

# Altered Perceptions

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CURRENTLY BEING WRITTEN THE FOLLOW UP TO 'ALTERED PERCEPTIONS' IS 'RETURN OF SEVEN' THIS SEES TEAM SEVEN ONCE AGAIN PLACED IN MORTAL DANGER WHEN THEIR IDENTITIES ARE SOMEHOW LEAKED FROM SIS. ANDY MCPHEE WILL HAVE TO PLACE ALL OF THEIR LIVES ON THE LINE IN ORDER TO STOP MORE EVIL IN THE WORLD.

THE FINAL BOOK OF THE TRILOGY 'DEAD END' SEES THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF TEAM SEVEN TAKE ON THE NEW POWERS BEHIND SIS WHO WOULD TRY AND BLAME ANDY MCPHEE AND HIS TEAM FOR THE DEATHS OF SENIOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, NOT ONLY ARE THEY WANTED BY LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES FROM AROUND THE WORLD BUT A MYSTERIOUS MAN IS TRYING TO EXECUTE THEM USING A DIFFERENT METHOD FOR EACH.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD OF ANDY MCPHEE WILL HE RETURN IN MORE NOVELS ..... YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE

I WRITE BOOKS FOR FUN BUT I ALSO NEED TO SURVIVE AND PAY MY BILLS. IN THIS DAY OF PIRATE SITES OFFERING FILMS, SOFTWARE AND BOOKS FOR FREE DOWNLOAD. IT MAY SEEM NICE TO THOSE THAT STEAL OTHERS WORKS. THIS TAKES FOOD FROM MY TABLE. YEARS AGO MY BAND HAD THEIR MUSIC PIRATED AND WE PROBABLY LOST ABOUT £250,000. WE DID NOT WORK FOR EMI OR SONY WE DID NOT HAVE A BIG CONTRACT. SO THE ONLY WAY WE COULD MAKE MONEY WAS TO SELL OUR MUSIC. TROUBLE WAS MOST FOLKS AT GIGS HAD ALREADY DOWNLOADED OUR ALBUMS FOR FREE SO THEY NO LONGER NEEDED TO BUY FROM US. IMAGINE IF YOU WORKED ALL WEEK AND WENT TO GET YOUR WAGES BUT WHEN YOU LOOKED AT YOUR BANK

ACCOUNT SOMEONE ELSE HAD TAKEN YOUR MONEY. SO PLEASE DO NOT GIVE MY WORKS TO OTHERS, PLEASE BUY FROM ME DIRECTLY, EITHER AS E-BOOK OR AS A REAL PAPER BOOK.

THANK YOU  
KENN GORDON

## ABOUT KENN GORDON

I GREW UP IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. I BECAME A MUSICIAN WHILST AT SCHOOL. THEN I MADE MY FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT AT THE AGE OF 13. AT THE AGE OF 18 I JOINED THE ROYAL AIR FORCE. I SPENT 9 YEARS WORKED AT NUMEROUS SECRET ESTABLISHMENTS. EVEN DURING MY MILITARY CAREER I CONTINUED TO PLAY IN BANDS AND WRITE MUSIC. WHEN I LEFT THE RAF I CONTINUED TO PLAY MUSIC AND TO MAKE GUITARS. FORMING MY OWN BANDS AND RECORDING OVER 32 ALBUMS UNDER VARIOUS NAMES. I ALSO FORMED GORDON GUITARS AND MADE HIGH END BESPOKE GUITARS. AS I BECAME OLDER I LOOKED FOR A NEW AVENUE FOR MY CREATIVE JUICES. IT IS BECAUSE OF THIS THAT I HAVE DECIDED TO BECOME A FICTION WRITER.

