



Baja Clavius (Preview)

By Madeira Desouza

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FOREWORD

This is controversial science fiction time travel storytelling unlike what you may have encountered elsewhere.

The story is set a couple of hundred years in the future when masculine gay male time-travel agents work for a top-secret agency codenamed MMDI (“Moon Men Deep Inside”) situated in a deep underground base beneath the vast lunar crater Clavius.

The logo for MMDI is rendered in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The letters are thick and blocky, with a slight shadow effect behind them, giving it a three-dimensional appearance. The 'M' and 'D' are particularly prominent due to their size and weight.

The base is nicknamed *Baja Clavius* to signify “lower Clavius” or “beneath Clavius.”

These young gay men whom you will meet in this storytelling are devious and deceitful. They are required by their employer, MMDI, to use deviousness and deceitfulness to succeed in the sexual manipulation of everyday men in the past on Earth who are not famous and whose names and personal actions never are preserved in any history books.

The story you will read in the full version of *Baja Clavius: Moon Men Deep Inside* depicts overt sexual manipulation of ordinary men who lived in the past on Earth because they played significant roles in determining crucial historic outcomes that went on to shape the very future of human civilization. The purpose of MMDI time travel is to change critical timelines in the past so that human civilization will not self-destruct.

You will encounter a world in the full version of *Baja Clavius: Moon Men Deep Inside* in which gay men work as timeline repair men using proven methods of male sexual manipulation. The MMDI time-travel agents are a top-secret society whose day-to-day jobs help preserve and maintain human life and civilization.

Of course, this importance of gay men to human society in the fictionalized future depicted in the full version of *Baja Clavius: Moon Men Deep Inside* stands in vivid contrast with the reality we know on present day Earth where gay men are widely hated, marginalized and persecuted by straight people. In the fictionalized future you will encounter in the full version of *Baja Clavius: Moon Men Deep Inside* gay men show their valor and adaptability in safeguarding the continuation of the human species.

“The Hitchhiker”

I am Las Vegas artist and storyteller Madeira Desouza. I created characters and situations for stories told about that lunar base and the people who work there. I was inspired to tell these fictional stories after he picked up a hitchhiker in Arizona.

I tried to deny this. Why? Because it was such an impossible situation. I also felt I would be considered “crazy” if I told anyone about what had happened to me. No matter what, I could not push the memories of what happened out of my mind even though I tried to do exactly that.

Running Away

In 1990 I was driving westward by myself in my new sports utility vehicle packed with boxes of my belongings. I had divorced my wife in New England and left quickly with boxes of my belongings jammed into my 4X4. The experience was a desperate man running away from considerable pain.

After crossing the wide-open spaces of America for several days I ended up driving to visit the Grand Canyon. It was very early in the morning as I made my way through the vast Navajo Nation, a Native American reservation spanning portions of the states of Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah.

Emotional Trauma

Due to persistent nightmares brought on by the emotional trauma of my ending my marriage so unexpectedly and leaving Massachusetts, I had not slept well the night before at the only motel on that highway where tourists have no choice but to stay when they are visiting Monument Valley Navajo Tribal Park. Well before dawn something in my dreaming abruptly awakened me and I could not get back to sleep. So, I hurriedly checked out of the motel and got behind the wheel of my 4×4 to continue driving westward. I was reeling from the fears caused by dreaming about my impending death.

Cowboy Hitchhiker

My fears faded quickly when I was distracted by a young man hitchhiking on the side of the road standing next to an old pickup truck. He wore tattered and dirt-stained cowboy attire that suggested he had just survived a particularly rough journey. His tight blue jeans attracted my attention as if he had intended for me to notice his crotch as I rounded a bend in the highway. His cowboy hat caught the soft yellow light of sunrise in an eerie way that made him look otherworldly.

Should I stop? Should I just drive by and let him stand there alone? I set aside all suspicions and common sense regarding the obviously risks of picking up a stranger in a very isolated area at an odd hour.

Vincent

I made the choice to stop driving and talk with him. He walked over to my SUV and spoke to me through the open driver's side window in what seemed to me to be an unfamiliar accent. He told me his first name was Vincent. He had a Navajo surname and explained that he lived there on the Navajo Reservation. This was the first face-to-face interaction I had with another person in the four or five days I had spent on the road driving westward alone away from New England.

He smiled with embarrassment as he told me he was out there alone so early in the morning because his cousin's pickup truck ran out of gas on his way from Kayenta. I knew where Kayenta was. I had stayed overnight there in a roadside motel.

Powerfully Built

I evaluated him as he looked at me. I instinctively felt that this young man could easily overpower me. He could punch me in the face with his large hands through the open driver's side window and then steal my 4×4 and all my belongings. But as I imagined the worst possible outcome I saw him shake head in silence to indicate "no" as if he were assuring me he would not hurt me.

I was intensely lonely after ending my marriage and driving by myself for several days. Vincent was powerfully built and strongly masculine. I knew I was no match for him. I glanced at his crotch involuntarily. I took a chance and invited him to get in my 4×4. When he was seated next to me in the passenger seat, I was dazzled by how well he filled out his blue jeans.

As we rode together in my SUV, he explained that he was headed to his cousin's house in Tuba City. Once again with embarrassment he smiled as he told me his destination was at least an hour's drive westward on that two-lane road. I was already heading in that direction. He knew that. I knew he knew. There was nowhere else for me to go. I had made the choice to stop and pick up this hitchhiker. Now I had to go with what was going to happen.

As a white man from "Back East," I definitely felt out of synch with him. I concluded that this young man was not what he claimed to be and that he had chosen to wait there by Highway 160 at sunrise for some much larger purpose. I felt as I listened to him that Vincent seemed to have been waiting there by the side of the road for me to arrive. He seemed to know I was going to arrive that morning at a designated time.

Seeking Someone

He asked me what I considered were carefully-worded questions. He had apparently asked others those exact questions several times before this morning. I felt that he was trying to evaluate my willingness to listen to what he told me. I knew that he saw my glancing at his crotch. Perhaps that convinced him I was someone who would spend time with him, listening to what he had to say.

He talked about his work with me and I politely listened. He said he was traveling around the Western States trying to find someone who would pay attention to him and help him. He said he had met with a lot of rejection and indifference. He told me he believed he was disregarded and dismissed by the people he talked to because he was an indigenous man.

His Agenda

As a result of conversation I found Vincent was seeking someone to reveal details about his work. He never actually expressed things directly, but I gradually accepted that he might be a time traveler. Why did I conclude that?

He had already told me that he was traveling around trying to get people to pay attention to him. I used sarcasm when I said to him that I felt he had made the right choice in wearing tight blue jeans if he wanted to attract attention. But I was being totally honest about the impact his attire had on me erotically.

He laughed and put his large left hand on my right shoulder. At that moment I felt an odd sensation that I can only call a “connection” to Vincent. I cannot explain what it was. He merely touched my right shoulder. But the message I got from Vincent when he put his hand on my shoulder was that he and I were supposed to meet that morning. I accepted that I was “nobody” to him, but yet it seemed essential to him that I would arrive as I did on that lonely two-lane highway and stop for him and listen to what he had to say.

Here are some possible answers I accepted as true that morning:

He had traveled from the future to interact with me, specifically, on that day at that exact time.

He urgently wanted to convince me that I should tell people about his employer—a top-secret time travel agency.

He was in danger of being killed by adversaries.



