



THE SHADOWS

DCLXVI

NOSTRUM DEUS LUCIFER

Read about the hidden lives of those who rule the world

ROBERT SALISBURY

Author of Die Dollar Die – Fall of the American Colossus

The Shadows FREE CHAPTER

THE SHADOWS

NOSTRUM DEUS LUCIFER

by

Robert Salisbury

robertsalisbury.com

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Dedicated to child victims everywhere.
'I would scream, but there is no voice left.'
Teresa

Synopsis

Set in the world of private banking this conspiracy thriller offers a glimpse into the plans and motivations of those who rule the world: *The Shadows*.

Phillip Banks is a rising star at one of London's oldest banks, Delonge Martin. Tasked with the acquisition of a Swiss pharmaceutical firm, he deals his way from the Arctic North to Saudi Arabia, playing his part in the tight-knit world of politics and the uber-rich.

On top of his recent promotion, this just turned forty bachelor meets with a woman who could be the one? But, how well does he know himself?

In this cautionary tale of the not too distant future Robert Salisbury draws into question *The Shadows* and their right to anonymity.

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What Revolution Looks Like

London

Representatives from the governments of Russia, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania met in the new Parliamentary buildings of Seimas Palace, Vilnius to finalize the Riga Freedom of Movement Act. The Act laid down common law for the freedom of movement of people, trade and capital within the Russo-Baltic zone. It was signed-off in front of the world's media.

Meanwhile, in London on the carpeted corridors of Dolphin Square two assets watched over a nondescript door. Behind it, Lord Martin and Ruben Segal shared a drink. They discussed Denmark and the impact it might have upon other nations. On the wall a link to the Vatican showed cardinals mixing informally behind Giovanni Volante de Medici. The Medici waved.

'Your holiness,' Ruben glanced at his partner Lord Martin, who was holding his breath. 'Is Pytor on board?'

De Medici was a man used to gentle delivery. He smiled.

'Si. Pytor e d'accordo.'

'A toast!' Lord Martin raised his glass. 'To us!'

De Medici sipped on red wine, adding, 'I donna know how you a do, but you a do so well.'

Featuring

Phillip Banks	Delonge Martin <i>Director</i>
Lord Isaac George Martin	Delonge Martin <i>Chairman</i>
Henry Delonge	Delonge Martin <i>CEO</i>
Billy Hunt	Delonge Martin <i>Director</i>
Katsu Ishikawa	Delonge Martin <i>Analyst</i>

Other Characters

Zara Fontaine	The Service <i>Girlfriend</i>
Professor Boynton Perfidious	DAAG <i>Chief Scientist</i>
Lady Elizabeth	Lord Martin's <i>wife</i>
David Nobel	British <i>Prime Minister</i>
Lancelot	PM's <i>Private Secretary</i>
Sophie Knightly	David Nobel's <i>PA</i>
Ruben Segal	Morgan Sachs <i>CEO</i>
Rashid bin Abdullah Al-Jahim	IAFIT / <i>Shareholder</i>
Milo Zwyszig	Dysprosium Genetisch <i>CEO</i>
Kristine Oovergaard	Dysprosium Genetisch <i>CFO</i>
Mads Aasvik	<i>Journalist</i>
Leonie Vickers	Phillip's <i>PA</i>

*Behind every Bank,
Behind every Law,
Behind every King,
Behind every War,
Who we are,
Nobody knows,
We rule the world,
We are...
The Shadows*

I

Rotten Cheese

The Waldorf Hotel, London

It was a glorious day on the streets of London, the Strand was packed, buses and cars hurried to their destination as if their life depended on it. None were too busy to miss the low two seater Maserati breaking to a halt. Cyclists sped by, pedestrians took their chance and the driver tapped his steering wheel, impatient for his destination.

The car was a 1954 Maserati Berlinetta on loan from Lord Martin's car collection, the driver had been rewarded with the car as part of his promotion, he was now a Director at Delonge Martin, one of Britain's oldest and most secretive banks.

His name was Phillip Banks.

'They're here,' came a voice through his system. It was the voice of analyst Katsu Ishikawa, with whom he had worked for more than a decade.

'Have you released the announcement yet?'

'Jools at Reuters. Should hit markets anytime.'

