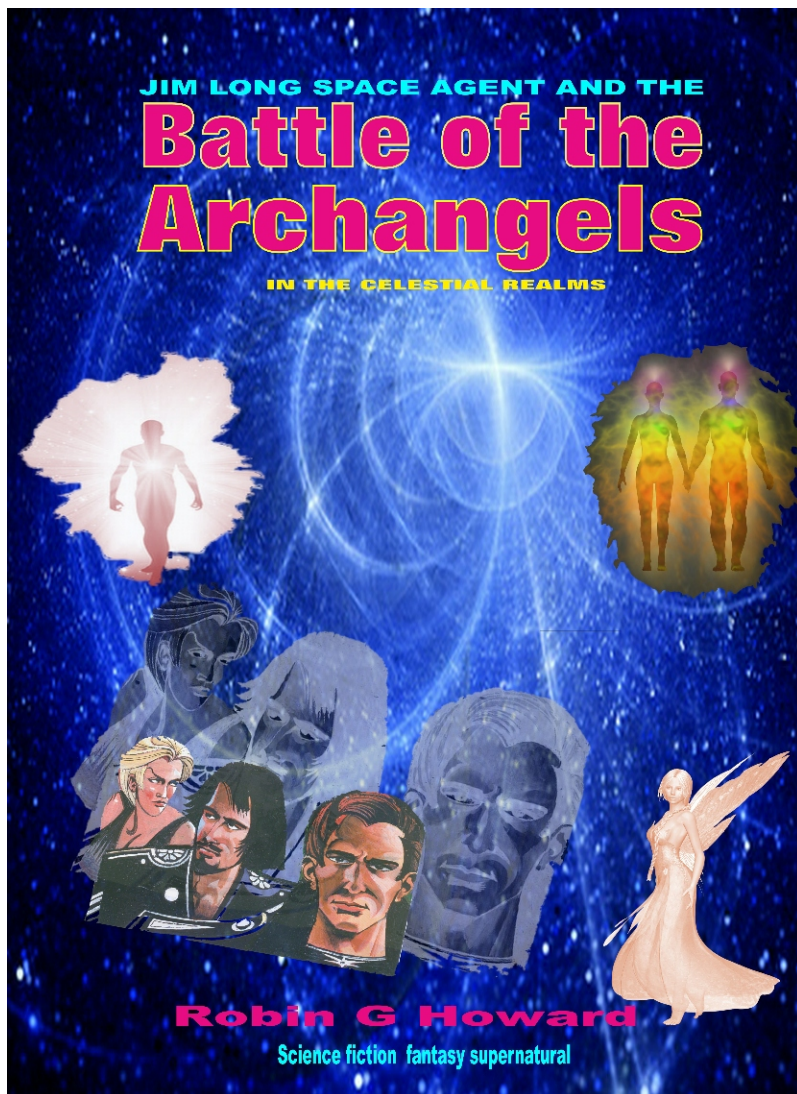




AUTHOR Robin G Howard

Presents



BATTLE of the ARCHANGELS

By
Robin G. Howard

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CHAPTER 1.

Two white glowing figures floated through the multi-coloured clouds as they faced each other in the higher astral realms. Both were equal in power as they slowly circled. The colours above them swirled and intertwined with rich mixtures of purple, pink, blue, and red. The slightly smaller of the two raised his arm and hit the other causing a blast of light to exude outward. Neither spoke as the taller one tried to block passage to the other. It was a complete standoff. The smaller entity made a sudden dash to the right his way blocked once more by the other. In frustration, he battered the taller entity with several strikes of his right arm causing multiple blasts of light. Shooting upward he suddenly escaped the other an eerie laugh from his lips. A great bolt of energy came from an unknown source above sending his form into a wild spin downward. He flailed his arms the spin only corrected when he reached the lower astral. He made an effort to proceed upward again without success. It was useless. The entity roared in defiance raising both clenched fists above his head. He was now confined to the lower sections of the astral by a far greater power.