I convinced myself that meeting Vincent was all very straightforward and natural. I saw him hitchhiking on the side of the highway. I stopped to give him a ride. And I listened to all that he told me on the one-hour drive to his destination in Tuba City. He asked for my help to reveal information about his employer.

Nothing else happened between us and I dropped him off in Tuba City. Vincent seemed very smart and I believed he had drawn conclusions about me. For one thing, he obviously could

tell I felt sexually attracted to him. How could I not feel that way? Vincent was highly masculine and had the vibe of being a natural and strong man who accepted how well he drew the attention of other men to him. He may also have felt I was fantasizing on that drive about getting naked together with him in a hotel room by the side of the highway.

This was a simple expression of one man's sexual desire for another. I want him. I needed him.



At that point in my life I was deep in denial about my feeling sexually attracted to men. Like many others have also done, I had chosen to marry a woman so I could prove to myself and to the world that I was straight. I was a liar. I had to admit that. I had to make changes in my life. This one morning spending a short span of time with a Navajo named Vincent felt like an awakening to me.

That is how *Baja Clavius: Moon Men Deep Inside* came to be. The book I wrote (no longer in print) was based upon events in real life—an accidental meeting I had with a man from another place and time.

Preview Chapter 1: NAVAJO FROM THE FUTURE

The blue glass chamber splits open with an unpleasant high-frequency sound of air rushing in from the cavernous MMDI Time Travel Hall. Vincent Wauneka steps out of the open chamber and is immediately handed a thick blue robe by a man who is dressed all in white medical uniform and thick black boots.

“Doctor,” Vincent Wauneka says as he shakes off his disorientation.

“Agent Wauneka,” Doctor William Oswald replies in his prominent British accent. “Welcome back to base. Any medical issues you want me to know about?”

“Dazed from the trip. Normal, I guess. But this time it was very painful,” is his answer. “Happens a lot, Doc.”

“I am scanning you now,” the doctor answers. “Nothing unusual shows up.”

“I was naked. In the middle of a red-hot desert. Felt really awful.”

“Need to complete your debrief, Agent Wauneka,” says the doctor as he motions toward a small booth of cylindrical glass nearby. An invisible door to the glass booth slides open to let Vincent Wauneka step inside. Then, the door silently repositions itself so that he is alone clothed only in the blue robe inside a seamless cylinder of glass. The glass shifts from transparent to opaque and a green light over his head pops on. “Recording your voice now,” says the disembodied British accent say. “You may begin talking as you wish.”

“Why does my memory tell me I was executed? I was helpless. Naked. In Death Valley. The hottest weather of the year. Sent there deliberately. Sent by this agency. I died in Death Valley. I know this for certain. Now I am alive again. Brought back from the dead. Makes me recall dying many other times. I guess that means I was also restored to life. Must be the time travel technology. The spiritual teachings of my ancestors were wrong. I am proof that those teaching were completely wrong. Does knowing this make me feel better? Or worse? I need sleep. Too much for my brain to process.”

After he has completed his latest debriefing, Vincent Wauneka is seated and relaxing on the edge of the bedding and blankets made of futuristic composites in his rack in the crew quarters wearing only his blue robe. He glances up and is aware that a beefy naked man of about 30 years of age is standing silently at one side of the crew quarters as if he has just materialized there from out of nowhere.



He has broad shoulders, a strong muscular frame, a cock and balls that seem larger than average, and dark, shoulder-length hair. He starts walking toward Vincent Wauneka and speaks in the Navajo language.

Vincent Wauneka gets up onto his feet next to his rack and nods to acknowledge that he understands. “I really prefer to speak English,” he says to the naked man. “Larger vocabulary. Less formal. English slang and swear words are more fun to use, too.”

The naked man smiles slightly and answers succinctly, “I agree.”

“You introduced yourself as Ahiga Akalii. Full-blooded Navajo. Like me,” Vincent Wauneka says.

“Yes. I also work as a time travel agent here at this agency.”

“Never heard of you. Or saw you before.”



Ahiga Akalii answers: “I have traveled back in time to meet you today, Vincent Wauneka. Where I live inside Crater Clavius at the base is 97 years from today. Because we live in different home centuries, we otherwise would never have had the opportunity to meet.”

“A Navajo from the future. Something is very wrong here,” Vincent Wauneka says. “I never have fantasies in which I see naked men.”

“You may think this is a fantasy. I am actually here. Can you loan me use one of those blue robes? We do not have those in my time.”

“Yeah, of course. Sure,” Vincent Wauneka says. “So you can blend in.”

“What does ‘blend in’ mean?”

“English slang from the present day,” Vincent Wauneka answers as he slides open a door in the crew quarters wall to reveal a small closet. “When you put on one of the blue robes, others who may see you will immediately accept you as if you are a time travel agent like me. Like them.”

“Thank you,” Ahiga Akalii replies as he puts on the blue robe. “My goal is to keep myself from being seen by anyone else here except you.”

“So?” Vincent Wauneka asks as he stares at Ahiga Akalii trying to assess him. “Just us two indigenous natives of Earth wearing these sexy blue robes. We need to take a photograph.”

“How are these robes sexy?”



“I suppose that is also slang from the present day. You seem very strange to me. How do I know you are not an intruder? Can you prove this to me?”

“I am not your enemy. I represent no threat to you. Will you listen to me, Vincent Wauneka?”

Vincent Wauneka nods and exhales as though he has been holding his breath for too long.

“Where I come from—a century in your future—there are events happening on the moon here at base that become a big concern to the agency.”

“What events?” Vincent Wauneka asks.

“In your immediate future—I don’t know the exact span of time from now—you and others within this agency participate in the creation of a new religion. I have been sent here to tell you, face-to-face, about your efforts.”

“That is craziness,” Vincent Wauneka replies quickly. “I am an atheist. Did you not look me up in the records before you came here to see me? My religion is listed as atheism. Very clear.”

“Yes, today you certainly are atheistic. Not how you remain in the near future.”

“You are telling me that at some future date I am going to have an unexpected religious conversion?”

Ahiga Akalii says, “It is complicated. You are putting yourself in danger by getting involved with that new religion. I cannot reveal specific details about the future. Your future. Not sure this agency will allow you to remember anything I tell you here today.”

“The agency controls the memories of us time travel agents?”

Ahiga Akalii smiles broadly at Vincent Wauneka, who becomes aware of how unusual the smile seems and the deeper meaning that the smile conveys.

“Right,” Vincent Wauneka says. “Okay.”

Ahiga Akalii nods to acknowledge Vincent Wauneka and says, “I have traveled back in time to talk to you. Sanctioned, but not an official mission.”

“Office politics,” Vincent Wauneka mutters to himself.

Ahiga Akalii gives Vincent Wauneka a friendly smile and says, “Years from today you may remember us talking. Or not. Like suddenly recalling parts of something you once experienced from the long-forgotten past.”

“Why? What are you saying that you think I will need to remember?”

Ahiga Akalii says, “Creating a new religion from within MMDI poses certain risks to the agency. And to you, personally. I want you to have all the information you need to save yourself from harm.”

“Yeah, I hear you,” Vincent Wauneka replies. “I just have difficulty considering what you told me—that in the near future I along with others begin the creation of a new religion. Just seems unlikely. Are you talking to those others as well?”

“No,” Ahiga Akalii says. “Just you. Because we are of the same people on Earth. I urge you to be cautious. Be careful about what you choose to get involved in. This is one Navajo to another telling you this. A unique circumstance for Navajo men like us.”

