

FOLLOW APOLLO

A Levi Hart Thriller

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APOLLO

A LEVI HART THRILLER

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RICHARD CRAIG
ANDERSON

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING ABOUT *FOLLOW APOLLO*

“*Follow Apollo* is a tale of covert operators—men and women motivated by loyalty with appetites for the extreme. I’d say Rick Anderson got it right.” —*Michael R Shevock, retired undercover special agent*

“*Follow Apollo* is a gripping thriller with a kick-ass protagonist. I’d trust Levi Hart and his team to have my back any day.” —*Janice Gable Bashman, Bram Stoker nominated author of Predator*

“Rick Anderson puts you at the scene in this smart and suspenseful account that reflects an authenticity that only someone who has been there can capture. It’s all real in this story: the team play, the black bag ops, the dangers and the seductions. *Follow Apollo* is a page-turning winner.” —*Craig “Sawman” Sawyer, combat-decorated Navy SEAL, actor, and tactical consultant*

“In *Follow Apollo*, Rick Anderson’s highly anticipated follow up to *Cobra Clearance*, hero Levi Hart embodies the spirit of James Bond into the twenty-first century in this edge dancing thriller that breaches the limits of the genre and brings Levi to the mystical edges of life itself.” —*Matthew Pallamary, author of Night Whispers*

“*Follow Apollo* sent me on a thrilling adventure and a deeply emotional journey. I lived every minute of it. More, Rick Anderson! —*Nancy Holder, bestselling author of The Rules*

This story is dedicated to Phil Lynch.

It is also committed to the memories of Richard K. Bailey and Riddick Earl Wilkins, Senior. They served their country, loved their families and honored their God.



*The end of all our exploring will be
to arrive at the place where we started
and know the place for the first time.*

T. S. ELIOT

PART I

. . .

May 22, 1969

20:35:02 UTC

*In Close Proximity to
Apollo 11's Future Landing Site*

CHAPTER ONE

.....

EVEN THE AIR seemed to hold its breath as he returned to the Lunar Excursion Module. Except there was no air beyond what he and his fellow Apollo 10 astronaut carried on their backs. Pausing amid the silence of barren moonscape, he stared at the boot print he'd made moments earlier when he first stepped off the LEM's ladder. During the interval of stepping off and returning, he'd come to accept the reason why fewer than a dozen people could ever know that he'd become the first man to step foot on the moon. He absorbed the image of his print, knowing that in the absence of air it would endure for millennia.

A twinge of regret passed over him. But the mission profile left no doubt. The world could never learn that Apollo 10's LEM had done more than perform a highly publicized practice descent toward the moon—that it had in fact secretly landed so its crew could examine an abnormality that was already forming the biggest government conspiracy ever conceived. But the plot wasn't meant to convince the world that man had landed on the moon. Instead, it was meant to conceal the fact that someone had walked on the moon *before* that other guy took a giant leap for mankind.

TWO MONTHS LATER, Neil Armstrong took manual control of Apollo 11's LEM during the final moment of its lunar descent. But he didn't do it to avoid a sudden boulder field, although that's the reason he gave Houston's flight controllers. The maneuver's real purpose was so highly classified that only the Flight Director knew that Armstrong had to park the LEM within walking distance of Apollo 10's earlier, not-to-be-discussed landing site. This way he and Buzz Aldrin could put on a televised performance for a worldwide audience, and then bounce as if on a trampoline to a structure near the discarded lower portion of Apollo 10's LEM.

And bounce they finally did, bringing along the specially designed tools that their predecessors said were needed to open the vault-like cavity inside the edifice. Armstrong and Aldrin performed their task in a calm professional manner, their breath coming short only when they pried the cover from the vault and saw its contents.

Working against time, they brought the precious items to their LEM and stowed them. Next, they took from the LEM a plaque that read, *Here men from the planet Earth first set foot upon the Moon, July 1969 A.D. We came in peace for all mankind.* They put it near the American flag they'd planted earlier and prepared to leave. Soon after, an estimated half billion people watched the televised ascent during which the LEM's blast knocked over the flag. Breaking free of the subdued lunar gravity, the men rendezvoused with the command capsule that was being piloted by Michael Collins.

When the capsule splashed down in the Pacific days later, the astronauts were placed inside an isolation trailer.

