

# BLOOD DICE

**Blood Dice**

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## **Prologue**

Last night the moon, the stars  
and all the planets fell on me.  
If you fellows ever pray, pray for me.

Harry S. Truman Statement to the press. April 13 1945

The President of The United States of America, William Fenton, sat motionless in his chair behind the now famous desk in the now famous Presidential oval office. Many great men had known both the pleasure and the torment of the Presidential seat. For some the chair was a perfect fit, others found it at times politically uncomfortable and even detrimental to political longevity or ultimate legacy. History would judge individuals on how the chair fit. On this day in history however it belonged to William Fenton.

He looked straight ahead at the five distinguished people, also sitting in chairs arranged in a semi circular fashion directly in front of his desk. President Fenton was considered by many to be a very young man to hold the nation's highest office. He was a likable person with a pleasant personality and disposition. Today President Fenton was not amused. Recent events necessitated this emergency meeting of his top aides. It was a comfortable sixty nine degrees Fahrenheit in the white house on this evening; all personnel in the oval office on this day were sweating.

President Fenton had both the natural cunning of a fox and the compassion for his fellow man that one only develops by having suffered personal losses of their own.

President Fenton looked carefully at each man individually as his eyes scanned the faces looking back at him. Facing the President from left to right in this semi circle of power was The Director of The CIA and close personal friend of The President, Vic Amber.

Amber and The President had attended the same university overseas as classmates and had become great friends over the years. Next to Vic Amber sat Howard Rickover, The Secretary of Defense. Next to Rickover was Mitchell Farnsworth, Secretary of State a very admirable man who was very highly regarded internationally as a man of action, persuasion and trust but a hawk to be sure. Cyril Burgess, The President's National Security Adviser sat next to The Secretary of State, beside Burgess was A.B. Kingsbury, the Director of The FBI who was a tall man, graying black hair, one who projected authority and decisiveness. All these fine men of valor looked upon William Fenton with anticipation.

"Gentlemen, your recommendations please." Said the President forcefully. His voice remaining calm but assertive. President Fenton's eyes panned the five faces and came to rest on Howard Rickover's eyes; The Secretary of Defense.

Rickover began, "Mr. President, you already know my feelings on this subject. I am convinced beyond a shadow of any doubt that it is absolutely vital to our tactical defense parameters that this agreement remain in place. I cannot at this time favor an alternate site that would in my opinion even come close to the operational readiness that this site offers, not to mention the strategic advantage considering the geographic location. I strongly recommend to you Mr. President, not to deviate from the original plan."

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"What about you Cyril?" The President asked of his National Security Adviser. "Well Mr. President, I concur with Secretary Rickover. I too am convinced that the situation as it now stands will no doubt provide us with the needed upgrade in facilities on which we've been negotiating for years now and can only enhance our overall defense capability in that region of the globe. Especially when you take into consideration Sir, our domestic military base closing program.

Not only will it provide added deterrent to our number one concern but it will also give us increased strength and higher military profile in a region of the world that is fast becoming more hostile every day and geopolitically destabilized. I too recommend no deviation from the plans now in place Sir." Burgess finished saying, as he looked around the semi circle of colleagues seeking eye contact with the others and agreement. He got what he was looking for. The other four men all nodded in agreement expressing their silent approval to the President.

Fenton started in again. "A.B., are you really convinced that the tactics you've employed with your team and organization are truly sound?" Fenton was still uncomfortable and needed further assurance. Kingsbury answered The President in no uncertain terms.

"Mr. President, I can assure you Sir that my people will act as they have been trained to both in the field as well as here in Washington. That I have no qualms about. You can rest assured Mr. President." Kingsbury said most emphatically and directly to his boss.

The others in the room had no doubt that Kingsbury was telling it like it was, straight and narrow, to the point, no bullshit.

"Now look gentlemen, this operation must, I repeat must, go smoothly. I want no glitches, nor any cause for suspicion cast upon this administration of any wrong doings. This administrative policy is in the best interest of The United States, its national security and overall political stability not only for us but for the entire free world. That is what is at stake here gentlemen. Do I make myself clear? I must have air tight integrity and continuity. There must be no leaks. Everything will continue to unfold as normally as the sun rises each morning.

Bring Mr. Davis into the sunlight and have him see things our way. You are to monitor and assist with our cooperation, but gentlemen; and how can I put this mildly? Let's not give away the store okay? I trust that we understand each other clearly."

All eyes glanced around the room at the others seated in front of President Fenton and once again like robots, all men nodded in agreement. The President stood up out of his chair and began to come around his large oval office desk. As he did so ever so smoothly and calculating, he started saying, "That will be all for now gentlemen, please keep me apprised."

As the President's men were in the process of departing, there came a heavy burden of desperation over William Fenton and as he escorted the last member of his advisory committee out of his oval office he placed his palm on the back of Vic Amber's back and closed the door behind The Director of The Central Intelligence Agency. The President turned to look out the large picture window directly behind his oval office desk and he gazed out into oblivion. William Fenton was deep in thought.

The President thought to himself. "This is the last thing I need so early in my administration, especially with The Balkan crisis and Gulf war still fresh in American's minds not to mention the recent cruise missile launches into Iraq in response to the assassination attempt on the former President."

The thing that really got to President Fenton was the fact that he had recently been gaining in the polls on his approval rating. Sure, his commitment to Haiti and the re-establishment of

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democracy there had helped, but if word of this now gets out, everything will be lost.

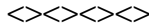
“Damn it!” The President was thinking out loud to himself now. He looked at his Omega Constellation wrist watch, a university graduation gift from Vic Amber, after they both graduated from Cambridge in England; it showed 5:27 PM.

He was due for a nationally televised press conference in another hour. The President was mindful that there may already have been a leak to the press. Yes, knowing the grapevine in Washington he could not realistically rule out that possibility altogether. He may indeed be faced with having to dodge questions concerning *The Caribbean Initiative’s “Island Hop”*.

Decisions had to be made and President Fenton had now made one. Now he will have to face the music. “At least this time he was familiar with the tune and with the words,” he thought.

President Fenton reached for his intercom and announced to his communications director that he was now ready to receive The White House television makeup crew. As the crew came in to prepare the President for his second only televised national press conference since having taken office, William Fenton then said:

“All right people, bring on the lions, the crowd anxiously awaits.”



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### CHAPTER ONE

Why then the world's mine oyster  
Which I with sword will open.

