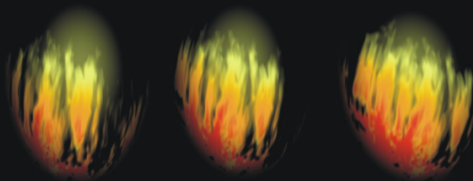


# POWER CIRCLES



Joey Ricciardo

The characters, names, and places in this book are entirely fictitious. Any similarity to actual people, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

© 2010 by Joey Ricciardo

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED INCLUDING THE RIGHT OF  
REPRODUCTION, IN WHOLE OR IN PART, IN ANY FORM.

Manufactured in The United States

Library of Congress Control Number:

ISBN NUMBER: **978-1-4276-4572-2**

**This book is dedicated to American Ingenuity**

Dear Reader,

Power Circles was truly a privilege and a blessing to write. Every word, every page was a new discovery. Never in my wildest dreams would I have imagined writing such a far reaching novel that takes place in so many foreign countries.

I want to thank you for allowing me to take you on a daring, often dangerous adventure around the world. A place where no one can be trusted because no one is innocent.

So keep your wits about you, don't let down your guard. And remember, trust no one...

- Joey Ricciardo

**POWER**  
**CIRCLES**

A Novella

Joey Ricciardo

CHAPTER ONE

The lights were out. One minute Elmer Haversham was sitting in front of the TV, the next he was sitting in the dark. As he got up, he bumped his knee on the coffee table before closing his eyes and picturing the layout of the living room. It's funny how when you close your eyes, you can see better in the dark, he thought.

He groped his way into the kitchen and opened the top cabinet drawer next to the refrigerator. This was his junk drawer. Inside was an endless array of the most useful items he never used. Scotch tape, duct tape, packing tape, masking tape, an ice pick (for the next murderer that drops by), a broken candle, twist ties, and - ahha - a flashlight.

He flipped the switch on the side and was surprised that it still worked. After all, the last blackout was more than ten years ago.

## POWER CIRCLES

---

---

Pointing the flashlight into the drawer, he continued to search. 9-volt batteries, rubber bands - yeah there it is - a single AA battery. Exactly what he was looking for.

Flashlight in hand, Elmer left the house through the back door that led into the kitchen. It was awfully warm outside, especially for this time of the night. The humidity was almost intolerable. Taking a right, he went through the gate to the side of the house where the fuse box was.

He held the flashlight firmly in his armpit and hunted around in his pocket for the key which he pulled out and inserted into the tiny lock on the fuse panel door. Once opened, the door revealed a keypad with a small LCD screen above the buttons. After typing in the code, the screen lit up and asked him his name.

“Elmer Haversham.” He was careful to annunciate every syllable so the computer would understand.

“Access granted,” said the computer, Fingerprint verification required.”

Dr. Haversham pressed his thumb against the LCD display. A small red laser shot out of a tiny hole in the fuse panel and ran across his face.

“Hello Elmer,” the computer voice said.

With that, the entire face of the fuse box slid straight up

into the wall above. Behind it, there was a single AA battery. Elmer reached into the front chest pocket of his shirt, retrieved the new battery and used it to replace the old one which he then dropped into his pocket.

“Down,” he said and the panel face slid down back into place. Elmer typed in another code then looked towards the back yard. The floodlights on the back of the house were on so he assumed that the rest of the house was on as well.

Once he was back inside the cool air conditioning of the house, he dropped the flashlight and the old worn out battery into the junk drawer and slid it back into place.

“Well I guess I should get back to work.” Elmer felt silly talking to himself out loud but it was a habit he couldn’t break. One day, he thought, all this seclusion will drive me nuts. I’ll be talking out loud and won’t even know it. But then again, maybe saving the world from a future energy shortage is worth the risk. Besides, going out gallivanting all over town would mean time away from something that I actually find interesting.

So once again he made the choice. Instead of going out and meeting another person (no one in particular, just another human being), he would work late into the night on his latest project.

Years ago, Elmer had converted his attic into a laboratory. While still at the university, he had come up with a way of

## POWER CIRCLES

---

---

multiplying the amount of energy that could be derived from each electron in an energy source. If he could translate his findings into practical applications, the results could be earth shattering.

He soon learned, however, that it was too risky to continue his research at the university. Sure the equipment was better, but once he came up with his Energy Compound Proliferation Theory, he was met with one administrative obstacle after another.

The big oil companies were among the biggest donors the school had. During his tenure he had witnessed one promising discovery after another get de-funded before it ever got off the ground.

No no, Energy Compound Proliferation would be a home project. This one would see the light of day.

Over time, Elmer began calling in sick more and more. Eventually he stopped calling all together. Pretty soon working in his little laboratory became his only activity. His parents stopped calling, the bill collectors started calling, and the few friends he had just gave up on him. Rumor had it back at the university that he had been committed to a mental hospital.

But Elmer could see it all coming together. He understood why nobody understood. Even if he wanted to take the risk, what was he going to tell them. "I'm inventing a way for

my whole house to run off of one AA battery?” He laughed to himself, pulled a beer from the fridge and walked towards the hall where the attic door was.

