

AQUARIUS ASCENDING
VOL 2

JOE IN
TOKYO

GW MILLER II

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Before her death in Mexico from complications during childbirth, Julie had two boys. The eldest was named Joseph. After returning to the states he spent little more than a year bumping around foster homes. He couldn't accept his circumstance. Especially not without his baby brother. Joseph's mom gave up her life to bring his brother into this world, and he was the only family Joe had left.

Joseph knew his little brother was out there somewhere, he tried everything to find him. At seven he broke into the adoption agency to look for records on his brother. Joseph even tried to hitchhike back to Teotihuacan when he was eight. He made it as far as the Mexican border before getting caught.

When the authorities tried to apprehend him, this young man kicked the cop right in the balls. Then he attempted to run across the border. Joseph was hit just a few feet short, by a border patrol agent with a Taser. He froze in pain but did not go down. After two seconds, he took a step and then another. Another agent shot him right in the chest with a rubber bullet. Next thing Joseph knew he was on his back, laying on top of the Taser needles stuck in his shoulder blade. A few of his ribs were broken, and he was in the worst pain of his life.

Joseph was a highly intelligent and free thinking boy, and he would not give up on his family. He had focus and was showing resourceful determination. So, the state saw him as a troublemaker and a threat. They decided medication and

restraint were the best option to keep him in line. So, Joseph spent six months in a juvenile psychiatric facility, being force fed pills and zoning out for weeks at a time.

After a while the medications worked, and he forgot. His memories of his mother and brother faded. Joseph forgot his family and could only see himself as an orphan, his therapists called this adjusting. Soon after his therapists allowed Joe to return to a foster home. He made friends, playing sports, even talking to girls. Joseph's grades improved, and he resembled a normal adolescent human.

At ten years old he was adopted by a man from Manhattan, Luca Fury. Mr. Fury is a very wealthy individual. He lives an exceedingly abundant lifestyle, financed by a few lucrative investments made long ago. Fury is a very philanthropic man and spends many hours volunteering at hospitals and moonlighting as a hospice. He is quoted as saying, "the smartest investment is in the hearts and minds of our fellow men and women".

Growing up Joseph got all the best education, food, and strict discipline. He was taught by private tutors to live his best life and to help other men to achieve their best lives. Fury instilled in Joseph pride in giving your best for the common good of all humanity. However, even the brightest candles have a dark side. Fury's

was just unusually dark compared to most. Under his saintly appearance beat a black heart.

Not even Joseph knew that Fury is also the hierophant of a secret fraternal order known by many names. The true name of that order is unknown, but whispers speak of the wicked webs woven by the WD. No one even knows what WD means. As it should be with a real secret society. Some say it stands for Weavers of Death, others say it stands for Web of Deceit, or the Wicked Damned. Most likely WD means something entirely different.

Once he was adopted and became adjusted, Joseph quickly excelled. All of his adolescent life Joe has exercised discipline and self-restraint to get ahead. He graduated high school with honors at 16, and received his Ph.D. Summa Cum Loude in Applied Theoretical Physics from NYU at the age of 21. Joe speaks twelve languages, because they come easily to him. After he graduated Fury made a few calls and had the state just about begging Joe to accept a commission. Joseph went on to become a Lt. Commander of the US Navy.

Joseph has spent the better part of a decade living in Japan, speaking Japanese, but never using it to meet any locals. He walks the same route every day, sees the same people, but never says a word. He buys the same noodles at the same

noodle house almost every day. Joe rides the same train at the same times. Even his colleagues know that he is a quiet and boring man.

On his way to work every morning he stops at the same seven-eleven to buy a paper. The cashier there, a beautiful young Taiwanese woman has tried to flirt with Joe so many times, and he remains oblivious. She makes small talk while bringing up how handsome he is, and dropping as many hints as a woman can. Joseph, completely oblivious to the advances of women, thinks she is simply a nice clerk.

The only place he enjoys going is to is an Aikido dojo up in the mountains to learn martial arts from Master Shingen. He rides the train two hours each way and has spent many weekends learning the internal subtle art of Aikido. Shingen is the closest thing Joe even has to a friend in Japan. The only people he speaks to more than Shingen, are his lab assistants. That's just explaining things to them and delegating tests and computer models that need to be ran.

After nearly ten years of hard work and dedication Joseph became the premier teleport engineer in the world. Being the leading anything in the world takes a ridiculous amount of effort and takes up much of your time. He never drinks and doesn't seem to know what fun is. Joseph couldn't get a girlfriend if he

wanted and he spends all of his time in a lab. Even in a city of 13.35 million people, Joseph still finds himself alone.