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"Each galaxy formed and cast in the vast infinity of a vacuum has a unique part to play in the gravitational structure of time and space. The death of a star in a supernova can rarely be witnessed at the exact cataclysmic time; however, it is often caught by the human eye, albeit light years away in the past. Our three dimensional eyesight cannot tell that a horse on the gallop has in its motion all four legs clear of the ground. It is difficult to believe that our frail physical bodies ordained with normal sight do not view the night sky through distance, rather through time. The quest for knowledge always leads in to the profound quagmire of existence. No rules or regulations exist dictating the status and role of a being, only chaotic mathematical equations that lead the scientist on a unique infinite quest. The path we are destined to follow is a never

never-ending search for the truth." Professor Rupert Moreton paused briefly as the athletic figure dressed in a space agent uniform entered the large lecture hall. The face of Jim Long became visible out of the shadows, a small grin appearing on his face as he leaned against the rear wall of the sloping auditorium. The professor continued addressing the young officers' conference at the HQ of the Galaxy Police federation. "Thank you all for attending." Light applause followed and soon after the student officers' moved to the exit.

Jim smiled as he slowly moved towards the Professor. He had years ago sat in those very seats and had fond memories of the lectures delivered by the senior officers.

Rupert stacked three flat electronic notebooks under his arm and motioned to Jim, twitching his head towards the left exit. "Shall we adjourn to the office?"

"Lead the way, Rupert." Jim waited for two cadets to leave the room and followed behind. The two men moved down the corridor and stood outside a door marked – Chief Lecturer.

"Alpha-Beta, open door," requested Rupert to the computer still clutching the notebooks. A green beam of light hit the middle of his chest and expanded out, covering his entire body shape. It followed by a series of small squares on his face. The green projection suddenly ceased and the door slid open. Upon entering, Rupert placed the notebooks on a table and sat down in one of the comfortable soft armchairs gesturing with open hand for Jim to take another. "It's so delightful to relax."

"No one can relax at your lectures, Rupert they are always stimulating." Jim sunk into the luxurious chair. "I received your message an hour ago."

"Ah yes," Rupert replied shaking his head. "I am plunged back into reality." A small grin appeared on his face as he stared at the ceiling deep in thought. His eyes slowly softened as he spoke to Jim. "Our leader, Supreme Chief Officer Vanders has been called away to a conference and will be away for week. He has instructed me to enquire your personal views regarding a certain topic."

"I am intrigued," said Jim putting on a blank expression. "It's not the strength of my aftershave is it?"

"You always jest," chuckled Rupert.

"And you always juggle with words," replied Jim.

"Touché." Rupert blurted out the words shaking his head and smiling. "I approach the subject of your two staff, space officers' Farmer and Clarke."

Jim put on a comic frown. "Is there something wrong, Rupert?"

"No, no," replied Rupert trying to lighten the conversation. "Nothing derogatory or anything like that, they are excellent officers."

"I am glad to hear it, Rupert. You're not doing badly for an interrogation."

"This isn't an interrogation," said Rupert indignantly, then shaking his head and creating a mild look upon his face. "Is that what you think?"

"Eh, eh, caught you," said Jim waving his finger and laughing.

"It's my own fault," replied Rupert relaxing in his chair. "I shall get straight to the point. Because your two officers are with you on most assignments, Vanders would like to know if you also wished to give them bracelets. Then they too can merge when necessary into other dimensions and the astral?"

"Yes," answered Jim raising his eyebrows slightly. "They have travelled with me by locking arms and keeping in close proximity to my bracelet signals. But there is always a danger of losing them."

"That is what Vanders thought," explained Rupert. "He realised that in the past they have been exposed to these environments unintentionally, possibly to save their lives. He has been in contact with the Ancient Beings of Light and they will allow this to continue with provision. You and Vanders are the only two of humankind vetted by the ancients to dimensionally and spiritually travel; therefore you are the only one that can operate their bracelets."

"I presume they will operate in conjunction with my own?"

"Yes. As you know, misuse of this gift can lead to physical and spiritual corruption. It is not to be taken lightly. That is why no one else has been allowed this travel."

