comfortable. It was his home. "You know very well that working all day is the only way we can keep living in this nice house and have food in our plates." She didn't answer. She knew he was right." Speaking of food", he said, "Something smells nice.

What are you planning to feed me, woman?" He was beginning to cheer up. "Wow, you have a very sensitive nose Mr. Toyce. It took you 15 seconds to realize that your favorite food is waiting for you!" The food was great. Mary was beautiful and his son a good boy. Yeah, they may were poor, but they were living a peaceful life. They loved each other and they were there for one another. Look at all these rich men: wrinkles on their face, angry eyes, and tight lips. Always dissatisfied, always looking for something, never at rest. What do these people want? What do they want from us poor workers? After dinner, James headed to the local tavern to drink a couple of beers with his friends. He wasn't surprised to find them all there. That was the usual case. This time though, something unusual had happened.

"They want to take me to jail! These bloody bastards, I've been working my ass off for them all these years, I've been a slave for so long, and now that I'm claiming my rights they're putting me on trial." Jim's eyes were alternately looking at each one of the men and the bottom of his beer bottle. His voice was loud and trembling. His face was like that of an old bull which had been chasing red flags old day: tired and furious. Mike stood up and his fist hit the table. The smashing sound echoed in the small tavern and all heads turned to look at him. "WHAT!" he roared.

“Who the hell do they think they are. They treat us like dogs, making us work all day for a bone, getting rich by having us do all the hard work and on top of that, they want to put us in jail?” He took a deep breath, his nostrils widened. “I will KILL THEM!” “Wait, wait, and wait.” Stevie was relatively calm. From this group of men, he was the one who drunk less, therefore he was the most sober. “There’re has to be some explanation.

What do you mean ‘claimed your rights’? What exactly did you ask them to do?” “Nothing, Stevie. I just told them that I can’t be working for 16 hours a day anymore.” His voice was trembling once again. “I’m getting old, Stevie. I’m getting weak. I’m supposed to be working in order to survive but my job is killing me. And they called an ungrateful old bastard. They said that not only will they fire me, they will put me on trial for trying to exploit them and do everything they can to put me in jail. Ha!
ME, trying to exploit THEM!” Jim had slumped over the table. He was inhaling loudly, as if crying, but without tears.

James firmly put his hand on Jim’s shoulder. “Don’t be silly my old friend. You know very well that to put you behind bars they have to do the same to all of us. No? He looked around the table, meeting everyone’s eyes. “YES!” they all yelled together. Low decisive rumble voice. Fire coming out of their eyes. “We are all

together in this. We may be poor, but we have companionship. This is our weapon. Remember: we are right, they are wrong. Never forget that. No matter how much you feed a dog, it always comes back for more. If we keep letting them do what they want, soon they'll take everything from us. It's time to claim our rights, get what we deserve. Yes, the time is now. Now or never. Are you all with me?" "YES!" They all stood up laughing, yelled and punched the table. It broke. If each one alone had punched the table nothing would have happened, but when the strength of men is combined for a common cause, strange and wonderful things can happen. The workers had decided to stand up.

Chapter 7 – Suresh Prasad Workers Riot

Mr. Bhagad was trembling head to toe. Tiny drops of sweat were coming out of his funny-looking face. His eyes were red like blood. “No, this can’t be happening,” he said to himself, “this is just a dream. Yes, this is just a stupid nightmare.” So forcefully did he put down to the desk his drink that the glass broke. Obviously, he hadn’t calmed down yet. Obviously he knew very well that this was no dream. It was reality. “No, it’s a dream. Bet that if I pull the curtain, they won’t be there, they never were.” He pulled the curtain. “These cockroaches! These pieces of scum that think they’re human beings. How dare they? Mr. Bhagad, this gentleman, this generous great man has been so kind to allow them to work to his factory. Thanks to him, these ugly dirty monkeys can feed their kids, take care of their wives. It is thanks to him that these cockroaches are alive and now they’re asking for more money? They claim that they can’t work for 15 hours a day anymore? How dare they? They should be working for 20 hours. “I hate cockroaches! What you want from me, huh?
WHAT!” The phone rang.

"WHAT?” His voice was probably heard from miles away.

“Eeeem, I’m sorry to disturb you Mr. Bhagad, it’s Mr. Mupra on the line” “Ohhhh,” his voice became normal again. He took a deep breath. He cleared his throat. “Yes Lilee, give me the line.” “Hello Mr. Mup….” “We have a problem. Come to my office right now.” Mr. Mupra’s office was in the other side of the industrial area, where his brick making factory was situated. Mr. Mupra was the owner of most of the factories and offices in the industrial area. He was a powerful man, a man not to be taken lightly. When Mr. Mupra said there was a problem that meant there was a disaster. Of course, Mr. Bhagad had his own problems right now. The workers of his cotton-processing factory were claiming their rights and had surrounded the factory, with Mr. Bhagad inside! Thank God there was a way to get out from a back door that no one knew about. He told his driver to wait for him there, and off he went. The drive to Mr. Mupra’s office was unbelievable. Every factory they passed by was surrounded by angry, protesting workers. Mr. Bhagad was sweating once again.

“This can’t be happening.” He could never imagine this; not even in his worst nightmare.

Finally, he got to Mr. Mupra’s office. It was on the 17th floor of the building. Soundproofing walls, expensive paintings hanging, doors made of oak tree, floor made of Greek marble. He entered the office. It was white: white walls, white floor, big white table,

chairs, and floor. Only the people that were inside it weren't white. Their faces were red; all their blood had come up to their heads as it seems. They were fidgeting, nervous.

"Sit down Mr. Bhagad," said Mr. Mupra. "I'm sure you know what the problem is. It seems that the workers all around India are protesting and claiming their rights. They ask for stupid things like working for less than 16 hours a day and other nonsense. Of course, we cannot allow that. We were discussing with these gentlemen what we are going to do about it."

Mr. Mupra was the only person in the room who was calm. All the others were nervous and worried, but he was confident. He was the boss. He would figure it out and everything would be alright.

"There is one big cockroach which plays the leader for the other cockroaches. He speaks to them about silly things, like living a better life, dignity, standing up for their rights, securing the future of their children and other stupidities like that. Ha! How does he think these things? Who does he think he is? Anyway, he will change his mind soon, because I have already sent two of my men to take care of him. They are big and they are mean. They will

break his legs and do the same to anyone who tries to stop them. Are you gentlemen ok with that?"

They all started laughing and cheering. When Mr. Mupra's phone rang, they were still smiling and seeming happy. Then, they noticed that as Mr. Mupra was talking on the phone, his face was darkening. He tightened his lips, clenched his hand into a fist. He closed the phone and put it into his pocket, taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly. "Gentlemen, things haven't gone as we expected. It seems that many cockroaches care about this leader cockroach and…and…," he was laughing nervously, trying to expel the tension so that he wouldn't explode, "instead of my men beating the cockroaches, the cockroaches beat my men!
Hahahahahahahahahahahahaha!" His face had turned red. "I guess that we'll have to…" He stopped talking. Loud footsteps outside, approaching. The door opened and his secretary was looking terrified. "Sir, I'm afraid the problem is bigger than we thought. Much, much bigger. It isn't only happening in India. Workers all over the world are united and claiming their rights and in some countries they have already won. They have formed something like a syndicate called "The Guild" and they are
protesting. For the first time in his adult life, Mr. Mupra didn't look very confident. Mr. Deepak's phone rang. He was the owner of a clothing factory and a close friend to the mayor. "It's the

mayor!" he said. As he was talking, his face became dark, then red, then white. He closed the phone with a big sigh. He slumped and looked downwards.

"We lost. The workers have gotten what they wanted. Under their pressure, the government gave in and changed the laws. Now they will be working fewer hours and get more money. We can't do anything about that." Everybody in the room started sighing and fidgeting, white faces, trembling voices. Everybody except Mr. Mupra. They turned and looked at him. Poker face. Not happy, not unhappy. Not nervous, not disappointed. He was… peaceful. He was serious. He looked at the men in the room and they noticed a sly little smile forming in his mouth. A tiny, evil smile. "Gentlemen, please don't be discouraged. The Guild has won the battle, but it hasn't won the war. No, there are many more battles to take place. We won't let these cockroaches get what they deserve. We need them to live like slaves so that we can live like kings, yes? So, they want war? War is what they'll get. Us against the Guild. The fun has just begun." Mr. Mupra seemed confident once again.

Chapter 8 – Zhu Grand Master

“Oh no, my dad’s going to kill me!” Zhu run with his bicycle as fast as he could. “I shouldn’t stay to play that stupid game of chess! Now I’m so late and my dad will worry”. He was out of breath, yet he run even faster. “I hope he doesn’t get too worried. He’s so sick, if he gets worse…” No, Zhu didn’t want to think about it. He focused on thinking about his future.

“Now that I’m 24, it’s time to stop working at the Railroad Company with my father and pursue my dreams. I will travel all around Asia to study the sciences and become a great scholar. Then, I will return to Lanzhou and become a teacher, so that I educate the children and help them become good and responsible citizens.” With all this thinking and dreaming about his journey, he didn’t even realize how fast he got to Lanzhou and reached his home.

His father was in bed; he seemed very weak. “Father, I’m sorry I’m late, it’s just that…” “Oh, you’re a big boy now. I can’t control you anymore. It’s time you live your own life.” “Father, I will travel around Asia. I want to become a great scholar and teach the

children in our community. Nothing else matters to me." "Yes, I understand. You are very smart and this small village cannot allow you to grow. You are a man now. You live your life as you choose".

Three days later, after he took care of his unfinished business, Zhu left to his journey. He travelled west, not knowing what he was looking for, not knowing where he was going. He had read many books about the countries of Asia and the places he would visit, but most of the times; reality was much different than what the books had said.

So Zhu travelled. He travelled for days, weeks, months; he had lost track of time. He passed from many villages, many cities, and many countries. He met and talked to the peasants, he studied the books in the big libraries, and he held conversations with artists. He travelled for years, and greatly expanded his knowledge, but he never found something really special. But indeed, something did change inside him; his heart had opened up, his spirit had awakened. In his travels, he met many sick people with strange, incurable diseases. He saw people suffering, people losing their loved ones, people dying. He pondered deeply about these things. Why do humans need to suffer? How can this situation change?

How can science help this condition? He met many evil people as well. People who hurt others. People, who killed, robbed, enslaved and exploited others. People, who didn't care about the Earth which nourished them, didn't care about other people, animals and plants that lived in the same world as they did. What is it that makes a person good and another bad? Why does a person loves others, when another hates them? Why is it that some people live in palaces while others can hardly survive?

