



Tom Thunder



ADVENTURES

THE SECRET SOCIETY

DISCLAIMER

Note to the reader from the Author

This short story (quick little yarn really) is intended to be taken with a grain of salt and enjoyed for what it is – no more and no less. At times it may be cornball and maybe a bit rude, but never crude. It is in keeping with the old adventure serial dime store novels of yesteryear. If you are too young to know or understand what that means, then hopefully you are in for a treat. If at times you find this “politically incorrect”, or laden with “micro aggressions”, then good you have come to the right place for your cure.

However, you can rest assured that this is all organic 100% gluten free, and absolutely no animals were harmed during the writing of this magnificent manuscript. Global warming was not impacted or a factor in its development. The sun still rose in the East and set in the West, before, during, and after every Chapter/Episode.

Tom Thunder is a free spirit and loyal Freedom Loving American and says things as he sees it. He enjoys the freedoms this great nation offers its citizens to succeed. He won't lie, cheat or steal from you. He will back your play if he feels you are in the right. But, if he thinks you are in the wrong he won't hesitate to tell you so, and if necessary go toe to toe with you.

Some of what you are about to read actually happened and is 100% true. This would be discoverable under oath during cross examination in a court of law. The rest of it is full on embellishment. Which is a legal definition derived from the Old Latin term Bullistshitcus.

Remember this is all in fun and all the characters are fictitious. Even if you think they are you, they are **not**!!!

“Keep Jumping Fences and Stay One Step Ahead Of The Yard Dogs”

Pop Thomas

THE CAST

1. Tom Thunder – Man of Action
2. Birdie – Thunders Gal Pal and Business Partner
3. Lightning – Thunder’s Loyal Side Kick and Wonder Dog
4. The Thunderbolts – A select group of experts in a multitude of disciplines and dedicated to the mission.

GUEST STARS

- The Professor - Introducing the esteemed Doctor Michelangelo Hardino, PHD, ADD.

PRELUDE

Our hero Tom Thunder is once again called upon to defend the nation and its citizens against evil doers. His sworn mission is to protect the values and freedoms of this great nation we call the United States of America. The discovery of a hidden chamber results in a call to activate Tom Thunder and his loyal band of Thunderbolts.

It has long been suspected that there was an organization, referred to only as the “Secret Society”. They are believed to be behind many of the devious and criminal activities trying to disrupt, dismantle, and destroy the American way of life. Its members are well hidden amongst the population and have chosen to live in the darkness of shadows to conduct their sinister operations. It is time that they are exposed to the bright light of American justice.

Come with us now as we join Thunder in his adventure and his quest to expose and crush once and for all the existence of this elusive group. A group hell bent on the destruction of the greatest nation on earth.

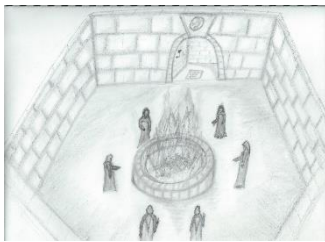
Now on to the - **“Case Of The Secret Society”**.



THE SECRET SOCIETY



The flickering light cast off from candles provided a warm but ominous glow throughout the long hallway leading deep down the winding path to the Grand Hall chambers. The only discernable sound was that caused by the rustling of loose garments and the sound made from soft soled shoes as they shuffled across the floor surface. The prospective candidates were blindfolded and being led along the narrow path by the Sergeant-at-Arms. They had been arranged in single file, each having their right hand extended and resting on the shoulder of the unknown person in front of them. The Grand Hall was constructed of ancient cut stones four feet thick and capped with a dome ceiling. As they entered, only muted voices could be discerned over the droning of an incantation being chanted somewhere off in the distance. A slight echo was created as the sound from the spoken words resonated off the rock walls.



Inside the secret chambers of the Grand Hall they were positioned into place. Each instructed to stand silently at attention and to draw back the sleeve of their right arm exposing the flesh. They were then commanded to extend their arm in front of them palm side up. The heat emanating from a large fire located in the center of the room could now be felt on the faces of the obedient and hopeful postulants who encircled it. Thoughts of second guessing their voluntary decision to join this Society crossed the minds of those about to take the lifelong oath of membership. The stark awareness of their situation was interrupted by the sound of a gong being struck six times. Symbolic of the six core values and mission of the Society. This in turn represents the six branches or houses that makes up the organization. Hence, was the design and shape of the chambers itself. A large six sided hexagon room with only one way in, and one way out.

The participants were ordered to repeat the oath now being recited by the Grand PooBah. Once this oath is taken there is no going back, no way to rescind it. One will live by the rules or die by the rules. The only exit is the eternal and final exit from this world.

The conclusion of this ceremony is completed with the marking of the body. The sizzling sound and the smell of burning flesh filled the air as each new member was branded with the symbol of the Secret Society on their right forearm. It cannot be washed off or removed as it is burned onto them and becomes part of their physical body and their eternal soul.

Loyalty to the oath above all else.

THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

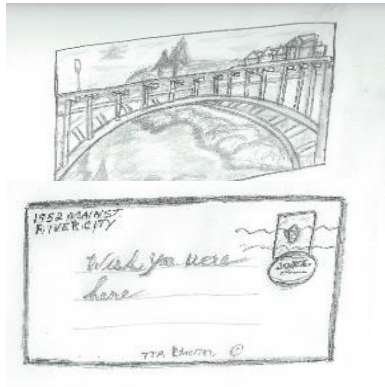
EPISODE 1 – The Post Card

It was early Tuesday morning and the weather was predicted to be another scorcher. Valley temperatures to reach somewhere in the low-hundreds. It was nothing to be alarmed about, as global warming was not the culprit. It was just your stock model heat wave typical for the valley region for this time of year.

