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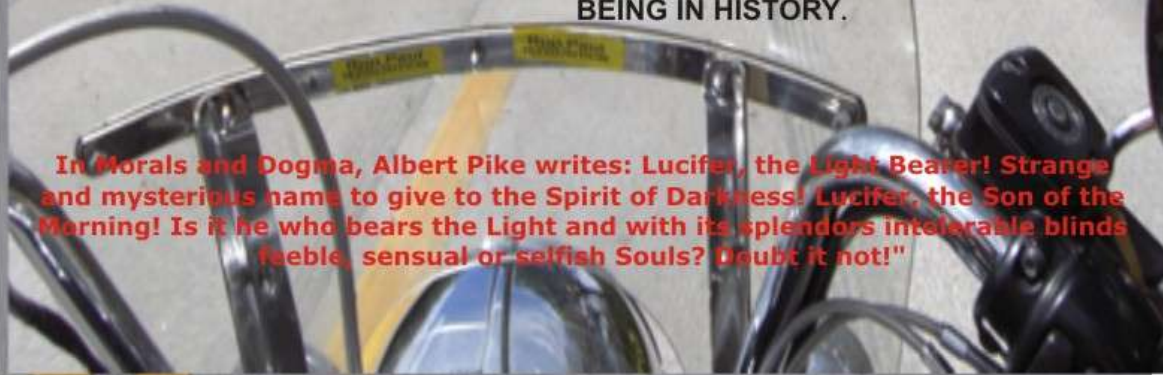
THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO THE EARTH WAS A DIFFERENT PLACE. A RACE EXISTED LIKE NO OTHER. THEIRS WAS A TECHNOLOGY FAR AHEAD OF THE LEVELS WE KNOW OF TODAY. THEY FACED A DISASTER SIMILAR THAT WHICH KILLED THE DINOSAURS. THEY SENT THEIR PEOPLE OUT INTO SPACE. ONLY A FEW BRAVE SOULS STAYED, TO HELP THE LESS ADVANCED INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET REBUILD.

THEY WERE GENETICALLY ADVANCED MEN, ALMOST IMMORTAL, INCREDIBLY POWERFUL, TELEPATHIC AND ABLE TO MANIPULATE MATTER WITH THEIR MINDS. THEY WERE KNOWN AS GODS, ANGELS, WARRIORS AND DEMONS AMONG THE SURVIVORS OF OUR PLANET'S CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH A GALACTIC INTRUDER.



THE LEGENDS AND NAMES OF THESE BEINGS ARE SCATTERED THROUGH OUT OUR HISTORY. THEIR POWER GREW, ALL PERVASIVE AND HIDDEN THROUGH OUT MODERN TIMES. HUMANITY WAS DIVIDED, CONQUERED AND CONTROLLED BY UNSEEN HANDS. TODAY, THE BALANCE OF POWER SHIFTED INTO THE HANDS OF THE MOST FEARED BEING IN HISTORY.

In *Morals and Dogma*, Albert Pike writes: Lucifer, the Light Bearer! Strange and mysterious name to give to the Spirit of Darkness! Lucifer, the Son of the Morning! Is it he who bears the Light and with its splendors intelerable blinds feeble, sensual or selfish Souls? Doubt it not!"



RISE OF THE PHOENIX

Meet Lucifer, the Thunder Rider

By Clayton R. Douglas

An Original Television Series

Freemasonry Described by Albert Pike

In *Morals and Dogma*, Pike wrote: "Masonry, like all the Religions, all the Mysteries, Hermeticism and Alchemy, conceals its secrets from all except the Adepts and Sages, or the Elect, and uses false explanations and misinterpretations of its symbols to mislead those who deserve only to be misled; to conceal the Truth, which it calls Light, from them, and to draw them away from it. Truth is not for those who are unworthy or unable to receive it, or would pervert it....The truth must be kept secret, and the masses need a teaching proportioned to their imperfect reason... every man's conception of God must be proportioned to his mental cultivation and intellectual powers, and moral excellence. God is, as man conceives Him, the reflected image of man himself..." ¹

The next statement reduces the Masonic philosophy to a single premise. Pike writes: Lucifer, the Light Bearer! Strange and mysterious name to give to the Spirit of Darkness! Lucifer, the Son of the Morning! Is it he who bears the Light and with its splendors intolerable blinds feeble, sensual or selfish Souls?