“I never heard of your family name,” Vincent Wauneka admits.

“The Navajo word for cowboy,” Ahiga Akalii explains.

“I am perfectly aware of the translation, cowboy,” Vincent Wauneka says. “Just never heard of your family. Ever. I understand being cautious and careful. So, what next? Will anyone here in the present day know that you came here from the future to meet me like this?”

“Nobody here in this time will know,” Ahiga Akalii says. “Except you. In the security scans here at base my official MMDI hip implant shows up as legitimate. My home century does not show up in the hip implant.”

“And you will go back to your own time leaving me feeling like I talked to a hallucination,” Vincent Wauneka says. “That is not how I would expect a fellow Navajo to treat me.”

Ahiga Akalii replies, “I want only the best for you. This must be confusing for you.”

“I feel suspicious,” Vincent Wauneka replies. “Being honest with you here.”

“May I move closer to you?” Ahiga Akalii asks.

“Why? What will moving closer to me accomplish?”

Ahiga Akalii says quietly to Vincent Wauneka as he takes two tentative steps forward, “In my home century there is a tradition. Some men share orgasms together after such an important meeting as this. Finishes off the importance of the meeting in a proper way.”

“Is this some kind of joke you time travel agents in the future find amusing or what?” Vincent Wauneka asks as he takes two steps closer to Ahiga Akalii.

“I think you correctly concluded from talking with me that I have not mastered humor—at least not what will pass for humor here in the past,” Ahiga Akalii says as he looks embarrassed.

“For me this is the present-day,” Vincent Wauneka says as his annoyance is beginning to surface. “Are you implying you traveled back in time nearly a century so you could have sex with me? Is that what you are saying?”

Ahiga Akalii responds, “I know things about you that others do not know. Not only am I a fellow MMDI agent. But I live and work nearly a century in the future compared to you. What I am saying is: The sexual reputation you have as an MMDI agent is unmatched by any other agent.”

“Wait a second,” Vincent Wauneka says. “What reputation do you think I have?”

“Where I am from, you are a legend among men,” Ahiga Akalii says. “You are the one MMDI agent with the highest sexual skills and talents ever.”

Vincent Wauneka starts to chuckle. “Bullshit,” he says.

When he sees that Ahiga Akalii does not understand the English slang, Vincent Wauneka asks, “You think I have the biggest cock compared to all other agents?”

“Not about your size, no. You radiate the most powerful sexuality,” Ahiga Akalii says. “Natural. Not faked. I must admit that I admire you. As a Navajo. As a man.”

“You are an MMDI agent so you also focus upon sex as a strategy when you go on missions,” Vincent Wauneka says. “I am certain of that. It is what all MMDI agents do. I would say that you give off a strong sexual vibe. That phrase means you come across as attractive in the sexual sense.”

Vincent Wauneka does not smile as he unexpectedly approaches Ahiga Akalii and removes his visitor’s blue robe, letting it fall to the floor. Vincent Wauneka aggressively grabs Ahiga Akalii’s large cock and balls and says, “If you want, I will properly finish you off. Give you an orgasm. Maybe two or three. Of course, this would be in accordance with your traditions in your home century.”

“You expect me to be submissive for you?” Ahiga Akalii asks.

“You arrived here today, my Navajo brother,” Vincent Wauneka says as he squeezes Ahiga Akalii’s cock and balls tighter. “You walk into my quarters and tell me I am a sexual legend. You say I have some impressive reputation or whatever your exact words were.”

“Highest sexual skills and talents ever,” Ahiga Akalii replies as he tries unsuccessfully to remove Vincent Wauneka’s hands from tightening their grip on his genitals.

Vincent Wauneka says. “Makes me get the clear message that you want me to fuck you. Right here. Right now. This is no other way this ends here today. You know that and I know that.”

Ahiga Akalii gasps as Vincent Wauneka pushes him onto his back onto the bedding and blankets in his rack and then climbs on top of him after throwing his own blue robe aside. Vincent Wauneka’s muscular hands effortlessly raise Ahiga Akalii’s strong legs into the air and hold them in position.

Vincent Wauneka enjoys showing other men in that particularly unmistakable way that he is unstoppable and that they are about to experience the intense pleasures of being fucked by him.

Vincent Wauneka bends down and inserts his wet tongue masterfully into Ahiga Akalii's anus. Ahiga Akalii responds involuntarily; both his powerful arms fall simultaneously to the mattress. Ahiga Akalii cries out ecstatically in the Navajo language. Vincent Wauneka pulls his head up from Ahiga Akalii's rear and says, "Told you: Fucking speak English, cowboy."

Ahiga Akalii moans uncontrollably as he is completely lost in sexual bliss. Vincent Wauneka then inserts himself slowly and deliberately into Ahiga Akalii, whose handsome, masculine face reveals both the pain and the pleasure while receiving someone so thick and solid as Vincent Wauneka.



He may be lying to me. About creating a religion. Sure feels good fucking him! Not like other Navajo men I have had. He does not try to conceal himself. Does not hold back. Should I believe him? The crazy things he told me about the future? But I am certain this Navajo brother will never forget the way I fucked him.

After an extended series of muscular plunges into Ahiga Akalii, Vincent Wauneka reaches the point of no return. As his climax starts, Vincent Wauneka exhales, expressing his powerful release with sounds more akin to an animal growling in triumph than a mere man's voice.

While pumping Ahiga Akalii with unrelenting thrusts, Vincent Wauneka reaches down and strokes Ahiga Akalii's cock without mercy, quickly causing Ahiga Akalii to ejaculate wildly. He shouts out uncontrollably as both men spasm together in Vincent Wauneka's rack.

Preview Chapter 2: LAS VEGAS ANGEL

If there is any physical location that I can genuinely consider to be a “safe place” for me in the past, it is inside a run-down Bullhead motel during the 1990s. I have returned there on another mission for the agency. As I walk through the comforting motel room, I am surprised to find the shower water is running. Standing there naked and dripping wet in that shower is Vincent Wauneka. He shuts off the water and steps out as he wraps himself in a large white bath towel. He quietly says to me, “Both in Bullhead. Together again.”



Vincent and I walk away together from the Bullhead motel down the sidewalk on Colorado River Drive. He says to me in a muted, yet aggressive tone, “This is punishment. I just know it. We have both been unbelievably bad boys. Screwing with the space-time continuum and all. I expect you do not have a plan yet, right?”

I answer, “I will explain everything to you. They can track us from base. Some implant surgically attached deep within our hip somewhere. They only get a signal from us once every 12 to 15 hours. Not sure they can actually hear what we say when we are on a mission in the past. Even though they lie to us all about having the ability to see us and to hear our every word. They cannot. Nor can they actually see any of us time travel agents interacting with the people who are here in this timeline in the past. They lie about that, too. They only can see the outcomes of our behaviors and the actions that we take here in the past. If they don’t like the outcomes, they send us back to repeat the mission. As many times as it takes. Until they are satisfied. It’s cruel. It

hurts us how this agency is using us as objects. But that's what happens. In exchange, we get to live forever. We will always be young. And full of cum."

He has a troubled look on his face as he asks, "What has happened to you, Teddy? You have changed."

"Yeah, after all the things I have done. To myself. To you. How we both died so many times. No question that I am different. But I need you to meet me somewhere else, Vincent. We cannot talk here in secrecy."