"I do realise the importance," said Jim seriously. "Have you ever been in the astral or other dimensions?"

"No," replied Rupert screwing up his face. "I'm not allowed, but I need to do a basic check that your two officers' are happy and compliant with the system."

Jim responded with an enigmatic expression on his face. "It is a strange world travelling out of body, I believe it can be achieved naturally," he reflected. "It is real and yet unreal, it is profound yet simple, hard to describe." With a practical shake of his head, he dismissed the thoughts. "What happens next?"

"The next step, Jim, is a small training course for them that you and I will administer."

"It sounds good, Rupert. When do we start?"

"I think after lunch at 2 would be appropriate."

Jim sat back in his chair looking rather content. Rupert, on the other hand, was sitting upright thinking before he spoke.

"Alpha -Beta," said Rupert to the computer. "Contact Space Officers' 1, Farmer and Clarke. Instruct them to report to central security at 1400 hours. Inform me when the message is received and understood." Rupert turned back to Jim and spoke. "How do you think they'll respond to being able to travel with you?"

"Both have been in another dimension with me," replied Jim thoughtfully. "Only Gail has been out-of-body once. Norman will be a little reluctant about leaving his body, being a down-to-earth engineer."

"Good," said Rupert looking at the timepiece on the wall. "It's now midday."

A short pause ensued as the computer replied to the previous instruction. "Both officers informed and confirmed."

Jim nodded as Rupert picked up one of the notebooks and sat down again.

"Are we doing this at the security centre?" asked Jim thinking of the main classified lecture hall.

"No, I envisage the full treatment," replied Rupert pointing his finger downwards to the floor.

"To the planet centre!" exclaimed Jim. "What about clearance?"

"On the basis you answered with an affirmative Vanders has issued special passes to the two officers."

"I can't wait," grinned Jim. "That will really be an experience for them; I haven't been down there for two years."

"Good, a revisiting experience for you," said Rupert standing up abruptly. Let's go and have some lunch."

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Norman Clarke loved engines and tolerated people. He was happier stripping down a spacecraft into parts and then reassembling. As a senior engineer, he was now supposed to instruct and check the work of others. The ultimate computer, now called Alpha-Beta had now tuned and diagnosed the engine he was working on. He hummed a tune as he carefully placed a translucent cylinder onto its magnetic clamp in the engine compartment of the new probe interceptor craft.

"Alpha-Beta, please restore power to plasmatic modifier."

"Power being restored," replied the articulate female voice of the computer. Norman watched the cylinder flicker and then ignited the red and blue gases circulating inside. A strong purple light shone brightly outward, but then intermittent changing to red and blue.

"Alpha Beta, close down power," said Norman. The computer complied and the cylinder light dimmed.

"I detect that the plasmatic modifier has a fault," said the computer.

"You were late in diagnosis," Norman answered feeling superior. With an experienced eye, he had noticed the intermittent colour change that predicted a fault within the unit.

"I will diagnose my response times," the computer said. "I will request another modifier from engineering stores."

Norman knew it would take two hours for a modifier delivery. "Take the probe interceptor off line and instruct engineers to replace the item," he said. He was walking out through the craft door and into the hanger as he spoke. "Are you ready for the meeting?" Norman turned around, recognising the voice and smiling at the tall slender Gail Farmer.

"Ah yes," he replied frowning slightly. "I was just finishing some work on the interceptor." They both turned and headed towards the vertical-horizontal (VH) elevator situated at the corner of the hanger. "I thought we should eat first in the junior officers' dining room." Gail nodded as they entered the elevator and the door hissed shut behind them.

"Junior officers' dining," she stated as the elevator capsule moved swiftly to their left and gathered speed. It moved smoothly to the end of the building quickly hissing to a halt at the outside wall. It then moved upward until reaching the tenth floor before stopping and then heading to their right for two junctions.

The door opened into a large oval room that sloped gently down to an unoccupied central area. There were several level oval pathways four feet in width that made intersections into the slope. On the level areas every ten feet were curved half-circular tables that faced the centre position below. The dining room was half-full with a low murmur of conversation in the background.