Contrary to what the world was told, the quarantine hadn't been implemented to protect their health. Rather, scientists were anxious to isolate potential alien organisms that may have been lying in wait within the recovered objects, for although the scientists held advanced degrees and were published extensively in their various fields, they felt a primal need to ensure against releasing a genie that might prove impossible to return to its bottle.

Forty-Six Years Later

The wail of police motorcycle sirens split the air, startling the ever-present tourists as Vice President Mark Cohen's limousine and its Secret Service follow-up car drew closer to the White House. Inside, Cohen was sandwiched between two agents with MP-5 submachine guns at the ready, while the follow-up carrying more heavily armed agents hugged the limo's rear bumper.

Once past the gates the limo screeched to a halt. Doors flew open. Agents formed a phalanx around the tall, athletically trim vice president and hustled him through a door flanked by Uniformed Secret Service officers. Once inside the Oval Office he stood before a federal district court judge and raised his right hand. Then as aides and a gaggle of Senators and Representatives looked on, Cohen repeated the oath after her, speaking the final words in a strong voice, "... and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Within an hour following the violent assassination of America's second black president, America's first Jewish

president held talks with the Congressional leadership followed by a quick confab with the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Finally he turned to the National Security Advisor. After a grim exchange of greetings, the advisor raised an eyebrow and pointed at the others. The new President pressed his lips tight but ushered everyone out. Settling into one of two facing sofas separated by a teak coffee table, he said without preamble, "Proceed."

The advisor gave Cohen crash briefings on classified items of immediate priority. They included military, geo-political, and practical issues. Cohen interrupted at times to seek clarification. Otherwise he listened with a calm but alert demeanor until the National Security Advisor closed the final briefing book. But he wasn't done. Not yet. Reaching for a locked briefcase, he pulled out a black notebook and after glancing around even though they were alone, he leaned forward. "Now I must disclose to you a matter of paramount importance. What I'm about to reveal is passed along to each new president by whoever holds my position. This is done to insure its delivery." He offered the book.

Cohen took it, his thoughts racing. *What could this be?* Sitting erect, he read the title: APOLLO—1969. He began turning pages. At times he shook his head. It wasn't until he reached the analyses that his eyes grew wide and he sat even straighter. But when he saw the conclusions that had been drawn, he breathed in a whisper. "Oh my God."

Fourteen Months Later

The Senior Cardinal Deacon stepped onto the balcony overlooking Saint Peter's Square and proclaimed to the throngs of

worshippers, “*Habemus Papam!*” The crowds cheered. Among them was a man with a Boston accent who translated for his fidgeting young son, “We have a pope!”

Within minutes the new leader of the world’s Catholics appeared and greeted his followers. After praying with them he turned to the *Camerlengo* of the Holy Roman Church—the Church’s Chamberlain—and whispered into his ear. “Tomorrow I wish to pay a visit to the Secret Archives. Please alert the Documents Protection detail.”

The Vatican Secret Archives serve as the repository for all acts promulgated by the Popes. But the name is misleading. The term *secret* is more closely associated with a term from antiquity that refers to *privacy*. And this new Pope had a private matter—a profound curiosity, really—one that for decades he’d yearned to satisfy.

THE NEXT morning, following prayers and a light breakfast, the new Pope met with his predecessor’s staff and advisors. After thanking them, he caught the Camerlengo’s eye and waited while the plainclothes protective detail formed around him. Two of the men in the detail wore suits. Two others wore priest’s habits. All were armed. When a pair of Swiss Guards in colorful Renaissance uniforms also fell into place, the men walked along a series of hallways toward the Vatican Library. Going past it, they went through the *Porta di S. Anna in via di Porta Angelica* before turning into the Archives, which smelled of old stone and lingering traces of incense. A portly middle aged man in a dark suit stepped toward the Pope and bowed his head.

“You Holiness. I am a Documents Protection agent, here to serve you.”

“Thank you. I am interested in a particular document.” He told the agent what he wanted, then followed him to a monastic-like chamber that contained a simple desk and wooden chair. As the Swiss Guards posted themselves outside the door, he sat to wait while the agent retrieved the papers.