Teleporters are used just about everywhere, however the Navy has strict patent rights and regulates all aquatic technology. Just as the Air Force regulates all technology of flight, which is everything above ground. The development and implementation of technology is very restricted and even feared in some places. Largely due to the deployment of those six nuclear warheads during World War II. Not to mention the complete exhaustion of the Earth's oil and natural gas reserves in the 1940s. Since then the people of Earth have known of technologies volatile and unreliable nature.

Joseph is leading a research and development team in a secret government lab somewhere in Japan. Working around the clock to create a way of teleporting around the world. One teleport from Japan to New York might not seem like a big deal, however with their current technology it takes three jumps. There is a layover and fifteen-minute cool-down period which can vary depending on which direction you travel, your departure and destination locations.

Usually such an impossible teleportation accomplishment would be easy work for Joseph. He has a rare aspect of genius capable of finding solutions to daily issues in his dreams. For Joe each dream is like a holographic simulator to help him work through difficult problems while he sleeps. Lately, he has been having a reoccurring nightmare. It has happened so often that he is experiencing some insomnia from anxiety. When Joe gets to sleep, he is repeatedly woken up in terror from this nightmare.

The nightmare is always the same night after night. Joseph wakes up on an aircraft carrier. He is lying in a middle rack in an empty compartment. Covered in a cold sweat. The smell of smoke is in the air, something is burning, and it's not pleasant. The smell stings with a metallic odor. It burns Joseph's sinuses, so he tries taking shallow breaths. Even that is painful and hurts his lungs.

The ship is at sea, listing so badly he falls out of the rack. Joe notices that the deck is newly painted, the usual grey, and bulkheads are also freshly painted. Even the bunks looked brand spanking new. Everything on the carrier looks untouched and pristine. He can hear nothing, only silence. Silence is the strangest sound one can hear on a ship, especially an aircraft carrier.

Joseph searches the ship deck by deck, checking every compartment for people. The ship lists side to side as he navigates the narrow ship spaces. He makes

it all the way to the engine room, and still not a soul in sight. The only thing he found down there was a giant nuclear reactor that looks unused. The ship is adrift at sea with no engine power and with no crew to get it started. No crew means no one to man the stations, no one to navigate the ship home to port.

Joseph makes his way back up through the decks climbing one long steep ladder after another. The closer he gets to the surface, the thicker the smoke becomes. The smoke is so thick it is impossible to see through the black soot. He can feel it filling his lungs, clinging to the little hairs in his nose and becoming like sand inside of his mouth. A tasteless sand that soaks up the moisture in his mouth making him thirsty.

On the flight deck the smoke is thinned out enough to see all the aircraft are on fire. They are all burning and the sky is filled with smoke. The jets and helicopters are chained down with three and four chains each. There is no way to unchain them and push each one off of the flight deck into the water, especially by himself. There is no crew and none of the emergency fire retardant systems are activating. Joseph knows that he has a short amount of time before these aircraft explode.

He walks through the smoke to the edge of the flight deck, peering out into the horizon. As Joseph reaches the ship's bow, he gets clear of the smoke and can

see the sky. The sky is clear with a few puffy white cotton clouds. The sun is shining brightly as if it were a beautiful day. He can see the smoke from the aircraft fire rising high up, almost into the clouds. Joseph notices that there is another cloud of smoke rising.

He follows the smoke cloud and walks back through the lingering smoke. He navigates his way around the flight deck tower by feel. Until he reaches the starboard edge of the carrier, but the smoke is still too thick. Joseph is right between the horizontal stabilizers of two F-18s that are burning so hot the metal is screeching. He knows they will blow soon, so Joseph climbs down into the safety net on the edge of the carrier. It's there to catch you, if you fall, but in this case it works well to give him a line-of-sight clear of the smoke.

Joseph can see, but strangely the boat is docked. It is tied onto a broken burning dock on an island with a giant mountain erupting with fiery smoke in the distance. He recognizes the island as Japan, and can see that the island is where the other cloud of smoke is originating. In the distance the mountain is burning and people are screaming. Smoke is rising steadily from all over the island. The whole island is rumbling, buildings are burning and collapsing. Joseph can hear the sound of an air-raid siren being cranked out somewhere close. The siren almost drowns out the sound of screams and blazing fire until it happened.

One aircraft exploded on the ship behind him. Joseph collapsed onto the solid net made of metal and steel cables. The second explosion was only moments after the first, but then all the aircraft blew together, Joseph couldn't hear a thing, only silence. Eventually he opened his eyes to see if it was over. Joseph could see the tail of a helicopter that had caught onto the edge of his safety net. The frame of the net was bent down by the weight of the chopper and the tail rotor was inches from separating Joseph's head from his body. His decapitation was stopped by the uncomfortable steel cable of the safety net.