"Of course. You obviously know more than me. Where do you want to meet?" he asks me.

"Somewhere else," I explain. "Not here. Not tonight."

"Where and when?" he asks me like I knew he would.

"First, the when," I say to Vincent. "The 11th day of October in the year 2012."

He smiles at my answer as if he thinks that I am insane, but he says nothing in response.

"Just listen. It's a point in time about 20 years in the future from this moment," I tell him. "The actual location is in Las Vegas, Nevada. A place called the Blue Angel Motel."

The troubled look returns to Vincent's face.

"You will want to look for a sculpture of a voluptuous angel," I tell him. "Dressed in a flowing blue gown. You won't be able to miss it. At the motel. A sculpture of a tall woman dressed like an angel and holding a magic wand in her right hand. Like a Disney cartoon character from the 20th century."

Vincent looks at me as if I am crazy, but he shrugs and says nothing.

So, I continue explaining: "Remember all this, Vincent. It's important. The motel. Classic place on Fremont Street in Las Vegas. Going to be demolished in 2013 or 2014. Or whatever. I don't know the exact year it will be demolished. They saved that statue of the blue angel, however. You need to meet me there before they tear it down. October 11, 2012 should do the trick. The last room on the eastern side. Room 238. Upper level. Facing onto Charleston Boulevard. Remember all that."

"Why?" Vincent wants to know.

"At that meeting, we will have some 20 years from now," I tell him slowly, "I will hand you a file. I will have copied the file onto a digital memory device. A device that has not yet been

invented here in this century. The file is what's important. You need to make sure the file gets distributed to the public."

"Las Vegas Angel," he repeats.

"She's blue," I clarify for him. "She's just a sign. An icon. Made of plaster or whatever. Just branding. An old motel on Fremont Street. You actually will turn out to be the one who is my Las Vegas angel, Vincent. A guardian spirit of mine. I do not deserve you. Hard to put all this into words since it hasn't happened yet. But it will happen. In the future. A couple of decades from now."



"How do you know what will happen in the future? What happens next?" he asks me.

"The present and the future are one and the same. I cannot explain it to you without sounding like I'm crazier than you already think I am. Right now, focus on here in 1991. I will sign up with Carlo Zarelli as my personal trainer at The Bullhead Gym," I tell him. "You will become my roommate at that Bullhead motel. There are two queen beds in that room. We can share one. We can sleep separately. For as long as we are on a mission here together."

Vincent's eyes are wide open in surprise as he listens to me silently.

"I keep an eye on you. And you keep an eye on me," I explain. "How it always happens. It's what we do."

△△△

On Thursday, the 11th day of the month of October in the year 2012, there are severe thunderstorms that linger directly over the entire Las Vegas Valley. I materialize inside a room

of an abandoned motel named the Blue Angel. This faded structure from another era awaits demolition to make room for a new Fremont Street gateway to the renovated downtown Las Vegas area.

I watch rainwater pouring steadily down from large cracks in the dirty ceiling of the motel room onto the rotting carpet on the floor. The stench of the dirty, wet motel room is overwhelming. Maybe something died in here.

Outside the door, I hear a man's footsteps. I watch the door of room 238 swing inwards toward me. Vincent Wauneka enters and shuts the door behind him.



As always, his tight blue jeans emphasize his masculinity. He has not aged at all even though when we were last together in Bullhead, it was twenty years ago. But I believe that I can detect a hint of sadness in his eyes. I cannot take my eyes off his bulging crotch as I watch him walking so confidently into the motel room in my direction. His package shifts from left to right and back again as he moves closer to me. I want to unzip him. I can think of nothing else.

The mere sight of Vincent Wauneka makes me emotional. In our line of work, I certainly realize that I will never again meet a man who connects with me so completely and without manipulation or bullshit. I could cry in gratitude for hours while thinking about that.

Dripping wet,” Vincent says with a sexy smile on his face. “I thought Las Vegas was supposed to be hot all the time.”

“You are hot all the time even when you’re not in Las Vegas,” I reply. “I just want us to get naked right now in this shitty motel room.”

“I know of much better accommodations here in Sin City,” Vincent says as he walks up to me and brushes my face affectionately with his right hand.

“Later,” I say to him as I breathe in his unforgettable masculine scent. “First things first. I need to give you the file.” I reach inside the left pocket of my blue jeans and retrieve a memory device that has not yet been invented in 2012. I hand it over to Vincent. He keeps locked in intense eye contact with me as he accepts the memory device with his right hand from me. “This changes everything,” I explain to him. “All the secrets are here in this file.”

“What do you want me to do with this?” Vincent asks while keeping locked in intense eye contact with me.

“Entirely up to you, man,” I reply. “I don’t want to know. I cannot know. Use your imagination. Just make sure this somehow gets released to the public. In the past. The idea is to reveal details about the top-secret agency known as MMDI. How you do that is unimportant. You just have to do it.”

“What happens when the agency finds out?” Vincent asks me. “They can send another agent to fix the timeline. Make it seem like you and I never meet inside this horrid little hotel in Las Vegas.”

I smile at Vincent while maintaining eye contact with him. I just want to have sex with him. Nothing else matters. Not the sadness in his eyes. Not the worried expression that he wears on his entire face. “You won’t remember any of this, but I will tell you,” I explain to him. “I return to this timeline over and over. I give you this same file. Inside the legendary Blue Angel Motel here in Las Vegas. On this soggy October day of thunderstorms here in the Mojave Desert. Over and over. Again and again. The same fucking file. You and I are here. Over and over. We meet right here. In this same room. Again and again. Rainwater pouring down. Like each time is the first time. I remember all the times we meet here. You have no memories of any previous visits here.”



“MMDI sends another agent to fix the timeline?” Vincent asks.

“You always ask me that,” I reply.

“I need to find someone in this timeline who can help me get this released to the public?” he asks.

“Yes. Just use your imagination,” I repeat to Vincent for perhaps the 800th or 5000th time. “I don’t want to know how you do it so nobody can retrieve that information from my memories. Just make sure this gets released out in the world. Go back in time to some other year. Releasing this is what matters. Not what year it happens. Just make it happen.”

“You think I will succeed eventually?” he wants to know.

“That is entirely dependent upon you, Vincent,” I assure him. “I believe in you. I urge you to keep trying no matter what. Releasing the secrets about MMDI will change everything for the better.” Accompanied by the crashing sound of overhead thunder, rainwater splashes onto my forehead from the crack in the motel ceiling above Vincent and me. I wipe away the water, breaking what was an extended period of eye contact between us. I whisper to Vincent softly like I have said to him so many times, “Here comes the rain again. On my head. Falling like a memory.”



I sit up straight after what seems like only a few seconds of sleep and I see General Yang is seated at the round table across from me in a small interrogation room far beneath the surface of the moon.

“Explain yourself, Mr. Avila,” he says like he always says.

I repeat to General Yang as I always have done every time I see him here with him deep inside the moon: “I named it ‘the persistence of memory,’ sir. In the original Spanish it is *La persistencia de la memoria*. I named it after that Salvador Dali painting from 1931.”

“Why did you do this?” General Yang always asks. “You want to be a whistleblower now? That does not seem like it is within your character. Revealing classified secrets about this agency is the utmost offense to me and to all of us here.”