Doubt it not!" ²

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EXT: MOUNTAINOUS DIRT ROAD. SINGLE CHROMED, BLACK HARLEY DAVIDSON KICKING UP DUST. RIDING TOWARDS DESERTED LAKE.

**LUCKY LOU RIDING
BACK GROUND MUSIC PLAYS (SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL)**

TEXT OVERLAYS THE ROAD AHEAD OF THE RIDER FAIDING INTO THE DISTANCE ALONG STRAIGHT STRETCHES.

IN THE SKIES ABOVE AND BEHIND THE RIDER, FLASH SCENES OF WAR, BATTLES, FLYING SCAUCERS LEAVING THE PLANET WITH THUNDER STORMS AND SILVER SHIPS FLYING THROUGH THEM. THESE FILL THE SKIES WHILE THE WRITTEN NARATIVE FILLS THE ROADWAY AND SCROLLS INTO THE DISTANCE.

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**LUCIFER IS THE RIDER OF THE HARLEY. HE WEARS A DUSTY GREAT COAT. HE IS TELEPATHIC AND THE ACTOR'S VOICE PICKS UP THE NARATIVE AS THE MUSIC FADES TO THE BACKGROUND BUT HIS LIPS DO NOT MOVE.
CAMERA FOCUSES ON HIS FACE AS HE NEARS THE LAKE.**

MEET LUCIFER!



LUCIFER'S THOUGHTS ARE AUDIBLE WHILE SCENES OF THUNDER STORMS, VOLCANOS AND EARTHQUAKES FILL THE SKIES BEHIND THE BIKE. FLASHES OF PYRAMIDS AND UFOS FLASH RAPIDLY ACROSS THE SKY REFLECTING HIS MEMORIES.

Revisiting the ancient sites had been the hardest on me. In my mind's eye, I could see the happy populace at play in what had once been a resort. I could still see the statues and arches and massive buildings as they had been. I could see the old civilization as no one else on earth could see it!

Reality came rushing back in as the front wheel of my Harley hit a loose rock. I fought the handlebars to regain control and felt a small surge of pride at my mastery of the simple machine. I should have bought a jeep but I had grown very fond of this machine and the society within a society it represented. I was at ease with the coarse, rough, good hearted men who lived the last free lifestyle in an increasingly oppressive world. I have always gravitated to these kind. **Lucifer stops the Harley, glances at the rock outcropping. Unconsciously, his fingers fondle his stash, the hollow key chain containing the tiny pills that kept him alive,**

I wondered how much longer I would continue to take them. Maybe my time had finally come. I did not like this new world order and the limitations it placed upon me.

I sensed that the object of my obsession had already departed. Maybe the slogan in the sixties had been based on fact. Maybe God really was dead! His presence was lacking in this era. The children no longer feared him, respected their elders or life itself. There was no honor, no responsibility, no fear of retribution. Religion was reduced to feeding the poor and there was no fear of God or Devil in man anymore.

Just as well, I thought. I am tired of the whole thing. Lucky was my nickname but luck had not been with me in my quest.

There were still a few miles to go before the road ran out. I thought of the rash of UFO sightings. I was convinced that the government must have stumbled onto the secret of the magnetic drive in its research or found an alien craft or one of the ancient ships that once plied the skies of this planet. The vast number of sightings had made my search far more difficult

Until now.

The place I was looking for would not be that elaborate. It would be far off the track beaten by civilization. It would have to have a large body of water. It would have to be high in the mountains. It would have to be deep enough to hold the mystery that had held mankind in its grasp for the last Five thousand years.

Around a turn, high up in the mountains and there was the lake I knew would have to be there. I felt a chill run up my back. Could this be the home of God? I felt like Indiana Jones seeing the Holy Grail for the first time!

I parked the bike at the water's edge. No one but a few disappointed fishermen and some four wheelers had ever come this way. The lack of fish in this lake was one of the reasons I was here.

