

VOL 1 of THE FREEDOM CYCLE

# DREAMS AND REALITIES

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

One man's dream exposes  
nightmare realities

JONATHAN L. TRAPMAN

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VOLUME 1 OF THE FREEDOM CYCLE

JONATHAN L. TRAPMAN

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

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Dedicated to Captain A.H. Trapman and my  
parents John and Lois Trapman, without whom  
there would be no story.....  
To all who search for truth, peace and unity

## PRELUDE

The gathering storm turned the twilight on Lake Como gunmetal gray as lightning flashed, illuminating the regulars lined up along the Italian waterside bar. Its sharp light cut through the smoke-filled room as movement homewards beckoned for one of them.

A young waiter struggled outside to close down umbrellas no longer serving custom whilst hopelessly at the mercy of a wind whipping them to demonstrate the futility of human impudence against Nature's rule.

An impeccably dressed carabinieri lent against the bar, relishing a walk home, where he would cook his favorite dish, a pleasure reserved for his one day off. Before departing he threw down a final Cinzano, turned, adjusted his trench coat collar upwards and headed for the door.

"That boat outside is still drifting untethered," shouted a man entering, in a suit that had seen better days.

"Boat? What boat?" answered the Sicilian officer, adjusting the black cap neatly placed on his head.

The barman, aware of the lawman's imminent departure, hollered.

"You've got to be kidding. Didn't you notice it on the way in?"

The ill-suited man faced the policeman directly and glowered.

"Isn't this your department, Fantozzi, to solve mysteries around here?"

Fantozzi looked up grudgingly and replied.

"Tomorrow maybe, but tonight I've a date with spaghetti alla carbonara."

The barman shouted across the room.

"Aren't you in the slightest bit curious, Guido?"

Without turning, Guido blurted back.

"Loose boats are the boatman's problem," and skirted past the suit.

The man, facing the bar, addressed Fantozzi.

"Maybe in Palermo, but here we expect the carabinieri to do their job."

An awkward silence followed, quickly filled with the barman's attempt to lower the temperature.

"Go on Guido – just a quick look, keep everyone happy and then you're home."

He winked overtly at Fantozzi's questioner as Guido pulled the door open with unusual authority and twisted round to his interrogator's back and spat

his response.

“In Palermo, sir, our boatmen tether their boats securely.”

The door slammed shut behind him.

He made his way to the waterline, the wind whipping waves, spume spitting onto polished black shoes.

Retreating back a few paces he looked to left and right, making sure no one witnessed the pedantic process of taking each shoe and sock off in turn. Feet naked, trousers rolled up to avoid a soaking; he made his way gingerly towards the tossing skiff. Realizing he still wore his cap, he turned and threw it with precision over the shoes and socks behind him. Turning attention back to the craft in the water, he waded in.

The wind edged the boat closer. Confident of aim and balance, he raised both arms and lunged forward into the boat. The stiffening wind withdrew his target and Fantozzi fell headlong into the water. Spitting out cold, clear water, he scrambled towards its prow and clambered over.

Another flash illuminated the interior, revealing an Enfield revolver, lying on the bottom of the boat. He froze, looked left, right and left again catching the outlines of an empty wine bottle. Another longer flash exposed a handwritten note. As the boat bobbed up and down, he reached in, grabbed it and began to read.

A loud clap of thunder followed by peel over peel rolled across mountains and lake as stronger waves, indicated he could not expect to enjoy a quiet evening.

## CHAPTER ONE

Leaning back in a rounded rosewood chair, one arm resting nonchalantly on the long oak table beside him, the correspondent was bugged by a niggling fact refusing to clarify. Having completed the work envisioned as his get out of penury ticket, he stared up at the gilded golden ceiling above. Its blue sky and cotton bud clouds teased his imagination transport itself beyond the raging storm lashing Arcadian steps outside leading to the New York Public Library he presently occupied. He struggled to stay present.

Ferret-like referencing, stitching and compiling of facts, compelling words, chapters and information had brought this definitive book on dogs to life.

A rain-soaked April evening in 1928 became a potential prelude to a future free from the leaden weight of scraping by. It heralded a pursuit of happiness craved, for so long. Well over two years expended on this project, had enabled him to uncover family links to the Carolinas, which had expanded his knowledge of the family's past and encouraged him trace roots and origins. This parallel research developing his own family tree fitted comfortably into travels back and forth to Europe researching dogs and humans alike. Yet as he sat there something was missing, something so important he readily threw away the opportunity to daydream.