I always reply: “It’s really simple. You guys try to brainwash me over and over. You send another agent back to undo the timeline changes I attempted to make. And I keep remembering and going back and fixing things so that mankind learns about MMDI. Eduardo must be involved in this somehow. I am convinced Eduardo wants me to manipulate the timeline to reveal the existence of MMDI. The way I say it should turn out. How else would I be able to repeatedly travel back in time to that Las Vegas motel?”

What always happens next is Yang tells me, “Our medical authorities have begun to suspect something. They believe a human being can travel back in time to the past and be returned here to base for only a limited number of instances. They believe that certain components of the cells in the agent’s body begin to be affected by repeated time travel. The effective lifespan of a time travel agent may be reduced even though the agent is kept young by technology and never becomes aware of his chronological age.”

My response to Yang is always the same: “This is what I will keep doing until my cells wear out completely. I don’t care if time travel is fucking killing me, cell by cell. Eventually, I will succeed. I believe that. I believe nobody can stop me because you told me that I have the unique cognitive powers ever known to the whole human race. I may not be smarter. But I guess you could say that my odd brain power enables me to be more driven to succeed than anyone else who ever lived.”

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On yet another Thursday, the 11th day of the month of October in the year 2012, there are the usual severe thunderstorms passing directly over the entire Las Vegas Valley as I materialize inside a completely empty room at the Blue Angel Motel that is awaiting demolition. I can see rainwater pouring steadily down from a large crack in the dirty ceiling of the motel room onto the rotting carpet on the floor. The stench of the dirty, wet motel room remains overwhelming to me even after tens of thousands of visits that I must have made to the Blue Angel by now. Maybe something died in here before the thunderstorms. I always think that.

Once again, I hear a man’s footsteps outside the motel room door. I watch the door swing inwards toward me. Vincent Wauneka enters the motel room. His tight blue jeans really emphasize his masculinity. He has not changed at all after so many repeated visits. He is forever young like me. As with each journey in time that I make back here to the Mojave Desert and to Las Vegas, I cannot take my eyes off his bulging crotch. I watch him walking so confidently into the motel room in my direction. His package shifts from left to right and back again as he moves closer to me. I just want to unzip his blue jeans right there and then in that smelly, empty room at the Blue Angel Motel in Las Vegas. So, that is what I do. I’m sure that the future of all mankind here on Earth can wait until just a little longer until I have given this one young man just one more of his very impressive orgasms.

After being with Vincent Wauneka again, I feel completely disoriented as I try to walk down the sidewalk just outside the Blue Angel on Fremont Street in Las Vegas in the pouring rain. I am completely soaked as I observe a young-looking Asian man approaching very quickly towards me from in front of me. He looks like he serves in some military force. His thick combat boots are black. I feel that I know him from somewhere.

He stops directly in front of me on the sidewalk, blocking my path. He smiles reassuringly and asks, “Are you okay?”

I shake my head to indicate “no” to him. “Dizzy right now. We’ve met before,” I admit to him. “Your name is Yang. I vaguely remember you. I think you look younger than I remember.”



“Vaguely remember,” he repeats sarcastically.

“What do you want with me?” I ask him.

“Cleaning up after you again,” Yang replies. “Like I always do.”

Before I can respond, he reaches into a side pocket of his uniform and pulls out a small, futuristic handgun made of silvery-blue metal. He quickly shoves the barrel of the gun directly into my crotch. As I double over, my stunned, helpless reaction apparently pleases him. “Turn around and walk,” he says aggressively.

I comply. He places the gun against the back of my head and pushes it forward so that I feel it for certain. “Down the street here,” Yang says without apparent emotions. I sense that he feels

nothing while I am completely terrified. “Read off the numbers of this street address here on our right,” he says as he chuckles—the first indication that he has feelings.

I look to my right and see the numerals “2501” in bright white affixed above a dirty door of an abandoned, boarded-up building that probably once was the office of a used car lot. I say, “Twenty-five oh one.”

Yang suddenly kicks in the door with his booted right foot and pushes me inside. He shoves me forward so that I fall directly onto the wooden floor scattering dust and dirt into the air. I hear the wood creak beneath me from the weight of my fall as I lie there on my stomach in the dirt and the grime.

“The Roman numerals,” Yang says quietly, almost whispering. He squats down over me in a dominant position with his gun pointed tightly against the back of my head.

“I don’t understand what you want me to say,” I admit.

Yang slowly says in a tone of voice that seems angrier now, “The Roman numerals are em, em, dee, eye. Can you repeat that back to me?”

“Yeah, I can, sir. The Roman numerals are em, em, dee, eye,” I say to Yang.

MMDI

“Those Roman numerals represent two thousand, five hundred and one,” Yang says in the same angrier voice. “Sound at all familiar to you?” he asks in a louder tone.

“Yes, sir,” I reply quietly in deep fear for my life.

“I didn’t hear you,” Yang screams in a very loud, angry voice.

“Yes, sir,” I repeat, fearful that I will anger him no matter what I say. “I do understand that the Roman numerals MMDI represents the number two thousand, five hundred and one, sir.”

“You’re sure about that?” Yang screams at me. “You sure that’s all that MMDI means to you? Stand up and face me, eyeballs to eyeballs.”

I struggle to get up off that filthy wooden floor and turn around ever so slowly raising my hands into the air, expecting Yang will wait until I am facing him directly before he shoots me in the cock and balls and then quickly follows up with a shot to my forehead. I am absolutely certain that this is the moment when I will die. No more resurrections. No more time travel. I know that I am finished. But, no, apparently, I am not going to die here. I discover that I am completely alone inside that abandoned, boarded-up building at 2501 Fremont Street in Las Vegas, Nevada. I allow myself the luxury of exhaling once I am certain that Yang has gone.

I hurry back to the nearby Blue Angel motel and rush upstairs to room 238 where I have met Vincent Wauneka many times before. But the motel room is empty like I knew it would be and like it always shall be forever and ever.

Now, of course, I discover that I can remember everything I thought I had once forgotten. Perhaps the sheer shock of Yang intercepting me has jolted my brain.

I remember that Yang is my boss—Director of MMDI. I remember that Yang very much enjoyed fucking me aggressively against my will on that dirty used car office before he was retrieved back to the moon. I remember how I have interacted with a digitized voice named Eduardo deep inside the moon beneath the crater Clavius. I remember that my missions to the past often require me to sexually manipulate young men. I remember a Navajo named Vincent Wauneka and several time travel missions we had together. I remember my sexual relationship with Vincent Wauneka. Was he sexually manipulating me? Or was it the other way around? Or perhaps he and I became capable of feeling true physical and emotional love for each other?

I remember that I took his life in the crew quarters on the moon base just to prove a point to Yang.

None of these crystal-clear memories can be of any service to me now that I am living in Las Vegas in the 21st century where I do not belong. My home deep inside the moon does not yet exist. Yang will never let anyone from MMDI retrieve me.

From this vantage point in this timeline, my birthdate is a century and a half in the future. I have no official identification that I need for being in the year 2012. I am so far off the grid that technically I am less than nobody.

My outward appearance is convincing to anyone who may see me here in Las Vegas. I look like a man who is in his early thirties. Except for certain cellular damage from all my decades of time travel missions, I present myself to the world as a physically fit young man.

Of course, the mathematics of my life tell a far different story that nobody in this century would ever figure out. I have lived a very eventful life spanning more than 80 years now. I suspect that I will be able to remain alive for another fifty years from right now.