The lake with no name and no fish was about a half a mile across. I slowly walked the shoreline, watching for something only I would see. My eye was drawn to a large rock formation that rose from the depths of the lake. The massive rocks reminded me of those scattered about the shores of Lake Titicaca but these were still rough and uncarved. The smallest of the boulders would have weighed more than two tons. No one would have thought of them as being moved by anything short of a volcanic eruption but, to my eye, they appeared to have been carefully placed and stacked. There was no natural outcropping of this type of rock for miles.

My lifelong search was over. Here, on the banks of a lake in a tiny mountain range in the middle of the Mojave Desert lay the answer to mankind's greatest mystery.

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**INT: TUNNEL UNDER THE LAKE THROUGH ROCK OUTCROPPING:
HATCH ABOVE AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.**

I ran shaking fingers over the hairline seams in the rocks until I found the hidden latch. The one ton, solid granite door swung open to reveal a staircase leading down under the lake itself as I knew it would. The air felt cool against my wind-burned face and I unsheathed the small maglight from my belt. There was no cobwebs, rats and few insects, so tight was the seal. The tunnel had been burned through solid rock and ran fifty feet beneath the lake bed. The tunnel ended abruptly. I directed the flashlight's beam upward and it reflected off a mirrored, seamless metal surface with five indentations in the center. I placed my fingers into the indentations and the ship responded like the old friend it was. The world had just changed course, just as we had predicted in the Mayan Calendar. Maybe the next passing of Nibiru would not be so devastating!

**INT: "HELL'S HALF ACRE" A BIKER BAR LOCATED ON THE EDGE OF PHOENIX OR LA.
EARLY EVENING. MIKE JONES IS IN THE BAND PLAYING IN THE BAR.**

Conversations around the bar touch on a variety of subjects: Obama, the Tea Parties, Sara Palin, and Planet X. Conversation stops briefly when the dusty, leathered up LUCIFER walks into the bar. He sits next to PAPPY and KAREN is peeling the label of her beer on the other side. Someone sitting next to PAPPY is talking about 2012 and that he heard on the radio that Planet X was going to involve a Pole Shift and Phoenix might be where the North Pole is going to be in the future.

KAREN is raising her voice to make herself heard over her cell phone to cuss out someone who was supposed to take her to the Love Ride in LA that was coming up.

"They canceled it last year over the damn Economy. They are only letting 1000 people ride with Leno this year and you told me you could get tickets!"

KAREN stabs the hang up button savagely. "Lying Asshole!"

Lucifer takes a long pull on his beer. He looks at Pappy with a light of recognition and casts a glance at Karen approvingly.

To Pappy, who had not bothered to comment on his neighbor's comments, he said, "Tell him that it won't be here until 2015 and that the pole shift will only be 15 degrees. It will still be warm in Phoenix.

He turned to Karen and asked, "You want to go ride with Leno?"

They both stare at this stranger whose words seemed to embed themselves into their mind above the Music and conversation.

PAPPY: You got some inside information about this kind of crap?"

Karen: Do you have tickets?

LUCIFER: To both, "Yes!" He turns to look at PAPPY. "Feel like partying with Peter again?"

PAPPY: "Peter? Peter who?"

LUCIFER: Peter Fonda. Easyrider. He is going to be with Leno at Glendale. They are going back to the original site where it started."

PAPPY: "When did I party with him? Or you?" with an attitude.

Lucifer, "Back when he made the Movie, the TRIP. They filmed it in the Sans Souci Temple in LA. It was Hosted by the Barons. God and Egg and John John. You were the only Dirty Dozen there."

PAPPY "That was forty years ago! I don't remember you!"

LUCIFER, "I was the one that made the call to Hendrix in New York and put him on the speaker phone"

The light of recognition shown in Pappy's eye. "I remember that. But that couldn't have been you. You ain't old enough.

"I age well. We met once before that. In the Jungle in Vietnam."

KAREN: "Excuse me. Are you asking me out? Are you telling me you have tickets?"