Afternoon sunlight glinted from the metallic finish to the silver bonnet he had polished Sunday past. *What else does one do on a Sunday when one has a Maserati?*

'I hope we haven't left this one too late.' It wasn't fear of mistiming, but impatience for a result speaking. As he checked the shareprice of Roskilde Dairy, the traffic began to flow again

'It's on the wire.' Katsu relayed from his newsfeed. 'Danish

cheese sours. It's out.'

Phillip Banks watched the Roskilde Dairy share price. 'Nothing.' With a roar of engine he turned from the Strand to Aldwych. The share price suddenly plummeted. 'Fuck, it's crashing.'

Text appeared on his phone – minus 4 credits.

'Morris, get off line!' He was referring to his robotic manservant, who was spying on him. 'Is anyone going to be with Knudsen?'

'Lars Mikkelsen, Trade Minister, he'll be pissed,' replied Katsu.

'Just arriving.' Banks pulled up outside the Waldorf and took a deep breath. Engine off. He gently stroked the connolised lobster leather; it still made his hairs stand on end.

The World Trade Organisation [WTO] had undergone aggrandizement, carving the world into 5 trade pacts: Atlantic Trade Alliance [ATA]; Sino-American Trade Organisation [SATO]; The Russian Empire Alliance Treaty [TREAT]; Federation of African Nations [FAN]; and Indo-Arabian Alliance for International Trade [IAFIT]. These Five Pillars, commonly referred to as "**FiPa**", were owned by anonymous families, heirs to the Roman Empire, European Colonies, British Empire, American Colossus, Arabian Oil and Asian Miracle, those who ruled the world, those we shall call "**The Shadows**".

It was rumoured that Carla Knudsen, the Danish Prime Minister, was considering pulling out of the Atlantic Trade Alliance [ATA]. Phillip Banks and Katsu had been pulled in to advise her.

Having parked he fed his arms into his jacket. With an app on his phone he turned it from black to midnight blue. Banks did not do conventional. He checked it against the shine on the Maserati's silver body work. Satisfied he strode towards the

bellboy. Just turned forty he increasingly mistrusted those who were “too young”. The bellboy stood waiting. Banks made a quick assessment and thought of the paintwork to his car. Then, he counted two fifties into the bellboy’s palm. *Successful people are always prepared to pay the price.*

‘Another ton when it’s back here in thirty, alright?’ He dropped the keys into his hand and noted the eyes excite.

Lucky bastard.

Waiting in reception was Katsu his chief analyst.

‘Here!’

‘Here!’ They gave their usual nerdy greeting, hands sliding off each other, then stood assessing their position.

‘So?’

‘He’ll know by now.’

‘Dana in there? How’s he reacting?’ Both men inserted wireless ear pieces and listened to Dana’s report. ‘Hello Dana,’

‘Hello Phillip.’

‘He’s just checked his phone and nearly exploded. Carla’s checking hers now.’ Dana was circulating inside; keeping an eye on the players.

Banks socialized exclusively within the world of banking. Non-banking types worried him, they carried upon themselves the sordid aroma of reality. He inhabited a theme park, a board game, where everyone lived on Park Lane and had just hit ‘*pass go*’. Where *splendid* could always be attained with a little magic dust. Though Banks was not into *splendid*. He believed that peace-of-mind had to be earned and could not be medicated.

The event was a Danish push for exports into UK agri markets. The Danish Prime Minister had her advisors to hand.

‘Ready?’ Banks looked at Katsu, and they both knew.

‘Booker T?’

‘And the MG’s.’

Green Onions played through their ear piece and they strode towards Palm Court, the grand ballroom where the event was being held. As they entered they scanned the room for talent.

‘Blonde at 11 o’clock, talking to stiff.’ A young woman showing flesh, in a crimson velvet dress noted their arrival.

Being a banker, meant sex was never far from mind; attractive women had a way of finding well-heeled men. Banks suspected that in some amateur ad-hoc manner, so loved of by the English, girls were liberally sprinkled to add a sparkle to dealings. He was wrong, it was meticulously stage-managed by two women who did nothing haphazardly.

A waiter passed with champagne and Banks asked for, ‘sparkling water with a slice of lime.’ He wanted to keep fresh. ‘How’s it going Dana?’

‘Carla’s got company at 3 o’clock,’

‘Is that Lars?’ asked Banks.

‘Yeah, that’s him, the fat bastard.’

A sensual woman in tight dress approached and ran her fingers over Banks’ jacket lapels. ‘Phillip, darlink.’

