

A tall, jagged rock formation, possibly a natural rock formation or a small structure, stands prominently on a forested mountain peak. The base of the mountain is shrouded in mist or low clouds, creating a dramatic and atmospheric scene. The sky is overcast with soft, diffused light.

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**Book 4 of I Am The One - Lewis Phillips - Author**

## Preface

Another adventure was about to unfold for LP. He and his son will drive across Australia in six days from east to west. It will test the patience of both. Either they bond or their likely to kill each other when they find themselves alone in the Tamini Desert. It's a time of reflection and dealing with the past, and looking to the future for both. For Mitchie to find his independence, for LP, contemplate why a copy of the Scroll was left in New York, as well, another should be taken across Australia and released into the Indian Ocean. And find some answers to what is Archaea?

What unfolds after LP returns from the west, led him back to the sacred mountains of Aboriginal folklore. With help from his daughter, together they will attempt to reach the peak of Mt. Beerwah, so LP can reveal - *For what I see, you will see. For what I know, you will know.*



# Foreword

These chapters are written after a spell from writing, but when I pick up a pen, there no stopping me. So I hope you like book 4 of, I Am The One - Lewis Philips - free to download, and the full story available to buy on Amazon or any book store can get it in - ISBN: 978-1-4525-1377-5 (sc)

It's seemed like a long journey since I became motivated to write in 2008. It all started with a strange occurrence; that's described in the Epilogue of my self-published book. The journey has made me a better story teller through practice and commitment, resulting in an expanding writing ability including info eBook publications.

Although this book was written as fiction, it probably could be better classified as historical fiction, because so much of the story has been drawn on from the past, spanning four decades when you read books 1, 2 and 3.

As well, I offer a gift to my readers. Request a **free** download of one of my info eBooks -

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# Chapter One

## Archaea rising

*‘Armies on the move  
soldiers of Archaea  
moving from the north  
their weapon rising  
a silent reaper  
from depths below  
breaking open oceans  
releasing their weapon  
of mass destruction  
returning their world  
to reign for a billion years.’*

“Wake up your mumbling in your sleep,” Ingrid said as she nudged LP’s shoulder to wake him up.

“I’m not asleep. I’m just having one of those moments when I start predicting the future, and what I see I don’t want to talk about right now.”

“Well, leave me in the dark as usual, but I warn you, snap out of these negative thoughts, or it’ll send you crazy,” Ingrid said, while turning to him and giving a reassuring hug.



Feeling her warm body against him, he started to relax and let go of those thoughts that dogged his mind.

Sunrise was approaching as first light filtered through the bedroom window. It was time to get up like every other morning to capture the perfect sunrise.

“OK, are you coming. Sunrise in ten minutes, let’s be quick about it,” whispered LP.

“You can’t take your time about anything. Go and we’ll talk later.”

LP quickly changed into his board shorts, put on his runners, grabbed a warm flannel and sprinted out the front door clutching his camera case in one hand, and in the other his iPhone and car keys for his Holden Cruze. Ice on the rear window, and cold wind pushing against his face was a taste of what to expect when he arrives at one of the beaches of Caloundra.

His car was not completely covered from the cold morning air in the carport. He kept a bucket of water just opposite the car for moments like this. He picked up the green bucket and tossed its contents over the trouble spot with a mighty splash, but it wasn’t enough to remove all ice. It just needed a quick wipe and a bit of scrapping to remove any trouble spots for seeing in reverse. Now LP was ready to back out from his driveway, camera ready on the passenger seat, and iPhone on speaker as he turned the ignition on.

Changing colours of sunrise always got him excited, as he rushed to one of his favorite beach locations to capture the moment. It would take three minutes to get there.

Enough time to go over in his mind what he was going to say to Ingrid over breakfast, and explain what Archaea is, was, or whatever, and not frighten the living daylights out of her. Caution may be the better tack and explain it away as dreaming. The last thing she'd want here is a lecture of biblical proportion connecting the creation story of God removing Adam's rib to create woman. Then compare it to bacteria and Archaea becoming one, billions of years ago, being the source of all multi-celled life forms on Earth over time - you may well call them the creator - but at the same time the opposite could be true.