Taking advantage of the cool delta breeze of the morning, Thunder sat outside on his balcony patio. The balcony overlooked the street below and provided the high ground vantage point in two directions. He would often enjoy the peace and quiet of the early morning hours as the city slept and before the heat of the day settled in.

Perched in his nest above the street he enjoyed a cup of fresh brewed coffee made from ground French roasted beans. As he sipped his morning eye opener he was looking over yesterday's mail. Then he saw the post card.

He looked at the picture on the front. It was an iconic picture of the historic Rainbow Bridge with the old Town Hall on Sutter Street in the background. Both of these were located just east of Capital City along the Highway 50 corridor in the town now known as Lakeside.



He flipped it over to read what was inscribed on the opposite side. There was simply a handwritten message in black ink. It read, "Wish you were here.". It was post marked from two days ago with no name or return address shown.

To the casual onlooker it was nothing more than a simple correspondence among friends. However, it was much, much more than a friendly note from an acquaintance on holiday. For Thunder the message was very clear, loud and clear in fact, as to what the senders true meaning intended. The use of black ink also told him it was to be a hush, hush black ops meeting.

He set down his cup and picked up his copy of the Capital City Wasp. It was the only game in town when it came to local newspapers. If you could still classify what they printed as news reporting. The best thing about this "newspaper" was the rubber band that came with it, and maybe the daily Lotto numbers. It was extremely one sided and very slanted politically, but they did run the obituary column and that is what Thunder needed to see.

As he surveyed the list of the recently departed he found the name he was looking for. That of one Mr. Al Gormortis. There was no accompanying photo of Mr. Gormortis, only a brief description of him with a date and time for upcoming services.

That was all the information Thunder needed. He now knew the where and the when to meet his contact person. The location was indicated by the photo depiction shown on the post card. The date and time of the meeting was that of the upcoming scheduled service for one Mr. Al Gormortis.

A headline story on the front page had caught Thunder's eye and he proceeded to read it. It was about the lowering of the water level in the Lakeside reservoir for maintenance and the new construction of a much needed overflow release side channel system. The article pointed out that construction was to take several years for its completion.

Back when the dam was first constructed the subsequent filling of the river gorge with water submerged entire towns, homesteads and many of the gold claims and mine shafts that were located along the river. These encampments, some of them dating back more than 200 years, included those of the indigenous Native Americans, early settlers, and gold prospectors that flocked to the region during the big gold strike of 1849. The lowering of the water back down to the original river level had now exposed some of these old ruins that had been entombed under hundreds of feet of water.

The article spoke about a local historian who had been hired by the Army Core of Engineers. He was being allowed to explore and document some of the historical sites and artifacts now being resurrected. He was described as the foremost authority in local history and folk lore of the surrounding area. He had a doctorate in history, and they referred to him only as the esteemed Doctor Michelangelo Hardino, PHD, ADD.

Thunder had to laugh to himself when he read who they had hired to conduct the exploration of the site. Because, the esteemed Doctor Hardino was well known to Thunder. He in fact was one of Thunders resource field operatives and part of the Thunderbolts. The man had skills.

When it came to quietly gathering background information and you didn't want to be electronically tracked or leave a digital footprint, then you used books rather than Google to acquire that information. That's where the esteemed Doctor Hardino PHD, ADD came in (AKA code name Professor). He had an extensive personal library and volumes of ancient books and manuscripts. The man was a walking, breathing computer all by himself. In fact, Thunder described him as C3-PO on steroids. They even looked similar in stature and appearance, and it would be hard to tell them apart if it wasn't for the safari jacket and fedora hat that the Professor wore.

The article stated that all blasting for the project was being temporarily halted so the esteemed Doctor could work safety in the blast zone. Thunder was thinking that sounded a little fishy, stopping a Billion-dollar Federal project for something like that. It wasn't adding up, and he wondered if this story had anything to do with his cryptic post card.

He suspected that somehow the post card and the news story were tied together. Of course it might have been a coincidence. But, it was Thunder's experience that it usually wasn't and he trusted his gut feelings more. He would soon be able to confirm it. In fact, unless he missed it altogether he expected to get a phone call on 'Line 2' (the secured line) sometime today.

He grabbed up the newspaper and his cup of joe and headed downstairs to the office. Lightning, who had been sleeping under the table jumped up and followed Thunder. As they entered the office area Thunder flicked on the lights and tossed the paper onto Birdie's desk.

Thunder walked out into the shop and looked at Lightning and said: "Time for some tunes Buddy".



He had just recently installed a vintage Vector Juke box and upgraded it with Bluetooth capabilities. Today would be the first time he used it. He looked over the selection list and hit D9. The mechanical arm slid over to the corresponding 45 LP and dropped it on the turntable.

The shop came alive with the rocking sound of Roy Orbison singing "Pretty Woman".

'Oh Pretty Woman Walking Down The Street – Pretty Woman the kind I would like to meet – pretty woman I don't believe you – you want the truth – no one can look as good as you

Just then Birdie entered the front office. Thunder had to smile because Birdie was so good looking that even storefront dummies would turn their heads when she walked by. It was the perfect song to start the day.

Birdie looked at Thunder and said; "Good morning. So what's up?".

Thunder gave her that smile that always gave him away. Birdie knew that look. Thunder was about to take on another case.....

To be continued.....

END EPISODE ONE