He saw people struck by hurricanes, earthquakes and floods. Man, who treats himself as somebody so special, is absolutely helpless against the forces of nature. He has invented so many devices, made so many discoveries, but at any moment, a sudden earthquake can come and destroy all that. How can science help man?

Thinking about these questions and many more, one day he arrived to Egypt. "This last country and then I'll return to China", he said to himself. All these years, even though he expanded his knowledge greatly, he didn't really learn anything special. "I have always dreamed of being a great scholar. Now I have succeeded, but what's the point? All this knowledge is interesting, but can it really help humanity?" The Royal Library of Alexandria had long

been burnt, but Zhu knew very well from the books he had read, that there were other less major libraries but still, they had some great documents. “This is my last chance to find the wisdom I have been looking for. If I fail, I will go back to China and stay there forever. He visited some of these libraries, and indeed, they had some interesting books. He also met some scholars, who were quite impressed by Zhu’s breadth of knowledge. “Zhu, it’s as if you have a library inside your head! How do you do that? You are interested in everything! You remind us of Dora, an old man who lives in a hut up in the mountains. He used to be a scientist but now he’s retired. You should go and meet him.” Zhu found the proposition interesting and after getting instructions on how to find the old man, off he went.

When he arrived outside the old man’s hut, it was already dark. He knocked the door. The old man opened and invited Zhu inside. Zhu, as a Chinese traveler in Egypt, was receiving lots of weird looks wherever he went. People must have found him very strange, but Dora was very comfortable when he saw him at his doorstep. So comfortable that you could think he was expecting him… It was the light that grabbed Zhu’s attention first. It was coming from a little glass ball but there wasn’t any fire inside. Just “something” that emanated light. “Oh, that’s electricity. You

didn't know anything about that, huh!" Dora laughed playfully. The two men sat down and talked about science for many hours.

Zhu was amazed with Dora's knowledge. He knew everything! In three hours, Zhu learned from him more than he had learnt all these years from books. And Dora seemed to like him. During the conversation, Zhu felt that he was being tested; he couldn't tell what kind of test exactly that was, but Dora wasn't asking him many things about science. He was more interested in Zhu's character and his dreams about the future. When he heard that Zhu intended to become a teacher, and that his way of contributing to society would be to make the children better people, he was particularly pleased. "Zhu", he said, "have you ever heard of Callimachus?" "I think he was a king of Egypt about 1000 years ago. He was a scholar and a poet." "Yes, yes, very well! But he also was the teacher of the teacher, on and on, of my teacher."

"What kind of teacher Dora?" "A science teacher. But not the sciences that you find in books. The other, the secret sciences". Zhu gulped. He knew that Dora was serious. He knew that Dora was about to tell him something important. "You are a good man. You genuinely care and wish to help humanity. I'm very glad that you found me. Now you will join the Order. This is your destiny."

“What is Order, Dora?" “What if I told you there are answers to all of your questions?” As he spoke he got up and brought a big, brown book. ”What if I told you there’s a group of people possessing great knowledge? That these people are waiting for the right time to step out of the shadows and take action?”

He threw the book into Zhu’s lap. Zhu instantly felt electrocuted. His heart was beating like a war drum. “What if I told you that you’re going to become part of this society and that one day, when I die, you will become its Grand Master?” Zhu opened the book. He turned a few pages, then a few others, and then he stopped. Tears running down his eyes. All these years. All these failures. All these disappointments. He was so close to abandoning his quest. So close to abandoning his dreams. But now he was here. Now he found it. What he was looking for. What he needed. What he wanted. He looked outside the window. It was a quiet night. The moon was shining. A light breeze blew through the leaves. Yes, it was a beautiful night. Zhu was now a member of the Order.

Chapter 9 – Rossi´s Tradition

Medieval Europe was a very strange place and corruption among members of the Church was huge. Crusades were organized to pillage eastern countries “in the name of God”. Indulgences were sold, so it didn’t matter what sins you were guilty off: you could pay the Church and be sure you’d go to heaven. Women were accused as witches and burned in fire. And whoever disagreed with this rotten regime was tortured to death.

Obviously, at a time when the Church was so corrupted and priests were only interested in exploiting people’s faith to make money, men who preached about real Faith, matters of the heart and the Way of the Spirit were considered extremely dangerous. Many members of the Alliance were captured and killed with horrible tortures. Accusing them as heretics that were against the Holy Scriptures, the Church hunted down the members of the group. It was an awful cancer that was killing the Alliance members one by one.

My grandfather Giuseppe has told me that many members of our family were killed by the Church, and that his great grandfather

had to leave Vatican to save his life and ensure that the family name isn't extinguished. He settled in a Greek island, changed his name and worked as a farmer. Everyone thought he was a poor Italian guy who had lost his fortune while playing cards, and that he was just a stupid farmer with no dreams and goals.

That's what he made them believe. He was working all day, drinking and pretending he didn't care about anything, but when the night came, he would gather his sons and pass on to them the teachings of the Alliance. He pointed them to the Way of the Spirit, taught them how to use words to touch people's hearts, made them swear to dedicate their lives in serving humanity. He warned them that to be a member of the Alliance was a great responsibility and that their acts would shape the world. They should stay in the island, make families there, teach the ways of the Alliance to their sons and when the time was right, go back to the Vatican and revive this dying tradition.

He made it clear to them that the future of the Alliance was in their hands, and that if something happened to them the tradition would die forever and evil would rule over the world. So thanks to my great-great-great grandfather, Guillermo Rossi, this wonderful man, the Alliance managed to survive at such hard times. After

seventy years, the Church believed that all the members of the group were found and killed, so it stopped searching. By that time Guillermo had died from old age but his son, Giuseppe, whose name I carry, moved back to Vatican and started spreading true Faith again. The black night was over and a new day was beginning.

By that time, the Church had killed all the members. But the teachings were alive inside Giuseppe's soul. He understood that times were different now and established a new rule for the Rossi family. From now on, in every generation one child would be chosen and dedicate his life fully to religion. The rest could go on and live ordinary lives so that the Rossi family wouldn't arouse any suspicion. Slowly, steadily, the tradition begun to expand once again; the Rossi's were accepting students, teaching them true Faith and then sending them away to spread the tradition to other countries. By mid-19th century, it was just like the ancient times and the Alliance was all over the world, a beam of light piercing through darkness. But the more the light, the more the shadows, and the Alliance would have one bigger challenge to face; this time from within.

The 20th century came and it brought the industrial revolution, technology, green dollars, red communism, cold wars, hot

opportunities to exploit people and benefit. Many members who had not yet reached enlightenment felt prey to greed and temptations. As Alliance members, they had the ability to make people believe in them and obey them. Black priests wearing golden rings and raising funds through TV, white businessmen wearing priest's clothes and using their status to get power; cancer was beginning eating the Rossi's vision. As years passed, conflicts among the members of our noble group arose. You didn't know who to trust. You couldn't tell who was bad and who was good. At these sad times, I, Giuseppe Rossi the fifth was chosen to be the family member who would dedicate his life to religion.

I was given the responsibility to look after the group and preserve the tradition for the future generations. But the Alliance was beginning to look like the mythical snake which ate its own self. The danger that threatened the group wasn't coming from the outside anymore. This time the threat was coming from the inside. I could never have expected that the last conference of the Alliance would be like this; the atmosphere was electrified and the discord among the members was so great, it left a sick feeling in my stomach. Everybody was shouting and accusing each other. I could sense that someone was feeling satisfied with this situation but I couldn't tell who. Someone wanted to destroy the Alliance by making its members hate each other.

This beautiful tradition; all it ever wanted was to help people and show them the way of happiness. Its founders had never harmed anyone. Kazemde was offered many treasures but denied all that and chose to travel around the world as a beggar to preach and serve people. My family was exiled and many members sacrificed their lives so that the teachings could survive. I remembered the words of my grandfather when he was teaching me about courage – “Even when you face certain death, die laughing.” No, I wasn’t afraid of dying, but I was afraid that this wonderful tradition would not survive. Not without my help. But what could I do? The discord in the room was growing more intense and the shouting became louder. Feeling sick in the stomach, I went outside to get some air. The wind blew dry and cold. The birds had stopped singing. I looked up in the sky. Menacing black clouds were surrounding the sun, which was gasping for air, struggling to shine through this morbid, deathly mass. It was getting dark.

Chapter 10 – Kim Taylor New Era

Kim looked in the mirror and took a deep breath. This was it. This was the day that all her hard work would pay off. With this one meeting her entire life would change. And she deserved a change. She had scraped and clawed her way to where she was. She had fought through the competition to become the very best. And she was the best. Kim quickly re-applied her lipstick before smoothing down the jacket of her suit. She had worked so hard to get to this point. She had received her MBA at an Ivy League school, and had worked her way up the company ranks. She had given up all relationships to get to this point. She had given up all semblance of a social life to get to this point… and she would do it all again, she thought.

All of her hard work rested on this one moment. If she got this account, if she landed this international super-client, then she would officially be made a partner in the company. She had worked day and night as a junior partner in one of the largest and most prestigious investment banking companies in the world, and it all came down to this. If she succeeded, is she accomplished this one task, then she would be the youngest woman to ever get partner at any investment banking company. Ever.

Taking one more look in the mirror, Kim Taylor raised her chin and turned to walk out the bathroom door. Kim glanced around the opulent lobby with its high cathedral ceilings and lavish furnishings. Yes… this is what she had strived for all those years. This is what she deserved. Striding through the lobby with confident steps that clinked with the sound of her heels on the marble floor, Kim thought back to all the years that she had clawed her way up the company ladder. Yes, she had run over some people on her way up, but as Darwin would say: Only the strongest of the strong survive. And so she had been the strongest. Envy practically tinged the air as she strode through the rows of cubicles and offices to the executive elevator at the back of the main office. She could see it on the faces of her colleagues, sense it in the way they glared at her when she wasn't looking and then quickly averted their faces when she tried to catch their vengeful eye. She wasn't cruel or vindictive by any means, but Kim had to admit… she would do practically anything to make it to the top. And she pretty much had.

Long sleepless nights in her office and several years of grueling classes at an Ivy League university proved it. And so here she was. Everything was coming to a head. She was now at the pinnacle point in her career. With her head held high and her nose in the air, Kim pushed the button for the executive elevator. The gold reflective surface opened up to the polished black marble elevator. She had never once been in this elevator. Only the partners were allowed to take this elevator, and its only stop was to the top floor of the thirty story building. Her meeting with Mr. Kimoshi was on the penthouse level. She had worked for nearly a

year to land this deal, until she finally convinced Mr. Kimoshi to fly to Manhattan to have a final face to face meeting. When the senior partners had found out about Mr. Kimoshi and his potential three billion dollar investment, they had offered her a full partnership on the spot. If she managed to pull it off, that is.