LUCIFER: I can get tickets. I can get us backstage. I have a seat available on my bike but there is a price."

KAREN: I'm sure there is. If you are as kind as you are cute you might get laid.

The BAND stops and his words ring out across the bar/

LUCIFER: I would want your soul!

MIKE JONES walks over from the bandstand. "Give them to him. Best deal you could make~ Hi Lou"

They shake hands. Lucifer says, I understand you are playing on both stages at the Love Ride. Think we could get three more passes?"

MIKE JONES - Of course. Oliver would do anything for you.

KAREN: Who is Oliver?"

MIKE JONES: The owner of Glendale Harley Davidson. The man who started the Love Ride. Lou has probably bought as many bikes from him as Leno has.

PAPPY: "So who are you anyway? You are too young to have been at the Temple or Vietnam! I am not in the mood for any head games played by a stranger."

MIKE JONES: "This is Lucky Lou. He is one of the best talent agents in the country. We met in Sturgis 20 years ago and he got me my first recording contract. What was the name of that Biker Rag you published out of Miami? Oh yeah, Rider's Xchange! Now that he mentions it, you don't look a day older than you did at Sturgis." To the others, Willie G. Davidson is the son of former Harley-Davidson president William H. Davidson and the grandson of Harley-Davidson co-founder William A. Davidson. He will be at the Love Ride too.

LUCIFER – "I am a little more than an agent and I am a little older than I look. Willie is a good man. His grandfather would be proud of him!"

PAPPY stares at him. "You knew him too"

LUCIFER – We met in 1903. That was a good year. That was why I liked Mike's song, Yesterday 1903 so well. He captured the essence of America then in his song..” He looks Pappy in the eye unblinkingly.

"That is why I backed him and Artie.

Something is happening here. Everyone is looking at each other.

PAPPY –"I might have to take you outside and beat the truth out of you. You are sounding awfully strange!"

LUCIFER: "That might be fun if I was not suddenly pressed for time."

PAPPY: "Pressed for time? You are telling me you know people from a hundred years ago and you are pressed for time?"

LUCIFER: "Pappy, Karen and Mike, Pappy had the right idea. Let's go outside."

EXT: WITH THAT HE WALKS FROM THE BAR AND TO A DESERTED PART OF THE PARKING LOT. THE THREE OF THEM FOLLOW. THE PARKING LOT IS FILLED WITH HARLEYS.

Lucifer turns to them. Pappy adopts an aggressive stance. Mike is smiling and relaxed. Karen senses she has stumbled into something beyond behind her range of experience but is obviously intrigued by this tall, supremely confident stranger.

Lucifer: I don't have time to compress five thousand years of history into five minutes. I will try to answer your questions over the next year, if you will give me that time and loyalty. What I am going to tell you, you will not believe but you must. You must put aside all you think you know. My name is Lucifer. I was there when your Bible was written and my kin and kind are the source of all of your legends, myths and religions.

Pappy, "What are you trying to say? You weren't joking about wanting our souls? You are saying you are the Devil in person? You are the Nephelim?"

The **Nephilim** (Hebrew: נפילים, *Nefilim*) were a race that came to dominate the [antediluvian](#) (pre-flood) world, and are referred to in the [Bible](#) as *the heroes of old, men of renown*. They were reportedly the children born to the "[Sons of God](#)" by the "[daughters of men](#)". It is also most important to note that they are mentioned almost simultaneous to God's statement that He would destroy the earth [by flood](#), and it seems from this association that their effect upon mankind was one of the primary justifications that brought the destruction.

"Nephilim" is rendered *fallen*, or possibly *feller*: a tyrant or bully. Several English translations rendered the word "giants", but of late translators seem to prefer leave it untranslated. The "giants" translation may have come from the

Greek old testament where "nephilim" was "gegantes" which looks like "giant" but in modern Greek would be "titans". In Greek mythos, the titans were the supernaturally powerful offspring of gods and humans. In [Genesis 6](#), where the global flood is described, it states that the Nephilim were also on the Earth *afterward*. Many therefore, assume that descriptions of giants in the Bible are references to Nephilim bloodlines. However, the only specific mention of Nephilim on the earth after the flood is part of the bad report from the spies in Numbers 13, a report that is called "bad" (or "evil") as in an unreliable source.