What was it, he asked himself. What have I missed in what's written and researched?

He read and reread the manuscript, scanning notes on the family; over and over perusing each paragraph. Time passed, so much so he forgot it altogether. All he knew for certain was the missing link lay in the family research.

That bugged him.

"Excuse me sir, I apologize for disturbing you but we are now closing."

The correspondent, deeply absorbed, did not register the senior librarian's voice. Raising his voice slightly the librarian tried again.

"Sir, we're closing and I must ask you to pack your things and leave."

He placed a gentle hand on the writer's shoulder who jumped, alarmed at the invasion.

"I beg you sir, we need to close, and may I ask you quickly collect your research and leave."

Brought into the present with a jolt, the man realized his absorption and obliviousness to the librarian.

"But I must find what's missing, I must, it's here somewhere – or more to the point it's not...."

"Sir, you can return tomorrow at seven when we open and continue. As a concession you may leave all these references in place and I shall personally see to it that nothing is disturbed."

The correspondent became agitated.

"It has to be here, it has to be..."

"I'm sure it is," the kindly librarian attempted soothing the troubled researcher's plight, "but have you not got family to go back to and spend the evening, take supper with?"

Like a bombshell, the researcher felt his mind explode realizing what was missing. He turned, stood up, took the shoulders of the head librarian in both hands, one on each, and shook them with joy.

“My God, thank you sir, thank you.”

The other man, stunned at the sudden gesture, the intimate action and complete ignorance of what induced it, allowed the elated man, still holding his shoulders, to continue.

“You see it was just that, you hit it on the head. You helped me find the missing piece.”

Unaware of the shock the librarian now registered, Captain Albert Henry William Trapman, ex military, erstwhile foreign war correspondent for the London Telegraph, seeker after fortunes and dreamer of better things to come, let slip his hands from the librarian’s shoulders and took the man’s left hand in both of his and shook it vigorously.

“Thank you so much, sir, for letting slip the magic word family.

Funnily, I have no family in this great city with whom I can share an evening meal. I have even less money to even purchase one, but all these are mere incidentals compared with the gift you’ve just given me and the knowledge my family from the deep south hold an important and missing piece of my puzzle.”

The librarian remained stunned, perplexed and riveted to this extraordinary fellow who, before him, was as radiant as he was loud in these hallowed halls of silence. Under ordinary circumstances, such an outburst would never have been permitted. However the truth was that they were the only two left in the building, so he felt less impelled to quieten his visitor down. In confusion as much as shock, he switched off his automatic internal responder.

“You see it’s the family I’ve missed, it’s the family that’s the key and it’s my family I must pursue,” explained the effulgent researcher.

Letting slip the handshake, he beamed wildly at the books and shelves around him, lifting arms outstretched in grateful supplication to one and all. At the same time honoring the librarian and all the ghosts who had begun to drift into place as the living withdrew. Hastily gathering what seemed important, along with the finished manuscript he looked triumphantly to the heavens and gilded golden ceiling above.

“Thank God for dogs and family,” Captain Trapman cried.

The librarian remained stunned.

“Thank you for allowing this carnage to remain as is, sir and I’ll return at seven. For now I must allow you to close shop and be about your business.”

The librarian was not only bemused, mystified and thoroughly relieved as he watched the Englishman skip, like a child, out of sight but more importantly glad he could now close the doors and his evening on one of the strangest encounters he had witnessed in all his years in the New York Public Library.

He leaned over scanned the contents of research left with his photographic memory, remembering each piece and placement of the referenced detritus. He prided himself on attention to detail and was certain that in spite of the craziness he had just witnessed, he would honor his word that all would be exactly in place and ready for the Captain returning in the morning.

Noting it all he turned to go.

Across the library, Albert Trapman reappeared.

The librarian’s heart sunk.

“By the way, I never introduced myself, though we’ve spent so many months together across these tables. I’m Captain Albert Trapman and you are?”

“George Evans, Captain,” he mumbled.

“Excellent, George, excellent and please, call me Toto.”

George Evans, senior librarian at the New York Public Library had no time to query the man’s sobriquet. He did what he would automatically do in times of mental confusion. He took off his spectacles, looked at them quizzically and began cleaning the lenses with a finely pressed silk handkerchief. He noted he might ask that question at a later date.