Gail seated herself at one of the tables as Norman stood and gazed downwards at the empty centre. "When do the visuals start?" he asked staring at the other tables.

"What visuals?" replied Gail puzzled by the remark, as they both had only just returned to the home planet.

"I helped install some new equipment before we left," he said. "That was a month ago; I never had a chance to see it."

"We can order now," replied Gail quickly looking at the time on her small visual screen on the cuff of her jacket. Norman sat down looking at the flashing number twenty that activated under the surface of the table.

"What's the special?" he enquired.

'A red tomato based soya mince with mixed vegetables,' said a voice from out of the table.

"That sounds good," said Norman looking at Gail. She nodded. "Make that two."

The centre of the table became soft and bubbly as two flat containers slowly emerged teleported from the kitchen. As Gail ripped off the cover, four compartments became visible. One large, filled with the red mince, and three with various vegetables. She took the four-pronged fork from the small compartment at the side and tasted the mince. "I must admit the food here is better than the IGC's," she said nodding her head.

Several circular beams of coloured light descended from the high ceiling in the centre of the room. "At last," Norman blurted out, thinking of the technicalities needed to create ambiance."

The beams of light slowly joined together, creating a circular wall of light with intensified brightness. It then plunged outward like a huge mist and as it slowly receded, leaving a huge three-dimensional hologram of a jungle scene with a tall and magnificent waterfall cascading into a large pool of water.

"That's a new one," said Norman. "It's very impressive. What do you think?"

"Are these the new systems from the Zanteurian planet?" Gail asked raising one eyebrow. When visiting Zant.1 she had been impressed with their hologram technology, especially Dakars Image Restaurant. Norman nodded, staring in wonder at the hologram detail. "It is impressive."

They slowly ate their meal as exotic birds flew above and below in elegant patterns. The sound was clearly 'cubonic' from the same planet. It was been based on the shape of the cube, sounds from all eight corners making it utterly realistic. Although a virtual reality, thought Norman, it seems real to view. A beautiful bird with a large wingspan and a long neck flew out from the centre and hovered above them. It stayed for a moment and then flew into the centre again making a large ear-piercing screech.

Norman blinked for a moment. "That certainly is realistic." He gazed up at the top of the waterfall watching the bird fly out of site. For a second, there was a severe pulsation of vision and a beam of red light spread downward taking the vision of the waterfall with it. The beautiful cascading water had disappeared leaving a murky gray colour in its absence. "One of the main optical lenses has gone off line," grimaced Norman. "I wonder if I should inform them."

"You haven't time, Norman," said Gail. She kept glancing at her jacket cuff. "We've forty minutes to get to Central Security." Norman grimaced again and took his last bite of food. "Just leave them a message." His annoyance was obvious.

"Number twenty," he said looking down at the table.

"Please state your second order," said the voice from the table.

"Norman Clarke, engineer," he said casually. "Your waterfall is missing." There was a strange silence for a moment as the voice from the table replied.

"We do not issue waterfalls; it is not on the menu."

Gail covered her mouth with her hand stifling a laugh.

"I'm not talking about food," he stated staring at the table.

"I am only designed to issue menus," said the voice. "I do not understand."

"What don't you understand," answered Norman showing the open palms of his hands.

Gail gently took hold of his left arm causing him to stare across at her. "It's a food computer. It just issues out your order," she said trying not to laugh.

Norman grumped for a moment. "Surely it can take a message?"

"I'm afraid the computer is not sophisticated enough to distinguish between food and anything else," she said with a sigh. Norman grumped again as he stood up. "Report it to central command when we get there."

They both stood up and walked towards the exit, Norman still looking agitated at the gray gap in the waterfall. Gail shook her head knowing his predicament. She knew that as a senior engineer he needed to fix the problem.

"If it's any consolation," offered Gail looking at the time on her jacket cuff again. "I would like to programme that computer so that it understands complaints. There just isn't time any more." Norman nodded his head in sympathy as they moved outside into the warm sunlight. Both small screens on their jacket cuffs started to flash as Gail activated the coming projected announcement.