"When men began to increase in number on the earth and daughters were born to them, The sons of God saw that the daughters of men were beautiful, and they married any of them they chose. Then the LORD said, "My Spirit will not contend with man forever, for he is mortal; his days will be a hundred and twenty years." The Nephilim were on the earth in those days—and also afterward—when the sons of God went to the daughters of men and had children by them. They were the heroes of old, men of renown.

Lucifer looked him in the eye and said calmly. "I was kidding about your souls. Kind of an inside joke. But I do want your lives and your commitment to being in my service. I am not the Devil. That was an invention of your clever ancestors to provide an enemy and a way to control you. Kind of like Al Qaeda today. I am Lucifer, the Light Bringer. I am over Five Thousand years old. I have been battling incomprehensible odds and incredible forces for all those years. My Friends became my enemies. We are Not immortal, just very long lived, with technology and mental abilities so far ahead of anything you can comprehend it would appear to be magic.

Up until today, your people AND I have been at war with a force that masquerades as good. Your gods are mostly false. Your Bible does not contain prophecy. It contains a plan. It is a history written by men who simply wanted to enslave you and your kind. They needed an enemy and they chose me because I wanted to give you the knowledge of a 100,000 year old civilization. My colleagues did not think you were ready. I was forced to agree with them in general. But the minds and intellects I have run across over the millennia have convinced me that there is a lot of hope for your races.

I am going to share with all of you a few glimpses of my previous life before the Conjunction that you call the FLOOD. Your GOD was my Captain of the Earthship HEAVEN. One of Six ships built to travel the Solar System, to contain all of the knowledge we had acquired. Others, like the Asgard, the Olympus and Osiris' RA were destroyed. **This is how it appeared to us aboard Heaven. I am using what you would term Telepathy, our mind to mind power of communication. It will feel like a dream or a drug to you. We have the ability to tap into the area you have called the Akashic Records.**

A BIBLE VERSE POPPED INTO PAPPY'S MIND AND BECAUSE OF THE MIND LINK LUCIFER HAD INITIATED, PAPPY'S THOUGHTS WERE HEARD BY THE OTHERS. LUCIFER SMILED.

The LORD saw how great man's wickedness on the earth had become, and that every inclination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil all the time. The LORD was grieved that he had made man on the earth, and his heart was filled with pain. So the LORD said, "I will wipe mankind, whom I have created, from the face of the earth—men and animals, and creatures that move along the ground, and birds of the air — for I am grieved that I have made them." - [Genesis 6:1-7](#)

INT: SOUND STAGE. CREW, WITH A GIANT, GREY HAIRED BEARDED CAPTAIN. TET LORD IS ANGRY AND EMOTIONAL. HIS WIFE WAS KILLED BY A METEOR BEFORE THE SHIP LEFT ATLANTIS. CAPTAIN LORD WENT MAD. LUCIFER TRIED TO MAKE HIM FOCUS ON THE SHIP'S CREW AND MISSION AND HE TOOK IT AS A THREAT TO HIS COMMAND.

The crew on the circular ship wear devices on their backs that can negative gravity and are perceived as the Angel's wings. The Ship's skin can become translucent or invisible. The experienced Angels were accustomed to the sudden disappearance of their hull and outside

shell. The crew appear to be standing above a fiery sky, enormous lightning bolts and raging storms.

TET LORD CAPTAINS LOG

The End was upon us. In a little less than a day, Atlantis had sunk beneath the waves.

The next day brought us the news of our remaining companionship. A mile above the surface they had been hit by a tidal wave and forced to land.

Communications were broken; We hoped beyond hope that the ship might still be intact and the knowledge it contained, safe.

It is impossible for the mind of man to cope with catastrophes of the magnitude that we witnessed: the burning sky, as tons of flammable material poured on the Earth from Mars; the walls of water that covered over three quarters of the land masses, including the tallest mountains on Earth that happened to be on the side pointing at Venus; the horrible roaring of the wind and tortured Earth as the magnetic fields of the three planets met.