‘Not now Lianna.’

‘How about we catch up sometime?’ she said in her exaggerated Russian accent.

‘No thank you.’

‘Oh don’t be so cool. You weren’t so cool last time.’

‘I’m here on business.’

‘Me too!’

‘I’m not here to fuck someone for money.’

‘Darlink, I thought that’s all you bankers ever do. Ta-tar!’ She walked away, her hips undulating like the lines to a Ferrari. Katsu was hypnotised.

Women at such events fell into two categories: ‘whores’ -

who bedded their way into a man's wallet, and 'wives' who were offered as marriage material, scions of the bloodline. The whores were models and actresses, of a kind, who despite their beauty were of dubious character and whose thrill-seeking nature invariably led to battles with drugs and alcohol. They would do anything for a line of credit and as such, beyond great sex, Banks had little use for them. Such girls, if not married by their late twenties, were passed around.

Curiosity got the better of Katsu.

'Have you?'

'You mean you haven't?' After a pause they both smiled and slid skin, voicing their greeting. 'Here!'

'Here!'

As an unmarried director at one of Britain's oldest and most influential private banks – Delonge Martin – Phillip Banks was eminently eligible. But while many girls circulated, only a few were genuine candidates. Only a few were from good families, *Varangian Guard* families, and they were expected to pair up with grooms of similar standing; they were firmly in the wives cohort. However, being of good breeding they often had the body of a whore and the wile to flaunt it.

Banks had lost count of his colleagues who had married whores believing it possible to convert them. Any social gathering would reveal that women never forget. They take it personally. The wives freeze the whores out of their inner circle; while the whores taunt the wives by flirting with and bedding their men. A fact men were either sublimely unaware of, or secretly delighted with. Since rich men love to see women bitch it all worked out. Those married to wives fantasized about whores and those married to whores fantasised about wives.

Men are like that.

Prime Minister Carla Knudsen was a middle-aged woman whose square shouldered suit and greying blonde hair gave her an unflattering masculinity. She stood in conversation with some of her ministers.

‘PM I am not sure that an audience with bankers from London is appropriate, given our circumstance,’ protested Hulda Petersen, the Minister for Agriculture, Trade and Fisheries. Abridging her sentiment was Denmark’s most overbearing politician Lars Mikkelsen.

‘We should demand evidence!’ Lars cleared his throat noisily. ‘There is nothing wrong with our cheese. It is an outrage!’ He tossed papers in his hand into the air. They curled and flapped in all directions like confetti in a wind tunnel. As his temper cooled, Peta Holm the Foreign Secretary calmly added his assessment.

‘The only reason FiPa have placed an embargo on our dairy products is because we refuse to demonetise.’ That said, all eyes returned to the Prime Minister who stood in the middle.

‘Please.’ She paused for effect. ‘Katsu Ishikawa advised Alain Rousseau recently and since the French Prime Minister is the only person to have secured an annulment from FiPa, I think we should listen.’ Carla checked her phone. ‘Are we ready?’ She glanced around at her team. ‘Here they come.’

Banks and Katsu cut through the crowded floor to meet with Carla and her cabinet.

‘Phillip Banks, Delonge Martin.’ Banks held out his hand.

‘Katsu Ishikawa.’

Everyone shook hands and exchanged pleasantries. It was Carla who came to the point.

‘Since you are here to advise on FiPa protocol, perhaps you could explain what this embargo imposed by FiPa on our dairy industry is all about?’ She was clearly furious. Banks explained that *Campylobacter jejuni* had been found in a shipment of cheese from Denmark.

‘Alleged!’ interjected Lars Mikkelsen. ‘Lies! All lies! It’s all because we refuse to demonetise!’

‘Please Lars!’ Carla interjected. ‘We need to understand the steps ATA and FiPa are likely to take should we determine to withdraw from their organisation.’

Banks and Katsu glanced at one another. They knew what Carla’s cabinet were thinking about; they’d had their phones tapped.

Denmark had a history of making the right decision for its people. What they did not know was that Phillip and Katsu’s employer, Delonge Martin, were major shareholders in FiPa.

Varangian Protocols, line 2. verse 7: The more significant an institution, the more opaque its ownership.

The Danish did not know the big picture. Banks knew the big picture. Katsu thought he knew the big picture, but he did not, it was beyond his clearance.