"Please stand by for a rain period," informed Alpha- Beta.

"Why now?" Gail snapped becoming irritated.

"The planet needs water," grinned Norman. "The automatic weather generator has kicked in." Seeing technology working always made Norman happy.

Both started to run towards the transport junction two hundred yards away. The big black cloud above opened up its huge content of water in a deluge more akin to a monsoon and caught them in the torrent in the last fifty yard dash. They both stood for a moment in the shelter of the junction their hair flattened and dishevelled with trickles of water running down each face. They both laughed although with Gail it was more of a grimace.

They moved through the doorway on to the platform and stood inside the huge transparent tube. Looking down the tube, they saw the thirty-foot transport capsule slowly coming to a halt before them. It hovered in the air for a moment its electro-magnetic core pulsating as it slowly hissed downwards in perfect alignment with both internal and external doors.

Both doors opened simultaneously. Norman and Gail entered the capsule and sat down. The door closed and within one minute, the capsule rose in the air, slowly moving forward to gather speed. They were now travelling from Central City 5, the City consisting of Computers and engineering, to Central City 1, headquarters of Central Control.

The eco-engineered countryside was stunning with hundred feet high trees and high mountainous waterfalls. There were also three manufactured oceans with long beaches and adventure trails leading to mountain retreats.

The voice of the computer echoed through the capsule. "One minute to Central City 1."

The capsule entered Central City 1, slowing down as it moved between large buildings and landscaped greenery. It finally came to a stop and sank to the base of the tube, lining up with the doors once again.

They walked out of the transport junction and into a huge circular area showing several parked hover cars. The marks on the ground showed a huge mass of yellow lines intertwined and then trailing out on to the straight road ahead.

"The newly designed cars," commented Norman. "They look like half a globe with a flat bottom." He then beckoned Gail forward.

"Destination please," prompted the computer.

"Central security," replied Gail.

The car hummed into life rising slowly until it was one foot above ground and then moved forward following one of the yellow lines on the road. It slowed down keeping a perfect distance from a car in front. Upon reaching the road, both cars sped up following the right hand yellow band, one of four on the road. Every hundred yards there was a small angled yellow line linking to and from the two major bands. The car in front stopped so another officer could embark. Norman blinked as he watched their car take an angled line to the left swiftly overtaking the parked car and then returning on another to the right side.

"I've not seen this new system before," he exclaimed.

"It's an experimental travel computer system," Gail answered. "I did some work on it six months ago. The yellow lines contain data transmitting to the car to follow the route. The onboard computer does the rest, avoiding other cars and obstacles."

"That is excellent logic." Norman pressed his face against the window looking down at the road. Another officer walked across the road some fifty yards in front and the car automatically slowed until he crossed, then sped up again.

The car slowed and then stopped outside the huge Central Security building. The door opened and Gail and Norman stepped out.

They entered through the large front doors of the building; each holding their sleeve screens in front of the scanning projector situated at arm height on the wall. They then entered two of five tubular capsules where a body, eye, and hand scan took place. Norman was always apprehensive at this stage due to an incident where he was trapped in one for five minutes once because of a technical defect. He breathed a sigh of relief as the capsule opened and allowed him to exit.

Gail's sleeve screen bleeped and Jim's face came into view. "Hi Frosty, you and Norman can now proceed to basement area 5."

"Have we got security clearance?" Norman enquired, knowing there were several levels of clearance throughout the building.

Jim Laughed as Gail raised an eyebrow at Norman's insecurity. "I'm with you now watching every move you make on the scanners."

"I just wanted to be sure." Norman nodded his head blinking twice at Gail. It's better to be safe than sorry."

"Nobody can accuse you of not being cautious. We'll take the elevator," Gail replied. As the elevator started its downward journey both were surprised at the level of depth they were descending. It finally stopped at level 5, some 50 storeys below. The door opened out on to a huge underground hangar. There was massive machinery with large tubes and pipes extending outward in all directions and seemingly into infinity.