William Shakespeare  
The Merry Wives of Windsor

Cathy Davis was six years old today on this beautiful winter's day in sunny south Florida. Cathy was very busy explaining to her imaginary, secret bestest friend in the whole wide world "Jodie", just how much fun it will be to have a new addition to her doll collection. This new addition was being delivered by her loving Daddy today for her birthday. The new doll was the Fashion Barbie.

Cathy played in her playroom. She danced with her dolls and was filled with innocent joy, totally oblivious to the world outside.

So pretty she was; with beams of sunlight radiating through her ebony hair. Her faced flushed with the excitement of her Daddy's arrival.

Cathy thought to herself; "not too much longer to go now. When the big hand on the Mickey Mouse clock reached the top, to the center of Mickey's face making Mickey look cross-eyed, and Mickey's little hand reached the center of the clock right in between Mickey's feet to the tops of his black shoes, well that was when Daddy would be home!" Cathy began singing out loud now.

"London Bridge is falling down, falling down falling down,  
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady."

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Jason's palms were now sweating profusely as he positioned himself just down the street from the Davis estate. He pressed down on the clutch pedal of the Astro Van and gently placed the vehicle into gear. Then he started driving slowly towards the Davis estate, address; 6565 Sailfish Drive Pompano Beach Florida. This was the home of Eldon Barnes Davis, the founder and chief executive officer of Davis International, one of the most prestigious and influential investment firms in the country.

Today, Jason was to pose as a flower delivery person arriving at exactly 5:40 PM just late enough for Mrs. Davis to allow him entry through the security gate without too much of an interrogation, so he could be gone before her husband arrived home at 6:00 PM. Jason had plans, big plans that were now in place. He believed his plans would enable him to realize his golden opportunity once and for all. Jason had been contracted for this job, a verbal contract, with clear instructions. But now being on the scene, Jason felt he had some leeway to do as he pleased.

His assignment was to pluck Eldon's daughter right from under his nose, from this little fortress on Sailfish Drive. It mattered not how he accomplished his task, the main thing was that he do it! That part of the assignment was left up to him and him alone. Jason thought a great deal

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of himself. He was famous. A legend in his own mind, that is. He was most pleased with himself having established a long but not so illustrious career of crime. This act would place him into the big leagues.

His string of successful seven-eleven robberies and a few bank hits earned him enough of a reputation to alert the local authorities but only to attract vague federal level notice. Jason enjoyed taking other people's things. He had a phobia for taking things, he was a born thief. He enjoyed that sort of thing. Up until today it had always been material things and cash. Jason had his fling in the illegal transport of aliens into The United States via The Bahamas along with smuggling and trafficking, now he was entering a new dimension; kidnapping.

Jason had promoted himself to kidnapper extraordinaire. This surely will bring national attention and he, yes he will be the one pulling off this dandy little move. As with anything else, Jason chalked it up to experience. He figured, the more you did something the better you became at it and that was pretty much how Jason looked at things in general. Yes he was turning into a proper criminal willing to take the stakes higher with each new opportunity.

Jason's many casual acquaintances would have never thought him to be suspect of wrong doings. On the surface of every day life, Jason appeared quite normal. But deep down, the truth be known, he reveled in his dark side, and now a soon to be kidnapper of little girls.

He especially found justification in America's history of the Noriega trials and Iran Contra, scandal and don't even mention the President's misleading private affairs, "what a joke" screwing the country like that! This just added more fuel to his fired way of thinking. Jason squeezed out a personal sense of pride knowing that his government was engaged in the same type of activity as he now was. In Jason's mind all of his actions were justified by the facts of his country's involvement with Noriega and the Iranians and the wool pulled over the American public's eyes on oil for humanity in Iraq.

Jason figured that if The US government was designed to penetrate Iran's Oil wealth, do a little skimming off of the top and fund the contras in some Central American banana republic with hostage money, well hell what he was doing was just the same. Just like Robin Hood, stealing from Peter to pay Paul. Only this way Jason was always Paul and Jason loved to steal. After all he was a thief.

Jason had always envied other people who had fancy things. Even in his teens growing up in heartland USA he yearned for fancy cars, fancy clothes, a fancy lifestyle and of course fancy girls. Well wait no longer, now he was on his way to get himself a fancy little girl from one of those fancy Florida styled homes with the pink tile roof sitting on the intracoastal waterway in the most exclusive neighborhood from Miami to Palm Beach and best of all, it was just down the street!

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Linda Davis was to say the least, excited. Today was her precious little girl's birthday and nothing, nothing in the world was going to get in her way of celebrating this marvelous day. It will be just the three of them Eldon, Linda and Cathy.

A small family, but a happy family. Linda Davis herself was a beautiful woman. That being said however did no justice to describe her beauty. This lady commanded attention. She was incredibly attractive. Strangers would at times just plain stare at her. She carried herself as if she had just stepped from the front doors of the country's finest finishing schools in the art of

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glamour and beauty. Her posture was as graceful as a gazelle is swift and yet there was a sense of ease about her that invited one to enter her aura and feel completely at ease, while staring into her emerald green eyes highlighted by her shoulder length jet black ebony hair.

She seemed to have a constant smile upon her face. Not a put-on to be sure but more of her inner warmth planted ever so softly onto her moist lips. This was Linda Davis. Today Linda's heart was filled with joy. She had just been informed over the telephone by her family doctor that their dreams were finally realized. They were indeed going to have another baby. A loving addition to the Davis family. So in fact there was inner warmth emanating from Linda. A genuine glow of motherly love and Linda's face was beaming with affection and content that she had for her family.

Cathy especially needed a loving sister or brother. Neither Eldon nor Linda wanted to see Cathy having to grow up on her own. They didn't want her missing the elements of sharing and learning experiences that brothers and sisters have in common. Linda was over come with anxiety. She had only received confirmation from Doctor Perry today, just within the last hour and now she could hardly wait for her husband Eldon to finally arrive home.

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Eldon Barnes Davis was due in to Ft. Lauderdale International Airport at 5:15 PM and if things went well he should be home by six as usual. The Davis's sprawling estate was just north of Ft. Lauderdale in the affluent section of Pompano Beach, taking up a good four acres of prime intracoastal waterway footage. Eldon's Canadair corporate jet was usually on time. His jaguar would be pulling up through his estate's security gate very soon now. Cathy would not have much longer to wait, only another forty minutes or so. Cathy could still be heard singing out loud.....

"London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down, London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady."

\*\*\*\*

Jason had made certain that the van he had stolen for this job was a good one. He wanted a vehicle that was reliable and therefore had to be almost new. The Wal-Mart employee arrived on time and his vehicle fit the bill perfectly. The employee locked his van, but for Jason it was not a challenge to steal it, it was a "piece of cake". This too was just second nature to Jason. Stealing a van or car was something Jason became an expert at over the last few years. Jason would need the van for exactly twenty one and a half miles.