Captain Trapman meanwhile disappeared into the raging storm outside.

## CHAPTER TWO

A black-swathed sea of figures moved almost motionless. Inner turmoil battling outward restraint.

A golden casket scythed through this ocean of grief, towards a candlelit trestle before the altar in the Anglican church. Nestled behind the

metropolitan bustle describing London's Knightsbridge Kensington borders, the church became a fitting place of somber ceremony for one of its own.

A chill November day in 1932 and a sharp shower became the backdrop for the grief within, where an elderly woman, her veil covering deeply lined and saddened features, self-consciously endeavored to check sobbing sadness, while a tenor launched divinely inspired resonance throughout the church, to accompany the playing out of a final adieu of a life lost before its time.

No-one noticed the entrance of a tall, fleet-footed young man creep through the rear porch entrance, remove a rough tweed cap and seek the refuge of a back pew. Kneeling down, he silently paid his respects. The chasm of vacant pews between him and the tightly packed congregation up front described perfectly the divide between his own island of sorrow and the rest.

His thoughts raced across a landscape of shared memories, times together, the bond of brotherhood. The young man's aloneness swept into a receptacle of sorrow, vibrating deep within. His soul consumed by an other-worldly presence accepted an unknown force holding him, soothing him as an inner voice softly bid him still.

*All is very, very well*, it coaxed.

He recalled many walks both had taken across gorse-strewn headlands and silver strands of sand. Talks of ancestors escaping deprivation and poverty, seeking freedom and release in the promise, dreams and riches lying across the ocean. The times his companion shared tales of family whose journey took them half way across the world, supporting revolution and change.

Smokey Greene, riveted to the pew, felt himself part of something he cared little for, yet shared with his now departed friend. Twenty-three years separated them, now inconsequential within what seemed too brief a sum of years. Waving aside a torrent of unspoken questions tearing round his youthful head, Smokey did what he always did, left it to brew waiting for answers to appear in their own good time. If nothing else he was a patient soul, an essential quality for an emissary to come. Painful experience and hard-learned truths would be the scholarship he must experience on his journey to mystic sage.

For now, loss absorbed was shared with a tribe of unknown relatives, friends, compatriots and colleagues, all touched in their own way by the departed's eventful and unique existence. Smokey silently thanked him for each

moment of their time together. Vowing to be true to his memory, he swore to uphold his promise given.

As gratitude and love consumed sorrow, a subtle expansion and entrance of surprising joy entered.

He took this moment as cue to withdraw as quietly as he had entered.

## CHAPTER THREE

The storm lashing the streets of New York of an April night four years earlier had absolutely no effect on Toto's spirits. He was as high as a kite with exhilaration even prohibition could not bring down to earth. His enthusiasm drove him on as he crossed Bryant Park heading towards Broadway and West 44th. The park, almost deserted save for a handful of passers by, invited intemperate weather and the wraiths of haunted souls frequenting this potter's field. Toto was having none of it. He may have felt the presence of the displaced, yet tonight's mission was to get to the Hotel Astor, hoping to cadge supper off one of his journalist buddies. Wrapped in a trusty mackintosh, he raised its collar against the weather and marched forward.

Rain pelted down unremittingly, incapable of diminishing the enthusiasm felt having finished his book. He was joyful for George, his friend and ally at the library, for giving him the key he believed would be far bigger, far more important than any downpour. Where it led at that precise moment remained a complete mystery. Appreciation for the librarian's kick-start to discover more with even greater impetus sheltered him from the stormiest external influences.

Present penury had for now been assuaged by intuition. If life had taught him anything, it was to trust that. Tonight was about hitting home runs.

From an early age it had been an experiential truth. It was responsible for his nickname, Toto.

His mind floated back to that sunny morning at Cavendish, the English country house in Suffolk, where he had spent his early years. A far cry from the stormy New York parkland he presently traipsed across, yet no less tangible than the cutting bite of the rain across his face.

He saw himself, the young four year old, in his bedroom on the first floor. Talking, as he so often did, to Toto, his invisible friend. That morning, while in deep discourse, his father, fresh home from another merchant business trip, hid himself on the landing outside the lad's bedroom, wishing to surprise his son. Aware of his father's game, he carried on as if oblivious.