The Earth's rotation ground to a halt, stopped by gravitational forces beyond our wildest imagination. To us it appeared that the sun had stopped in its path. When it finally started again it was going in the wrong direction... from East to West.

EXT: PARKING LOT.

The Three, standing once more on the solid, hard and real parking lot. The roar of departing motorcycles replaced the roaring of the Storms and crashing Thunder.

PAPPY – That was a Hell of a rush Lou! If you can make us see that kind of scene, from your memory or your mind, then you have the ability to make people see or do whatever it is that you want them to do. I'll bet you could erase your presence from our minds. We would not even be able to see you. That would make you, like that craft, to become invisible.

LUCIFER – “Very Good. You have a special ability. Made you good in the Jungle and effective in that Search and Rescue stint as a Deputy Sheriff. To bad you had to give that up to become President of the Dirty Dozen. Yes, I can do things like that. I have done it in the past. I have use of Gravitational device so I can jump over Telephone wires and you should see my Harley Hauler. It seats four and holds two Harleys. Makes the Harley's invisible too. Looks like a Giant Bird of Prey. Want to go for a putt on the Autobahn or tour the Alps?

PAPPY - What do you want from us? You must have plenty of money. Do you have access to that ship we were on?

LUCIFER – The Ship was lost to me for 5000 years. I was banished to Earth by Tet Lord. The world, as you see it, is the work of a man who admits his loss drove him mad. He built his power base and I built mine.

MIKE JONES – His power base?

LUCIFER – Churches. Religions. Priests. Rabbis, Pastors.

MIKE JONES – And Yours?

LUCIFER – The Three MMMs. MOTHERS, since EVE they have been fond of me. The Ultimate Bad Boy I guess. MASONS- My Roles in the Civil War made Albert Pike quite fond of me. MONEY LENDERS – The

Banksters, the Rothschilds , the Rockefellers, The Schiffs and Bushes. Industrialists are mine. The Guys Jesus ran out of the Temple. I was responsible for causing the Kings to give Rothschild his start.

KAREN – So why us? The Patriot Movement, the Ron Paul Campaign, the Obama Debacle has exposed these organizations, and companies like Big PHARMA, Weapons and War we call our Defense Industry. You think we would sell out the people to someone like you? Work for you?

LUCIFER – No I don't. I have an ability to see deep within a person's soul. The banksters, politicians, commissars, communists, and the religious leaders and easily tempted and manipulated by wealth. They are eager to sell themselves and their own people. Jesus called them out and they killed him for it. Yet we had many conversations and I offered him my help and support. He turned me down and died alone. He was an incredible man. But so are all of you.

I have been watching all three of you for years. Karen, I took your picture in Miami 30 years ago. Mike is an incredible musician and song writer. His movies are going to sell well in the future. Pappy is one of the best security man I have ever met. Saw you knock that Cowboy out of his boots at Mister Lucky's when Waylon was playing there. Things have changed since yesterday. Up until then, the best I could hope for was a stalemate. It has been that way for several thousand years. Man never had the power that he has now.

The rebirth of atomic power in 1946 changed the game. Now it is time to change the way the game is played. If you think of the damage done by the Crusades, Wars and Drugs, the Churches are as guilty as the Banks and governments. Once we had the power to rebuild the Earth. We made wrong Decisions going all the way back to the parables of EDEN. Until yesterday, I did not have the power to make the changes that I think should have been put into motion thousands of years ago.

I now have access to the Earth Ship Heaven you saw. I got into all of this trying to help you and prevent your enslavement. It was your "GOD" who did not want you to know Good from Evil. Why? You might have seen his madness.

I have traveled among the elite of the world. I find more pleasure riding a motorcycle and talking to you three than conversing with Kings or Pharaohs. I have traveled beneath oceans and to other worlds and been demonized, hated and feared unjustly, while I walked among you. But I am still a man like any other.

Every Civilization built has benefited from my knowledge and my guiding light. The organizations I started have proven Lord's trepidations were accurate. They have overstepped their bounds and their cruelty knows no limit. I want to bring about that 1000 years of peace and reach out across the stars to find my people. I want you to be the ones to keep my head on straight. Keep my thinking clear. I am tired of being alone.