This would be just far enough for Jason to drive north getting him to Toys R US in Boynton Beach after having abducted the Davis girl from the Davis estate in Pompano Beach. There he would ditch the van after changing vehicles. Jason had spent the last ten weeks staking out the Davis estate. He wanted to be certain of the routine comings and goings on of the Davis family. His assignment came with plenty of time for preparation. He knew this had to be done right or not at all.

These were high stakes now. Jason was now to the point in his preparation that he knew exactly when Eldon left his home in the mornings to go to his corporate office headquarters in Ft. Lauderdale and the time that he returned home for the day. Oddly enough Jason had determined that Eldon never came home prior to 6:00 PM. But he was usually home right around six or just a



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few minutes after usually depending upon traffic. Jason also determined that Eldon liked to drive himself to his office. Eldon apparently was someone who enjoyed driving and liked his jaguar.

Unbeknownst to Jason, Eldon was flying in from Canada tonight just in time for Cathy's birthday celebration later this evening and would be home at the usual time just after 6:00 PM. The one lone guard at the gate house marking the entrance to the Davis estate had gone off shift at 5:30 PM and had done so every Friday, Jason had noted. That left an entire half hour with which to play and a great deal of negligence in security at the Davis estate. This would no doubt be regretted by Eldon.

Jerry the day guard, for the Davis estate had pestered Mrs. Davis long enough so that Linda had finally given in agreeing to let Jerry leave a half hour early on Fridays so that Jerry could catch the last Greyhound bus up to Altamonte Springs .

Jerry had his son living up north and Jerry loved to go visit his grandchildren spending the weekends with his son and daughter in law. If Jerry wouldn't be able to leave by 5:30 PM on Fridays, well he just wouldn't be able to make it and Mrs. Davis, well she understood.

Mrs. Davis, she was such a nice lady she was, "yessum" that she was. Jerry had been guarding the entrance to the Davis estate ever since Mr. and Mrs. Davis had moved to Florida from up north in Jersey there and that was pretty near five years ago now. That Mrs. Davis was the prettiest white woman Jerry ever did see and probably the best hearted and kindest woman he'd ever come across in years, black or white. Mr. Davis, well now there was another story there. Smart as one of them there computers he was, had a brain like one, he heard tell, and sharp as a well honed knife. But Jerry also heard tell that Mr. Davis was as cunning as a black swamp Florida gator. No sir, Jerry did not want to get on the bad side of Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis was a man to be respected he was.

Jerry left his post at exactly 5:30 PM making absolutely sure that the gate's auto locking system was engaged and the remote cameras were in the operational mode. Satisfied that all was in order, Jerry left and was on his way to see his grandchildren just outside of Orlando. Jerry was going to have a terrific weekend and leave the driving to Greyhound. Jerry's partner, Winston, wouldn't arrive for his evening shift for another half an hour. Jerry figured all was safe and sound at the Davis estate. Jerry was dead wrong.

Jason's palms were still sweating making his hands feel clammy. He was wearing a one piece jumpsuit, rubber soled shoes, a pair of wrap around dark sunglasses, a false but well groomed beard and most importantly he had a fake nose job that widened and lengthen his nose just enough to totally change his real appearance. Jason's disguise was crude but most effective. There was no way that anyone knowing Jason would have recognized him. Jason was a tall man, and quite heavy, sporting somewhat of a beer belly.

Jason was now ready; this was the moment in time. He pressed down on the accelerator and the van began moving down the street to the Davis estate on Sailfish Drive. He drove the van up into the driveway leading to the Davis estate and stopped in front of the automatic steel gates and flush with the intercom to the Davis house.

He reached out his driver's side window and pressed the intercom button. Instantly inside the house Linda's attention was drawn to the sound of chimes from the front gate system, out at the front gate, Jason listened. He heard it ring once, twice, three times and then he heard Linda's voice. Linda Davis came straight away once she heard the chimes from the gate. As Linda came to answer the gate she thought to herself "oh, well of course, its Friday and Jerry has left early as always, I wonder who it could be out there."

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Linda pressed the intercom button inside the house in the foyer and answered saying "yes, who is it please?" Jason was absolutely ecstatic, overwhelmed to hear her voice. Jason was terrified and yet at the same time he was cool as ice. This was the big one. He was about to speak to Linda Davis, wife to Eldon Barnes Davis, one of the richest men in America. This was Jason's biggest and most dangerous prize yet. Linda had something that wasn't his, but soon would be.

"Ah, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Linda Davis please." Jason said with a tone of uncertainty but just right. "Yes, who is this please?" Linda asked. She was totally calm and expressed a normal tone in her voice. She had no reason for concern. Not yet. Jason continued, with control in his voice. "Ma'am this is the delivery man from Martin's flower boutique in Deerfield Beach. I have a very special delivery marked as a birthday arrangement; it's quite a large one at that. Where do you wish for me to leave this Mrs. Davis?"

Linda was not surprised at all. Floral deliveries had been coming for the past couple of days to The Davis estate.

Maria Sanchez, the housemaid would usually take care of the procedure but Linda had given her the day off as well since it was Cathy's birthday and Linda would tend to receiving the flowers today.

"Okay." Linda said. "You can bring the flowers to the front door. Just drive on through the gate when it opens up."

Linda hated going through these precautions but she knew very well that Eldon had the security system installed for their own protection.

Linda continued on. "Look, you'll have to first get out of your vehicle and step directly in front of the security system camera for a facial ID Once I get a printout of your face please hold up a piece of picture identification so that I can verify that you are who you say that you are. It must have a picture of you on it. Is that clear?" Linda asked. She was somewhat embarrassed about the whole thing.

She hated doing this so. Naturally, Jason was only too happy to comply. His false picture ID was complete with beard and only made yesterday with official Martin flower boutique logo. Jason left nothing to chance in this respect. And so Jason responded. "Yes, Mrs. Davis, that will be fine, I'm getting out of my van now and approaching the camera. Is this okay?" Jason asked. This was really turning Jason, causing his heart rate to increase.

Linda waited for the camera to auto focus on the delivery man as he stood in front of the lens. She didn't pay very close attention, only impatient to get this whole process over with. She did however notice his sunglasses and requested that he remove them before she hit the button inside for the color Cannon laser printer to generate the image of Jason's false face.

As Jason stood there and removed his sunglasses, he said to himself under his breath "you're mine bitch, you're all mine." As Jason thought this, a smile developed over his face. The camera focused and the laser printer generated the image. Jason held up his employee identification card to the camera so it could focus on that too.