In a hurry to get clear of that situation Joseph jumped to the shore. Without meaning to, he jumps directly into a crowd of thousands of Japanese people. Each one sickly and injured, but untreated. Many of the injuries' no human could survive. Joseph feels something tugging at the bottom of his shirt, he looks down to see the top half of a man trying to climb his body. Joseph pushes him down and walks further into the crowd.

A young mother with a gaping chest wound tries to hand him her baby. The woman's ribs are exposed and her clothes are torn and wet. The baby girl is also soaking and wrapped in a tattered wet blanket. The mother begs him, "save my daughter", but with a heavy heart Joseph refuses,

“I am just a man. I’m not a doctor, and I can’t care for your baby. What has happened to you? What’s happened to you all?”

The people of the island are pissed off by his questions. They all reach out for him, grabbing him, tearing his clothes and scratching his skin. Begging Joseph to save them, but he cannot. One pulls at his ear until it rips off, others have their hands full of his hair. Joseph is in agonizing pain as they pull his limbs attempting to dismember him. He doesn’t know what to do, and freaking out, tries to run before he gets drawn and quartered.

Joseph pulls himself away and pushes his way through the mass of people. The crowd is so thick he can pull himself up and climb over them. Finally, he gets to a tree and climbs up to a limb growing close to a second-story window over some kind of business. Joseph jumps from the limb and falls in through the window breaking it around his body.

When he comes to, Joseph is in a tiny apartment. Luckily the space has a little pad rolled out on the floor for sleeping because it broke his fall in through the window. Other than the roll the apartment is mainly filled with tables and chairs, and various restaurant supplies. Joseph gets to his feet and shakes off the broken glass. He painfully pulls a big piece of jagged glass out of his calf and limps for the

door to make his way out. Escaping down a set of stairs into a small dark noodle house on the first floor.

Inside sits one man in the shadows of the back corner. “Come on over Joseph, sit with me, and have a drink”, the stranger invited. This man is definitely not Japanese, though his voice seems familiar, he thought. “Do I know you?”, he asked as he walked over to sit at the table. The strange man answered, “You do”. He gestured his hand, and the chair magically pulled out for Joseph to sit down.

Then, the familiar stranger talked on and on about Joseph’s gift and how it is really a burden. “Joseph you must shed this burden and be free”, he told Joseph, “Just give me this burden before it is too late”. As he talked on and on, Joseph feels himself falling asleep, like he has been drugged. “Give me your burden, just close your eyes and this weight will be lifted”, the familiar stranger continues. Joseph recognized that this man is hypnotizing him, “STOP”, he tried to shout but even his voice was too weak.

Overcome with fear of this familiar stranger taking something special from him by continuing to listen to his words. Joseph attempted to pull himself to his feet and fell back taking the chair with him to the floor. He rolled backwards, stumbled to his feet, and out the door he went fleeing back out into the crowd.

Outside, people quickly surrounded Joseph and he welcomed it. The bitter crowd of half dead Japanese pulled him down. They tore at his flesh reaching up into his chest breaking his ribs off one at a time. Joseph screams out in torment, but they pulled out his tongue, ripped off his ears and his dick. He almost drowned in his own blood as he tried to scream and cry. Then they reached his heart and as they pulled to rip it from his open broken chest cavity; an epic tsunami swept everyone away. It's at this point he wakes up every night.

After enduring this nightmare every night for a few months, Joseph decided to get outside perspective on his dream. Shingen is the wisest man he knows in Japan. It had been a few months since he had returned to the mountains to practice Aikido with him. Joseph packed a bag for two days as he usually does for weekend trips into the wilderness. Friday came, after he got off work, he boarded the first train out of Tokyo.

The train ride takes a little over two hours one direction, but is one of the most beautiful train rides. It only takes about twenty minutes to get out of the city and into the forest. The woods are so luscious and green, Joseph can smell the plants, the welcoming scent of nature, through the train window. The fresh air is so inviting that he likes to imagine hiking off into the middle of the woods and just getting lost for a while.

Joseph knows when the village of Asagizuka is close because he can see a few cottage homes. For him it is almost like having a time machine that takes him back to the seventeenth century. The town folk still walk around in traditional kimonos and have tea ceremonies. There is even a local blacksmith. Everybody's home looks hand built, and there aren't many cars. No one is trying to sell him anything, and he really does not miss the advertisements from the city.

After a forty-five-minute walk, Joseph arrives at the home of his martial arts instructor and cherished friend, Shingen. Shingen is an old Japanese man. He has a small dojo and Zen garden next to his house in Asagizuka from which he teaches the art of Aikido and meditation. The weekends that Joseph gets off he spends there studying the way of unifying himself with life energy under master Shingen.