Whenever I look in the mirror, I feel certain that I can detect wrinkles beginning to form around my eyes. So, I face each tomorrow by carefully avoiding my own reflection. I choose to believe that I will survive somehow—for fifty years or five hundred. All that matters is that I survive. I once was diagnosed with having the unique brain of anyone on this planet. My extraordinary cognitive abilities are a gift that I must use to discover how to get out of this wrong place and time.

Preview Chapter 3: TOP COCK

Vincent Wauneka is seated alone in front of a small screen inside a briefing room at the lunar base. He hears the voice of Doctor William Oswald as he watches the screen that shows images of men corresponding to what the doctor's voice is telling him.

“When you arrive at your next mission to Arizona in the late 20th century, everything you need to know will be embedded in your memories before you're sent back, Agent Wauneka. But this mission has several people involved with whom you must interact, so you are getting this preliminary briefing in advance.”

“I understand,” is the reply.



The doctor explains: “This mission centers around Mikhail Volkov. He is called ‘Mik’ in Bullhead. He is a Russian-born man in his mid-twenties. A customer at The Bullhead Gym who retains Carlo Zarelli as his personal trainer. You are to end the life of Mik Volkov. What

nobody in Bullhead knows is that Mik Volkov—probably not his real name—is the only son of a powerful man in Moscow. The father will be an important figure in the historic dissolution of the Soviet Union in the 20th century. The death of Mik Volkov in Arizona will be a key event in time that contributes to ending the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.”

“I understand,” is once again Vincent Wauneka’s reply.

Doctor Oswald continues: “Mik Volkov is the dominant male in a small group of young men who frequent a small gym in a casino across the Colorado River in Laughlin, Nevada. They are known locally as the ‘three wise men.’ This nickname is deliberate sarcasm because the trio is especially well-known for a lack of intelligence and common sense. Their presence is so consistent at the gym inside that Laughlin casino, one could almost tell the time of day by when they enter each morning. Are you following this, Agent Wauneka?”

“Yes, of course, Doc Ozzie,” is the reply.

The doctor says: “Karl ‘Dutch’ Von Zell was born in Arizona and is white except for one very red neck. A second Caucasian male has blond hair and blue eyes like he’s a descendant of the Hitler youth. He rarely uses big words if he speaks at all. His full name is Blane Corcoran, but often is referred to behind his back as ‘Blank.’ Completing this magnificent trio of masculinity is a young Asian fellow nicknamed ‘Squirrel.’ He is called that because on his back there is a tattoo of a muscular flying squirrel wearing cowboy boots and leather gloves. Nobody ever calls him by his full, legal name, Anthony Marugo.”

“All this I will find embedded in my memory when I get to 1991?”

“Yes, of course, same as always,” Doctor Oswald replies. “Mik Volkov also visits the small casino gym in Nevada, but his motivation is not fitness. He is there specifically to torment these subservient young men who keep close to him. He feigns interest in and support for their bodybuilding, so they will stay loyal to him and seek his praise. But Mik Volkov rewards such loyalty toward him by physically and emotionally abusing the three young men unmercifully. Usually, Mik Volkov kicks them in the balls—neither gently nor playfully. Other times he punches them forcefully in the backs of their heads. All of this happens out in the open in front of other gym patrons.”

“So, these men are sadists?” Vincent Wauneka asks.

“You will have to discover that on your own,” the doctor says. “When they are away from the gym in Nevada, they appear in public wearing full cowboy attire minus any cowboy hats. They never explain why they have this preference for dressing like cowboys with no hats. But these men are well-known customers at the local western wear store in Laughlin, where they frequently spend money on various cowboy-style clothing and boots.”

When he is back in Bullhead in 1991, Vincent Wauneka follows the four men indicated for him by Doctor Oswald several times into the western wear store toward the goal of figuring out how to complete his mission to kill Mik Volkov.

On one of his previous surveillance visits to the cowboy store, Vincent Wauneka inevitably catches the attention of Mik Volkov. He walks up to the Navajo and aggressively asks, "I'm just wondering. Why would an Indian like you would want to keep coming here to this cowboy store?"

"Because I cannot find any Indian stores nearby," is Vincent Wauneka's sarcastic reply as he makes intense eye contact with Mik Volkov to invite a confrontation. Vincent Wauneka cannot help but feel sexually attracted to Mik Volker. Perhaps that is why he fails to see the three wise men draw near and surround him in the aisle of the western wear store.

"Oh, now I am so afraid of you fake cowboys," Vincent Wauneka jokes with a wide smile that infuriates them.

The young men in cowboy attire without hats overpower Vincent Wauneka outside the cowboy store. He regains consciousness with his wrists bound behind his back with thick rope. He is wearing only blue jeans and his custom-made dark chocolate cowboy boots. For an extended ride, Vincent Wauneka gets bounced around on his back in the flatbed of a battered 1981 pickup truck driving too fast on an unpaved desert road. He finally manages to sit up in the bed of the truck and for a moment considers jumping out even though his wrists are bound behind his back.

The pickup truck stops in one particularly desolate stretch of the Mojave Desert. Vincent Wauneka is dazed from having been bumped and bounced in the bed of the pickup truck. He stands up and quickly lands on both feet after springing from the stopped pickup. His custom cowboy boots sink quickly into the loose surface of the desert floor.

Anthony Marugo approaches Vincent Wauneka and whispers in his left ear before rendering him unconscious with one well-placed fist slammed squarely into the Navajo's face.

"What did you say to him, Squirrel?" Mik Volkov wants to know.

"Threatened to cut his balls off. I hate Indians like him," is the reply from Squirrel.

"Have a little respect. I think we should let this one die with his manhood preserved," Mik Volkov says. "While he's unconscious, let's each take turns fucking him. We'll make sure he's revived, so he will enjoy the special feeling of the noose around his neck we've got for him." Squirrel grimaces and glances down with apprehension because he knows the fate of the unconscious Vincent Wauneka.

When Vincent Wauneka regains consciousness, he discovers that he has been hanged from a thick brown rope wrapped around a wheel winch on a man-made death machine. He is a shirtless

and barefoot man with his arms unbound. He kicks involuntarily as his neck is being crushed in the noose. His long dark brown hair that is tied behind his neck into a queue swings in the air.

On the desert floor nearby are a pair of unattended video cameras on tripods. The cameras point toward the hanging machine to capture this man's death by ritual hanging.

Vincent Wauneka is an expert in all things sees sexual. So, when his own body tells him that men have ejaculated into him, he must pay attention to what he feels. His mouth and his anus are sore. He feels sticky liquid in both places. But he has a worse problem as he swings by the neck in that noose completely naked.

He sees Mik Volkov, Dutch Von Zell, Blane Corcoran, and Anthony Marugo running away. They left him helpless with his neck being steadily crushed by the noose on their hanging machine.

His cock and balls dances in the sky at the end of a rope. On the ground below him are cowboy boots—dark chocolate brown interrupted by a distinctive creamy white-winged pattern on the sides—definitely not a pair of boots that are off the shelf or from any mail order catalog. Undefended, such a prize pair of expensive boots seems unlikely to have been left behind by his killers on purpose.

A winch wheel on the hanging machine was used to draw the thick rope upwards into the air. Vincent was deliberately and very carefully hoisted in exacting fashion upward by that rope around his neck aided by the winch to intentionally preserve his spine intact to extend his suffering.