As he pulled the string in the ceiling to release the door, he recalled one Sunday afternoon.

It was mid summer. The heat outside turned the thick, damp air into a sauna. It was one of those days when the heat seemed to be amplified by a silent, still neighborhood. Nobody was outside. Except an old acquaintance.

Elmer was upstairs working as usual when the doorbell rang. Normally he would just ignore it and they would go away. This time, though, he got an overwhelming feeling that he should answer it.

As he climbed down the attic ladder, he looked down the hallway. Through the glass in the front door, he could see the blurred image of a rather tall man waiting for him.

“Who is it?” Elmer yelled.

“It’s me. How’s it going,” said the voice on the other side.

Elmer recognized it immediately. He hadn’t heard it in years but it was a voice that he could never forget. It was Professor Neilson, Elmer’s mentor.

## POWER CIRCLES

---

---

Professor Neilson had been dean of the University when Elmer went to school there.

As a student, he and Elmer had become very close. In fact it was Professor Neilson who pleaded with the Board of Regents on Elmer's behalf after he accidentally burned the William F. Burkley building to the ground. For once someone had come to visit him that he actually wanted to see.

"Professor Neilson," Elmer called as he hurried to open the door. "Please come in out of the heat. It's been so long."

"Elmer, or should I say, Dr. Haversham, how are you my boy." The professor took the hat off his bald head and stepped into the foyer.

"I've been good. I tried to call, email, I thought you had decided to forget about me."

"Elmer, I was on vacation."

Elmer gave Neilson a puzzled look. "For eight years?"

Neilson laughed. "Yep, I was on vacation from the world. Once I retired, I wanted nothing to do with that school or anyone else in the field."

"Come in and sit down."

JOEY RICCIARDO

---

---

As the two men entered the living room, the professor looked down the hall and noticed the attic ladder.

“Doing some work in the attic? Nothing serious I hope.”  
The two men sat down.

“Oh no, I was just storing some things away. The place was starting to get cluttered. So what brings you back to society?”

“You do.”

“I don’t think I’m following.” Elmer said.

“I ran across a friend of ours, Javin Olstroff. He told me you had been committed. I informed him that I knew for a fact that you were fine. I don’t think he believed me. To be quite honest, I didn’t believe me either and that’s why I’m here.”

“Well professor I appreciate the concern but, as you can see, I’m fine. Perfectly o.k.”

“Are you? You loved that school. As much as I hated it, you loved it. Now what gives?”

“Professor, there’s nothing wrong with me. I just needed to get away, that’s all. I was beginning to feel stifled, I needed some space.”

“Some space.” Neilson wasn’t convinced.

“Yeah some space.”

There was an awkward silence. Neilson knew that Elmer wasn’t being honest. Elmer knew better than to think he could get one past the old man. But no one knew about the work he was doing. Not even his own mother. This was too big to take a chance on telling anyone until he was sure everything was in place.

Then it hit him. For the first two years of his research, Elmer stunned himself with the progress he was making. Then he hit a road block. Six years later, he was still stumped. Neilson was quite possibly the only person on the planet who could help him. Actually, he could be the only person on the planet who would believe that his theory had a chance of working.

Elmer decided he couldn’t take the risk. “Well professor, I sure appreciate you dropping by. Please stay in touch.” He knew it sounded cold but this conversation was over. The tension was just too thick.

Professor Neilson looked skeptical. “Yes, I’m glad you’re o.k. I’m certainly happy that you aren’t in a mental facility. I’ll see you around.”

Neilson walked slowly towards the front door. He knew that Elmer had something he wanted to say and wanted to

give him a chance to change his mind about sharing it. The ploy worked.

“Professor I was lying.”

“Lying about what?”

“Follow me.”

Elmer turned and headed towards the attic door. Professor Neilson followed. As he poked his head through the hole in the ceiling that led into the attic, Neilson was stunned. This was like no attic he had ever seen.

All the walls were bright white. The room was so clean that you could perform surgery there if you wanted. Hanging on the wall opposite the attic entrance was a large blackboard. It must have been at least 12 feet long and it was filled with equations.

The wall opposite the blackboard was dedicated to books. Hundreds of them. Elmer had to have the roof raised on the house so that the ceiling in the attic would be tall enough to accommodate his library.

The wall to Neilson’s left was lined with computer screens and the wall to his right featured an army cot and a refrigerator.

In the center of the lab was a long stainless steel table with

## POWER CIRCLES

---

---

a large black cylinder on top. It looked like a beer keg except that it was coated in rubber and had a large steering wheel on the top. Wires came out of the back and ran along the floor to one of the computers.

“Elmer I’m impressed,” Neilson said as he studied the equations on the chalkboard.

Elmer just stood watching him with his hands in his pockets. He was excited and wary at the same time.

“You do realize what you have here don’t you?” Neilson wanted to jump for joy but he didn’t want to jump to conclusions.

“I hope so. I got as far as splitting the electrons but I haven’t been able to...”