## THE FIRST NOVEL ENTITLED ALTERED PERCEPTIONS

IS THE FIRST PART OF A TRILOGY FEATURING TEAM SEVEN OF THE SIS BLACK DOOR SECTION. SIS DO EXIST AS DO THE BLACK DOOR, WHAT GOES ON AT CDE PORTON DOWN IS FACTUAL, ALTHOUGH THIS STORY IS FICTION, OR YOU COULD SAY FACTIONAL. THE ENRICHED URANIUM AND PLUTONIUM DID GO

MISSING FROM FBR DOUNREAY. THE SECRET ROYAL NAVY PROGRAM THE VULCAN PROJECT DID TAKE PLACE BETWEEN THE RN AND ROLLS ROYCE. THERE WERE TWO MAJOR ACCIDENTS AT FBR DOUNREAY AND THEY WERE COVERED UP. THERE IS STILL TWO MILES OF OFF LIMIT SHORELINE, WHERE PIECES OF PLUTONIUM ARE BEING FOUND NEAR DOUNREAY. MUCH OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE FIRST BOOK DID HAPPEN IN REAL LIFE. MUCH IS OF COURSE PURE FICTION. REAL NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED. THE MAJORITY OF THE PLACES EXIST. GRUINARD ISLAND WAS USED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO TEST OUT BACTERIOLOGICAL SPORES OF ANTHRAX. THE ISLAND REMAINED UNINHABITABLE FOR ALMOST 50 YEARS. THE UK HAS SIGNED UP TO THE GENEVA CONVENTION THAT BANS THE USE OF CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL WARFARE. YET IT CONTINUES TO MAKE THESE BANNED ITEMS. THE UK IS NOT ALONE IN THIS. THE USA, FRANCE, BELGIUM, GERMANY ALONG WITH THE MAJORITY OF COUNTRIES IN THE WEST. YET THEY CONDEMN THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES WHO TRY TO MAKE THEM AND IN SOME CASES THEY EVEN SUPPLY THESE COUNTRIES WITH THE PARTS REQUIRED TO MAKE THEM. THAT IS A FACT.

COMING SOON BOOK 2 RETURN OF SEVEN

I HAVE TO THANK THE FOLLOWING, WITHOUT WHOM,  
THESE BOOKS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE TO WRITE.  
MY WONDERFUL AND LONG SUFFERING WIFE SUSAN  
GORDON

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my Mother and my Father who have  
always encouraged me in everything I did  
To my long suffering wife Susan  
and to all of my sons

KENN GORDON

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## ACT 1

I was not athletic in the standard sense of the word. I was fit though and took part in a lot of sporting pursuits. I loved to swim and long distance running. Although I was not much interested in the formal competition of it, more as a way to relieve boredom of a mundane life as a medic, based at an RAF Camp in the UK. This apart from the rare major incident usually meant working with a Station Medical Officer treating hangovers or a dose of the clap. I also enjoyed an adrenaline rush, and whilst stationed at RAF Abingdon took up free fall parachuting and even on occasions did jumps with the RAF Falcons display team. This team was also known as the Big Six, strangely because most of the team was under six-foot high. This in itself made me stand out from the rest of the team. I always liked to take things to the limit, as much as I could. I used a variety of 'chutes.' during the following years from the 'Para Commander' in the mid 1970's to the later 'Strato Cloud Ram Air Parachute'. Even going to the extreme lengths, of having my own custom 'Chute' made, loosely based upon the 'XL Cloud'. Over the subsequent years I completed more than the 1000 high level jumps. This would have gained me a place in the Falcons Display Team, had I wished it. That said, I was in it for the thrill and not for the job. So I continued to do it just as a sport, whenever time or location would allow. On one of my annual leave breaks I went to the USA and completed an Oxygen assisted free fall from a 'PAC750'. This was from a height of thirty thousand feet. I completed this jump with a lifelong friend Lachlan Henderson, Lachlan, who was known to his friends Lachie. We both grew up together in the Highlands of Scotland, having first met in the Strath of Kildonnan. Both of us boys were from the tiny hamlet of Kinbrace. We even went to school in Kinbrace and later Helmsdale together. We the pair of us enjoyed the same sort of things as boys,