KAREN – You want to undo 2000 years of virtual slavery. I could go for that. But you would have to promise to allow us to think for ourselves and tell you what we think.

LUCIFER – Free Will is the true gift of Mankind. I will honor yours.

PAPPY – I might be good for something for a few more years.

MIKE JONES – I guess I have been working for you for a few years now. Maybe this will just be another real long continuous Gig.

Lucifer – Well, let's seal the deal with a ride to the Love Ride.

INT: SHIP SET

INSIDE THE SHIP THE DAY BEFORE

The room was dimly lit by instruments. As I entered, the movement triggered a brighter set of lights and I saw him in the corner, leaning over a charting table. His long white hair flowed over the edge of the table and his head rested on the book he had been writing in.

In this sterile atmosphere there was no decomposition. He looked as though he was merely asleep. I half expected to see his eyes open and a smile to shine through the snow white beard as he saw me.

Before touching him, I removed my jacket. I didn't want to soil the spotless white robes. Even in death, he was massive. It took all my strength to lift him from the chair and carry him into his cabin off the control room. Laying him in his bed, I stared at him for fully five minutes as silent tears ran down my cheeks. This was not the ending I had envisioned. I felt none of the hatred that had welled up in my soul in the past. The quest that had driven me was over. I had found my grail and but no joy or satisfaction. I had found the foundation of every legend, of every religion. I now possessed the greatest secret in the universe. I now held the key to power beyond mortal man's comprehension. I had access to knowledge forbidden man for centuries. I had won the greatest game ever played. Yet I felt nothing but emptiness and loneliness.

Returning to the control room, like misty ghosts, the almost ancestral memories flooded my consciousness. Sit down in the throne-like Captain's chair, touch this and the craft would rise, silently, responsively, immediately, to an altitude above the highest satellite. Touch there and a laser beam would carve the greatest stone into an engraved portal. Another touch and it would be lifted, transported, and transplanted with micro-millimeter accuracy. The same button would part seas, smash walls and destroy cities.

I touched nothing. Instead, I walked over and sat down in the seat he had died in. I opened the book he had been writing in. The entries were a combination of pictographs and runes no modern man had ever seen. There were no more than two or three archeologists could have translated.

Opening the book, I read:

"I was mad once."

Only now, after so many years, can I see clearly. I am afraid it is too late to undo all I have done. I hope that someday someone will be able to read this chronicle without their being blinded and prejudiced by the chain of events I, in my madness, started.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LUCKY

A 6000 year old immortal, one of the original "Angels" on one of the Earth Ships, the Phoenix, built to survive the last passing of Planet X called the Conjunction by the scientifically advanced Atlanteans. His crew was assigned this ship to ride out worlds in collision. It became the source of all religions and all legends. Lucifer/Lou, former "First Angel", is a tall, dark haired man with piercing blue eyes, an engaging smile and a presence that is felt, rather than seen.

(Scenes from 2012 would be applicable here.)

Pappy, William Carroll. Former President of the Dirty Dozen MC, Vietnam Vet

Marcus Apollo – Riding Biker Attorney. On the surface a lawyer Specializing in Motorcycle related injuries and lawsuits. On the side he is ONE OF LUCIFER’S AGENTS Operating through hosts of shell companies controlled by Lucifer

Karen Hunter, Green eyed redhead, amply endowed, owner and operator “*Hell’s Half Acre*”.
She is very attracted to Lou and totally puzzled by his aloof presence and cryptic comments. She speculates on his “other worldly air. Lou’s interaction and familiarity he seems to have with the Big Name Stars like Leno and Willie G Davidson, (His daddy made a deal with Lou in 1913!) who ride in the Love Ride with him, is puzzling to her

Mike Jones Singer, Songwriter playing himself. With Three Albums of premier Biker Music, he met Lou at Hog Heaven in Sturgis and became fast friends. Mike suspects there is more to Lou than meets the eye. His career took off after a chance meeting. This original Music will be used throughout the series. (CD attached)