The question Ingrid may well ask, '*Where did they come from in the first place?*'

His answer won't please her. *From space. Hitchhikers of the universe, remaining dormant for hundreds of thousands of years in the most extreme conditions, including meteorites. That may well be the real creation story. They harbour no disease, no pathogen nor*



*virus.*



LP stopped his car at Dicky Beach car park with a few minutes to spare before sunrise. He quickly walked down to the foreshore feeling the wet sand sink between his toes. Early morning, weather permitting, not only revealed the changing colours of sunrise. This morning, reflected a golden glow reflection before his feet, stretching back across the ocean. After his photo shoot, he found it the best way to kick off any day, with a morning walk along the beach to boot. Not everyone can do it. But when you have the opportunity, one should take advantage of it, with a camera or iPhone, capturing the moment forever and share it.

Ten minutes after sunrise LP was back driving home, but not before going to the top of Queen Street looking inland to see what the Glass House Mountains looked like - clear blue sky, mist or overcast. He would decide if it's worth taking the twenty-minute drive to his other favourite spot for snapping photos, walking the mountain trails, and climbing the not so hard mountain peaks.

Storm clouds on the distant horizon engulf the peaks, so he proceeded to drive home along Sugarbag Road, and back up his driveway within two minutes. Parking his vehicle in the carport, LP then went straight inside with his phone and camera in hand.

Ingrid called out to him. "Bacon and eggs are almost ready. Are you using Photoshop or eating now?"

"Just give me a sec. I'll upload the pics I want to edit and post on Twitter for later."

LP walked from his laptop that dominated the kitchen table, strewn with scribbled notes on A4 sheets of white paper. A second glancing eye would see typed pages of his latest novel spread out in chaotic order. It looked like you'd need to be a mind reader to figure out what he was doing.

If Ingrid had her way, she would wipe her hand across the table and bin the lot of it. However, that was not going to happen while LP could get his way, by pointing out there's a perfectly good table on the veranda for eating off.

And he would say when Ingrid complained about wanting her kitchen table back. *'When you stop using the outdoor table for planting miniature cactus, I'll stop using the kitchen table as an office.'*

Stalemate. Nothing would change. They're both too pigheaded to comprise.

"Come on, I'll make room on the outdoor table, but you better get the bacon & eggs off the barbie, before it goes cold. I've turned it off," said Ingrid.

LP placed breakfast in front of Ingrid, and he sat down with his food, and said, "I'm one step ahead of you, eat it while it's hot, and I'll tell what I was on about earlier this morning.

In between scoffing down mouthfuls of food LP started to explain, "Well, I'm not going into it too much, but Archaea is a single-cell organism, *that*' joined together with bacteria forming multi-cell organisms. Archaea that remained singled-celled, went about transforming an inhospitable world that looked like Venus today, along with Caynbacteria into something habitable for multi-celled life forms like us. Archaea can still be found in the most extreme conditions on earth - in hot springs, sulfur plumes, puma-frost, and active volcanoes above and below the ocean. And up until 1978, these single-celled organisms were unknown to scientists. Only after 1990, were they recognised as a separate kingdom, classified like plants, animals and fungi.

"Hang on, what's the problem with that? That's in the past?" Ingrid said with a distorted look on her face.

"That's right, 3.5 billion years ago, and they're on the march to take back their world," replied LP.

"How can that be relevant now. Get your mind off this shit" Ingrid said with a dismissive tone in her voice.

LP replied, “Just two words - Global Warming.”

“Are you still on about that?”

“Yep, and you’ve got your head in the sand. You should read more.”

“Stuff you, and take your food with *ya*’,” she screamed.

LP stood up from the table, pushing his chair back with such force it bounced over the balcony rail. He didn’t speak, just scoffed down a last mouth full of bacon, and figured he should keep his mouth shut. Ingrid put her head down and continued eating. She was not happy. LP walked inside sitting down in front of his laptop with Photoshop opened. To take his mind off what just happened, he started editing his morning sunrise shots for posting on Twitter. When Ingrid was in a better mood he would try to expand on the subject about micro organisms, and why they could end the world we know.