swimming, shooting and fishing, whenever the chance would allow. Lachie was a stocky built lad with a shock of curly blonde hair and seemed more Icelandic than Scottish in origin, whilst I with my jet black hair and a slight throwback to some far off distant relative of Indian origin. So I always looked as though I had a great natural suntan. Of all the things we enjoyed most was shooting, not just because of the thrill of actually shooting, but more the excitement of the hunt. As youngsters, we would pretend to be in the real military and the enemy would be a Stag, or perhaps a Hare. We stalked our prey carefully, whilst traversing the Highland mountainsides, then sneaking up on the 'enemy'. Sometimes we would just stalk, and not even bother with the kill. Attempting to get as close to the prey as we could. There was always a keen competition between us as boys. On one occasion we got within three feet of a hind and her fawn. Then we would gently slither down the side of the mountain on our bellies, without even having fired a shot from either of our rifles. I say our as the rifles, they of course belonged to our fathers. Lachie's was a Remington .222, which we used for hares and rabbits. The rifle that I carried was a Mannlicher 30-06, this we used for long range shots on the Red Deer that roamed just about every hill and valley of the Strath. Both of us had managed kill shots at over one thousand yards using standard telescopic sights. The rifles were old bolt action and had been well used. However, they had been well looked after by our parents, and probably our grandparents. Always taking strict turns as to which of us would take the shot. We had the one rule when out shooting. We would never shoot and kill anything, which would not be eaten by our families, or their friends. Unlike the rich folk from the south that came to shoot in the Highlands. We were not trophy hunters. Lachie and I were both keen fishermen. To us this was almost as much fun as shooting. Often we would go fishing in the river Helmsdale, or one of the many tributary

burns that would flow into it. We combined this with swimming in the icy cold, but crystal clear water, and would see who would stay under the water the longest. Frequently we would hold large rocks in our arms to prevent us from bobbing up pre-maturely. This competition ran through our school years and then at the age of 18 we joined the Royal Air Force together.

## Act 2

Both of us went to RAF Swinderby for our basic training, or as it was called, by those who had already completed it, Square-Bashing. Swinderby was nothing like our homes in the Highlands. We had never seen such a flat and unexciting piece of land before. It was flat as far as the eye could see. It was pretty much, all arable land. However, that said because of our fitness from running up and down mountains, meant that running around the Perry track of the airfield, was really easy for us. The both of us excelled, on the rifle range using the SLR 7.62. To get a two inch grouping at twenty five yards, posed no challenge to either of us. Lachie, when asked to do his grouping shots. Asked the instructor?

"Is it a two inch grouping on a moving, or a still target?"

Then Lachie promptly fired of an entire magazine of twenty rounds into the Centre of the 'soldier' target with all twenty shots confined to a round hole, of somewhat less than two inches. This was Lachie all over; he was always quick of wit, but sometimes too quick with the mouth. This little stunt saw us 'Guarding the Perimeter' of our training camp as the rest of our squad, slept soundly in their beds. After our six weeks of basic training and prior to our 'Pass out Parade', we were all given our training awards. We never made best cadets, or most improved, however though, we were awarded our 'Crossed Rifles' for perfect shooting. I as a medic would never be allowed to wear them. After the Pass out Parade, all recruits were rewarded with one-

week home leave. We went back home in our full dress number one uniforms. We boarded the bus from RAF Swinderby to the historic City of Lincoln, where we caught train to London Kings Cross. Then from there, we caught the overnight train to Inverness. We had a coffee and a curled up British Rail sandwich for breakfast. Then we caught the train from Inverness to our final destination of Kinbrace. We were met there by our respective Fathers, and taken to our homes. One week later we met up once again to go south but this time it was to be at different destinations, Lachie was off to train with the Regiment, at RAF Catterick. I was off to learn medicine at RAF Halton. It was only at this point that our lives which had been joined for so many years saw us split company. However, we were destined to be reunited some years later. I was by now a Sergeant and was now stationed at the combined USAF/RAF base at RAF Brawdy. Lachie was a Corporal and was stationed at RAF Saint Athens as part of their Ground Defence Force (This was a glorified title for the RAF Regiment or as we called them Rock Apes; A title given to the RAF Regiment for their defence of the Rock of Gibraltar). One day in early spring of that year. I was sent out from RAF Brawdy, along with the Senior Medical Officer. Our instructions were to bring back to base, an injured member of the Special Air Service. The man who had apparently, been injured, in a training exercise on the Brecon Beacons. We flew out from RAF Brawdy in a Sea King Search and Rescue Helicopter from the 202 squadron, which was also stationed at RAF Brawdy. Upon landing the SMO and I were directed to a waiting APC, (Armoured Personnel Carrier) with RAF Roundel painted on its side. We went over and clambered in with our equipment. When the driver turned around it was Lachie.

"Where are we going too, gentlemen? I have another pickup in twenty minutes. They are both far better looking than you two."