The ding of the elevator startled her, but Kim's face was a completely serene mask by the time the doors opened to reveal the penthouse offices. Pasting a smile on her face, Kim struggled to step out of the elevator. Clenching her hands in tight fists, Kim did her best not to let her nervousness show. This was hers. This deal was hers. She wouldn't blow it. Besides, it was a no-brainer. She had prepped and coddled Mr. Kimoshi for nearly a year. It was time to go in for the kill and land this deal.

With that thought reverberating in her head, Kim confidently strode through the waiting room that lined with windows on three sides that faced New York's skyline. The furniture here was even more lush and extravagant than the main lobby. With Tiffany lamps on every table and the 'World's Most Expensive Sofa' winner that cost her boss over $450,000, the lobby represented everything Kim wanted. Power. Money. Respect. The senior partner definitely had those. There were even rumors that said the senior partner's desk chair was bought for three million dollars.

Kim couldn't help but pine for that amount of money. But she knew, without a doubt, that she was made for greatness, for success. She had never been like a normal girl, or a normal woman for that matter. She didn't want to find a guy, she wanted to attain power. And as Kim walked through the wooden doors lined with real gold and made of Carpathian Elm, she knew that this was her moment.

And it was, indeed, Kim's moment. She did land that deal and became a senior partner in the most prestigious investment banking companies in the world. She spent the next ten years rising in the executive world until she became the richest woman in the world in 2010. She broke out on her own and created a company even more prestigious than the one she rose to the top in, and there were rumors that she currently owns the most expensive desk chair in the world. Kim Taylor, Dondalya, and Belshazzar are all prime examples of what it is to be in the Clan group. They were power-seekers who craved success, money, and recognition. They were proof that seeking power and money – and attaining them, are two very different things.

Chapter 11 – Bob Montross - Seven Days

Robert Montross turned the TV on. “Good evening ladies and gentlemen, this is the 9 o’clock news. We’ll begin with last night’s killings…” “…genetically enhanced plants, animals being fed with hormones…” “The stock market is in panic. The biggest recession in man’s history is on the horizon…” “…millions die every year from cancer and…” “The members of the street gang started shooting everyone…” “…governments haven’t arrived to agreement; the discussions on mutual nuclear weapons disarming have been turned down by all parties…” “… and the future seems darker than ever.”

“What’s the matter honey? You look disappointed.” ”Uhhhhhh, nothing…” “Come on tell me, what’s bothering you?” “It’s just that… they’re not ready, baby. They’re not ready. I wish they were, but they’re not”. “What do you mean? Is it something about this secret society of yours?” “This ‘secret society’ that you’re talking about is more than 2,000 years old. It wasn’t meant to hide itself in the shadows, it was meant to bring light to the world. But 2,000 years have passed, and the Order is still hiding, because people aren’t ready.” “And how do you know they’re not ready? You think that you’re the only smart guy around here?” She threw

herself on his lap and started tickling and pinching him “Oh, Mr. smarty pants! He’s such a great scholar; people aren’t ready for this wisdom of his! The big Grand Master is smarter than them!”

He wasn’t laughing. “Do you honestly believe that people are ready?” “Honey, it doesn’t matter if they’re ready or not. What matters is that they need your help. They really need you. I have never told you my feelings on this, because I always trusted you to take the right decisions. Now that you’re asking me though, I’m telling you my opinion. People need you.”

Robert didn’t sleep very well that night. That was unusual; he always slept well. But what if she was right? What if it really was time to act? His teacher had told him to wait for the right moment before he started acting; he had told him that timing was most important and that only when people were ready should he step into the spotlight. But his teacher couldn’t predict what would happen in the future. He had died many years ago, but now, in the year 2011, things were much worse than what he could have expected.

Yes, people weren’t really ready, but if Robert waited any longer, it could be too late. The Law of the Order stated you should wait

till humanity matures, but the Law couldn't anticipate that a time would come where the world would be in great need. The economic system was collapsing. Millions of people were dying from hunger and thirst. It was supposed to be a democratic society, but the laws, being made from corrupt people were wrong, bringing misery to the weak and unfortunate. The environmental pollution was so great, that even with the knowledge of the Books it would be hard to make things the way they were.

Man had hurt the environment so much that nature was beginning to take revenge; tsunamis, hurricanes, floods, harmful rays from the sun causing skin cancer, animal extinction, infertile ground and other misfortunes. New diseases had emerged; diseases that didn't exist in the previous centuries. People were beginning to get crazy, killing each other. Modern science, which had done many great discoveries, had also made abominations; nuclear bombs, clones, machines that pollute the environment, weapons, drugs. Who was going to save the people from all this? How could he expect that people would ever be ready? They did not care about tomorrow anymore; they all believed that the world was about to be destroyed; they believed there was no tomorrow. Yes, he could see it now. He could see it very clearly. He should act now. If he waited any longer, it would be too late. He got up and walked to the computer. He typed a message. Four different people received

the same text. They read it, and then erased it. These four people were very different from each other, living in different countries, practicing different professions. That night, when they read the text Robert had sent them, they all smiled.

The message had said: “Seven days from now. Same place. This time bring the Books”. At that moment the decision was made. The time had come for the Order to step out of the shadows.

Chapter 12 – Ben Martin´s Five More

“Ben, there are some people here. They want to talk to you.” Ben was walking like a drunken guy. His eyes were red and half open, with black circles underneath. He was slumping and if you got near him, you would suggest him to take a bath right now. “You are kidding, right? For the past 2 weeks I’ve hardly gotten any sleep at all. For four days I’ve been fighting with the city mayor and working hard to protect our rights. For God’s sake, I battled with the Law itself and managed to win. Have you any idea how difficult and consuming that was? And after I’ve finished, I had to drive all around Australia with my truck for 10 days and now I’m going to sleep. Tell them to come back in three days and wake me up then.” “I’m a truck driver too, son. I know you’re tired, no need to tell me. But you don’t understand. These are special people. They’re people you want to talk to.” Big Ben could tell when his father was serious.

“Ok, ok.” He got to the living room. Three men were sitting next to each other. They were wearing suits and expensive shoes, yet their faces and hands clearly revealed that they were workers, or at least had been for a big portion of their lives, since they seemed pretty old.

Though their posture suggested that they were strong and confident men, their faces, especially their eyes were full of warmth and kindness. The one who was sitting in the middle, and seemed to be the leader, started speaking: “Hello, Ben. Wow, I knew that your nickname was Big Ben but now I can see why.” Ben smiled. He was a real giant, and a strong one, too.

”Anyway, I see you’re very tired from working long hours. Trust me, I know very well how that feels and we don’t want to disturb you.” “Ok, no problem, but you seem to know who I am while I know nothing about you.” “We come from Europe. We belong to an organization that helps workers to live like real humans and establish their rights. So what does it have to do with you? I’ll be straight with you Ben, for so many years you have fought for the workers’ rights and you know very well that all Australia loves you. You know very well that you are their leader, and all the workers will follow you and do what you tell them. What you don’t know, Ben, is that after your battle with Melbourne’s mayor, your fame exceeded Australia. While you were travelling with your truck the TV was speaking about your feats all over the world. Workers all over are inspired by you; they finally feel that they may have real hope to win the battle against injustice and live the life they deserve.”

“Wow, I didn’t know anything about that. I realized that my fight against the mayor was a big deal, but I didn’t do it for fame. I was obligated to protect the workers’ rights. This is the only thing that matters to me.” “I believe you Ben. In fact, this is the reason why we’re here. The organization we belong to is called “The Guild”. Do you know anything about that? Ben gulped, his eyes wide open, his posture erect like an electricity pole. He suddenly forgot he was tired. Of course he knew about the Guild. He knew everything about it. The Guild was the biggest worker syndicate in history. It was the reason why capitalists, corporate executives, bankers and corrupt politicians couldn’t sleep at night.

“Yes, I know that the Guild is serving a good cause, but since the last two years, there’s conflict among its members and it seems to escalate. If the situation continues like this, the organization will have some serious trouble.” “Excellent!” said the man in the suit, and the others seemed pleased as well. “I see you are well informed about us. Ben you have to understand: the reason the Guild is strong is because it helps workers all over the world stay united. Companionship is our weapon. Without it we are nothing, all our struggles are wasted. The reason why gaps have arose, is that people are beginning to be pessimistic. They don’t really believe they can make a difference. They think they’re too weak. But two weeks ago, they saw on TV a big, strong man; in body as

well as in character. A man who although is a poor worker, is not afraid to battle a mayor of a big city and who actually wins! You know where I'm taking it, right?"

He nodded his head. He knew very well. "We need you Ben. We want you to lead the Guild. It is about to fall apart, now is our last chance. It's our last chance to get justice, Ben, do you understand that? It's now or never. So what do you say?" Ben didn't even think about it. He just took a deep breath, his eyes were dead serious. "I'll do it. I'll lead the Guild. I will never give up until the workers are treated as normal people. This is my dream, and I've decided to spend my life pursuing it." The man in the suit got up, approached Ben and gave him his hand. Ben grabbed it.

"One more thing," he said, "I need five more men to help me with my mission. I don't know who they are, but I will find five special men who are honest and worthy, and I will put them by my side. Is that Ok with you?" They shook hands. The three men left to let Ben rest. Later they would talk more about it. Until yesterday, Ben was responsible for the workers' rights in Australia. Now, he is responsible for the whole world. "Good," he said to himself. "Now that I am in charge, we may win, after all." A satisfied smile appeared on his face. That night he had the best sleep ever. He

didn’t waste any time and starting making plans in his dreams. When we woke up he already knew what needed to be done. It was time for action.

Chapter 13 – Solo Origin

Some say they´re not a group. And for most part they were right. Usually Solo people don´t congregate and don´t think alike. Just imagine people who have money, have education, have good cultural background, but don´t want to be a part of anything.
Their motto could be “living my life”.

Some people may think like traders, people of faith, workers. But they won´t spend a single second of their lives being part of this movements. At least this is what their thought until the beginning of this millennium.

When they started to feel that the world may come apart, mainly because of the fight and differences among the other four groups, they knew was their play. This group was formed only recently through Social Media and Internet. They didn´t think of how many people were similar to them, but for sure it´s way more than they have imagined. They are not alone! They can really make a difference!

Chapter 14 - Characters

Kim Taylor

Kim was born in Brooklyn mid 70's in a traditional middle class family. During her studying years found out that she wanted more. After years of dedication, she was accepted at an Ivy League school, and right after hired by a big investment bank mid-90s. Instead of spending all her bonuses during the great years of Wall Street, she kept most. As soon as the bubble explodes, she had the money to invest. During the 2000 and 2008 crisis she became richer that anyone can taught, she's now the richest woman in the world and one of the top 10 richest people all around the world. But she wants more, and after adding money, she decided to gather more power. Founding CLAN, and gathering rich people all over the world, she now that she can do more. Even more than the president of United States, NATO and UN. Kim's main transportation? Her private jet, the only way she can manage all her business while traveling around the world.