Linda, compared the two, and seemed satisfied. She did momentarily think to herself that this man was an unusual looking character but then after all, he was delivering flowers for god's sake.

Linda had always given everyone the benefit of the doubt. It was just the way she was, her nature wouldn't allow her to act any different. That was one reason that she was so liked by all who knew her. Eldon was always on to her about how she could never be too careful. Linda continued on saying: "Okay, then, please drive on up, I'll open the gates for you. Please leave the

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flowers outside at the front door."

No, this wasn't what Jason wanted! He had to have contact with her. He had to act fast. Jason responded. "Ah Mrs. Davis, Ma'am, this is such a large arrangement, it would be kind of you to sign for it please, plus it ought to be set upright cause it is quite heavy." Jason added that just with the right amount of urgency in his voice.

Linda thought nothing of it. She responded saying, "Oh, sure, no problem, I'll take the flowers from you at the front door. Come on through." She then pushed the button opening the front gate of the Davis Estate to Jason. Jason got back into his stolen van and drove on up to the Davis estate. Jason could now feel the adrenaline just pumping into his system. He could taste it in his mouth. It was now 5:35PM. Right on time; another twenty five seconds and Linda Davis would be his.

Jason reached over to the passenger seat to pick up the special floral arrangement. It had cost Jason a whopping hundred and eighty dollars. It was a most fitting collection though for this occasion. Beautiful hibiscuses and oleander spotted with orchids throughout with just the right touch of bird of paradises. No doubt would be cast on the authenticity of the good intentions this bouquet implied and surely enough to garner the attention of even the most discerning critic, if only for a few seconds. That is all that Jason needed, just a few seconds of time. Jason was certain that this arrangement would buy him the time that he needed, just four or five seconds to catch Linda off guard and grabbing her by surprise by which time it would already be too late. Ironically the oleander's little know poisonous chemical contents provided the right touch of drama to this act, taking Jason even to higher levels of deceit.

Jason drove the van to the front door of the Davis home. Linda Davis opened the door as the van pulled up front and for the first time Jason had a chance to lay his eyes upon Linda Davis from close range and in real life. The pictures he had of her did her no justice at all. In real life she was stunning. She was awesome and enchanting.

She stood approximately five feet seven inches tall, dressed in a light cotton summer dress. She wore expensive tan colored leather sandals on her feet. She was just standing there appearing to be somewhat impatient, waiting for Jason to get out of the van and bring about the delivery. Her silky shoulder length ebony hair gently lifted in the Florida trade wind's breeze, pushing through her hair and making her look like a mythical Greek Goddess. Jason paused for just a few brief moments as he too got caught up in her aura of mystique.

Then Jason came to his senses and bounced back to the task at hand. Jason picked up the arrangement of flowers from out of the van with his left hand. He climbed out of the van and came around the front and up the curb to face Linda directly. Linda's eyes locked onto the fantastic arrangement of flowers immediately and exclaimed, "Oh my, those flowers are absolutely beau....."

Before Linda knew what had happened, she realized that the delivery man had entered into her space but by that time it was already too late. The flowers of beauty had drawn out the princess into the evil grasp of the ogre. It had worked perfectly for Jason. The arrangement had provided the momentary distraction Jason had counted upon. He was upon her like a mountain lion clawing its prey. He would not let go until his quarry was a kill.

With his right hand Jason quickly reached out and grabbed her neck from the front, just under her chin and squeezed tightly. Ever so tightly, Jason's comparative massive weight and frame came to bear down upon Linda as she was caught by total shock with terror filling her heart as this man of steel gripped her with the force of an industrial vice. Linda knew

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immediately that resistance was futile. It would only result in further tightening of the vice on her throat, even just a half turn tighter and her windpipe would be crushed causing her to die.

Suddenly there was a sharp pain in Linda's right side just above her hip and at the same instance Linda felt that her throat was about to be ripped away from out of her neck!

Then to her amazement, as suddenly as it had come, the pain in her neck eased, but the pain in her side now became excruciating and spread clear across her back. Linda opened her eyes and found herself facing the open door to which she had her back towards just a moment or two ago and now found that her attacker was re positioned behind her.

A hand with a latex surgical glove that had acted as the vice around her neck now came around quickly up under her right arm and back around her to the back of her neck pressing her in a downward direction and forward at the same time. Linda felt like she was going to fall ahead but her massive assailant held her body up. She was now totally in his control. If she dare yell, and she wanted to desperately, only if she could, she knew that her neck would be snapped in an instant. All Linda could do was to cry silent tears.

Jason had applied a "half nelson", a wrestler's hold, to the top half of Linda's body. With his left hand Jason had withdrawn a hunting knife from inside of his jumpsuit and slid the eight inch stainless steel blade across the width of her back from Linda's right kidney to her left. Jason cut into Linda leaving an incision in Cathy's mother's back making blood flow the entire length of the knife's path.

Linda's breathing increased rapidly as she became fully aware of the imminent danger to her life, Cathy's life and the life of her unborn child just weeks old. Linda was now overcome with panic. She could not scream, nor force the slightest sound from her larynx. Jason was forcing Linda's head straight down as far as it would bend without actually breaking it which made it virtually impossible for her to even utter the faintest of sounds.

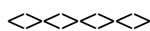
Jason spoke. "All right there Mrs. Davis, listen carefully now will you Hon?" Jason said those words, so sarcastically and matter of fact tone. Then he added. "You and I are going for a little walk." Linda knew that to struggle would be in vain. She had no choice but to be dragged by this monster to wherever he wanted to go. She would be quiet. Just as Jason was about to drag and force her deeper into the foyer of the house, he clearly heard the high pitched voice he was looking for. Cathy's singing came from down the hall, just straight ahead. Yes, Cathy's singing could be heard loud and clear.

"Falling down, falling down, London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady."

Jason of course responded to this immediately. "Well now, Mrs. Davis, it looks like we need go no further. Your daughter will lead me right to her. And as for you, well the bridge is coming down, right on top of your neck."

Having said that Jason snapped Linda's neck with a loud crack of the vertebrae and thrust the full eight inches of the hunting knife's cold stainless steel blade into and through Linda's left kidney thereby terminating Linda Davis's twenty ninth year of life on this earth and the third week of her unborn child's.

Having finished with her, Jason then released the grip he had on her body and dropped Linda's nerve quivering corpse to the marble floor with a thud. Blood spewed from the gaping wound along Linda's back and sides. Jason learned how to become a cold blooded killer today. It came to him so easily. No hesitation, no guilt. Jason had become a very dangerous man.