His mouth was still that bit quicker than his mind. It would seem that time and punishments had not cured it. The SMO, who I was travelling with, was a Wing Commander and whilst laid back, with his own lads at the Medical Centre, was in no mood to put up with Lachie's irreverent quips.

"That will be, I will take you to the patient SIR, or I will have those stripes. Now get a damn move on Corporal" replied my boss.

Lachie did not bother with a reply but shifted the APC into drive and started off with a solid jerk and a spin of the wheels. This was followed by a quick wink at me.

"Why could the chopper not take us right to the patient" I asked

"Oh he's stuck in a deep and narrow gully, what's worse is he is in a tree. If we took the chopper anywhere near. Then the wash of the chopper blades, would like as not blow him right out of the tree and further down into the gully."

We travelled without any more conversation for about fifteen minutes. All the time the terrain was getting rougher and steeper. On arrival at the incident site, initially there was nothing to for us to see.

"Walk this way Sir." Lachie said and then under his breath said.

"If he could walk that way I would not need talcum powder."

He then pointed over what looked like a small crest in the rolling Welsh countryside. Lachlan led the way. When we reached the crest it was more like looking down a cliff face. I looked down, and there laid on his back, was the injured soldier. The trouble was he was snared up in a large tree, which was also leaning over the sharp drop. Its roots, having been all but pulled clear of the soil, which was all that was holding it down to mother earth. There was another soldier sat at the base of the tree, fixing ropes and staking them into the surrounding area.

"How did this happen?" the SMO asked Lachie.

"Sorry sir. I have all the info that you have, which I am guessing is none at all"

I knew Lachie was just pushing the officer, just to see how far he could take his own sense of humour. Whilst the SMO said nothing, I knew he was not happy with Lachie's quip. This under normal circumstances could have been treated as 'Rank Insubordination'. The uninjured soldier from below shouted up

"Are you guys here to help or to watch?"

We carefully slid down the side of hill towards the tree. It seemed quite obvious to us, when we got down there, that there had been some sort of explosion near to the tree. This had resulted in this unfortunate individual, ending up clutched in a bosom of branches, about six feet from the ground.

"Grenade went off." The soldier roping the tree said, pointing to a medium sized hole in the ground about 8 feet from the side of the tree.

"Well I have no intention of climbing up there, to treat him so you lot had better get him out from the tree and up to the top of the ridge." The SMO said

Then he turned and started up the slope. Lachie and I helped the other guy secure the tree. Then between the three of us, we managed to attach a short neck and back board to the injured man. After which we managed to carefully extract the man from the branches. We gently lowered him to the ground. He was breathing but very pale. I did a quick check and although most of his major bones seemed to be unbroken. The only sign of any injury was some bleeding from both of his ears. There was little or no response to light from his pupils. He looked like death warmed up. After getting him onto the stretcher we got him up to the top of the slope and to the awaiting Medical Officer. I rattled off my basic report,

"Neck and Spine along with all major bones look OK. Blood pressure is extremely low as is his pulse, which is



almost non-existent. He has shallow breathing, and has shown no signs of consciousness Sir".

The SMO started to check the patient out on his own. I walked over to the other soldier, who wore no insignia, or rank badges.

"So how did he get no external injuries from a blast that looks to have thrown him up into the air and then dumped him in the branches of a tree?"

"I don't know Sarge, happened before I got here and I was told to call it in and secure the site." He replied

"OK Mate I need some details. Like who is he? What Unit?"

"I refer you to my first reply Sarge"

I started to think he was another Lachie, a smart mouth.

"And you are?"

"Sorry Sarge I can't say."

"Don't be a tosser all your life. We are not some enemy," I replied to him. In somewhat harsher tones than I had intended.

"Sorry Sarge. Was not being a gobshite, just none of us on this training course know any of the others, and I am on orders not to give out my details"

"Who's Orders?"

"Sor....."

I cut him off "Can't Say, OK I get it. But in order for us, to treat your man over there I am going to need a few details. Like blood group etc. etc."

My boss called me over

"He has a tag around his neck which has a bar code and just his blood group, of O-Positive. What did you get from his mate?"

"Less than you Sir, it would appear to be some sort of SAS 'hush hush' training shit"

"OK let's get him down from here after we get a line into him"

Lachie and I put the patient into the back of the APC and I

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