Not just papers, the Pope said to himself. *A file*. And not just any file, for the new Head of the Catholic Church was an old hand at palace intrigue. Long schooled and experienced in dealing with complicated and momentous information, this strong-willed and well-read leader had sophisticated views of the world, along with a religious focus on the next world. He also had friends, and over time he’d heard rumors of a concern that could affect all mankind. He had also learned that it involved the first moon landing.

The Documents Protection agent reappeared and handed over a simple file folder. “I must remain at its side,” he explained without apology, and after taking two steps back he stood against the wall and folded his hands in front of him.

Opening the folder, the new Pope found a highly prepared report entitled *Apollo Moon Mission Findings – 20 July 1969 A.D.* He began reading. When he finished, he looked up at the blank wall in front of him and made the sign of the cross. He sat quietly before turning to the agent, only to find his face deathly pale and his eyes darting wildly while tugging at his collar with one hand and clutching his head with the other.

Bolting from his chair just as the agent collapsed, the Pope rushed to his side while calling to the Swiss Guards for help. One of them stepped inside, followed by the Camerlengo and a bodyguard .

“He has suffered a cerebral vascular accident,” the Guard said after checking the agent’s eyes. “A stroke. See? One pupil is dilated. The other? It is like the pin-point. We must get him to a physician quickly if he is to survive.” Taking charge, he motioned to the protective detail to help him carry the DP agent to the infirmary.

“I will go with this poor soul,” the clearly moved Holy Father announced.

Seconds later the men were hustling the agent out of the Archives and through the *Porta di S. Anna in via di Porta Angelica* while the Pope hovered over him, leaving only the lone Swiss Guard to keep watch over the document.

The young Guard, known to friends as Johan, had gone through years of training in austere, difficult conditions at great personal sacrifice. What the friends did not know was that he’d become disgruntled to the point of rage after learning that he was going to be dismissed. The reason? His alliance with the former Commandant of the Pontifical Guard, a man who’d been shamed out of service. Johan saw this as not only unfair, but being Swiss he felt it would bring disgrace to him and to his family. In his resentment he’d taken to excessive drinking.

So once the others vanished around a corner he dashed inside the room. The file lay open. Fluent in five languages, he scanned the pages. When Johan reached the end his breath caught. Though stunned, he had the presence of mind

to glance over his shoulder before removing the last three pages and tucking them inside his tunic.

Four Days Later

Levi Hart closed the Top Secret briefing paper and let out a long, low whistle, then sat in silence while he assimilated what he'd read. Finally he looked up at the only other person in the room and said, "Mr. President, what would you have us do?"

CHAPTER TWO

.....

LEVI HART left the White House through a tourist exit, noting autumn's tang to the air, but haunted by insider knowledge and by T.S. Eliot's words:

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang but a whimper.

Troubled or not, he had a job to do. First though, he glanced up at the bright noon sky and squinted, as if by peering hard enough he might see the moon. Then he got going. Slender and angular, with a tapering swimmer's build and lean face, the former FBI supervisor had on a beautifully tailored black pinstripe, gleaming Bally shoes, and a rakishly knotted blue tie that matched his eyes. The sum of the parts let him blend with the throngs of tourists, staffers, and myriad government workers. Two of the workers, attractive thirtysomethings in smart skirt-and-blouse ensembles, smiled at him. The taller one even winked. Levi ignored them. At first. Then he wondered if they could somehow read his thoughts, and were now mocking the distress he

felt over the key meeting with the president and the earth-shaking information he had to act on.

He told himself, *Okay, I'm getting warped. Hell, they can't possibly know where I was, or why.* Turning south on 15th Street he strode to E Street, where he turned left toward a public parking lot three blocks away.

But as he approached the lot he found the entrance blocked by an ancient Buick slanted over a low rear tire. A white-haired woman with dark parchment skin crisscrossed by thin lines resembling a waffle grid stared at it in dismay. Levi had to get moving, but he couldn't go anywhere fast until he took care of the car.

He offered to help, and after taking off his suit jacket he rolled up his sleeves. *I've just been with the President of the United States, but a year ago I was deep undercover and clearly looking the part of scum.* He wondered what she would have thought if she'd seen the tattoos that had adorned his arms—not to mention the Swastika on his forehead. Just then a gust caught his heavy auburn hair, which he'd grown back to conceal a shaved scalp. *No, I don't think she'd want a skinhead helping her.* When she handed him the key he popped the trunk and rooted around. *Come on, where is it? All seniors carry 'em.*

While searching he thought about the tats. They'd been removed. All but the big barbed wire one that still shackled his left ankle. He'd kept it as a token but now regretted the choice, especially when ladies got around to asking about it. For some, curiosity took deeper root. "I checked around," they'd say. "Your tatt symbolizes the ball and chain of someone who's done hard time. So... should I be afraid?"