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### **Chapter Two**

I feel when I sorrow most:  
It is better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

Alfred Lord Tennyson - In Memoriam

"This is Lauderdale Control to Canadair niner-niner, do you copy?" "Ah, roger control, this is niner-niner copy you and requesting vector for final approach." "Roger Canadair, niner-niner, turn left twenty degrees, then descend to twelve hundred feet and you are cleared for landing on runway 2A." "Roger, control, copy and cleared to land on runway 2A on final; Canadair niner-niner out."

Billy Simpson had been flying as a corporate pilot for Mr. Davis now for the better part of his civilian career. As far as Billy Simpson was concerned, there would be no need for any career changes in the foreseeable future.

Scoring this coveted corporate piloting position was about as golden of a job he could think of ever landing not to mention the additional benefits that came along with such duty. On top of all that, Billy had never been treated with more respect and regard for his professionalism as he received from Mr. Davis.

Flying for Davis Investments all over the free world definitely had its fair share of rewards. Billy had logged a good deal of hours flying to be sure but at a hundred and sixty thousand dollar annual salary, Billy wasn't complaining. There wasn't a place on earth that Billy hesitated flying to. When Mr. Davis called Billy, well, Billy was ready.

There had been many occasions when Mr. Davis wasn't in a position to give Billy much notice. Eldon just called and Billy was just ready. That was the sort of relationship and understanding the two men had for each other. That perhaps was the only single drawback to this job, if there was one at all. Billy began to understand that in the world of high financial stakes, sometimes being there yesterday was already too late.

With the financial world becoming more and more a global community it seemed like Mr. Davis should be in ten places at once. With renewed unrest in the Persian Gulf and the volatile economic conditions in the far east and now globally, hard currencies the world over were bouncing up and down like rubber balls and it took a shrewd financial manipulator to stay on top of his game.

Billy soon learned that Eldon Barnes Davis, his boss was that sort of man. But that was all Mr. Davis's area. Billy Simpson did not concern himself with Mr. Davis's business, only his travel needs and his safety when in Billy's presence. Mr. Davis was a man to be seen with and a man who garnered the attention of the international banking community, heads of states and other dignitaries. He was most of all respected and sought out for his opinion and viewpoints. Billy was grateful; this sure as hell beat flying the greyhounds of the skies.

Billy was a Gulf war Vet. He was proud of it too. He was an ex F14 Tomcat fighter pilot. Billy had seen a great deal of action in the gulf running numerous sorties over enemy territory that finally resulted in his downing by ground to air heat seeking missiles. His plane was hit badly and Billy bailed out only to be captured and held as a P.O.W. in a hell hole of an Iraqi prisoner of war facility. Billy's fortitude, determination and burning desire to be free lead to a

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well planned escape that proved successful.

Billy eventually earned the Congressional Medal of Honor and Purple Heart. Billy had served his country well with passion and integrity. Now Billy Simpson was doing just the same thing but this time for Mr. Davis. When he committed himself to duty, he gave his one hundred percent and then some. Billy Simpson was a proud American. Billy could be counted upon unquestionably.

Eldon could now feel the descent of his jet as they approached Ft. Lauderdale Florida. He had been airborne for exactly three hours and five minutes. There were no time zones to cross on this flight. Eldon was thankful for that. He would be saved from the jet lag that usually accompanied him on most of his flights. He was a well traveled man.

Eldon knew and had learned from experience, when to sleep and when not to sleep on various flights. This enabled his internal body clock to adjust as smoothly as possible to time zone changes. This practice allowed him to perform at peak efficiency at all times. It no longer mattered to Eldon if his travels took him across the Pacific to Hong Kong or The Atlantic to Brussels. Eldon coped. He coped well.

Today however was an important day. Eldon was grateful to Billy for getting him home on time for his darling little girl's birthday. Linda too would be pleased about the good news he had concerning the financial package he had just signed and delivered with The Canadian government and Ontario Hydro the electric company for the province of Ontario.

Eldon hadn't known that the nuclear generating plant in the city of Pickering, just east of Toronto on Lake Ontario was the largest facility in the world.

Eldon was fascinated with technology, especially things on a grand scale such as nuclear power generating stations.

Eldon tried to involve his wife Linda as much as possible into his business dealings and business life. He believed in sharing as much of his life both professionally and nonprofessionally with his wife as he could manage.

Linda welcomed this. She showed keen interest in a variety of issues and Eldon realized that Linda often provided Eldon with confidence and support. She always offered Eldon her good sense and alternate points of view allowing Eldon to examine issues from all aspects. Eldon valued her positive sided opinions on socially impacting actions.

He would look forward to discussing his recent dealings with Linda that he had reached with The Canadian government.

Eldon thought to himself about those Canadians. "They certainly lived up to their reputation of being cautious business people." Eldon had managed to convince a group of investors based in Toronto to act in harmony with the Canadian government and the Ontario Hydro Corporation.

In accomplishing this he secured the financing for the development of a new generation of nuclear power stations to be built in Canada and then exporting the new technology world wide. The fact that private money had been introduced to the financing mix, had supplied the equation with the added stimulus it required to ensure that it got off of the ground.

This was a twenty three billion dollar venture in which Eldon was instrumental in making it all happen. Besides all of that, Eldon had special reasons of his own to be especially proud of this project. Not only had he put together the greatest financing package in the history of his company. But at the same time managed to save the environment from being raped further in having to flood millions of acres of land to accommodate an equivalent sized electric dam

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project which would have been the alternative. This way everyone involved came out a winner.

The new technology would generate income for both the government and its private investors and above all, Eldon felt that he had a special hand in having saved a great deal of pristine wilderness.

Eldon's next project was already taking shape in his mind. He'd harbored great interest in energy development and intensified his research into the field of super conductivity. Eldon envisioned a time when his company would be in a position to provide financing for the first super conductor mass transit system. That was still years off, he knew that but the thought certainly excited him.

Eldon firmly believed that the future was here today. His little girl had just become a year older and his wife was still the most beautiful woman he had ever laid his eyes upon, even still to this day. Eldon was the epitome of the American dream." That dream of course was about to be turned into his most horrific nightmare.

There was no need to clear US Customs upon arrival in Ft. Lauderdale. Both Billy and Eldon had been cleared back in Toronto. Eldon was thankful for that because it was a time saver and he was in a hurry to get home today.