His invisible Self assured Albert that as long as he always remembered their bond and its presence, the boy would never be alone. Albert's father – privy only to his son's side of the conversation – was shocked when the boy turned and spoke.

“Papa, you can come in now, he's gone away again.”

His father William slowly crept into the room to witness the boy standing in the middle, in pajamas and a smile to warm the coldest heart.

All these years later Toto still felt the warmth and thrill of rushing into his father's arms. How he landed in a tumble-down sort of way into long legs. He was a giant of a father in all senses of the word.

“How is my young warrior then?” William asked, as he whisked Albert into strong arms.

The young lad looked piercingly into his father's eyes, enjoying the dizzy heights experienced by adults.

“Papa, you're home, tell me about the Indians and buccaneers again.”

His father hugged him, realizing there was no escape from recounting oft told tales. Adult Toto remembered the pleasure his father took in retelling a rich repository of adventures the boy absorbed like a sponge. His adult self appreciated the imagination it cultivated and how it had helped direct him to land in New York City, albeit strapped for cash, yet using skills creatively and professionally as a journalist.

He chuckled to himself, in spite of the rain working hard to bring him back to the present remaining focused on the childhood memory.

“Firstly Albert, you've not introduced me to your friend.”

Albert struggled in his father's arms, faking escape.

“Not so easy young man till we've been introduced.”

William had often heard Albert in conversation with his invisible friend, always accepting this as part of the process growing up for a child.

“Papa, Toto's gone. He'll not be back yet.”

“Toto?”

“Yes Toto, Papa.”

“So where did this friend Toto come from, Albert?”

Settling down on the floor, he looked his son in the eye and asked again.

“So where did this friend Toto come from, Albert?”

“He’s me.”

“You?” William replied, with some consternation.

“Toto says that,” the boy replied.

“Toto says what, that he’s you?”

“Yes, he’s my friend.”

Intrigued at the boy’s precociousness, his father continued.

“Is this a real friend or just one of your imaginary ones?”

“Real, of course. None are imaginary,” Albert responded slightly hurt at the insinuation.

“So can I meet him, Albert?”

“No, he’s gone.”

“So we’ll never meet him, your mother and I.”

Adult Toto remembered the concern he felt at this question and how he had paused long and hard searching for a suitable way to describe the conundrum. As a child it had been so clear yet for adults so mysterious. All these years later he still felt proud of his reply.

“He’s me, so you’ve met him.”

His father was staggered at his son’s logical jump. A process, he considered, way beyond tender years. Nonetheless he entertained the boy’s imagination.

“So perhaps we should be calling you Toto then.”

“Can do.”

“Are you saying Albert you’d like to be called Toto from now on?”

“Can do,” the child repeated again.

His father was nonplussed. Wishing to ease his incredulity the boy added.

“Mama knows Toto.”

“Mama has met him has she?”

“Yes,” mother Eliza confirmed, timing her entrance to perfection.

“So he’s introduced you to Toto then?”

“Well not exactly, he’s just gone away according to Albert,” her husband replied, greatly confused.

Eliza’s exquisite knack at extricating her husband from the masculine mire of incomprehension was what adult Toto had adored about her, alongside her ability to resolve the irresolvable. He always felt it would have

stood her in good stead for the diplomatic corps.

“Why don’t we call Albert Toto from now on. That makes Toto happy, Albert happy and you and I can go downstairs and take breakfast.”

With that wisdom and diplomacy, from that day on everyone in his family and those considered a close friend called Albert Trapman, Toto.

Even today in his fifties, Toto recognized his intuitive self as the very same Toto of his youth. Never parted, always there, despite so many years forgetful of this constant companionship. Another thing he had utterly forgotten was the gas lamp designating the edge of this side of Bryant Park and the beginning of Sixth Avenue. Not even a refined intuition would have prevented the painful meeting of skull and metal. If nothing else it brought Toto back into the present swiftly yet more painfully than he would have wished.

“Bugger, what the...” he cried out to a deserted space of darkness littered with encroaching street lighting, swiftly cupping head in hands, unaware of the exact nature his inattention had procured.

“Look where you’re going, mister,” cried an unsympathetic voice from the gloom.

His foolishness felt compounded just long enough for the rain to become irritating. He marched briskly off to the Astor and a free meal.

