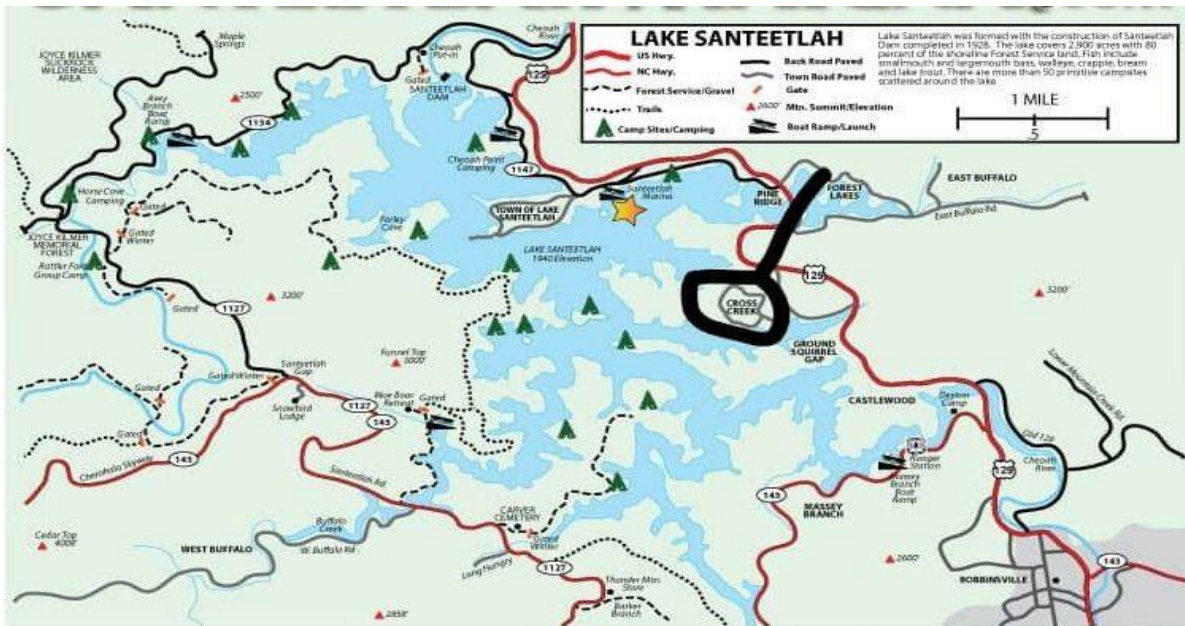


The Secret State

wh clark



Once upon a time at CROSS CREEK, in a wild and remote area of the **Smoky Mountains**, albeit still on the map, if you can find one – *domestic tranquility was shattered.*



‘Twas on a certain fall afternoon – **Halloween Day** to be exact – that a series of haunting events transpired that were; well, *beyond the pale* even of the fall colors...



So far beyond the pale that even felines are afeared. Meet OSCAR THE CAT. She wasn't afraid of that car that ran her over. **Took one eye.** Left her hindquarters crippled... *Damn near killed her kittens* (she was pregnant). However. She's afraid now, damn afraid...



How, exactly, did **these diabolical if fortuitous events** transpire?? Subtle hint: this guy's been fighting NASA and the evil SPACE CULT all his life.



WH CLARK VS. UT AUSTIN

"BTU" BILL CLARK

A PhD Dissertation on the "NASA Cult"



*"I am NASA – a bureaucracy and process that tramples reason, stifles professional differences of opinion, and doesn't reflect reality. **Resistance is Futile.**"*

I show in the **"The LEGAL"** pages how various faculty and organizations at **the University of Texas at Austin** (1) committed apparent acts of discrimination against me and then, (2) after they realized the obvious crimes they'd made against a **disabled Vietnam-era veteran** and **older-than-average** graduate student, the Students with Disabilities Office and the President of the University used **malicious falsehoods** to try and cover up their

THE LEGAL

- Read This First
- Background Narrative
- Academic Advisor(s)
- The Graduate Advisor
- The Orbits Group
- Graduate Studies
- Disabilities Office
- UT President
- VP for Legal Affairs
- Loan Star State