Billy took care of the plane after landing. He had it refueled right away and on standby at the Davis Investments corporate hangar. That hangar was on the north end of the airport. Billy taxied straight for the hangar where Eldon had his Jaguar parked. Sometimes, depending on the winds and the subsequent angle of approach for landing, the flight path corridor would take Eldon directly over his estate on Sailfish Drive.

Today had been one of those days. The flight corridor to runway 2A, requires Billy to swing out wide over the Atlantic just passing over the Pompano Beach area over the Intracoastal Waterway.

Billy would place Eldon right over his house and at banking sharply to the right this time; Eldon got a good bird's eye view of his place today. Eldon could see his two boats docked down by the intracoastal. One boat was a fifty foot scarab, a cigarette type speed boat equipped with special electronics and the full array of conveniences. That was Eldon's little toy for weekends when he wasn't tied up with business and found himself free. The other was a fifty foot Blackfin motor yacht for entertaining business clients. Eldon employed a part time captain for the Blackfin but he enjoyed taking it out on his own as well, just with his family and a first mate.

Eldon could also see a brown van parked right in front of the main entrance to his house. His sharp eyes followed the driveway back from the house down the estate towards the entrance on Sailfish Drive and he now couldn't help but see that the main gates at the guard house marking the entrance to his estate were wide open. This was never the case; it was very unusual for this to happen at best.

Eldon started to develop a very uneasy feeling in his gut. He was not alarmed but he was very security conscious. Hopefully, it was just the anticipation he had for seeing Linda and Cathy again and he was probably over reacting. Eldon let it go and sat back in his seat. Eldon could only let it go for about five seconds though.

Now he leaned forward in his seat and pressed his face against the window to get another look down. The angle for viewing became less and less available as they flew further away. Eldon sat back again.

As soon as the plane touched down, and taxied to the hangar, Eldon was out. He headed for his jaguar and immediately picked up his Panasonic cellular mobile phone. He auto dialed Linda

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while pulling out of the hangar and waving a hand towards Billy to say good bye. Eldon made his way out of the airport area and took his place in traffic on interstate 95 heading north towards Pompano Beach. The exit to Atlantic Boulevard was only a few miles north up the highway. It wouldn't take too long to get home. He knew that Linda would be at home with Cathy.

Eldon reached over to the passenger seat and picked up one of his daughter's present. It was a Barbie doll. Eldon had a bigger surprise for Cathy but it seemed that little girls needed very little to make them happy and this

Barbie doll was all that Cathy asked from Eldon. Eldon had his daughter's little treasure all neatly wrapped and sitting in the passenger seat. He had made certain that his private secretary Deirdre, from his office in Lauderdale went to Toys R Us and picked up the gift and set it in his car for his arrival back from Canada.

Eldon had arranged for this prior to his departure for Toronto. Deirdre was someone who was meticulous at ensuring Eldon's schedule was in place and in order at all times. She could be relied upon to take care of just about anything Eldon needed both personally and business wise.

The purchase of the doll was a personal task. Deirdre had placed the doll into Eldon's jaguar just within the last hour and now she was driving down south on I95 towards Miami, heading home and finding herself stuck in south Florida traffic grid lock. Eldon would fare no better heading north today. It was Friday. Traffic was at times the greatest drawback for deciding to live in south Florida.

Eldon listened to the cellular phone dialing his number at home and then he waited as his phone rang at home. He listened to the remote speaker. It rang nine times, he counted each ring. No answer.

Eldon thought. "Why wasn't Linda answering the phone? Maybe she was getting his darling little daughter all ready for him, with a fresh new outfit, cute as can be; but still, she should have answered the phone."

Eldon was now consumed. His imagination started taking off, full of wild and irrational thoughts. He glanced at the speedometer; he was speeding fifteen miles over the limit. He didn't need to get pulled over now and just prolong the agony of not knowing where his wife was and why she wasn't answering the phone.

He had always hated leaving her and Cathy home alone while he was on a business trip. Eldon was a realist to be sure and he never discounted what harm can come unexpectedly to the wealthy and well known. He had always believed in tight security systems around his estate and only tolerated his wife's apathy for tight security just so that he wouldn't offend her. Eldon never really agreed to letting Jerry the guard leave early on Fridays but Linda had asked Eldon to consider Jerry's request and he agreed reluctantly. "Winston" the late shift guard worked another job before getting to the Eldon estate and that was just the way it was. These things all bothered Eldon.

Eldon was cautious when it came to driving, but today, especially now something deep inside was eating away at him making Eldon very nervous. Eldon had a sixth sense that was keen and it was not sending good vibes now.

Eldon maintained his speed between seventy and seventy five miles per hour. He accelerated somewhat to eighty and speed dialed his home number once again. He noticed passing the exit to Atlantic Avenue in North Lauderdale. It was another seven miles to his exit directly north on the interstate. The phone rang, and kept ringing continuously, endlessly. No one picked it up. Eldon dialed his private office number at his house.



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He waited. There too the phone just rang and rang. "Where in hell was Linda?" "Okay, remain calm, you're just letting your mind run with this, just relax and get home fast as you can without causing an accident. Come on you know better than this, you're acting foolish."

Eldon's mind was trying to talk himself back into a state of normalcy. "What was that truck or was it a van doing in the driveway, and why was the gate to the driveway opened like that? Jesus, what was going on?" Now Eldon wasn't paying any attention to his driving. He had accelerated to eighty five miles per hour almost running a car off the interstate as he pulled over to the right hand lane for his exit off the highway. "Okay, relax you're almost home. Another five minutes and you'll be fine holding Linda in your arms. It's probably nothing. She may have had to do something so she just couldn't get to the phone." Eldon thought to himself trying desperately to relax.

He was now sweating profusely. He realized that he'd better get on grip on things otherwise he might look foolish in front of Linda when he got home. Then he remembered, it was Maria's day off too. Because of this being Cathy's birthday Linda had decided to give Maria the housemaid the day off so the family could be alone together.

"What was that van doing there?" This ate away at Eldon like a cancer. He had to find out. The traffic was heavy, especially on Friday at rush hour not to mention all the damn tourists. There were more cars with out of State plates on the road than local ones. Eldon could have sworn they were all deliberately getting in his way just to slow him down.

Eldon couldn't help it. He felt sick. It was now 6:00 PM at the Davis Estate on 6565 Sailfish Drive in Pompano Beach Florida. The drawbridge over the intracoastal had just opened up. Eldon would be stuck in traffic for another seven minutes. There was nothing he could do, absolutely nothing.