Rounding the corner to the hotel, the opportunity of a free meal presented itself stepping out of a sleek Rolls-Royce Phantom accompanied by an editorial counterpart from the New York Times he knew well. Adolph Ochs, renowned publisher of what was now considered one of the best and most respected newspapers in the country, shuffled toward the entrance, followed by Jerry Graves, his file editor.

Toto manufactured the accident.

Swiftly adjusting his wet dog look with help from one of the hotel’s windows, he dispensed mackintosh onto his arm and bumped lightly into Graves.

“Most terribly sorry,” Toto began.

The commotion had Ochs turn, immediately recognizing its cause.

“The British may rule the waves but their navigation leaves much to be desired, especially from an Army man” he chortled.

In spite of his seventy years, the magnate still retained the sense of humor Toto always relished. Graves immediately ceded to his boss’s welcome of the encounter and brushed himself down, patting Toto on the shoulder.

“Good to bump into you,” he exclaimed with unnatural irony.

All three entered the hotel, Toto sweeping in on their coat tails.

“Albert, what a pleasure and since we’re in casual mode I insist you join us in The Grill Room for supper.”

*Fait accompli*, thought Toto, accepting the invite. Ochs kept the conversation going.

“About that slim volume of yours. Is it ready to be featured in our review?”

Toto, eager to share events, diplomatically suggested he bring them up to speed at the table.

Three quarter way through the meal, with Toto sharing the completion of his book and delivering his take on the supernatural qualities he found dogs possessed, his peripheral vision caught a familiar face making its way along the center aisle. He focused on his tale, as the others craned their necks to catch his dramatic delivery.

“You see I believe a dog is able to sense those who carry bad character and those who are friendly, when it comes to us humans. We all get vetted through some sense or other when meeting these highly intelligent beings.”

“Certainly need my own dog to sift unreliable sources across the news desk,” quipped Graves.

“You’d need a wolfhound,” Ochs responded without a pause, then chided.

“Jerry, let Captain Trapman finish this fascinating insight, please.”

Picking up his thread, Toto caught the approaching figure closing in. He paused, looked up, as the elderly stranger wearily reached their table. Toto’s suspicions confirmed, he stood up abruptly and extended his hand. The others turned round.

The stranger ignored the hand, while the others immediately recognized his identity.

“Nikola, Toto,” the researcher greeted.

“You think I’ve lost my marbles? You of all people should know I never touch the unwashed, never know where it’s been, so drop that hand,” Nikola Tesla brusquely corrected the researcher.

He swiftly scanned the rest of the table.

“So what, you now scheming with scribbling wolves?”

Toto trying hard to cover the inventor’s directness made his introduction.

“Gentlemen, I introduce the great Nikola Tesla.”

The others, hands well out of sight raised themselves slightly from their chairs.

“Good evening,” they both chirped in unison.

Ochs assured Toto the visitor was a well-known quantity.

Tesla gave them glancing acknowledgement and directed himself at Toto.

“These news hounds continue to under-report my genius.”

Graves shifted uncomfortably in his chair as Ochs, perfectly used to this behavior from the inventor stood.

“Mister Tesla, I am well aware of both your inventions and idiosyncrasies and congratulate you on the former. Would you care to join us?”

“Dine with those supporting my enemies. Thank you but never.”

“Please Nikola, do join us,” Toto implored.

“You know me better than that. I’ll leave you to keep these hounds under control. You know much about the breed.”

Toto laughed nervously, more out of embarrassment for Tesla’s huge foot he felt had been placed in the way of potential support, than his own embarrassment.

“At least your man Van Anda had passion for the sciences and a kind pen towards my work, while you lick the boots of plutocrats who make sure my truths never truly get reported,” Tesla rebuked the newspaper magnet and editor.

At that moment a waitress arrived at the table and addressed Tesla.

“Can I serve you sir, or are you with these gentlemen?”

Tesla turned letting his bad temper land on the unsuspecting employee.

“Yes, you can – go home and feed your brats.”

The reply hit her hard. She struggled visibly to hold back tears retreating swiftly. They all felt it. Tesla remained oblivious to it, including his manner.

“This place is infested with vultures and cockroaches. Two have just tried stealing my latest patent over dinner and you press hounds support their criminality. Toto, visit me. I’m off.”

Tesla stormed towards the exit.

The researcher turned towards his fellow diners beginning an apology.