They always looked at him differently afterward. Some even took a skewed interest in his years behind bars.

Craning his neck in search of the item he wanted, he wondered what he could have done with his life if the undercover assignment hadn't meant getting involved with the white supremacists. He might've married again; had children. He'd have had a chance to break away from the nightmares of his once-upon-a-time family. But he'd accepted the job that forced him to sink into the life of a thug. Why? Call it a sense of duty. At least he got out alive—that's if ending up hooked on heroin was the better option over death. In any event the assignment was done. Behind him. Now he clung to hope—hope for an end to the excruciating pain he still felt over his lost family; hope for a chance to find love again and start over. Hope. It's what drove him these days.

Finally pushing aside a wool blanket, he found a white aerosol can with a blue label: *Fix-A-Flat*. Much easier than crawling around, getting his clothes dirty. He went to the tire, crouched, and made a mental note of a silver Taurus that slowed as it passed by.

He inflated the tire and after a quick check he found a nail embedded between its worn treads. An easy repair. He gave her directions to a nearby service station. But the look on her face spelled p-o-v-e-r-t-y, so he reached for his wallet and pulled out a fifty. Pushing it into her hand, he helped her into the Buick and waited while she sorted through several items in her purse, adjusted the rear-view mirror, and inched closer to the wheel before finally starting the engine. The instant she drove off, he entered the lot.

His candy-apple red '67 Mustang Fastback stood out among the other cars, and after getting in he reached beneath the steering wheel and found the SIG Sauer P-229 pistol loaded with .357 SIG magnum hollow points. He slid it into a leather shoulder holster and put it on, then covered it with his jacket. Next, he retrieved a pouch with two spare magazines and attached it to his left hip. Finally, he pulled a Special U.S. Deputy Marshal badge from a pocket and clipped it to his belt. He was a deputy in name only. His real missions were classified, but didn't require being armed inside the Big House.

He started the car. The big block 390 cubic inch V-8 rumbled to life and after letting out the clutch, he drove to the attendant's booth where he paid with cash to avoid leaving a paper trail. Turning east on E Street, he drove toward 10th.

Eyes scanning, he spotted a portion of Ford's Theater, then routinely checked the rearview mirror for anything in his six o'clock position. A silver Taurus caught his eye. "Not a Bureau car," he mumbled while passing the nearby FBI Headquarters. The Taurus was too old to be a G-Ride. It also had an unlevel fender and its windows were tinted. An image of the car that crept by when he went to the old woman's aid popped into mind. He goosed the accelerator. The Taurus kept up.

Watching the mirror, he flew down E Street toward 7th Street NW. But the intersection was packed, cars and pedestrians everywhere. The light changed. Green, to amber. He glanced in both directions, jammed his foot against the accelerator, then made a sharp left. Angry motorists leaned on their horns. He checked behind. Saw the Taurus.

What the hell's this all about? Who's chasing me? Could it have anything to do with my meeting? But who would even know about it?

Levi roared down the road, the 320 horsepower engine with its Holley four-barrel carburetor running wide open. He blasted past a stopped delivery van, hung a hard right onto a side street, and burned rubber as he sped off, leaving a wide-eyed businessman in a blue cloud of foul-smelling smoke. He eyeballed the mirror. Saw the Taurus rounding the corner. Double-clutching, he downshifted into a narrow alley. Stomped on the gas. Dodged trash cans at high-speed. Burst onto a main road. Then took off.

He thought he spied the Taurus again but couldn't be certain. He pressed on. At Mount Vernon Place he negotiated a tricky turn onto Massachusetts. For once, luck favored him. Green lights all the way. He checked his six and frowned when a silver Taurus popped into view. Who could it be? He'd made enemies over the years and some had vowed to kill him. He felt the pistol's weight in the shoulder holster and sped up, whizzing past tortuously slow-moving cars, letting off the gas only when he approached DuPont Circle. Sticking to the outer lane, he fumed when forced to stop for a group of jaywalking teens bent on disrupting traffic.