Zhu

Zhu was born in Lanzhou, China. And he was very lucky to be born in one of China most diverse regions, capital of Gansu and

key regional transportation hub. His father worked at the Railroad Company, and Zhu couldn't be left alone at his parents' house. So everyday Zhu was brought to work along his father. Very curious and Interacting with people from all around China, Soviet Union and many others Zhu started to learn stories told by everyone. He was always collecting books and objects found everywhere. He was a fast learner and was able to learn how to read and write both Chinese and Cyrillic. When he was fourteen, his father let he travel all around the country. At age of 24 he knew all China's provinces. In the following years he managed to learn several languages, and travel all around Asia. Today he's a prominent teacher at Shaanxi Province in China. With all his knowledge and experience he started at Order since he was 30, and now at the age of 54 he became the Grand Master of Order.

Benjamin "Big Ben" Martin

Ben's first toy was a truck. He was born in a truck driving family. All his relatives were used to travel among the big regions of Australia spending most of his lives between Australia's West and East coasts. Ben started travelling with his father and uncle at the age of 6, and kept travelling all his life. Martin family was founded the local union and were among the leaders in the city for truck driver rights. Ben was a great driver, and also a great leader, and he was known all across Australia at the age of 21 After 10 years

of hard working and talking, Ben was called to lead The Guild, the world's largest worker organization. Although he's one of the biggest and hard worker guys everywhere, he needs help. Now he's looking for 5 more guys to help him lead The Guild.

Radhika Mahindra

Radhika was born in a traditional secular family of Gurus. She was always near a study room, or Guru Discussion about religion. She was married at the age of 12, but after her marriage she had even more time to study. Her husband was always travelling around the country, and as long as she was unable to have kids, she was always alone. After over 25 years of study Radhika became Neta, spiritual leader in India. Alliance members all over the world gather for the first time in years in 2010 and elected Neta as their primary leader to conduct religious matters all over the world. She has a deep knowledge of every religion in the world, and her respect and homage to everyone was fundamental to her election. Now she began another challenge. Lead Alliance through challenging times.

Vanessa "Morena" Pereira

Vanessa comes from a poor family living out of Favela (shanty town) in Rio de Janeiro Brazil. She never knew her father, and was

raised by a single mother working as housekeeper for rich families. She was always surrounded by drug lords and corrupt politics. To survive she knew, she must develop a sixth sense above her peers. From her elementary college, only 3 friends are still alive. She is a beautiful and smart "morena" being an amazing samba dancer and average actress. Despite of her early years she develops a great sense of justice, and engaged several riots in Brazil to defend people's interest. She truly believes that there's no good politician, and people should be in charge of their own lives. She doesn't believe in anyone, but through Internet Ages, she started to talk to people all over the world and found several with the same ideology. She doesn't have a group yet, but its sole members are starting to gather for a common goal: establish anarchy everywhere.

Belshazzar

Although he may be one of the most relevant characters in our history, Belshazzar also left little information. All we know that he's considered by everyone as the founding father of Clan. During Hammurabi reign over Babylonian he established the main commercial routes known to mankind. As he was very fond of the king, he was able to get favors and start business as we know today. But they knew that this kingdom won't last forever and mainly that this king won't last. So Belshazzar main work was to

group a solid number of people towards a single goal - create first organized merchant body.

James Baker

Born in Manchester, James always was a handy man. He was capable of doing most things with his hands, and one of the things he did the most was fighting. although he was a known bright smith in Manchester, he was always fighting in pubs across the city. One time, city judge decided that James was not going to change, and the only solution for him was to be sent to a new land Western Australia. And probably the judge was right. Among several others in Australia James with his great skills and strong leadership gather a lot of people to start working and created a sense of community. After 10 years living in Australia, he had a close group of friends known as The Guild. The most respected and hardworking guys south of Equator. James Baker was then invited to go back to England, but he refused, and stayed and organizes people through Australia to create one of the most united hand forces all over the world. Some of his friends and colleagues were sent back to UK, to America, India, and other countries to spread the word and look for similar people. Although James never left Australia again he was named the first world leader of The Guild. His stories are told all around the world.

Ebenezer Chazak

Ebenezer worked for several clan members, mainly cleaning up and taking care of their horses. His family worked for Clan members and he was always known as leader for every worker, he had true values and was an honorable man.

When things started to get dangerous, Clan members decided to initiate a special security force, and there were no one more qualified than Ebenezer Chazak. He promptly accepted the invitation and gather some of the his trusted colleagues to create Sod - special security force in charge of taking care of Clan members and their possession.

Yeeun Lee

Yeeun was born in Ulsan, city known for one of the most developed ports in South Korea. She always was connected to nature, primarily due to her first visit to Zoo Topia at everland. After that she knew that nature was her thing. Yeeun is very shy in person but using internet she lost her fear and started to connect to several people with related interests. At one social network she

met people with similar interest and started to connect. She´s not affiliated to any group but she definitely has some strong opinions about everything. Worried with its country destiny, Yeeun started talking to people. She expects to change people's destiny. At least try to reunite her family.

Kazemde

Kazemde was born in Egypt during Roman Empire. He knew people from all around the world several African tribes, Greeks, Romans, Jews, and that helped him to understand other people. Although he often disagreed with most, he always likes to discuss religion. After some time he understood that even having so many discrepancy among their beliefs they shared something - Faith.

He also discovers that religious people can have a lot in common, sometimes much more that people from the same ethnic and religion. With that in mind he was able to congregate at secret meetings. This group was formed by people from all existent religious groups, and they named themselves Alliance. Kazemde loved to discuss but he was able to do something we never knew was possible to do.

Callimachus

Ptolemaic Kingdom in Egypt early 200 BC, was blossoming in religion, culture and lives among different people. At that time, curious people could learn and study several cultures. At that time Royal Library of Alexandria was built and information flew. It was far from what we have today, but it had no similar time until the Internet era.

Callimachus was born during this time, his knowledge and ability to browse through that amount of information helped him write hundreds of books. At that time he had the opportunity to meet several people from around the world and the ability to gather knowledge and spread ideas that are kept until our days. Library was burned down by Julius Caesar. But some of Callimachus most important documents were not there. His work was far ahead of his time, and his knowledge is still the baseline of Order beliefs.

Javier Calo

Javier Calo (born November 5, 1986, in Rouen) is a French professional basketball player, currently playing for Rouen Team. He plays the position of power forward and center. Javier Calo was born to a Beninese father who helped other Africans immigrate to France and a Jamaican mother who taught preschool. Javier Calo preferred playing soccer as a child along with his older brother, but eventually switched to playing basketball. He was 6

feet tall when he was 14 years old. He also played some volleyball. Javier Calo made his impression on scouts at the 2004 Under-18 European Championships in Spain. It was there that he first caught the attention of international scouts, including San Antonio Spurs scout Sam Presti. In 2006, he became of the Most Valuable Player and later became coach in a certain basketball league in his hometown. Rouen Mayor donates money and approved to build an official basketball court to where Javier Carlo can teach his fellowmen the basketball game.

Fernando Aquino

Fernando Aquino, Filipino statesman. A member of the influential Aquino family of Iloilo. Fernando was born on April 13, 1964 in Iloilo City, Iloilo to Benito Aquino and Presentacion Hofilena. The Aquino family was the richest and influential family in the province. Fernando Aquino studied high school at San Juan de Letran College, finishing in 1981. He then studied law in the University of Santo Tomas, earning his Bachelor of Laws degree in 1990. After passing the bar examinations, he did not go into private practice but helped his older brother manage the family business. Fernando Aquino was among of the Chief Executive of Iloilo College and the FEATI University in Manila. In 1995, with no prior political experience, Fernando became the Mayor of his town. During his term as a Mayor, he sponsored social and labor

legislations. He was known for his writing skills and later published his own books that inspired many Filipinos people specially the young ones.

Eren Ozbek

Eren was born in Ankara, from a traditional family of university teachers. From the beginning he had access to more information than anyone his age could absorb. When he was 18 everyone thought he was going to follow family tradition. But despite the fact he tend to be a great academic teacher, he found his path through Faith. He opens a new center in Ankara of religious studies, where every religion and faith of the world could be studied, learned, taught. Dina Munzal - is now the home for several academic students, which want to expand its academic experience to religion. Eren was visited by an Indian woman one day. Later he found out that he was being analyzed to be part of an Alliance that unite follower all around the world.

Ibrahim Tanyi

Ibrahim was born in Tangier - Morocco, and he had the opportunity to know several cultures: Spanish, English and Arab. Despite the fact he had several friends, he always felt as an

outsider, until he started to find some similar individuals and started to congregate with them.

He is now the head of a cultural movement starting at North Africa. His knowledge made him famous all over the world. So famous, that a small Chinese man came to know him - Zhu. He was a very simple, but you could see him from a big distance. He was a brilliant man, and soon Ibrahim will receive some of his knowledge, and maybe someday be as brilliant as his master.

Dominick Nonkululeko

Dominick was discovered in his school at an essay contest. His writing about our society was published in several newspapers. After he finished school he moved to Cape Town to study in one of the top universities in the country. His understanding and knowledge about culture, and human sciences made him known among scholars all around the world. After his first speech at famous French university he was invited by Zhu to be part of Order. At that moment he knew his life would never be the same.

Avis Vankirk

Avis Vankirk better known by his nickname Ey-Van was born on October 4, 1977 Gothenburg, Sweden to Rolph Vankirk and

Carina G. but later moved to Sunne, a village in the province of Vormland. His parents - both architects - contributed to his big interests in design, he studied economics and multimedia, and had the dream of being a graphic designer, but in the end music became his main focus. As a teenager he moved to Karlstad and later, as an exchange student in Minneapolis, USA. He took up skiing as a hobby and was for a while a semi-professional snowboarder. Back in Sweden he combined studies with jobs in a record shop and as nightclub croupier.

Giuseppe Rossi

Peppi currently lives in one of the most exclusive places on earth - Vatican. He’s among one of few than 1.000 people who currently live at Vatican City. His family is a traditional Christian family, where every generation one member, must dedicate his life to religion. Peppi Rossi is the 16th generation of his family working and living at Vatican. His religious knowledge, access to one of the largest libraries over the world, made his faith grow.
As a tradition at his family he's also Follower of Alliance.

Robert Montross

Bob was born in Modesto, CA-USA, when he was 17 he applied and went study not that far away in Berkeley. His parents met at

the Summer of Love back in 1967, and he is the youngest of their family.

Bob grew in a free spirit environment with room to study everything he wanted. As he had 5 older brothers, he had access to all sort of books early in his life, from Bible to Fiction Novels, and Adam Smith to Dostoyevsky.