Vincent Wauneka may certainly look like a man who was capable of putting up very considerable resistance against this merciless fate. But, outnumbered by Mik Volkov and his gang, Vincent Wauneka had little chance of surviving. He knows that now as his life slips away. His large feet are wildly kicking despite his mental efforts to remain calm in the face of great panic. He attempts to reach his hands up to his neck as if it somehow were possible to free himself from the noose. But that is impossible! He groans when he realizes that he is going to die like that today.

He swings his powerful arms in the air like wings that might let him fly away and end his suffering. The four men pulled him upwards off the desert floor—at least four feet up into the air. He won't be flying anywhere now. Or ever.

They secured the winch wheel into place with a thick wooden spike. His entire body weight draws downward, tightening the noose steadily around his large neck—a slow brutality to provide his executioners with ample time to derive pleasure from watching his frantic kicking in the desert air.



His deep, dark eyes remain open, defiantly staring outward into the eerie sky. He cannot speak, but his violent spasms attract the attention of a young man with Mediterranean facial features whom he sees approaching the hanging machine. Perhaps this stranger has arrived just in time to rescue him. At least the stranger's arrival persuaded the four cowboys to run away.

The stranger reaches the winch wheel and tries to rotate it despite the wooden spike. He cannot remove the spike that has locked the winch wheel, so the stranger is unable to rotate that wheel to let this hung Indian return to the ground. If only the stranger had a knife! He might climb up there and cut the rope!

The stranger sees the hanged man's genitals. His face reveals an intense humiliation as his body jerks wildly without his control. As sometimes happens with hanged men, this one unwillingly shoots his last load into the air while the noose squeezes tightly. His neck cannot withstand the crushing force of the noose. His body spasms, kicking, and curling of his toes stun the stranger who is powerless to do anything but watch.

Very suddenly, this MMDI time travel agent just stops struggling. His final thoughts are about how he has failed his mission in Arizona. His body no longer can fight back against the effects of gravity and the noose that has applied fatal pressure to his neck. He seems to be trying to open his mouth to breathe, but he has no life remaining in him. The wind blows through his long, flowing hair behind his broad shoulders.

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Back at the lunar base, when the blue glass chamber of his time machine opens, Vincent Wauneka stumbles completely naked out onto the metallic floor and coughs uncontrollably. He cannot get to his feet because he is deeply confused and emotionally shaken.

He looks up sees a tall young man of apparent Asian ancestry with dark eyes and a muscular frame. He is wearing an MMDI blue robe. Vincent Wauneka struggles to say, "You. The guy that whispered to me."

Squirrel squats down on his knees to help Vincent Wauneka get up into a standing position. "Yeah. Told you I also worked at MMDI. Told you I would revive you here. You're alive. I did what I promised."

Vincent Wauneka gets up close to Squirrel's face and says angrily, "After you and your friends raped and executed me."

"Working on a mission. Just like you. When you step into that debrief booth, your memories of what happened will all be wiped," Squirrel explains with a grin. "Good as new."



“Why are you doing this?” Vincent Wauneka asks.

“Long story short,” Squirrel says. “Others wanted you revived. Not officially sanctioned. They will wipe my memories, too, when I enter that green booth after you’re done.”

“None of us knows that our memories are being controlled,” Vincent Wauneka says.

“Not exactly news, is it?” Squirrel asks as he hands Vincent Wauneka a blue robe. “Or that multiple agents sometimes get assigned to work on the same missions. Now, get into that debrief booth before we both get into trouble here.”

This audio recording made by Vincent Wauneka is preserved in the memory systems of the lunar base: “Agent Vincent Wauneka here. No idea what today’s date is. Stressed out. Time and date stamp will handle that. Let me do this debrief and get it over with. Just got back from my mission. Bullhead. Arizona. 1991. Failed my mission. Did not end the life of Mik Volkov. Instead, he and his gang of sadomasochists raped and executed me. A fellow MMDI agent I never knew about was also assigned to the same mission. Never even imagined that was possible. He helped bring me back to life using time travel. So intense and painful. Fucked by four guys. Came in my ass and mouth. Hanged with a rope until I suffocated. Death was such a relief. A magnificent sensation! Perfect feeling of freedom. Of course, all those memories will be

taken from me. As always. Before I step out of this little green glass booth. We are all the same here. Just muscled beef they send back in time. Objects they use. We fuck, get fucked, kill, and are killed. I love this job!”

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As protocol dictates, Vincent Wauneka receives a particular and specific memory implant with all mission parameters while he is sitting inside the blue glass time travel chamber on the moon. When he arrives at his next mission to Arizona in the late 20th century, everything he needs to know is embedded in his memories.

Mikhail (“Mik”) Volkov, a Russian-born man is in his mid-twenties is his target. Vincent Wauneka knows as he enters The Bullhead Gym in 1991 that this will be the very first time he comes eye-to-eye with this adversary. Something about seeing Mik Volkov brings about a certain uneasy feeling for Vincent Wauneka as he approaches the Russian.

“Didn’t know they let Indians in this gym,” Mik Volkov says to Vincent Wauneka with a glaring stare. “Maybe I should switch to another gym.”

“I was thinking the exact same thing when I saw a red like you, comrade,” Vincent Wauneka replies with a grin to soften his insult.

Mik Volkov smiles at Vincent Wauneka. “How did you know I’m Russian?”

“Your accent,” Vincent Wauneka explains.

“You also sound like you were born somewhere else,” says Mik Volkov.

“Navajo Nation,” Vincent Wauneka says. “If I drink any liquor, my accent really becomes apparent.”

“Indians are not supposed to drink,” Mik Volkov says. “Are you?”

“No,” Vincent Wauneka replies as he extends his large right hand to Mik Volkov in a gesture of friendship. “I am Vincent Wauneka,” he says while shaking hands with the Russian. “We both have Carlo Zarelli as our personal trainer here. He mentioned you to me.”

“Oh, what did he say?” Mik Volkov asks as though he has genuinely become interested in the conversation for the first time.

“Tell you what. Let me buy you a drink across the river. Tell you everything,” Vincent Wauneka says quickly.

“Even though you’re not supposed to drink?” Mik Volkov asks.

“I am buying,” Vincent Wauneka says. “So, it is not your problem, no? You want to know about what Carlo Zarelli told me or not?”

At an uncrowded casino cocktail lounge with a view looking eastward toward Bullhead and the Colorado River, Vincent Wauneka and Mik Volkov are seated on barstools next to one another at the bar. Both men have already had sufficient alcohol in the middle of the afternoon to diminish their capabilities.

“You hold your liquor well,” Mik Volkov says.

“Not really,” is the reply. “Conceal well. Faking it.”

Mik Volkov laughs as though he wasn’t expecting honesty or humor in response. Vincent Wauneka leans over so that his face is closer to the Russian’s. “Both of us,” Vincent Wauneka says slowly. “We both are fucking Carlo Zarelli. You do know that.”

Mik Volkov quickly gets a mortified expression on his face. “Uh, no,” he says quietly before turning his head to cut off eye contact with Vincent Wauneka.

“Yeah,” says Vincent Wauneka. “We both are. You confirmed it,” Vincent Wauneka says. “You turned away.”

Mik Volkov reestablishes eye contact with Vincent Wauneka and says quietly, “What do you want from me?”

“Nothing,” is not the reply that Mik Volkov was expecting.

“People find out things,” Mik Volkov says. “You’re fucking Carlo. Personal trainer. Your reputation could be damaged. And his.”