“Release the quasi-particles in a controlled fashion.”

“Exactly, remember the Burkley building?” Neilson was still going over the equations trying to convince himself that he was really seeing what he was seeing.

Elmer continued. “I’ve been able to separate the electrons into millions of quasi-particles. That was the easy part. The hard part was being able to compress the quasis from multiple billions of electrons into a place that was small enough and stable enough to contain them.”

Neilson turned from the board to face Elmer. The old man hadn't been so giddy since he was in graduate school snuggling with Bernice Sonmeyer.

"Is that what really happened to the Burkley building?"

"Yes sir."

Neilson started laughing. "Wow. You burned down a multimillion dollar research facility that was named after the world's richest oil mogul while conducting experiments that are certain to put him out of business?"

Elmer was ashamed that he had lied to the professor. "Yes sir I'm..."

"I love it. That's great. Son, I haven't laughed this hard since..." His mind shifted to that night with Bernice, "well it's been a long time. You do know what you've got here don't you?"

"Sure I do. But it's nothing if we can't control the energy released by the quasis."

"We?" Neilson's smile went away.

"Please don't be offended. I wouldn't have gotten this far if you hadn't supported me all those years but the implications are..."

## POWER CIRCLES

---

---

“No no I’m not offended. I can’t prove it but I truly believe that at least two of my dearest friends would be alive today if they weren’t trying to do what you’re doing now.”

“Professor Neilson. Arnold. You’re the only one that I can trust. You’re the only person I know who has the expertise.”

“But you’ve done all the hard work. Any number of people can help you figure out the rest. Heck why don’t you figure it out. You’ve come this far haven’t you?”

“I’ve been at a standstill for six years. Besides even if I do tell someone and let them in on it, the risk is too great. The fame, the money, the power. The project won’t succeed unless its participants see so much value in its outcome that it makes all the material stuff seem worthless.”

The professor looked skeptical. He glanced over at the blackboard then back at Elmer.

“Elmer, I’ve still got a few good years left. I feel good, my brain still works most of the time, and there’s a cute little blue haired widow down the street from me who’s been checking me out. It’s not worth my life. I’m sorry.”

“Do you realize what your passing up?”

“No, I realize what I’m not passing up.” As he started to the attic door, he turned to Elmer.

“Don’t worry I won’t tell anyone. I’m too old to get rich.”

Elmer continued to work day after day, night after night. One test after another failed. He was able to use the cylinder on the table to release the quasis and measure the energy that they released. Each time was the same result. The electric flow through the wires in the back was negligible at best.

---

One night, he decided to take a break. He turned on the news to see that oil prices had reached \$219 a barrel. It was the third record high in two months.

“Damn that Neilson,” he said aloud. I know I shouldn’t blame him, he thought, but, “Damn that Neilson.”

At the time of his retirement, Neilson had been working on the very thing that Elmer needed. The professor had reportedly discovered a way of channeling the wavelike properties of electrons and transmitting them over short distances using lasers.

Neilson took a lot of heat from the University’s board of regents. They eventually were able to convince him that it was time to retire. The press had a field day when Neilson told them his story. Two days later, both of his assistants disappeared. To this very day no one knows what happened to them.

## POWER CIRCLES

---

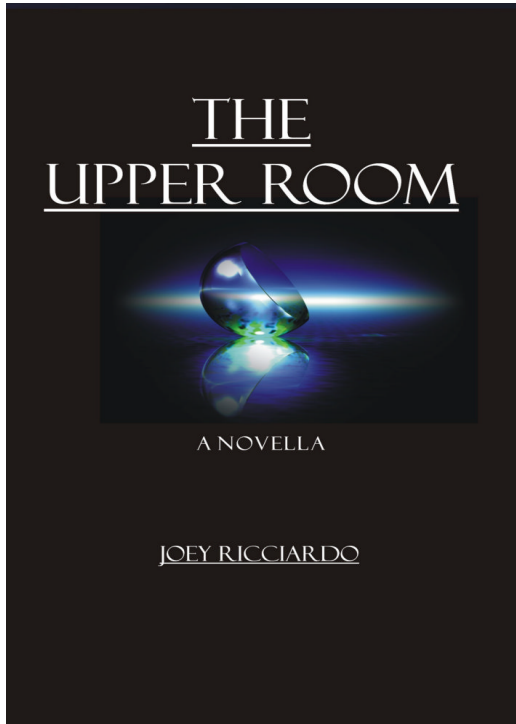
---

“But this is different. This time they can’t stop us. There’s only one more obstacle and we’re, I’m, home free.” Elmer paced the floor of the lab. He could care less if he was talking to himself again.

The full version of **Power Circles** is available at <http://www.deepscoperecords.com> or wherever e-books are sold.

Visit [www.deepscoperecords.com](http://www.deepscoperecords.com) today and take advantage of free chapters of Joey’s books and free samples of Joey’s music.

Civil War... Human Experiments...  
It can all happen again...



Also available from Joey Ricciardo and DeepScope Records