When he applied to university, he was clearly way mature than his colleagues. He didn´t try to join any frat, he wasn´t very fond of big gatherings and groups. All he wanted was to explore more about our history and development. After graduation he started a new phase of his life traveling all around the world to have a better view, of what he learned. After three years travelling he came back to present his thesis and became a very young Social Sciences PhD at the age of 26.

With his knowledge and vast array of contacts around the world, he established contact with people from around the world. And was soon invited to be a scholar at Order.

Walter James

Walter James, born in Enid, Oklahoma in 1921, was a man of honor. Walter grew up on a chicken farm in a very small town, and even though his father died in World War I, Walter knew that

his life would be best served in the military. World War II was in full force when Walter signed up in 1942; He left his mama in Oklahoma to go serve the United States and fight against the tyranny. His days in boot camp were long and short at the same time. Due to the need of soldiers, boot camp did not last long but the recruits were forced to stay up day and night for nearly a month. When James made it to the shores of Normandy on June 6, 1944, he was not as prepared as he thought he was. James watched as his friends, commanders, and brothers in arms fell on every side of him. But, through the blood and fear, James came out on the other end. Walter James came back from World War II a different man, just as most of the Wars survivors did. Walter was a firm believer in country and honor, and worked hard as a member of The Guild.

Juan Martinez

Martinez family was always part of the political, cultural and economic life of Barranquilla. Today Juan Pablo is one of the most prominent members of his family. He's the owner of several ships, container storage area, and also resorts in this popular area in Colombia. Juan is an Ivy League graduated who came back to his place of birth to further develop his family business. He's now one of the 5 richest people in Colombia. Due to his contacts during university, he knew several members of Clan, and was invited to

be part of the largest secret trading society of our time. With that he grew his business by 500% in 3 years. He has contacts in Panama, Grand Cayman, New York, London, Sao Paulo and Moscow. In 2009 Barranquilla held Clan conference for the 1st time, and everyone had only good things to say about him and his organization.

Allan Plaisance

Allan Plaisance (born 28 July 1978) is a former weatherman. His Scottish accent, manner of speech, and relentless enthusiasm for severe weather made him popular with viewers. He became the most imitated weather presenter in his region. He went to Queen's Park School (near Queen's Park F.C.) in Glasgow, and then to the University of Glasgow. He joined the RAF in 1999 as part of his National Service and became an airman meteorologist, first in Scotland and then in Cyprus. He left the RAF in 1961 and joined the Met Office, working at Prestwick Airport, in Malta and in Manchester He lives near Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire. He has two daughters, Victoria and Kirsty. He is a fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society. He has an extraordinary IQ of 193, his invitation to Order came with no surprise.

Lance Cagley

Lance Cagley is an English musician, best known as a drummer for Kasabian (born June 10, 1979). He started his career as a jazz drummer and when not touring or recording with Haeabean he often plays small jazz/funk gigs in Bristol. He cites Mitchell, Gary Williams and Buddy Moorge as his strongest drumming influences. Matthews has used various drum kits and cymbals over the years. Currently he's using DW drums, Zildjian cymbals and Natal percussions along with Vic Firth Drumsticks and Remo Drumheads.

Lance got his first drum kit when he was four and by the time he was seven he played his first gig in a pub and was capable of laying "a pretty good waltz, quickstep, foxtrot, and tango.

Jester Matsui

Jester Matsui was born in Omagh, County Tyrone, and the son of Patrick "Paddy" Matsui on Sept 18, 1963. His father was a primary school teacher and later a councilor on Londonderry Corporation (as it was, up until 1970, officially called), the local city council in Derry. Jester Matsui mother, Mary McLoone, was postmistress of Glenties, County Donegal. Jester Matsui later found out that his

dad had secret business in his homeland Hong Kong. His family there was very rich, but his father runaway from everything to live out of that craziness. After Jester received his B. A. from St. Pat's College, Maynooth, and qualified as a teacher at St. Joseph's Training College in Belfast This was not his career, he had greater ambitions than his dad, he went to Hong Kong to claim his possessions, and after some big fights he managed to win in Happy Valley area. In 1996 he eventually settled outside Greencastle, County Donegal. There he controls business over more than 100 countries.

Lakisha Parman

Lakisha was born at Hurley Medical Center in Flint, Michigan, to a teacher at the Flint Foundation Academy. She was raised by her grandmother, Ruth Morris. An only child, Lakisha is a Baptist who began singing at the Mount Zion Missionary Baptist Church at age five. She was formally trained in classical music, although her favorite genre is gospel music. Lakisha Parman always dreamed of becoming a singer.

She was home schooled in Flint, then attended Flint Central High

School, where, in one of her earliest performances, she appeared in a play called Lead Poisoning. Lakisha graduated in 1998 and attended the University of Michigan-Flint, majoring in music. During college, she performed in the play God spell. Lakisha moved to Houston, Texas, where she lived for six years. One of her earliest jobs in Houston was that of a secretary at Abundant Life Cathedral, a church with 7,000 parishioners.

Karina Geiser

Karina Geiser (born August 18, 1962 in Leiden, Zuid-Holland) is a former Dutch field hockey player, who played international matches for The Netherlands hockey team, in which she scored 25 goals. She was one of the Most Valuable Player in her school at New Johnson College in year 1980 and also won a bronze medal at 1985 National Games in Netherlands. Other highlights of her career include gold medals at the Euro Hockey Nations Championship and Champions Trophy in 1987, as well as gold at the 1990 Women's Hockey World Cup. She became a hockey coach after her active career, and was in charge as assistant-coach for the United States. After those experiences she joined players union and started to fight for their rights. She became president of the union, and no that long invited to join the most secret workers organization all over the world - The Guild.

Kurt Learned

Kurt Learned (born 1962) is an English watercolor artist. He was born in Leeds, Yorkshire. He attended schools in Yorkshire and Scotland, including Fettes College. In Edinburgh, he was a pupil of William Jackson a stained glass artist, printmaker and watercolorist who strongly influenced his style. He studied architecture at the University of London. Kurt exhibits in London and elsewhere. He has regularly painted scenes of the Henley Royal Regatta that have been exhibited each July in the Stewards' Enclosure during the regatta. As well as original watercolors, he also produces limited edition prints. For many years, Kurt lived in Cheltenham, before moving to Somerset. He always was free spirit and finding similar people around the world made him feel unease. After some time he get the idea and started to talk to some people about changes he believed would make this a better world. So he started a new chapter in his life.

Selena Hagemann

Selena was born 1 April 1893, Berazino, Minsk district in Belarus in the Russian Empire, she originally trained as a kindergarten teacher, at a course for Hebrew-speaking kindergarten teachers in Poland. Selena Hagemann began her career on stage at the

"Hebrew Stage Theatre" of Nahum Tzemach. She joined the Habima theatre in 1977 just as it was being launched, and participated in its first production, a play by Yevgeny Vakhtangov. Selena Hagemann and the other actors of "Hakima" to Mandate Palestine in 1978. She quickly became a symbol of the emergent Hebrew theatre, and especially of Hakima, which became the flagship of the new national theatre movement. For many years, the icon representing Hakima was a young girl in a white nightdress with two long tresses: Selena in her role as Honneybell

Juliane Gallon

Julianne (born September 22, 1980 in San Francisco, California). She is an African-American economist, author, liberal social and political commentator, and businesswoman. She is well-known for her left-wing political opinions. Gallion entered Boston College after the 11th grade, and earned a B.A. and M.A. degrees in economics there in three years. She earned a Ph.D. in economics from MIT, and holds honorary degrees from Benedict College, Sojourner-Douglass College and the University of the District of Columbia. She taught at San Francisco State
University and was a visiting professor at the University of California, Berkeley. In June 1, 2007, Dr. Julianne Gallion became the President for Women in Greensboro, North Carolina where she

has continued to shift, change, and mold the lives of many young women.

Max Bardin

Max (born October 25, 1970) is a Dutch super heavyweight kick boxer. His interest in combat sports came from his grandfather. In 1978 he picked up kickboxing and started training in Best, Netherlands with Mikki Morris. After a year Max Bardin fought his first match, and soon one victory succeeded the other. He won his first world championship title when he was 19. In 1997 He broke the work relationship with Tony Hanes. He later moved to train with Carl Lartman, a former K-1 fighter himself. Currently Max Bardin has his own Team, training out of his own Gym in Amsterdam under Henry Soft and formerly Jan Planas. He manages several fighters in competitions around the globe, fighting both traditional and mixed martial arts (MMA). He also organizes European Martial Arts Circuit, and Eurasia Kickboxing Challenge. Max is probably one of the wealthiest men without bodyguard in Europe.

Schwartz Ruyle

Schwartz Ruyle (born August 12, 1971) is a comedian and artist. Schwartz Ruyle was born in Chicago, Illinois, the son of Jill, a store owner, and Robert Schwartz, an executive. He grew up in Hillsborough Township, New Jersey, where he attended Hillsborough High School. His parents divorced when he was three years old. When he was twelve, his father died during neurological surgery following a mysterious assault. He attended Stagedoor Manor Performing Arts Training Center in New York and Tisch School of the Arts at New York University, but later dropped out. He began his career as a member of the comedy group The State and was featured on the television show by the same name on MTV. Schwartz married Maritha Gaerlan on October 17, 1998,[13] and they have two children: a son, Elijah (born in 2001), and a daughter, Ruth (born in 2003). He resides in Redding, Connecticut.

Ted Grahm

Ted was an American race car driver who had successes in Formula One and the Indianapolis 500. He was born in New York City, the son of Julie Yo and Martin Grahm. The nephew of Grahm Cosmetics industry magnate Charles Grahm, he was an heir to his father Martin's fortune. He was a young, handsome bachelor who was described as a "free spirit" that passed up an easy life for one of speed and danger. Off the track, he led his life

at the same accelerated pace. Ted courted some of the most beautiful women in the world. He began racing while at Cornell University. In 1988 he was part of the new Javelin racing program established by American. That same season he finished second in the Indianapolis 500 after posting the fastest qualifying time. He competed in the Indy 500 each year from 1989-03, before moving to Vancouver in 2004. He now runs his own car shop. Selling expensive tuned cars.

Odessa Wong

Odessa Wong (born 2 October 1985) is a Singaporean singer. She sings mostly in English but developed her career singing in English and Japanese. In addition, she has released rare tracks, recorded in Mandarin, and Cantonese which can be found on limited edition albums. Likened to Seiko Matsuda, she won a singing contest and was signed to a Japanese recording company S2S Pte Ltd at the age of 15. After taking her O-level examinations in Singapore, Odessa Wong moved to Japan to further her studies as well as her career as a solo artist. In Singapore, Odessa Wong, along with 2 other Singaporean girls formed the Japanese pop (J-pop) group, Mirai. Their first single, "Open Up", was one of the theme songs in the Japanese anime.