Spotting a popular bar nestled between New Hampshire and 19th, he used the landmark to gauge his next turn: Connecticut Avenue. Dead ahead. He hit the gas. Smoked the tires. Spun the wheel left. Scooting past a lumbering delivery van, he stomped on the gas again, slid past rows of popular gay bars and checked his mirror. The pursuer was nowhere to be seen. He drove on for two more blocks before slowing to a sane, sensible speed.

HALF AN HOUR later he turned into the long driveway of a stately two story red-brick home in Chevy Chase, Maryland. After backing into a spot alongside a stand-alone garage, he killed the engine. Its ticking sounds as it cooled cluttered the quiet. Levi sat for a moment, willing tense muscles to relax while examining his surroundings. He'd always believed that detached garages lent a certain dignity to a home—especially homes like this one, built in the early twentieth century. He noted the quality of the craftsmanship, the equal spacing of brick and mortar and the evenly edged roof tiles. There was a permanence to this place. He reflected on the word. Permanence. Damn. What a fleeting thing that can be—especially now.

But Levi hadn't come here to muse. In pursuit of dignity in all things, he spurned the convenient rear door and trooped around to the formal front entrance. He reached for the wrought-iron knocker, about to use it when the door swung open.

A burly, tweed-clad man with a ruined potato sack for a face glared. "What the hell do you want?"

Levi clenched his hands and fired back. "I'm here to kick your ass, old man."

"Humph. In your dreams." The man's ferocity melted into a smiling face. "How about joining me for a drink, even if it is a bit early?"

"Thought you'd never ask." Levi cracked a smile. "Make it a scotch and I'll gladly accompany you on your journey to Perdition."

Heath Baker threw his large head back and laughed. Then he swept a hand the size of a bear's paw toward his home's warm interior.

BAKER SHOWED Levi to a first floor library of dark wood and brown leather. A fieldstone fireplace glowed from a whispering flame even on this seasonally mild day. When Levi removed his suit coat, the firelight glinted against the badge on his belt. Pointing to a pair of leather wing chairs, Baker said, “Take a load off.” Then he excused himself and vanished, only to return a minute later clutching two crystal glasses in one hand and a bottle in the other.

Levi leaned forward. “Wow. A twenty-five year old *Bun-nahabhain*. From Islay. North Shore, if I’m not mistaken.” He knew the bottle cost at least \$350.00.

After Baker poured a half inch of the single malt, Levi held the glass to the light and studied its contents while the older man poured a drink for himself.

Baker raised his glass and tilted it toward Levi. “Here’s to us and those like us.”

“Absent companions...”

“...Fond memories.”

They touched glasses. The *ping* of the crystal hung in the air as each man took a healthy swallow. Then Baker put down his glass and plucked a briar pipe from a rack. It was the *GBD Tapestry* he’d bought during a long-ago visit to Great Britain. He packed its bowl, then pulled a kitchen match from an interior tweed pocket and flicked a fingernail against its white phosphorous end. It flared with a sharp *whoosh* and he puffed the tobacco to life while exhaling a blue cloud that rose to the ceiling.

Sniffing pointedly, Levi smiled. “Vanilla. Some things never change.”

“Permanence is a key to contentment.”

There was that word again, Levi thought. *Permanence*.

Baker raised his glass slightly. “I’m not supposed to be indulging. Or smoking. But —” He puffed at the pipe. “How did it go?”

“Before I start —” Levi described being followed. When he finished he said simply, “We’re going top secret now.”

Baker nodded once. “You know the drill.”

“The President has given us a job. I assured him that Dragon Team’s up to it.”

Baker said around the pipe stem clamped between his teeth, “Concur.” The retired Green Beret bull colonel had been on his third tour in ’Nam when he chose a young Jewish officer to infiltrate a mountainous region. The task: recruit Montagnard tribesmen in the fight against the Viet Cong. The two men forged a lifelong friendship. That officer was now President Mark Cohen.