“No need Captain. The fellow has a reputation to uphold. Remember, we’re press and that comes dressed automatically with a hard nose!” Ochs laughed heartily and Toto responded, excusing himself at the same time.

Graves turned to his boss.

“Do you suppose we’ve a poodle in the Captain?”

On the street outside Toto caught up with Tesla, by now getting a good soaking as the rain poured down. The researcher opened his umbrella shielding the inventor from the downpour.

“Why were you so bad tempered back there, I’ve never seen you so furious.”

“They’re all sluts to the whores of banking and wealth. None of them have an idea how energy works, how the very fabric of the universe pours through each crevice of time and space,” the inventor spluttered, deeply hurt.

“You need these guys on your side Nikola, you need the American people to know your true worth. Why go out of your way to aggravate them?”

“On my side?” Tesla shot back. “Just like those two trying to rip off my patents over a trout and vegetables?”

“I’d no idea. How was I to know?”

“There’s much you don’t know, dear friend. That will be your downfall. The rats infesting this ship have too much invested in it to jump.”

Tesla felt himself shrink under the endless battering he had endured. Toto targeted reassurance.

“There’s money here. Investment capital, we can find it together,” he pleaded.

Tesla looked at him, at his incessant hope and forced an honest smile.

“Your father was a good man, kind, as you are. He connected me with good support. When we three met those years ago things were different. Today greed, selfish interest and the rape of Earth’s natural resources have changed all that.”

“Show them another way with your...”

“What use are eyes to blind minds and oil barons with no desire to comprehend free energy?”

“Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Warburg. They crow about philanthropy,” Toto urged.

“Philanthropy for them is self serving. The inventor is merely another cow to be milked. To spend useless hours bemoaning these truths only diverts me from the absolute necessity to harness all I channel. I must pass this to those coming after. Why waste precious time with back biting bankers, backers and vested interests. They’ll never know the thrill coursing through the hu-

man heart as the inventor's creation rises from the ether, unfolding form and life. Such emotions make a man forget food, sleep, friends, love, everything. That's why I leave funding up to George Scherff and Robert Johnson."

"I remember Johnson but George, I've not met."

The two of them had arrived at a junction. The umbrella having done its job and the rain stopped, Toto closed it. Hardly a soul was visible on the sidewalk.

Tesla turned to Toto.

"Then come round to my laboratory and be introduced. It's just around the corner from the library."

"I will do," he reassured the inventor.

"One more thing," the old man cut in. "Gold's not in dollars or bars, it's not in the glory of power, these things mere selfish acquisitions of men seeing riches for themselves, blind to the needs and dispossession of their fellow man. They're the curse on humanity, leeches of all that's wonderful, glorious and magnificent about the human in the search for self."

Toto pondered his friend's words as Tesla parted and crossed the street. Stopping suddenly midway, he turned and shouted back to Toto.

"Remember, progress can only start in the mind, not the laboratory."

A passing carriage cut him from view as Toto was left scratching his head. Looking back to find Tesla, he was confronted by an empty street. He shrugged and made for home.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jonathan L. Trapman has written since aged 9. His first novel *The Bull* got fair marks at school and marked him out as an author in need of improvement.



Defying his early detractors he began his professional career as a photojournalist, working for some of the top titles in Fleet Street at the time. Amongst them the London Times, Daily Express and a very short and boring stint with the Sun newspaper.

Having been exposed to the amount of propaganda and half truths demanded from photo/journalists in the '70s and 80s, he decided his soul was worth more than shekels earned from the news rooms of corporate cronyism.

Marking his further career becoming one of the industry's foremost photographers he enjoyed getting to know the world, its peoples and a far wider vision of life on earth on others' behalf and at others' expense.

He has appeared on TV and radio including the BBC, France Inter and online radio. He has been invited to speak at creative and literary conferences across the globe.

From early 2012, in partnership with his wife, he accomplished several translations of foreign writers. The most enduring, endearing and ground breaking has been the first ever, in nearly 1000 years, translation of 10th century Sufi founder and mystic saint **Hoja Ahmed Yassawi's** *[Divani Hikmet \(Divine Wisdom\)](#)* poetry and sacred verse.

His magnum opus **[The Freedom Cycle](#)**, an ambitious seven book project of which this book is its first, is set to evolve over the next several years.

Jonathan presently lives in Somerset, UK.

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of an idea, sponsored, projected and interpreted by the hero's journey.

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