After uploading his best sunrise photo on Twitter for his followers, he figured it was time to give his old mates a phone call, and fill them in about Archaea, as well, his plan to climb Mt. Beerwah. Maybe they’ll be more receptive to what he’s got to say.

Bear was first in his contact list. A quick touch on his iPhone and he answered, “How the fuck are *ya*’. When are *ya*’ coming down to Sydney next. We’ll get on the piss and do some gambling.”

“I’m not ringing about doing that. What do you know about Archaea?”

“Can you bet on it?” Asked Bear.

“Possibly your life, if the powers to be get it wrong,” LP snapped back..

“Fuck no, what are you on about this time. Are still paranoid. I thought this all ended after you left New York. You delivered the Scroll and it was up loaded as foretold back on New Year’s Eve. It’s over, there’s nothing more any of us can do, it changed nothing, it’s still a violent world with crazy weather all over the place.”

“My concern is not for myself, it’s our kids and grand-kids to have a better future or should I say, a future! We need to meet.”

Bear was starting to get curious. “Why, tell me now what else do you know?”

“No, let’s meet at your old beach house and I’ll fill you in why we need to return to the mountain as well. I’ll reveal what I know, and only then. I’ll let you know when, after I speak to Brownie, Kato and Mason.”

“They’re not going to climb the mountain. Certainly not Brownie. He thinks it’s his Dreamtime ancestor.” Bear said in a raised voice.

“We’ll see. I’ll phone you again after speaking to everyone.” LP replied.

Next, LP would do the ring around, contacting the old gang and explain what’s on his mind. He would say Bear will be coming up from Sydney, as well, to climb Mt Beerwah.

Assuming that Bear was on board, LP was sure they would all agree to meet at their old haunt. LP only had to lock the time and date.

LP looked at the front door as a loud bang demanded attention. Before he could get up from in front of his laptop, Mitchie his youngest son strode in carrying his tool box, looking like he was in a hurry to be somewhere else.

“What’s the panic,” asked LP.

“I’m packing my bags. Loading up the vehicle and I’m out of here.”

“Out of here to where?” LP asked with a surprised look and a stare.

“Port Hedland in Western Australia. That’s where big money can be made over in the Pilbara region.” Mitchie replied with confidence.

“Who’s going with you?” LP asked.

“No one! One of my mates is already over there earning the big bucks. So the sooner I get there the better.”

“Hang on, have you got a job lined up?”

“Nope!”

“So, you’re going to drive 5,000 clicks across Australia and hope you’ll get work. Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

“You’re too conservative, *‘old man.’* Where’s the old risk taker, the visionary, the adventurer?” Mitchie said while shaking his head.

“I’ve still got it, so I’ll be your navigator, I’m coming too.” LP replied.

There was silence for a few seconds as those words sunk in, and then Mitchie laughed with a surprised look on his face.

“OK, be ready in five days. We’re crossing Australia in six days from East to West, down to South Australia, up to



Uluru, onto Alice Springs, and up to Kathrine. Then across the top end to Broome. And if I've timed it right, then it's only another six-hour drive south, and we'll hit Port Hedland."

"I'll find my old road maps, and check out if you're on the money or your calculations are out. Where we're travelling we won't get much of a GPS signal, so I'd rather rely on my old paper map of Australia."

Mitchie was OK with that, and walked away heading for his bedroom to start looking at packing, while LP went out to his vehicle, opened the glove box and grabbed out a folded map. He went back inside and on the kitchen bench, opened the map to mark the route and check if his son's calculations were correct.

Ingrid shouted from the balcony. "Who were you talking to?"

"Mitchie, he's leaving home and I'm going too," replied LP.

"Talk sense, what's going on?"

"I just told you. And when you're in a good mood I'll explain what's happening, and when you come inside I'll show you the map."

He could see on Ingrid's face, she was still grumpy as she folded her arms, and gave LP a stare that could kill from where she was sitting on the balcony.

LP thought, *'It was time to be tactful. Walk away and not talk about what he was on about earlier at breakfast. Nor try to explain why he was leaving in five days to cross Australia without her. Just not good timing.'*

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