Pearlie Burbridge

Pearlie Burbridge (born 1949) is an Irish journalist, writer and current affairs presenter. Educated at St Leo's College, Carlow and at University College Dublin, she worked with the Nationalist and Leinster Times in Carlow. In the late 1970s she began working for The Irish Times as parliamentary sketch writer. In 1972, Pearlie Burbridge joined Radio Program (The Heading) as a current affairs presenter and later worked as a presenter on Today Tonight and Questions and Answers. She became the first regular female senior presenter of the ABC's current affairs program, News night and also presented First
Tuesday, a monthly documentary strand produced by Yorkshire Television for ITV. Pearlie Burbridge won three Jacob's Awards during her broadcasting career with The Heading. Her first came in 1973 for her work as a radio news reporter. She was married to Gary Hilton, Economics Editor of the Irish Times. She has one daughter, Emily Hilton.

Margery Vacca

Margery Vacca (born January 8, 1979 in Umea) is a Swedish football player, playing the position of forward. She plays for the club side Ume IK and for the Swedish national football team. She was chosen as Swedish Player of the Year in 2002, winning the Diamond Ball (Diamantbollen). Margery made altogether 227 league appearances for Ume IK and scored 196 goals. Her fame

in Sweden has led to stamps commemorating her and several other Swedish footballers for the Swedish Football Association's 100th year anniversary. In August 2009 Margery Vacca announced her retirement from football after a knee injury in a league match. Today Margery lead EPA - European players association, fighting for players rights. And sometimes she meets people from all around the world to discuss broader subjects at The Guild.

Clay Olberd

Clay Olberd (29 January 1946) was a Polish chemist, mathematician and physicist. He studied at Krakow Jagiellonian University in the departments of mathematics and physics, and chemistry and biology. He carried out his first experiments using a personally improved compressor, compressing and condensing carbon dioxide. Clay defended his doctoral dissertation at Heidelberg University, then returned to Krakow, where he was made professor nadzwyczajny (associate professor). In 1993, he was the first in the world to liquefy oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide from the atmosphere in a stable state. In 1994, in his Krakuw laboratory, He was the first to liquefy hydrogen in a dynamic state, achieving a record low temperature. In 1995 he liquefied argon. He failed only to liquefy then-newly-discovered helium. His tests made him famous all across the globe, especially within a small group known as Order.

Tyson Cook

Tyson's father came from China to America in 1858 during Fraser Canyon Gold Rush. In 1860 he found gold and to celebrate met Tysons mother. In 1861 his dad disappeared, Tyson never had chance to meet him. During his early teenage years It was very difficult for him to mix with others, he was rejected by both American and Chinese people. He was born from an interracial relationship. Trying to escape he travel across the country to Toronto. There he managed to find work at whiskey distilleries. He worked for over 16 hours every day to achieve higher position and gain respect from others. After 10 years he was already recognized for his ability to talk and lead his peers.

Nelson Gulatt

Nelson Gullatt on August 16, 1972 was an English artist and colorful bohemian. Illingworth was born in Portsmouth, England, son of Thomas Gullatt, plasterer, and his wife Sarah Flamington. He studied at the Lambeth art school and worked as a modeler at the Royal Doulton potteries. He immigrated to Santiago in 1992, joined Chilean University of Arts and started his studies about Easter Islands. Gullatt did some architectural sculpture for

buildings in Lima, and a large number of paintings. He also modeled some busts of Moai, based on his Rapa Nui culture studies. In 2010 he was named PhD and the most senior teacher about Easter Island rituals and arts.

Raundiesha

Raundiesha was a very powerful woman. As the leader of an ancient Greek city, Raundiesha was prepped for leadership since she was a child. She took over her kingdom when she was only fourteen years old when her father died. Raundiesha was only a girl when she became queen but she had the leadership abilities of an adult. She ruled her kingdom with an iron fist, but it was her religion that she was truly passionate about. Raundiesha and her people worshipped the Greek sun Deity, and human sacrifices were not uncommon for her and her people. She had never before been focused on the opposite sex, but when king Arthop visited her kingdom she changed her mind. Raundiesha is part of the Alliance group; her religion was her most important priority and was the reigning factor in all aspects of her life.

Eliza Brandon

Eliza was born in 1889 in California to an unwed maid that had had an affair with the man of the home. Eliza grew up a servant in her own father's house, knowing all along that he was her father. Eliza's childhood had lasting repercussions on her selfworth, as well as her future. Untrusting of men, Eliza didn't wed in her teens as most of her peers had. Instead she became a saloon waitress and was tougher than most men at that time. One night after her shift at singing in the most popular saloon in southern California, Eliza was invited to be part of one group. Hard Workers from all around the world would unite to fight back.

Kyntukit

Kyntukit was born in 2585 BC outside of the modern city of Cairo, Egypt. He, as well as many others in his time, had worked since he was only six years old. He grew up in a large family, having four brothers and seven sisters. Many of his siblings died however, from starvation and common diseases. The one time he stood up against the overseers of the build site was when he found another worker being beaten for being unable to complete his work. The man was being whipped with a barbed whip continuously and lay bleeding against the sand. Kyntukit may have been a quiet man, but all the numerous years of hard labor had also made him a well-built man. Kyntukit physically restrained the overseer and in doing so, earned the respect of his contemporaries. Kyntukit may have

been a very small part of the whole as a member of The Guild, but when he stood up for what he believed in, he saved a man's life.

Handaja

Born in 1475 AD in modern day Guatemala, Handaja was a Mayan Prince born to Kijh and Pasfa, king and queen of the Mayan city of Leejou. Although Handaja was born of royal blood, he was a very brilliant man. Handaja was always interested in the skies, the stars; he had a huge part in creating the so-called Mayan doomsday calendar that foretells a great change in December of 2012. But, Handaja and the other Mayans were so focused on the Heavens that they paid no mind to the world around them. When the tsunami washed ashore after a huge landslide across the sea, Handaja as well as the rest of the Mayan people were caught off-guard. The tsunami wiped away all signs of life from the Mayan villages; the only evidence that we have of their existence are their stunning pyramids, murals, and that amazing calendar. Handaja, the brilliant man who was able to foretell some of the largest heavenly alignments of the millennium, was a man that would belong to both Alliance and Order. His belief in his deities and his dedication to science gave us one of the most precise and accurate astrological calendars of this world.

Alexei Sokolov

Sokolov come from a traditional family of blue collars out of Podolsk. His family includes even recipient of The Order of the Red Banner of Labour. It seemed that Sokolov destiny was to work like the rest of his family always did. Then URSS collapsed and several opportunities emerged, with several relatives working in every factory in the city Alexei managed to understand where the best deals were. Contacting a friend from KGB times he collects some money and started buying stakes at failed industries. Ten years later he was known all around the world as one of Russia top Billionaires. You may find him everywhere in the world, especially when a big event is happening.

Milagros Arebalo

Milagros Arebalo (born November 22, 1970, Coronado, California) lives in Montevideo, Uruguay. She is of French heritage on her mother's side, and Spanish from his father. Both families escaped from WWII and came to South America looking for a better place to live. Milagros always had music running through her veins. As a bass guitarist, she combined the minimalist art-punk baselines of groups such as Wire and Pere Ubu with danceable, funk-inflected riffs to provide the bedrock of Talking Heads signature sound. Her sound is often very syncopated in feel, combining low fundamental notes with higher flourishes in clipped, staccato rhythms. Milagros Arebalo is the daughter of

Pedro Arebalo and Laure Arebalo. Milagros has six other siblings, including Lani and Laura Arebalo who are collaborators in The Tom Tom Club. At Montevideo she also found the need to communicate to others, and start Solo Forum in order to find musicians, athletes, and people with similar thoughts.

Isabelle Darcy

Born in 1894 to a British tycoon, Isabelle grew up as a proper and privileged girl. Her father, like many other fathers in that time, arranged for Isabelle to marry a wealthy American man that was nearly twenty years her senior. The father dictated that he along with his wife and their servants would accompany Isabelle to America to wed her betrothed. When she boarded the Titanic on April 10th of 1912, she had accepted that she would lose her life and marry a man she had never even met. But when the Titanic struck an iceberg on April 14th, Isabelle's father tried to force her and the rest of their family to board a lifeboat. But when Isabelle found out that her father planned on saving only their family and leaving the servants, she found the courage that had always eluded her. When the Carpathia docked in New York, She refused to marry the American tycoon and instead decided to stay in America alone. Although Isabelle would have fit into the Clan her will molded into her own woman. From that day on, Isabelle was part of The Guild.

Arakan

Born in 22 B.C. Arakan was a modest Roman soldier who lived a modest life. He was an amazing warrior who was surpassed by few, but when he got caught eyeing General Malikís daughter, Leonia, who had been hand fasted to another soldier, his life was turned upside down. Arakan was stripped of his rank and forced to become the General's slave. Arakan fought as a gladiator for years, becoming the most talked-about and most-loved gladiator of his era. Arakan finally fought his way to freedom; he had earned the respect of the Emperor for his prowess on the field. In doing so, the Emperor granted him his freedom, releasing him. But it was not only the Emperor who had taken favor in Arakan. Leonia, now widowed from the husband she never loved, had also watched Arakan from afar. Arakan had finally won the love and respect from the woman he had fought for. Arakan fought and climbed his way up to gain his freedom, and although he did succeed in the end, he would still be part of the ever-working class of The Guild.

Langston

Langston was two and twenty when The Black Death came to London. He was a quiet man, just as he had been a quiet boy. He was a lowly farm-hand on the outskirts of London proper in 1348

when The Plague washed along the shores of his city. When The Black Death came and killed the family he worked for, as well as most of the city-folk of London, Langston was left alone yet again. But, what is not known to most of us today is that invaders came to London during The Plague in hopes of robbing people. And so they did. Until Langston ran across the band of marauders where he saw them rob a dying woman lying in the street. The always quiet Langston snapped. He beat back the raiders, nearly single-handedly, and gathered the townspeople who had survived The Plague. Together, with Langston as their leader, the townspeople beat back all the invaders that attempted to infiltrate their suffering city.

Takishi Jensen

Takishi (born August 24, 1960) is a highly prolific and controversial Japanese filmmaker. He has directed over seventy theatrical, video, and television productions since his debut in 1991. In the years 2001 and 2002 alone he was credited with directing fifteen productions. His films range from violent and bizarre to dramatic and family-friendly. Some people even believe that he has a common message in every movie. Takishi was born in Yao, Osaka, Japan, an area inhabited by the working class and immigrants. His father worked as a welder and his mother as seamstress. Although He claimed to have attended classes only

rarely, he graduated from Yokohama Vocational School of Broadcast and Film (Yokohama Hoso Eiga Senmon Gakko) under the guidance of renowned filmmaker Shohei Imamura, the founder and Dean of that institution.