Jim and the professor stood in a small doorway to the left beckoning them forward.

Jim was amused at the expressions on both their faces. "This is just part of the planetary eco system," he explained. "Shall we enter?"

Inside the medium sized room were rows of computer consoles that immediately caught Gail's attention. "Some of these operating systems I don't recognise," she said, staring at the nearest one in fascination.

"This is where we experiment with all that is new," explained the professor. He was pointing his finger to the ceiling. "Then we perfect it and send it upward."

Norman stared at a large rectangular shape in the middle of the room. In each corner was a shaped conical protrusion. "A matter transmitter-receiver plate," he remarked, rubbing his nose showing a small anxiety. Jim smiled knowing that Norman's expertise as an engineer also gave him insight into the probabilities of malfunction and instant death.

“Shall we?” asked the professor. He opened his hands and gestured toward the transmitter plate. “That is where we are proceeding next.”

“Where does it lead to?” enquired Gail. She frowned, not comfortable with the unknown. “We must be deep in the planets crust already.”

The professor stood at a console to the left of the plate inserting a number sequence. For a moment, the plate hummed and glowed then the centre became like a soft gluey substance.

“Follow me,” prompted Jim. He stepped into the plate, dissolving with a soft squelching sound. Gail and Norman followed with the professor entering last. Jim smiled at the opened mouth expressions of both Gail and Norman as they arrived. The environment was huge. It was subterranean stretching for miles in each direction. The roof was so far up that it was not visible. There were no roads, only pathways, between buildings with different geometrical designs; including pentagons, octagons, circles, and spheres.

Where are we?” asked an inquisitive Gail.

Jim and the professor looked at each other and laughed.

“You are at the centre of the planet Krakor, headquarters of the galaxy police,” replied the professor. “And only senior officers know of this place.”

“Then why are we here?” asked Norman. He was frowning about not knowing what was going on. He was not comfortable with being uninformed.

“I presume the reason you are about to explain.” Gail butted in, showing her enquiring facial expression.

“It is a beautiful place,” responded Jim. “It is as you say, highly classified but you are here for a purpose.” The professor grinned, eagerly waiting to see how Jim would explain the purpose of their visit.

“I will explain in due course,” continued Jim, noting the professor’s amusement. “But first I want you to enjoy the ambiance and originality of the situation.”

“How do to travel around down here?” asked Norman, looking all around. “It must stretch for hundreds of miles.”

“Good question,” said Jim. “Come over here.” He pointed to a large circular section marked out on the ground. Inside were several discs, varying in diameter and approximately six inches thick. Jim beckoned them over and they joined him standing on a ten-foot diameter disc. “Now this will be interesting,” he mused. “I haven’t been down here for a while.” His thoughts concentrated on travel and both bracelets on his wrist started to glow.

The disc vibrated, gently shaking and then spun slowly into the air. There was no feeling of motion as it rose up above the buildings and sped on its way. It turned at an angle of thirty degrees at a speed of seventy miles an hour yet there was no feeling of movement. It felt as though no matter what the disc did they were stuck in an upright position as it generated a gravity pull to its own surface.

“How is it powered?” enquired a startled Norman, staring directly ahead.

“I think it’s some kind of magnetism,” replied the professor, “controlled by Jim.”

“Yes, he does have a kind of personal magnetism,” said Gail, infusing some dry humour.

“Unlike you to joke, Frosty,” said Jim with a broad grin on his face.

“Have we all got magnetism?” said Norman. If he understood that Gail had attempted a joke, he did not show it.

“All except you, Norman,” answered Gail with tongue in cheek. Norman just stared ahead. Again, he was oblivious to the remark whilst the professor raised his eyebrows and chuckled.

A few miles in the distance, there was a huge sphere, so big that it nearly reached the pink mist above. The disc came rapidly down as it approached and just as though it seemed they were going to crash, an aperture opened up to allow entry. They swung inside the gigantic interior and plunged down to floor level as another portal opened into a chamber containing two huge spheres. This time the disc sat gently down upon the ground.