THE RESEARCH

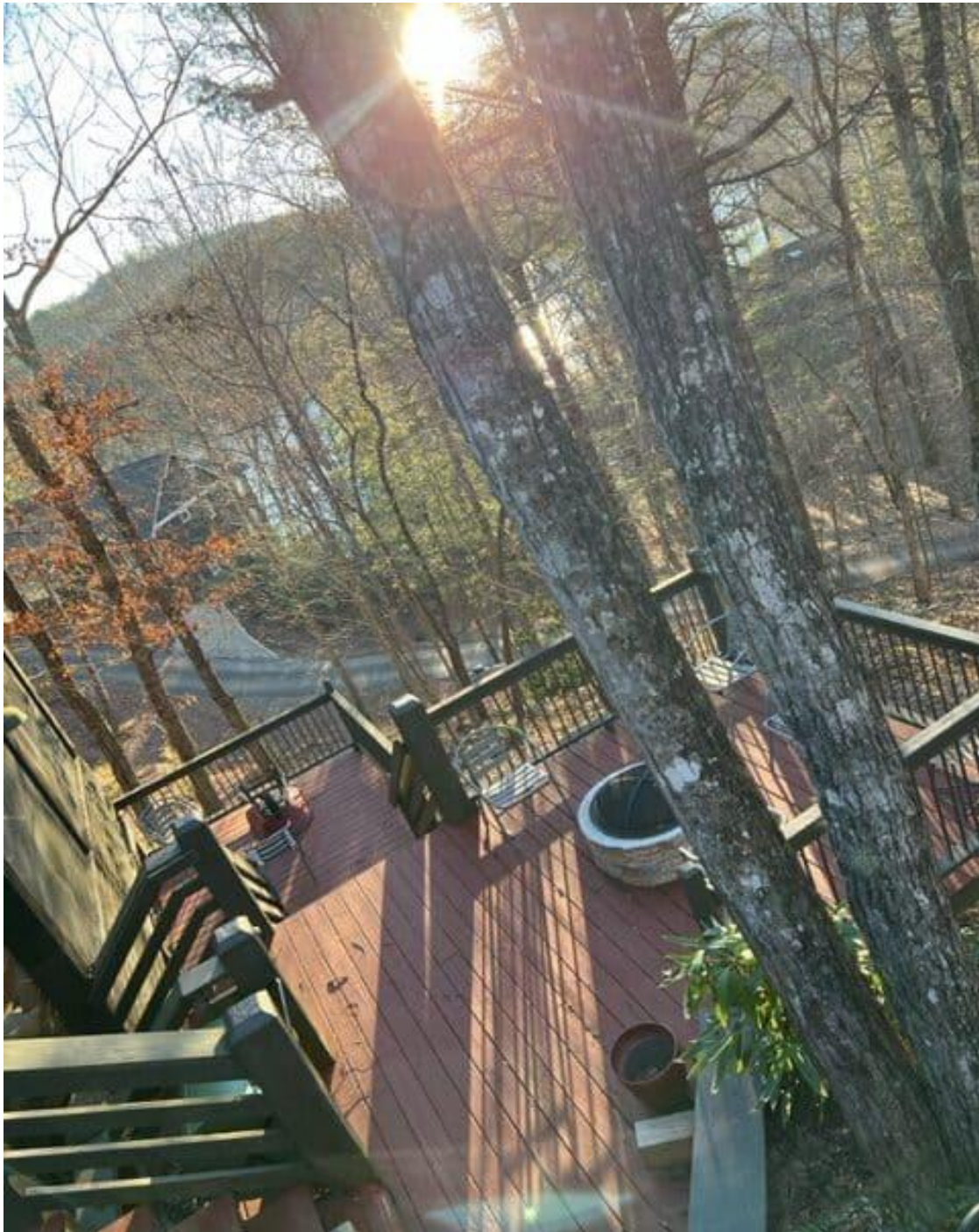
- From The Experts
- A Good Topic
- Educational Tool
- Mission Planning

Alas, it was with a mere RUSTLING OF LEAVES... that a figure approached alias remote homestead from down a desolate and seldom-traveled road.



Two strangers meet. **Both are somewhat paranoid**, TRUCK on account of *schizophrenia*, and AMALIE because she – well, her spacecraft just crash landed and the Army Rangers are after her, she's injured – and what else could possibly go wrong?

They have a reckoning on the outside deck in **the cold, long shadows**. As *the sun lurches down* toward the distal mountain silhouette...