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Having pushed the eight inches of stainless steel into the warm living body of Linda Davis had given Jason a big rush. Never had he known the power of life and death in his hands. This added a new dimension to the makeup of the character that was Jason Garretty. Jason realized a new found power now, almost a sense of invulnerability overwhelmed him. He knew no fear and quite literally felt elated. He was now in full charge.

Cathy's playroom was at the end of the first floor hallway just inside the large sun room overlooking the back yard. Her playroom was directly down the hall across from the foyer where Jason had dropped Linda's body.

The door to Cathy's playroom was wide open and she could be heard playing and talking with her bestest friend Jody, Cathy's imaginary playmate. Linda could often hear Cathy talking to Jody while she played and Linda was so relieved to learn that another addition was coming to the Davis family. Cathy needed a sister or brother desperately. She was such a loving child, willing to give of herself so much even now at the tender age of six.

A great deal of Linda's personality and presence was within Cathy and she too would no doubt bloom into a most precious flower as the years would surely bless her with Linda's beauty and spirit.

Cathy's soft singing indicated that she was lost onto a world of her own. She had her entire "Care Bear" collection spread out all around her in a circle with each one of the dolls facing inward. Behind and around the Care Bears she had the whole family of Smurf dolls and in her

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lap were two Cabbage Patch Kids and in her arm she held her favorite doll of all, a Cabbage Patch Premie doll that she had named "Dixie".

Cathy would not let go of Dixie. This was her very special and most important possession in the whole wide world. Yes "sireee" Cathy had created her own little gallery of admirers. She admired them and she was positive they all admired her back as she explained to them that soon they'd meet the newest doll to her collection, the fashion Barbie. She was a child at play, she was six.

Jason was thirty six, and a murderer with a mission who was now stalking a six year old child at play just down the hall from where he had murdered her mother in cold blood. He was about to invade this innocent child's world of "make believe".

As Jason tip-toed down the hall he reached into the inner pocket of his jumpsuit and extracted an aluminum flask and placed it under his left armpit, then took, from his right hip-pocket a thick woolen rag. Untwisting the top of the flask, he turned it upside down onto the rag. Quietly in his rubber sole shoes he walked down the hall towards Cathy's playroom and stopped just short of the doorway.

Cathy was chattering away to the smurf dolls with her back towards the doorway entrance as Jason peeked around into the room. Quickly like a mongoose he leapt upon Cathy. Two steps, one second of time is all that it took. Jason snatched Cathy up from the middle of the circle of dolls and pressed the woolen cloth firmly into her face. It took but a few seconds to render Cathy unconscious. The chloroform had been absorbed into Cathy's lungs and bloodstream immediately as her young lungs fought for air against the tightly pressed blackness confronting her face.

Cathy was his. Jason had the Davis girl and was ready to make his exit when his peripheral vision caught sight of "Dixie" as it fell to the floor from out of Cathy's arms. The doll offered Jason a sudden clever idea and he picked it up off the floor. "Okay kid, we'll take this along too. Two hostages are better than one anyway." Jason said to himself.

Jason ran quickly back towards the foyer passing Linda's body and holding both Cathy and "Dixie" tightly in his arms like a fullback breaking for the goal line.

Jason paused for a fraction of a moment as he came to the open front doorway. He looked around quickly outside, saw that all was clear, threw Cathy and the doll into the back seat and sped off around the circular driveway and out onto Sailfish Drive.

Jason was heading south on US federal highway one, not two minutes from the front gate of the Davis estate as he passed "Winston Clarke" the evening guard coming to work. Winston was humming an old Ray Charles tune. Fridays were always good days for work Winston thought, cause tomorrow was Saturday and Saturdays he'dah be-a-doin-no-work-fo-nobodys-anotime. Winston was glad this was Friday. He liked having the weekends off.

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The Astro van that Jason was driving careened around the corner of Sailfish Drive and Dumont Road, no more than half a mile from the Davis House. He proceeded in a westerly direction and passed over the intracoastal drawbridge spanning the Intracoastal Waterway.

Jason was now heading south on US highway one and mixed in major traffic. He headed straight south. Pulling away from the Davis estate he did notice a couple of joggers on the opposite side of the street on Sailfish Drive. Jason thought about that for a moment and considered that they may present a problem later on but by that time he'd have the van ditched. Still, it could be significant he thought. Just five minutes after Jason left the Davis estate, Eldon

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pulled up to his driveway.

Ironically, Eldon and Jason had passed each other heading in opposite directions over the drawbridge on the intracoastal. If only Eldon had known, if only. Immediately Eldon was questioning Jerry's whereabouts. He had forgotten already that it was Friday.

The gate was wide open; there was no guard on duty. Everything was wrong! "Jerry, Jerry, where the hell are you, Jerry!" Eldon was now shouting from his seat through the passenger window out towards the guard house. Two seconds later, Eldon sped on through the gate and up the driveway to the front door of his house. Suddenly Eldon was overcome with anxiety; he could see that the front door to the house was open even before he arrived at the curb.

No sign of any security guards, the front gate was wide open and the entire world had total access to his private domain. Nausea set in on Eldon, his heart rate increased rapidly to over a hundred fifty beats per second, it raced on its own. He tasted an awful buildup of saliva in his mouth. His chest felt heavy. He got himself out of the car and ran through the front door of his house calling out his wife's name. "Linda, Linda, where are you?"

It was only a matter of a second once he was through the front doorway. By the time he had called out his wife's name the second time, it was frozen on his lips. With a terror that unfolded like a bolt of lightning in front of his eye he realized his most horrific nightmare.

It was as if Satan himself had paid a visit to his home and left his mark on the Davis family. Both terror and dread filled his heart, his mind tried to reject the horrible truth that lay in front of him but it could not. Eldon was on his way to short circuiting. He was now running a heavy overload. His wife, his love, his world, his future, his life, his dreams was stricken down lying in a pool of blood.

His daughter! Cathy, where is Cathy? Eldon's darling little girl. He knew in his heart that she'd be gone. Yet it was instinct that drove him to search.

He yelled out her name. "Cathy Cathy where are you baby? Cathy its daddy!" It was in vain. Then Eldon stopped running around the house searching for his daughter. He came back to Linda's body, looked down at her and raised his head covering both his ears with the palms of his hands and let out a scream of pain and revenge at the top of his lungs that could be heard by the devil himself in his lair in hell.

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Eldon had experienced tragic sorrow three years ago when his mother and father were taken from him because of an automobile accident caused by a drunken driver.

His mom and dad had just been over to visit him and Linda and Cathy. He could still recall how his mom would shower Cathy with her undivided attention for hours on end entertaining his three year old daughter only as a grandma could, reading to her and playing dolls with her.