Varangian Protocols, line 2. verse 11: The big picture must never be revealed.

Katsu began his reply.

‘Prime Minister, first of all, there is nothing to fear from demonetisation.’

‘And what about Cambodia?’ snarled Lars. ‘Since China invaded, FiPa has switched them off. Not a cent, not one! They can’t even pay their own military!’

‘It is an exceptional circumstance,’ admitted Katsu.

‘We want money we can hold, keep, touch. If we trust all our wealth to a computer, God help us.’

Banks made a mental note to have Lars checked out when he returned to the office. But first he needed to make his point clear.

‘You see ATA is subject to FiPa which as a trade organisation fosters open trade, harmonisation of international law and transparency. However, and here’s the thing, they oversee 92% of global trade...’ At this point Banks allowed his smile to disappear, ‘and they wish you to demonetise.’

‘There! I told you!’ Lars stabbed his finger at Banks. More mutterings in Danish, which died down quickly as Carla qualified her question.

‘Phillip, if we withdraw from FiPa, no longer adhere to their laws, their rules, what exactly can they do about it?’

Banks wondered how blunt he would need to be to make them understand.

‘They have placed an embargo on your dairy industry. If that does not persuade you, your banking sector might be next.’

‘Oh this is outrageous!’ Hulda snorted. ‘Carla, we have brought a wolf into the den. He is one of them!’

The three of them erupted into angry Danish again and continued to debate for sometime, until decorum forced Carla to bring them to heel. This time she addressed Katsu.

‘Katsu, you recently advised the French government and FiPa capitulated. If we withdraw from FiPa, in your estimation, would the French be prepared to trade with us?’

Katsu paused, then, once he had their attention began: ‘Let me put it this way, if you withdraw from FiPa your only option will be to build individual trade agreements with those countries outside FiPa’s jurisdiction.’

‘Precisely!’ Carla concurred. ‘Who would you classify as outside of FiPa’s jurisdiction?’

‘Some African nations, a few Pacific Islands... no one of any significance,’ he stated.

Carla looked crestfallen. It was not what she had wanted to hear. Banks sensed that she might be considering the unthinkable and so decided to come down heavy.

‘Prime Minister, it is not for me to comment on what you do, but if you choose to leave FiPa know this, everyone in Denmark will be impacted, FiPa will boycott your trade, freeze your bank accounts, withdraw liquidity from your markets, stop inward investment-’

‘Never!’ interjected Lars. ‘We are a sovereign nation! We have nothing to fear,’ he insisted.

‘Please!’ Carla had one more point to make. ‘It is one thing to boycott, quite another to close-down an economy?’

‘You did bring us in as experts,’ reminded Banks. He did not feel any sense of alarm or pity for their situation. They were politicians and it was their role to sell policy to the people, not matter how unpalatable. What grated with him was when politicians claimed to be shocked. It seemed to him that politicians were the only people who still believed that politicians decided what happened in the world.

‘Are you seriously suggesting that FiPa has the power to do that?’ asked Lars.

‘I am simply advising you that there are many advantages to demonetisation.’

Lars Mikkelsen was a big man, six foot five. He poked Banks in the centre of the chest and warned him: ‘who de fuck do you think you are?’

There was a line in business and Lars had just stepped over it. More out of a need to collect his car than any desire to help the Danes Banks decided to unleash the truth.

‘Every train, every car, every lorry, every plane in and out of your country will be stopped. All international trade or movement of money will be frozen. Your country will become insolvent. What industry you have will leave. What talent you possess will emigrate. If you challenge FiPa you will be left bankrupt, reduced to a pariah state, a hermit kingdom.’

Lars teetered on the edge of losing it. His jaw munched and his fists cracked and crunched.

‘Gentlemen!’ Carla put her hand in the air. ‘Please. Phillip, if no one stands up to FiPa now, then when...?’

‘Prime Minister, I really must be going.’ Banks nodded to Carla Knudsen, turned and departed. Katsu followed.

Carla Knudsen became the world’s first leader to openly condemn FiPa. Her speech from Copenhagen, announcing the withdrawal of Denmark from the Atlantic Trade Alliance and therefore FiPa, attracted more than a billion views. Present at her speech was Gloster Pact leader, emeritus Professor Glostein. He was on a global mission to promote *Fiscal Economics*, a new branch of economics formulated by Economics Professor Tiit Land, from the School of Tallinn. With his largest audience ever, Glostein stated:

“We commend Denmark for choosing liberty. FiPa is the darkness. Denmark has chosen the light.”