“My reputation?” asks Vincent Wauneka with a chuckle. “I am a sex worker. All male clients only. Here in Nevada. Fucking men is my reputation. Ask anyone. Ask this bartender.”

Mik Volkov turns his face away from Vincent Wauneka once again and exhales like he knows he has just made a serious miscalculation. “Didn’t know,” he admits. “I don’t want people around here to know I prefer having sex with men and not women,” he says with an uncharacteristic vulnerability on his face.

“Yet, you wear macho cowboy clothes,” Vincent Wauneka says. “You are always hanging out with three other guys. The four of you always wear cowboy costumes.”

Mik Volkov nonverbally orders another round of drinks from the bartender and says, “Yeah, okay. That’s how this is going.” As the drinks are placed in front of him and Vincent Wauneka, Mik Volkov quickly downs the entire contents of his bar glass.

Vincent Wauneka slowly sips his own drink and locks onto intense eye contact with Mik Volkov. "I will not say anything," Vincent Wauneka says. "I am not manipulating you if that is what you think."

"Yes, you are," Mik Volkov replies. "You expect to jump on top and just fuck me. To buy my silence. Probably already have a room booked upstairs that you use all the time."

Vincent Wauneka swallows his entire drink in one gulp while continuing to maintain eye contact with Mik Volkov. He says, "Room upstairs. Yeah. Got that. Not going to take you there. Not trying to fuck you."

"So, instead you intend to blab about me preferring sex with men instead of women. I know you will."

"No. I will not. Just listen to me," Vincent Wauneka says. "If you help me out, I will keep silent about you. No sucking. No fucking. None of that."

Mik Volkov smiles but remains quiet. "Look down there. The Colorado River." Vincent Wauneka says.

"You wanna go in the water?" Mik Volkov asks.

"Cannot swim," Vincent Wauneka admits. "After drinking, people drown."

"So, you're saying you want to drown me in that river?"

Vincent Wauneka smiles. "No fucking. No sucking. No drowning," he says. Mik Volker laughs aloud. "That river," Vincent Wauneka adds. "Flows south. The California state line. Small marina there. On old Route 66."

"Who the fuck cares?"

"Tavern owner," Vincent Wauneka explains. "Want you to meet him."

"Don't understand."

"Russian guy. Like you," Vincent Wauneka says. "From the U.S.S.R. Left behind all that snow and ice and vodka. Years ago. Now owns the bar down there."

"On this river," Mik Volkov says.

"Yeah. Topock," Vincent Wauneka explains. "Indian word. Nickname is, of course, top cock."

"Sex bar for men?"

“Of course not,” Vincent Wauneka answers quickly as he laughs.

Mik Volkov is very drunk now. He struggles to say, “No sucking. No fucking. No drowning. No top cock.”

“I owe him a lot of money,” Vincent Wauneka says. “The Russian. That bar owner. Maybe if you talk to him. In your language. You may be able to cut a deal for me.”

Mik Volkov nods in agreement, knowing that he has no other options available.

Just at sunset Vincent Wauneka is driving Mik Volkov’s battered 1981 pickup truck southward down a lonely and winding county road in Arizona toward Topock with both windows rolled completed down. Mik Volkov is passed out into the passenger seat. His head is buffeted by the hot afternoon wind flowing in through the passenger side window of the truck.

After than sun has gone down over the western mountains, Vincent Wauneka switches on the headlights of the pickup truck, but the only light that works is on the passenger side.

He speaks aloud to Mik Volkov, whom he presumes cannot hear him. To be completely safe, however, Vincent Wauneka speaks using the Navajo language. What he says to Mik Volkov can be approximately translated like this: My mission is to kill you. Thank you for giving me the idea to drown you. There is no Russian bar owner. I will put you behind the wheel. Send your truck off this road after I jump out. You will end up in the marsh. I lied to you. I can swim. Quite well. You are passed out drunk. You will drown in this marsh tonight. You are barefoot. I removed your cowboy boots and socks. Navajo tradition. So you cannot walk away from death.

The pickup reaches the edge of the marsh where Vincent Wauneka brings the vehicle to a complete stop just onto the narrow shoulder of the two-lane road. He looks down at a steep decline on the shoreline to the dark water not far below. He keeps one foot on the brake pedal while the truck’s engine is running and pulls the unconscious Mik Volker behind the wheel. His dark brown cowboy boots stuffed with a pair of white socks remain on the floor of the passenger side. Vincent Wauneka then takes his foot off the brake pedal and jumps from the truck as he attempts unsuccessfully to close the driver’s side door.

As expected, the truck moves steadily down the shoreline and then splashes into the marsh. Vincent Wauneka watches the truck float out into the dark water for a short distance. Then the battered pickup truck starts to descend into the marsh with the front of the vehicle facing downward.

Mik Volker regains consciousness just after the unpleasantly cold marsh water inside the cab of his pickup truck reaches his forehead. The heat of the engine causes clouds of steam to rise up into the water accompanied by an odd hissing sound that Mik Volker hears as he descends into full panic. He kicks and screams in horror as he realizes what is happening. He instinctively holds his breath, thinking he will be able to save himself.



Vincent Wauneka looks down into the marsh to watch the pale-yellow light from the truck's lone headlamp pointing down underwater towards the muddy floor. The marsh is just deep enough to submerge the pickup entirely, but Vincent Wauneka can hear the underwater screams of a desperate man below. Air bubbles rise up from the truck to the water's surface.

Mik Volker escapes from his pickup but involuntarily breathes in the cold water of Topock Marsh, experiencing the terror of taking water into his lungs. His body spasms cause him unwillingly to inhale more of the cold water. His lungs have already completely filled with water. He becomes limp as he floats face down with both arms outstretched just below the surface of the water. His eyes remain open, but he no longer can see anything because he is brain-dead. He is aware of the darkness, but nothing else now. His body becomes entangled in the thick debris of wood in the marsh not far from the truck.

The next morning, two fishermen in an aluminum boat find Mik Volkov's body wedged tightly within wood debris below the waterline. The local mystery surrounding this young man's drowning will go unsolved.

The only evidence is that drowned man seems to have been driving alone while intoxicated. Law enforcement officials speculate that Mik Volker died barefoot after apparently removing his footwear before attempting unsuccessfully to swim to safety.

His pickup truck ultimately gets lifted upwards from Topock Marsh by a large construction crane brought in from California. After the authorities can find no clues to explain what may have happened in the marsh that night, Mik Volkov's truck is sold to a Bullhead scrap yard.

His cowboy boots stuffed with his white socks remain mired at the unforgiving muddy bottom of the marsh where they will slowly degrade and disappear entirely.

When Vincent Wauneka sees a pair of vehicle headlights approaching his location from the two-lane road and hears the sound of a car engine, he conceals himself in the water near the shoreline so that his head is just above water from the nose up. He deliberately breathes very slowly and remains still so that he will make as little sound as possible.

After he has convinced himself that the vehicle which passed by on the road is not going to stop, Vincent Wauneka slowly maneuvers out of the water and climbs up the shore to the highway.

He walks alone, motivated by sheer determination and instinct. He accepts as legitimate the deep fear he feels. He is soaking wet and cold. He is by himself at night in a sparsely populated area that is unfamiliar to him.

Yet, when Vincent Wauneka looks up at the sky and sees the muted light of the moon, he suddenly feels comforted and reassured. He whispers in his native language a short poem expressing great respect for the moon.