Stepping into the foyer of our haunted house on the hill, Amalie is somewhat – perturbed – at the quixotic display of *an 1850s FAMILY BIBLE* on a prayer stand. Very nice – except, O.M.G. is that **John the Baptist's head on a silver platter** held by Salome?! (Gotta cater to the teenage-boy crowd, even if it's at risk of dissing the evangelicals...)



Observe the cat toy under the prayer bench, umbrella – tennis racket. *Squeegee??* **Just how serious is this feller about his religion?**

There ensues a rather heated discussion in the kitchen. Pity, but... Iced lemonade does *absolutely nothing* to calm tempers – on a freezing cold fall day?



Fortunately, both Amalie and Truck are *sweaty and filthy dirty* from doing yard work and cycling, respectively. Both retire to separate bathrooms to clean up. Oops... **Who's that huggable in the main bathroom, getting ready for a piping-hot bath?**



Amalie and Truck retire to the deck, **where the scary tale of frightful vengeance by a powerful cult begins.** *Whoops again* – not that side of the upstairs porch with the double bed...



The other side, looking out on the lake. *Ahhhhh. Peace at last....*



And with a gas-log heart to warm **the chill night air**.



Alas, but it was nighttime and dark and; well, **when things get scary** it's only normal to scoot inside to camp out in the living room. (Full of BOOKS ~ *talk about SCARY!!!*)



Time for Truck to prepare homemade pizza in the gourmet kitchen.



Each prepares their food while the other sits on a stool, observing – chatting – **stealing munchies**. Of course, *absolutely nobody lives in a kitchen this tidy*. These are PR pix made by the realtor – except – who wants to buy a haunted house??



Then they go to sit at the dining room table to eat. Boom! Truck is peeved because **BEVO THE CAT is sitting in his chair**. Amalie doesn't quite see it with the same two eyes – *like, this is your damn dining room table?* You actually expect me to eat – here?!?



“Bad cat! You’re supposed to be editing my cult website pages. *Dog conspiracy against the Feline Imperium?* Who said you could take a break?”

Bevo HOWLS. “My contract says I get fifteen-minute breaks every three hours – *food??*”

HOWLS again. (She’s deaf – can’t hear herself. **VERY LOUD CAT!!!**) Angry cat! BIG!



Not to be perturbed, Truck saves the day by gently shooing Bevo out of his chair and getting her a bite to eat. Amalie scans the whole area – **who the F is this derelict** – with a goddamn antique bed in the middle of the living room? (Hey, we're in the Appalachians, for God's sake.)



A frightening discovery transpires, and Truck hurries to the downstairs screened porch **to work out his frustrations and anger** at a universal gym.



Amalie, who is just as upset, follows him down and **works out her extreme angst** on a speed bag, on the opposite end of the lower porch.



They calm their jets and continue their conversation back in the living room, but this time supervised under the ever-watchful (one) eye of Oscar the cat.



Later they put on heavy coats (the heat is off on the lower level) and hustle downstairs, trying to find an important document that's key to Amalie's survival. Unfortunately, you'll notice that there are quite a few (MORE) hiding places for:

one, single sheet of paper...



Dare I mention that they're getting a might bit frustrated? **Tick. Tock. Time is running out.** *The bad guys will show up at any time now!!!*

They rush into the adjacent office.



Then Amalie, searching **desperately for some subconscious clues** – notices a righteous if rather vulgar artwork on the opposite wall in that room, a framed engraving of *ISHTAR the Babylonian Goddess of Love and War*. **First Salome, now this Whore of Babylon?**



On closer inspection, there's **an important** clue on that artwork!!! *(This is the part all the teenage boys have been lusting for...)*



*A clue that leads to more searching, back up the stairs – into the main bedroom... **More books** to search –*



*Still no luck when – **THE BAD GUYS SHOW UP!!***

Amalie bolts into the main bathroom to hide while Truck confronts the SHERIFF...

Teddy has by this time finished his bath, and is drying himself on a – **bullfight matador serving tray?** (What kind of huggable RELAXES on a setting like that?) O.M.G. *Would you look at those beady little eyes?* How come we didn't realize before Teddy was hiding something?



Will the story end on a happy note? **Or will Amalie turn out to be just a happy ghost - Truck's vivid, touchable hallucination...** Will she escape down the hill from whence she came, evading the Sheriff – *or fade into the mist like a fairy tale?*



The End