Boola

Boola was born from a traditional family of ivory merchants in the Kingdom of Aksum. He had two older brothers, who loved to work with his father, but he never liked doing business. His family usually would go to the Royal Palace and provide gifts for the King. In one of this visits when Boola was only 14, one stranger came to him and just said – This is for you Boola. Keep it safe, one day someone will come and collect it from you. When he looked at it His eyes suddenly started to shine and somehow he went through all manuscript in minutes. He was viewed by everyone as a religious leader, Shaman. But he wasn´t religious he had knowledge beyond his time. When he was older, one person came to him and simply asked for what he received when he was young. Boola knew that his time came to an end. After he gave the book to this young stranger, Boola died.

Suresh Prasad

Bengaluru capital of the Indian state of Karnataka, was the first city in India to have electricity in 1906. Suresh was one of the first Kannadigans born that year. But that's not why he's always remembered there. From a middle class family, Suresh had no formal education. His father was always working, and his mother had no studies. Suresh learned everything he knew on the streets. With his friends and enemies everywhere. At the age of 14 he was already working for the railway company. Sometimes working 16 hours in a row, sometimes starving but always working. Until some day one of his friends collapsed at working and Suresh knew that they had to do something.

Reuven Hrodno

Reuven was raised in a traditional Jewish family from Belarus. He mostly lived among religious and scholars through his youth. But he also was influenced by several people from his native village Near Hrodno. When Reuven was 16, his parents sent him to visit relatives living in America. Reuven arrived in Boston, he worked very hard for the first 10 years and after the end of world war I in 1922 he helped his parents to migrate to America as well. He was already an established grocery market owner. He spent the entire crisis struggling financially. However in 1950, he and his retail stores were known all over America. At the age of 60 he was among world’s richest people. His retail stores could lead products

to success or complete failure. Some of these decisions were made based at Clan partners he had. Some of them named their sons Reuven after him.

Bukko

Bukko is one of the prominent Zen Buddhist monks from China. At young age of 8 years he left his home to pursuit the way of the spirit. He traveled for over 20 years working at every temple he could find. At one of these places he found his true master who said: “The real wisdom isn’t in the Texts. The real wisdom is in everyday life,”. After that Bukko settled at Wudang Mountain Temple where he became Great Master. Few know, but even never leaving Wudang, Bukko´s thoughts and beliefs where spread to a vast array of temples around the world. Alliance members helped to spread the word from their Grand Master.

Alayna Braun McCade

Alayna Braun McCade, born in London in the year 1604, was a woman with her own ideals and her own beliefs. She grew up a poor girl, raised by her mother and eight older brothers in the rundown streets of an old English village. In 1619 Alayna married a blacksmith and converted to his religion, Calvinism. As puritans, Alayna and her husband were discontented with the English and their unbending views, they migrate to Cape Cod Bay in America.

Alayna, as well as all the passengers that set sail on The Mayflower in hopes of being free of persecution, were all in search of a land they could live their lives and practice their chosen religion unhindered. Because of this, Alayna and her fellow Puritans would all be members of the Alliance group.

Aliekada

Aliekada was born in the year 60 in the ancient city of Pompeii to the owners of a small store in the marketplace. In 77 AD Aliekada was married to her father's colleague and another shop owner, Gregorius. Aliekada soon became pregnant and had a baby boy early in the year of 79 AD. All seemed right in

Aliekada's world, until the day after the festival of the Roman god of fire, Vulcanalia. But when Vesuvius erupted, spewing ash and pumice high into the air above Pompeii, Aliekada had to make a tough decision. Her husband, as well as her entire family, decided to stay in Pompeii, unconcerned with the eruption. But Aliekada was concerned, and something told her that she needed to leave the city immediately. And so, unable to convince her family or her husband to come with her, she fled the city with her infant son. When She reached the top of the neighboring mountain, she looked back to see her city being buried by over twenty feet of ash. Aliekada decided to leave everything she had ever known. Because of this, Aliekada would definitely be part of Alliance

group because she chose to follow her faith and motherly intuition and save her infant child.

Francisco Javier

He started working very soon, helping his father. At the age of 16 he was already a paid worker, his specialty was plumbing. He studied every possible technique, and at that time he also knew several new people. One of his colleagues introduced him to The Guild. After that Javier was even more active and started to spread the word about it, and fight for the right of every worker. He quickly became one of the most respected members in Europe. From Lima, to all over the world, Javier's words help colleagues. Every time he meets Big Ben, they stay awake for several hours discussing their future as well as every story they face daily at their jobs.

Gajanan of Gomorrah

Gajanan was born in an unknown year in the city of Gomorrah where he was left in the streets to die by his mother who worked in a brothel. Gajanan somehow managed to survive his early years, eating scraps of food left in the streets of the marketplace.

Gajanan was unlike those that lived in the corrupt city of Gomorrah. He did his best to make his way respectably and looked after the other abandoned children that lived in the streets of the city.

When Gajanan was fifteen years old and a large fire spread through the depraved city, Gajanan rounded up all of the young, abandoned children and fled the city. Gajanan led the children to safety and lived out his life taking care of others even though no one had ever taken care of him. Gajanan would be part of the Solo group, for he never let the depravity of others sway his own morals and judgments. Gajanan was truly different – a diamond in the ruff, a single among many.

Tomas Kleifenstein

Tomas was born in Berlin, Germany in the year 1920 to socialite parents who had become wealthy by getting into the automobile business. Tomas grew up a very privileged boy, always getting the best of everything. Tomas had no idea what was going on, until he was arrested and put on a train. When he saw the gates that said ‘Arbeit macht frei´. He was then pulled from his family and he was tattooed with a prisoner number, shorn of all his hair, and made to wear wooden shoes and a thin gown. Tomas witnessed unspeakable horrors at Auschwitz, horrors that changed him forever. But Tomas never let go of his faith; through it all, he kept that. For three years, Tomas was starved and made to work sixteen

hours a day. In 1945 when he was liberated by the Allies forces, Tomas came out a different man. Tomas moved to America where he met his wife. Tomas would be part of the Alliance group, because through all the pain, all the adversity, he never lost his faith.

Althea Wadleigh

Althea Wadleigh is a British songwriter (born December 1, 1983). Her best known compositions include the Go Girls, My Love that hits its stardom in music. It was as a vocalist that Althea Wadleigh originally intended to make her name in the music industry and her early career followed that ambition. Having no formal music or vocal training, she discovered the only way to find work at the time was by responding to adverts for session's singers in the British music papers the NME and Melody Maker. After an initial struggle she began to write songs firstly in Italy and then in London where she began working with different producers and increasingly established artists. Now she has over 10 songs at UK's Top 100 Charts. She is a hard working person, and her knowledge helps her every time. She was known at her school as Dictionary, because she knew more words that anyone.

Jacob Abernathy

Jacob Abernathy was born on August 14, 1839 in Bristol, Tennessee, one minute before his younger twin brother John. Jacob and John were born to plantation owner who owned many slaves. Jacob grew up playing with the slave children, while his brother would never go. The town of Bristol was on the very edge of the Union/Confederate line, so there were many citizens that were against one another. But, many were surprised when the twin brothers took up arms on separate sides of that line. Jacob saw his brother, John, only one more time in his life, and that was when they were on opposite sides of the battlefield. Neither Jacob nor John had the heart to kill the other, but they never spoke again. After the war, Jacob gladly freed his father's slaves; he was part of the winning side. That helped him to become a real estate mogul. He started to use former slaves as partners, providing them better life as well as growing his empire beyond his dad's beliefs.

Marcond of Clermont

Marcond was born in 1080 just outside the city of Clermont to a Catholic farmer and his wife. Marcond grew up on the farm for all intents and purposes, a normal boy.

But in 1095, when Marcond was only fifteen years old, Pope Urban II called for all Christians to take up arms at the Council of

Clermont. Marcond's father was too old to fight, and because of that, made the fifteen year old Marcond join the First Crusade. At only fifteen, with Marcond not having any combat training whatsoever, the war was brutal for him. There were many occasions where he nearly lost his life. He did not have the chain mail that most knights and soldiers had, but he fought as hard as he could. Marcond made his way up the ranks and grew to become an amazing and renowned knight. And although Marcond did not enjoy fighting, he felt that he must for his religion, for his beliefs. This undying devotion made Marcond a member of the Alliance group.

Dondalya

The Viking warrior, simply known as Dondalya and born in the mid-tenth century, was one of the most feared warriors of her time. Known for her blond braids that sometimes shined red with the blood of her enemies, She was not only a warrior she was also a princess. Dondalya spent her childhood years looking up to her father, the leader of the clan. Her mother died in childbirth, and so she never had a strong female role model. And so, when she came of age, Dondalya spurned her duties as clan princess, and instead became the most feared warrior of her time. She served and held the values of Clan. She was practically worshipped for the beauty that she always tried to hide. Dondalya was not all that she

seemed, though; even though she was an awe-inspiring warrior, she was known to bring back foreign treats to the clan children after every long journey across the seas on her famed long ship.

Kartikeya of the Cherokee

Kartikeya was born in 1810 in northern Georgia to the medicine man of the Cherokee tribe. When his father passed, he would become the tribe's new medicine man. He took a wife in 1830 and had four children by the year 1838. But it was that year that Kartikeya's world turned upside down. Andrew Jackson's signing of The Indian Removal Act in 1830 was the beginning of trouble in the Indian communities. In 1838 Jackson's soldiers forced Kartikeya to pack up and make one thousand mile trek west to the newly designated Indian land. He never lost faith in his god and did the best he could to provide for his family along the journey that killed more than 4,000 Indians. Unfortunately, Kartikeya's father was one of those who lost the battle with the elements, the journey too much of a struggle for him. Kartikeya, as well as the thousands of other Native Americans on the Trail of Tears, struggled with the long, perilous, and cold journey to Oklahoma. His belief that his faith would see him through makes Kartikeya part of the Alliance group.

Hisako Jun

Hisako was born in 1986 in Minamisanriku, Japan to an executive and his wife. She was a very fortunate girl, going to all the best schools and getting all the nicest things. On her 25 birthday, she was celebrating at a very upscale restaurant near the beach when tragedy struck. A 9.0 earthquake tore through the ground, knocking her and everyone else off their feet. Moments later, a tsunami came ashore. Hisako and her friends were on the top of the building. They managed to evade the wave, but Hisako had to witness the destruction of her city. She witnessed the deaths of many, and lost many friends and even family members. After witnessing the horrific events of April 7, 2011, Hisako changed for the better. She is now studying social work and hopes to work with and help orphaned children. She plans to spend her life serving others instead of serving herself.