After returning home with a Silver Star, a Bronze Star with a V-device for valor, and a Purple Heart with two oak leaf clusters, Baker studied law at Harvard and started a lucrative practice in Chevy Chase. But in the wake of the 9/11 attacks the government issued a clarion call for operatives. He answered it by creating *Vanguard International* as a side venture, and forming two dozen teams of eight men and women along the lines of Special Forces alpha teams. They performed surveillances, provided protective details, and did other tasks for private clients. But Vanguard also entered into contracts with the feds, and when terrorists had assassinated President Melchior the year before, Vanguard accepted a contract that called for Levi to infiltrate the gang of ruthless white supremacists who had taken part in the assassination.

The job almost cost him both his sanity and his life. But he prevailed and prevented an attempt on Cohen's life.

Baker closed his eyes and asked, "What's the word?"

Levi shifted, causing the leather chair to creak. "Top secret, Heath. And S.C.I."

SCI, or Special Compartmented Information, is a security clearance that trumps top secret. Information can only be shared with the select few who not only hold a similar SCI clearance, but also have the required 'need to know.' The particular SCI for Baker's people even had an assigned name—Cobra—and both men held Cobra Clearances.

The older man nodded. "Very well. Then I'm officially notifying you that I have a need to know, that I've scanned this room for listening devices prior to your expected arrival, and in keeping with protocol you will now conduct your own scan."

"Yes, sir." Levi got to his feet and retrieved a small electronic device from his suit jacket. After turning it on, he swept the device across the bookshelves, the desk—even the crackling fireplace, before turning it off. "I confirm that I've also scanned the room."

Baker puffed serenely at his pipe, sending another scented cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "Acknowledged." When Levi handed him a non-disclosure statement, he signed the document and returned it.

"Sir," Levi began as he put the paper away. "The President sends his regrets that you're still recovering and therefore unable to attend today's meeting."

Baker inclined his head. "Carry on."

“You’re no doubt aware of the conspiracy theorists who insist that man never walked on the moon—that Apollo 11 and the subsequent landings were filmed on a Hollywood sound stage. Of course, you and I both know that a conspiracy to deceive the public into believing we landed on the moon does not now, and never has, existed.”

“I am aware of the various social phenomena. Please continue.”

“However,” Levi began carefully, “I’ve just learned that, in fact, a government conspiracy does exist.”

Baker’s eyebrows formed triangular arches. “Interesting. Proceed.”

“The thing is, this conspiracy isn’t designed to make it *appear* that we landed on the moon. Its purpose is to conceal the fact that we landed there *before* Apollo 11.”

“Before? Holy hell.” Baker pulled his pipe from his mouth and examined the carved piece of briar as if he’d never seen it before.

“It started in the 1960’s with NASA’s Ranger Program—the robotic flights meant to photograph the moon up-close and personal. The goal? Find suitable landing sites for future manned missions. But the first six Rangers turned out to be duds.”

“I watched the televised launches,” Baker said. “Big events... back then.”

“Ranger Seven produced the first photos. But by then there were mounting social pressures against sending men to the moon. Regardless, the Ranger flights were already funded, so NASA launched number Eight. It turned into something special.” He stopped and met Baker’s eyes. “Its

photos revealed an anomaly. NASA sent Ranger Nine to corroborate the earlier sighting. It did. This... *unearthing* is the real reason why the Apollo program got pushed forward.”

Baker grunted and said around his pipe stem, “*Rushed* forward is how most analysts describe it. It’s why we lost Grissom, White, and Chafee.”

“Yes, sir.” Levi picked up his drink. “Then you undoubtedly recall that Apollo 8 proved we could reach the moon, circle it, and return safely. Then came Apollo 9. It remained in Earth orbit to practice extracting the LEM, docking with it, and testing its critical systems.” Levi brought the drink to his lips, paused, then lowered it. “Apollo 10’s mission was billed as a dress rehearsal. The crew extracted the LEM while in Earth orbit. They traveled to the moon and achieved lunar orbit. Two of the crew boarded the LEM, descended to within eight miles of the moon’s surface, and rejoined the command module. That’s the official version.”

“I see where this is going.”

A poker faced Levi took a drink. “Yes. You’re right. Apollo 10 landed. Neil Armstrong was not the first human to step on the moon. Nor was he the second.”

Levi described the crew’s initial findings. “Now then. As to what Apollo 11 found during its follow-up landing, and the conclusions that were drawn...”

Five minutes later, Heath Baker’s jaw dropped. But he managed to catch his pipe neatly in one large hand as it fell from his mouth.