Jim began talking. "Now, I'll give you the condensed bibliography. This planet and many of its contents were given as a gift to us by the Ancient Beings of Light. Many things cannot be explained or understood as they are of a spiritual nature. The two spheres you see are the 'tip of the iceberg', the whole planet is a vast computer, biological, spiritual, and physical." He stopped for a moment, nodding to the professor.

"The two spheres operate each bracelet on Jim's wrists," continued the professor, pausing for a moment. "You are already aware of their capabilities."

"Access to the astral planes and other dimensions," returned Gail. "In dangerous situations both Norman and I have travelled to these places."

"Precisely," answered the professor. "The danger in the way you travelled could have caused displacement leaving you stranded."

"I prefer to stay in my physical existence," blurted out Norman. "It's unnatural to travel this way."

"Spoken like a true engineer," countered Jim, knowing Norman was thinking aloud. "On two occasions you would have been dead had you not travelled with me."

Norman thought for a moment and then nodded. "That's true," he said reluctantly.

"The danger," continued Jim, "is that you are travelling with me because of close proximity and if we became detached you could be lost for ever."

"I presume there is another way?" said Gail thoughtfully.

"Yes there is," said the professor with a twinkle in his eye. "Our Supreme Chief Officer has granted you both with bracelets controlled only by Jim. Only he can take you in and out eradicating the possibility of your demise of displacement. Naturally, this is totally your decision."

Gail nodded her head in approval whilst Norman stared ahead.

"Well, I suppose if you are controlling it boss then it seems logical to accept." Norman looked at Jim and nodded. "You know I don't like all this ethereal stuff. As you said, it has saved my life twice. I accept."

Well, Norman has finally agreed. Now both he and Gail
Can start on a wondrous, terrifying unbelievable adventure.....

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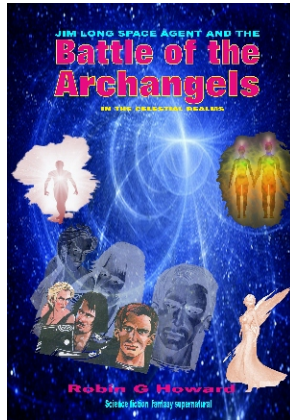
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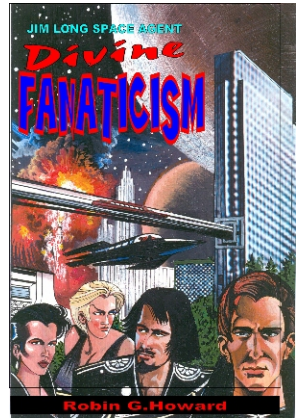
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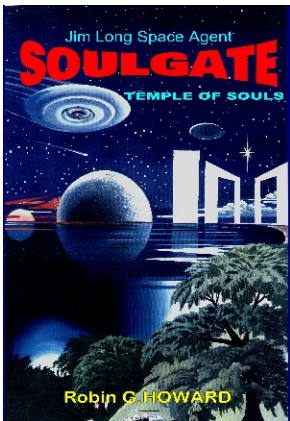
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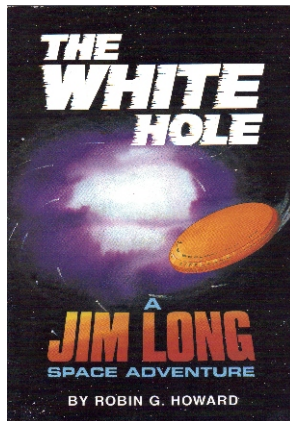
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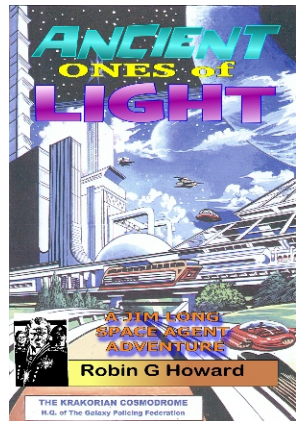
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