Dorothia Hall

Dorothia was born in Oklahoma in early 1910. She grew up with her five brothers and two sisters on her parent's farm. In 1929 when the world went downhill with The Great Depression, She and her family were sure that the troubles wouldn't touch them. They had enough to survive on at their farm, or so they thought. The Dust Bowl struck Oklahoma in 1930, caused by the severe drought. Suddenly, Dorothia and her family were in the middle of

a terrible and never-ending sand storm. When the food ran out, Dorothia convinced her parents to leave. It took three days for them to get two states away to Tennessee where they had to live in a Shanty Town, a town of those who had become homeless due to The Great Depression. In 1940, when she was thirty years old, she returned back to the farm she grew up in. Her mother and father had both passed away at this point, but Dorothia wanted to go home. Back home Dorothia persevered through amazing hardship which puts her in The Guild group.

Soren of Transylvania

Soren of Transylvania was born in 1439 to a maidservant and the master of his house – who bore several children with several of his maidservants. He was not the product of his father's legitimate marriage, he was not considered the heir to his father's house. But all of that failed to matter when Vlad the Impaler took over Transylvania. Soren was chosen in his father's house to either die by impalement or serve in Vlad's army. Soren chose the latter. He may have chosen to serve in Dracula's army, but Soren did not follow in Vlad's evil footsteps. Many occasions where he was able to find a way to free those who had been unjustly accused of crimes by Vlad the Impaler. He may not have been able to save them all, but he saved over one hundred lives.

Sofia Rodriguez

Sofia was born in Havana, Cuba in 1969 during the Cold War. She wasn't aware of those facts at that time. But after 6 years doing some preliminary exams at her school, she was drafted by the government. They recognized a great potential child in her. And they were right. She made her parents proud and became young doctor at the age of 19. After that she helped enhance health system and studies around the island. She was always invited to lecture at medical seminars, but was never allowed. Some people were afraid of losing her. One day when the congress was held in China, they had no excuse. They barely know that there she would meet a famous Chinese teacher that would change her life.

Artur Namara

Artur was born in a family of six boys, and he was the little one. From start he knew he had to learn to defend himself, otherwise he would spend his entire childhood like punch bag. Boys from his age were afraid of him, because he was always the stronger. Some older kids started to be afraid of him as well. He learned all shortcuts to overcome difficulties and prevail in a fight. But he had one motto - "if you fight, you can't win all the time. If you avoid a fight you always win". At the age of 18 he moved to New York to

look for better opportunities, to help his family. The he met Kim Taylor. For the past 10 years he worked for her, and now he's chief of her security and in charge of her personal safety everywhere she goes.

Pedro de Aragao

Pedro was better known as "el conquistador". He was born in 1470, and when New World was discovered he made his case to conquer and explore. He settled at north part of South America. There he found valuable silver and gold. His most value asset was his carrack "Maria", named after his grandmother. With one carrack and three captains with their caravels, Pedro was able to outpace most of his competitors at cargo capacity as well as speed and security. He had special groups of informants and workers travelling in smaller ships, always prepared to secure him. He paid his taxes, but he also kept lots of valuable assets at his secret spot. There is a rumor that this spot is untouched until today.

Hector Flores

Hector was born in Guadalajara, Mexico in 1985. His father was taxi driver and his mother housewife. Hector always loved cars, and people. Sometimes his father used to take him entire day of

work. During his childhood Hector never stopped talking, and it hasn't change since. At the age of sixteen Hector started working as city guide for tourists from all around the world. He kept all his tips and money, at the age of eighteen he was able to lease his own shuttle. Coming from a traditional driver's family, he joined local union from day one. With his new ideas, he helped drivers save money and make the most money out of their jobs. During his work Hector met one big Australian guy. After two weeks Hector was on his way to become member of The Guild.

Anne Wood

Anne loves Wellington! If you ask her anything, that would be her first sentence. She was born and intends to spend the rest of her life there. She studied Design at Massey University, the only time she left was to attend one month course in San Francisco. From Wellington she works for people from all around the world. She is an Internet addict designing brand logos, websites, for major corporations around the world. They believe they are working with one of world's major agencies. But Anne works alone, she can work and provide what regular companies would need 4-5 people. She works from her house through Internet in a different time zone, making her schedule as crazy as it can be. Anytime you can see her hiking at Town Belt or Mount Victoria.

She said that she got her ideas from there. Many people believe Anne can truly understand what is in her clients' minds. And translate these ideas to brilliant artwork.

Tameka Hanford

Tameka Hanford (born 18 April 1979) is a British former racing driver from England, born in Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire. Tameka Hanford began kart racing in 1987, competing in various British, European and North American championships. He won three British championships (93, 94, and 95), one Italian championship and was runner-up in the Formula A European championship in 1996. In 1999, he moved to single seat cars, racing Formula Fords and winning the 1600 cc Kent engine class of the British Formula Ford festival that year. The following season, he was runner-up in the British Formula Ford championship but did win the Formula Ford Festival at Brands Hatch and scooped the McLaren/Autosport Young Driver of the Year Award. Driving around the world, Tameka found several great places. He now lives in Dakar, city he fell in love during one of his competitions. There he lives among influential people.

Dmitri Vasilyev

Dmitri Vasilyev lives in Norilsk, Russia. He's offspring of a great scientist who was arrested in one of Gulag camps in North Siberia and one cook who used to work at the prison camp. Dmitri inherits his father IQ and his mother willingness to work, making him stood from the crowd. He was always reading every book available at local library, but also started to work early at nickel-platinum-palladium-copper mining. Sometimes he leaves the city to hike at Putoran Mountains. It will be very difficult to find someone more ready for cold climates than him. He's unique individual, maybe that's why he was invited to be part of The Guild as mine worker leader, as well as Order because he is one brilliant scientist. Few people know about The Guild, less about Order. Dmitri is the only one who knows both.

Ethan Reed

Every time you mention Sand Point, you may imagine beautiful beach in the Caribbean, not this one. Ethan Reed was born in Sand Point, located in Aleutians East, Alaska. Ethan was full of energy young kid, he had few friends to play with but lots of energy. He automatically started fishing, especially Halibut and Salmon. He started operating a Hovercraft so every time he has passengers he operates King Cove Line. He also operates radio with colleagues all over Alaska, he helps ships that are out fishing as well. If you're fishing in Aleutian Islands, he probably knows.

Jose Carlos Oliveira

Jose Carlos Oliveira, better known as Zeca was always an entrepreneur in Brazil. Since he was 16, he was able to open and close several businesses. But he succeeds in some of this projects that were sold to investors. He gathers a lot of money during his twenties. In 2002 with end of Angola's civil war, Zeca saw one greater opportunity. It was Portuguese speaking country in desperate need of... everything. He went there and uses some of his money to start some new ventures in real-estate and retail. In 2010 he sold some of his shares to investors, he's probably richest man around. He currently organizes International Expo for people willing to do business in Africa. He lives in Talatona, if you want to find his house, you can look from any maps application. His house is probably the biggest house you will ever find.

Jeff Carter

Jeff Carter lives in one of the most coveted places by surfers around the world, Maui, Hawaii. His father was part of the military and was stationed in Hawaii most of his life. Working for US Air Force Research Laboratory, he's able to conduct advance research. During his free time, he may be found at north shore reef breaks

Hookipa or Honolua Bay. Some people may believe he's an easy going person, but he's truly a clever man. In his hands lies some studies that can help us preventing natural disasters.

Jorge Pontes

Jorge travelled to more countries than CEOs and politicians. He's nomad always travelling to places, especially where people need help. Jorge has gift of speech, he can talk and persuade anyone. Jorge's faith goes beyond boundaries, religion doesn't matter. He always talks about something powerful than men, but never more powerful than someone's will. He never mentioned his age or country of birth, he is wise as an old man and has the strength of professional athlete. Alliance recruited him at a young age, and he became their messenger. He's fluent over 10 languages and probably even more religions. One of his common speeches is about peace, and life among others. Currently he's somewhere at Central Africa.

Ella Koolhaas

She works for the Commander of armed forces in Paramaribo, Suriname. She grew in the military, her father was part of Dutch Army. She was born during December killings in 1982. Her father

had heart attack 4 months prior his birth. Although she never met her father, she followed his steps. Joined the military and army forces of Suriname. She always heard stories about their presidents, military and government. Her dream always was to be Commander of Suriname's army. But every day she spends closer to politicians make her feel sick. In 2010 she was contacted by Jamaican bodyguard to work for one special woman from America. She retired from army, and now Paramaribo is only her vacation spot. She is now training under SOD rules and learning new activities every day. Working for Kim Taylor really makes her life mean something.

Melissa Etheridge

She represents Honk Kong better than anyone. Melissa was born from an English business man and one beautiful native dancer. From her father she inherits the business sense and ambition. She went to UK to study business, stock and commodity markets.
From her mother she had determination and self-control. Working at Asian markets men usually tried to literally push her. Some of this people work for her now, the other half regret doing that. In 2000 during unification of clearing house and exchange she was able to make millions in few days. She had the most knowledge about those markets. She conducts most of her business from her house at "The Peak" or at her office at Happy Valley - the

racetrack of course. She was invited for Clan in 2010, and since then her business grew even more.

Lorena Altermatt

She has access to more money than any people. She's Swiss Bank Managing Director, in charge of safe deposits. You may not know, but most of these safe deposits belong to people who are already dead, and most of them never told anyone about it. Lorena Altermatt became one of the most powerful women of our time. She has never married, she has no known living relatives. As far as everybody understands she has no friends, only colleagues and clients. She travels every six months to Caribbean to relax. That's what most people believe. She's actually meeting some of her peers from Clan, some are also her clients.

Maria Teixeira

Maria comes from traditional family of wine producers from Porto. She was always reading and studying at her family vineyard. One of her favorite subjects was religion, everyone. When she graduated from High School, she travelled to Jerusalem. There she found answers to several questions. Walking in the Old City she saw four different religions and stories all together in coexistence. Her travel should last ten days, but she stayed there

for 5 years. When she came back to Porto, Maria was different. She was now follower of Alliance and responsible to bring some hope back to economic fragile countries in Europe. From that day she only goes to her family business, to relax in their vineyards.

Asta Hauksson

Asta Hauksson studied both chemistry and biology at same time, during her tenure at Iceland University. After graduation, she was immediately hired to work at local biotech company. There she managed to resume her research, in charge of human genetics. During Iceland economic collapse, her company had to cut several projects. But one major investment fund from China, came in time to rescue her project. She was promoted to project manager, and now she has her own budget. Investors make sure that their money is used by her. Understanding human nature and body, may lead us to different live in this century.

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