He came to his master's land and walked around to the back of the house to find Shingen sitting under a cherry blossom tree reading, the Mumonkan. Shingen, did not look up but instead kept reading. Joseph sat his things down and walked over to greet him. Shingen, said without looking up, "The dojo is yours my friend. I am busy right now". Solo practice and exploration is a big part of Aikido. Joseph carried his things into the dojo and did deep yoga before his practice.

After an hour of practice, Shingen came in and they worked together. First with warm-up exercises doing simple elbow work, wrist control, and pressure

points. Next, they worked on throws and body drops. After a few hours they were in the zone freely exchanging energy as they attempt to lock a wrist or to throw the other with a swift twist of the hips.

This deep exhausting practice is exactly what Joseph needed to break his fixation on the nightmare that has been haunting him. It was a big factor in why he took time off from his project to come out here, and the peaceful vibe of the mountain place has really taken effect. After practice Joseph and Shingen sat on rocks beside the river for deep meditation. He hadn't felt this clear minded in an uncomfortable amount of time.

After their meditation hour, Shingen's wife brought them tea, and they drank it there by the river. Shingen and his wife told Joseph stories from their lives together. They have spent 36 years together as a couple. Joseph sat and listened joyfully, and deep down he was envious of their happiness. He is nearly 33 years old himself, but he has spent his life alone. Few women would tolerate his 14-hour work days, and he would not want to neglect his wife. Meaning that if he were married Joseph would not be the foremost teleportation engineer in the world.

The three of them talked and laughed for hours, and eventually Shingen and his wife retired to bed. Joseph is offered a room to sleep for the night, but he spends the night outside under the cherry blossoms and stars. There are few things

more enjoyable than listening to water flow while basking in the star light. It also gave him time to sit alone on the river bank and think about things.

He made it through the day and most of the night without even thinking about his dream. However, just before dawn he woke up on that empty carrier once again. Living out the same dream all over, listening to the man in the noodle house say the same words. Once again running away in retreat only to endure the pain of being ripped apart all over again.

One would think after reliving the same pain over and over he would get used to it and toughen up. Every time he experiences the dream he is more sensitive to it than the night before. Like an exposed nerve on your tooth eventually just breathing makes it hurt. Now, all he has to do is remember the dream which he can recall instantly with vivid excruciating detail.

After the third repeat of this torturous nightmare he awoke for the last time that night. He sprang forth from his sleep with his heart pounding and body aching as if he escaped death. Joseph's body covered in a cold clammy sweat, and all of his hairs standing on end with goose bumps. Just knowing he is awake is so reassuring and helps to calm him.

Joseph sits up and splashes fresh cold water on his face to let him know he is awake. The sun light is illuminating the night sky and the woods are glowing with

that pre-dawn brilliance. Birds are waking up and singing their morning songs. All of this helps to calm Joseph's nerves about his nightly ordeal.

As he awoke and became more aware of his surroundings, Joseph noticed that Shingen was sitting not far away observing him. Joseph asks, "Did you also have trouble sleeping"? Shingen replied, "I slept well, but noticed you were in distress." "You could say that", Joseph said. "Joseph, you have come here for a reason, tell me what plagues your dreams." While hearing the dream told to him, Shingen sat quietly for almost an hour.

Then, instructed Joseph that his fate is sealed but he will have a choice. "This dream repeats so you will remember. Those Japanese are lost souls because of a dark event which is coming. What is to come is bigger than you, but you will play a role. There will be many lost including yourself, but if you do not let them go, there can be no salvation."

"The man in the bar was trying to convince you to give up this fate to him. Your destiny will cost the lives of many. You can step away from this path, and those lives will be saved. The other option is to push through your fear, allow the great spirit to sort out who lives and dies, and just allow your destiny to devour you. Why this scares you and what you will do about it; these are things you must meditate upon. The choice is yours and yours alone."

Shingen continued, “fate is not linear, and it is not set in stone. Fate is like a river which winds down a mountain. Each river's' destiny is to reach the sea, but only the river can decide when and how to turn away from the sea or to go underground. The river knows where it is going and it has faith it will get there. Have faith Joseph, you have already done the hardest part; you have seen the results of a choice not yet made. It will be your choice when the time for that decision comes, you are as ready now as you will ever be.”

For the next few days after speaking with Shingen, Joseph has no dreams or at least he cannot remember his dreams. The choice he is to make, and the weight of all those people’s lives seem to be lifted from his mind. After the weekend Joseph returns to work and finds everything exactly how he left it. Without the sleepless nights he can get past this stressful distraction and finally get back to work on a single teleportation around the world.

Continued in

[Consigned to Oblivion](#)

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