The following week a bomb detonated in Berlin’s Somali quarter, killing 137. The media attributed this to a white supremacist group with tenuous links to the Danish Parliament. Although claims were unfounded Carla Knudsen was branded a racist and her country hit with demands for the extradition of a dozen known members of her party. When she rejected their demands FiPa implemented trade sanctions against Denmark, her speeches were mysteriously blocked, the Danish Agri-sector was hit by viruses and banned from exporting. All travel to and from Denmark became subject to security checks. Flights were scrutinized, trains stopped at all borders, and quarantine checkpoints dogged all roads in and out of the country.

Maersk and a list of Denmark’s largest corporations were forced to re-locate. Danish unemployment hit 33%, the highest in the developed world. Behind the corridors of power few were prepared to help.

The Danes were openly furious but never deserted their Prime Minister. Carla Kundsén flew to Paris in a much publicised attempt to win support from French Prime Minister Alain Rousseau. Her plane crashed en route, all 457 passengers perished.

The people of the First World were quietly terrified.



The Roman Empire of Today

600	DC	District of Columbia	Head of War
60	LX	The City, London	Head of Finance
6	VI	The Vatican, Rome	Head of Spirit

* Statement to leaders of the G25

Since the start of the 21st century the global economy has doubled. Yet in that time, under your guidance, global debt has quadrupled. Failure by successive governments to control the *Debt of Nations*, has led us to take action.

The **WTO** shall be re-ordered into Five Pillars of global trade: the Sino-American Trade Organisation (**SATO**); Atlantic Trade Alliance (**ATA**); Russian Empire Alliance Treaty (**TREAT**); Federation of African Nations (**FAN**); and Indo-Arabian Alliance for International Trade (**IAFIT**). To be referred to as **FiPa**, we shall operate autonomously and independent of your governments. We shall be answerable only to our shareholders, who shall remain anonymous.

FiPa shall introduce legislation that imposes tariffs and controls over global trade. **FiPa** shall have oversight of all government debt and expenditure. Tight fiscal policy shall eliminate theft of future assets. Lax government policy will no longer be tolerated. Governments shall act decisively to ensure growth.

Governments who embrace **FiPa** shall enjoy a future filled with peace and prosperity.

The Shadows

*** Indigo child disappears on airplane**

Thirteen year old Leikny Erlendsdóttir disappeared on a flight between Philadelphia and Reykjavik. Cameras show her being served food and rising from her seat half way through the flight, after which she is never seen again. Airline crew cannot account for her disappearance.

Leikny was six years old when she first announced to her parents that she had regular conversations with friends from other dimensions. Born the only daughter of doctors in Reykjavik she became an international NetStar when footage of her healing cuts by touch of hand went viral.

Leikny subsequently spent eight years in FiPa research facilities where her special abilities were monitored and tested under scientific condition. FiPa would not comment on claims that she was one of many “Starseed” children kept at the facility.

Her parents and the Government of Iceland spent five years campaigning for her release, before FiPa allowed her to return home. Her disappearance on a flight to Reykjavik, somewhere over the Atlantic, remains unresolved.

*** Letter in the green envelope**

Dear Phil,

Since you are reading this, you are alive and I have passed on. I never wanted to be a Shadow. Better to live a day in the real world, than an eternity in Summerland.

Remember what I told you, your father left you a message. When you feel troubled, picture your father.

Beware the Shadows and all who serve them, their blood is black, their hearts are cold, and their heads are as hard as stone. But, I guess you know that.

See you in hell! I will be waiting.

Yours respectfully,

Lucius Hellbridge

Acknowledgements

The Fly by William Blake, published 1794. [Page 105].

Ghost Town by Adam Lambert, Ali Payami, Tobias Erik Karlsson, Max Martin, Brandon Lowry, Copyright © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. [Page 145].

A Christmas Carol in Prose, Being a Ghost-Story of Christmas, by Charles Dickens, published by Chapman & Hall 19 December 1843. [Page 188].

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Robert Salisbury

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Author

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Die Dollar Die - *Fall of the American Colossus*
The Shadows - *Nostrum Deus Lucifer*

Phillip Banks returns in...
The Final Solution

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