Cathy was what made Eldon's mother's dreams come true. She would constantly remind Eldon of how Cathy had his eyes and it was in the eyes from where one could always tell what was truly in the heart.

Eldon's father was the driving force that pushed him through the years to forge a place for himself in the world of finance. In 1975 when Eldon first incorporated his initial business and struck out on his own with Davis International Investments, it was his father that showed him the light.

It was Eldon's father who provided him with the strength and encouragement to undertake life's challenges. Eldon remembered so clearly that autumn day down on the Jersey shore.

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He and his dad had taken that long walk on the beach in Wildwood. Eldon was a young stock broker back then, not really knowing what to do with his life or what direction he should channel his energies. Len Davis, his dad was a man not fooled easily and a man who had an ability to read people very well. When Len had opened his first motor hotel back in 1955 he already had enough savvy to know what it took to become successful in corporate America. Success Len knew, did not always come about from a methodically planned course.

Initially it took guts, to dare to do something unusual, to recognize an opportunity at its ripest stages of potential. Yes, it took stamina to tough it out when the sharks in the ocean of business gathered. It took the foresight and most of all the courage to toss the coin and have enough balls to do some gambling.

Len had been a gambling man and his gamble had paid off big. In a matter of ten years, Len Davis's string of small sized road sided inns sprung up all over the north eastern states. Len knew that he could be on the bandwagon if he had the guts to get on with it and in 1955 he invested his life's savings into his first motor hotel that eventually grew into a chain of accommodations whose name was now synonymous with the traveling North American public.

Holiday Jewel Hotels and Resorts had become the most popular pit stop for the American motorist that took to the interstate highways as the country underwent the big bang theory in 1955 and hadn't really eased up until the 1973 Arab oil embargo which put an abrupt end to the national driving craze.

That embargo had nearly done Len Davis in. His now famous chain of hotels had suffered terribly drastic decreasing rates in occupancy throughout the entire summer. That decrease in occupancy affected revenues to almost eliminating cash flow. This had most serious consequences, forcing Len to temporarily close some of his hotels and initiate massive layoffs and cutbacks throughout his hotel empire. The properties located in major urban areas still managed to do well, holding their own and it was these properties that saved Len's overall decline.

The summer of 73 had indeed seen the oceans of American finance infested with Arabian sharks. Len had toughed it out amongst these foreign sharks learning to swim with them and eventually had expanded his empire right into the midst of the Arabian countries themselves reaping huge profits from the oil rich sheikdoms all over the mid east by providing lodging facilities contributing to the overall growth of the Saudi and Emirates economies. The world changed and Len changed with it. Eldon had owed it all really to his dad's uncanny ability to make him see things in broader ways than Eldon's tunnel vision allowed in 1975.

Eldon recalled that autumn day on the Jersey shores, it was approximately four P.M. in the afternoon, the wind had just started to pick up again. He and his dad were out for a walk along the beach just talking. Both men had their pant legs rolled up to just below the knees and they walked along into the wind. The waves were breaking pretty good that afternoon and Eldon remembered how the gulls just floated in the air maintaining their altitude playing the wind currents and not even flapping once to stay airborne.

His dad had said to him, "so son, what have you decided, are you going to take a chance and go for the gusto this time round or are you going to stay working for Riley Brothers for your whole life?"

Eldon had known that his dad was going to bring this up sooner or later, he was sure to bring it up on this walk. Eldon had welcomed the subject because Eldon needed both advice and confidence building. His dad was good at those. Eldon had been thinking of breaking out on his

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own recently. He certainly had enough contacts to start. Eldon had built himself a tight little portfolio of clients whose trust Eldon had earned through some every shrewd portfolio management techniques that Eldon seemed to excel doing. It just was that when it came time to looking after his own best interest, well what he really needed was a good swift kick in the behind to get him going and Len Davis knew that.

His dad stopped walking. He turned to his son and said. "Eldon, turn around and look out to sea and tell me honestly son, what do you see?"

"Dad, are you going to get philosophical with me again?" "Eldon, just do what I say will you?"

Eldon turned towards the ocean like his dad asked him to and said. "Okay dad. I see the Atlantic Ocean. I see that the waves are pretty high and there are a lot of seagulls in the air taking advantage of the brisk wind."

"Eldon, my dear son, God knows I love you but you aren't looking far enough. You see only the ocean, the waves upon it and some birds in the immediate area flying around? Tell me son, is that really all you see or is that all you are willing to see. What are you afraid of son, tell me, what?"

Eldon looked at his dad standing there in front of him with a look of desperation upon his father's face. His father Eldon knew was searching for a deeper response; one that Eldon knew was within himself but couldn't bring it to the surface.

Eldon's dad, Len Davis, spoke. "Eldon, I look out there far beyond the horizon and you know what I see son? You know what I see? I see clear across to Europe. I can see the buildings, I can see the people getting in and out of their cars and I can see thousands of people checking into and out of hotels all across Europe. Eldon, I can see guests checking into the Ritz in Paris right now and some others checking into the Savoy in London even as we speak. The best part is I can see an entire convention checking in right now to The Holiday Jewel Hotel City Center, yes Eldon my hotel in Barcelona Spain. Eldon do you know how I can see that, my son, do you? I'll tell you how, because I have vision son, not just sight and more importantly because I know it's all there, happening right now. You can go now son, if you want and check in to your future, or you can check right out. You can check yourself right out of the future if you insist on procrastinating for much longer. Eldon, I know you have that all important vision, you have it flowing in your blood, just like I do Eldon. Look at that ocean son and think of this."

His dad began to speak and as he did, Eldon felt his dad's arms come to rest on the back of his shoulders. His dad leaned over to speak into Eldon's right ear and as Eldon stared at the horizon, gazing out over the ocean, his dad softly spoke these words to Eldon that would forever change his life, Len Davis said to his loving and only son:

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me."

Eldon looked down at the sand and just as his father finished speaking, the sea came up to brush Eldon's feet beckoning him not to delay.

"Sir Isaac Newton said that son, he said it you, you and me. It just took two hundred and fifty nine years for you to hear it and it had to come from me. The important thing is that you've now heard it." His dad finished saying.

The following morning Eldon reported in to work at Riley Brothers and finished working his last day as a stock broker for somebody else. Eldon Barnes Davis took what money he had

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saved and struck out on his own giving birth to Davis Investments International. After that day he never ever did look back.

Eldon had grieved for months after his parents were killed and it was in Linda whom he found strength and comfort. That event had taken its toll on Eldon, he had retreated within himself, for Eldon was an only child and the loss of his mother and father was indeed a major blow.

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