

The Covert Solution - Part 1

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The interrogation room was designed for those who inhabit feel completely alone and isolated. Walls, ceiling and floor white, without cracks or joints with no windows, door, once closed, fully blended with the wall that contained, video cameras, microphones and respirators artfully concealed, a false sense of suffocation and loneliness, because from the outside could comfortably follow in detail what was happening inside. This room was unique and was only used in extreme cases, given the other peculiarities had not as stringent. Who was forced to stay a long time inside, in the long or short was invaded by a deep sense of anxiety that which enhanced intensely the need to communicate, "to speak", which was scientifically the effect sought.

But none of this was spent Adrian Bogues, forty, of medium height, bald head and intense brown eyes and serene, which was in the room for four hours. He stayed in the same position since he had entered and had not moved a muscle nor uttered a sound.

This was not a surprise to the King Carras agent, in which his appearance belied the angelic child of a seasoned professional, tenacious, intelligent, experienced and extremely cruel and cold.

Forty-eight years, King had a soft-featured face and sweet, slightly curly blond hair and blue eyes good-natured. It was neither too big nor too high and the general appearance was that of a vulnerable person, but it was very wrong indeed. King was a national agent, fine and intensely trained in all things necessary to avoid or deal with any situation and had fully demonstrated in the field. Additionally, he attended university in psychology and had specialized in interrogation ends. The latter was not merely a reward in his verdant resume, if someone could get something out of a tough guy, that was King.

But this case was a challenge. Bogues belonged to a fundamentalist faction very anarchic structure of the training was more difficult. Perhaps they faced the most virulent case of his life, perhaps the failure would be the end of his career, but more important was that he had three hours to prevent two hundred thousand people died. He entered the room and closed the door behind him.

- Good morning, Adrian. -

The so far only inhabitant of the room slowly raised his eyes. He was not handcuffed or tied in any way, was sitting in a sparse white chair with hands folded on his lap, staring at the floor.

- Morning, Carrhae agent. -

King smiled slightly, and drawing a chair to the position of Bogues, sat in front of him crossing his legs. In this way he looked comfortable and relaxed.

- I see you know me. -

Adrian smiled with some bitterness.

- He killed many of my brothers. -

Nothing was noticeable in the cold eyes of Bogues.

- Would you like to kill me?. -

Adrian curved her lips without joy.

- All in good time, Carras agent. -

King smiled shifting their gaze to the floor.

- Get over it, Adrian. Where is it?. -

Bogues smiled more intensely now baring their teeth.

- Come on, officer. So easy to want it?. -

Carras was speaking in a tone of discourse that betrayed nothing of hopelessness of the situation, rather seemed to speak of the last football season.

- Is that you life is worth nothing but I have two hundred thousand people locked in the tower "Camelot" with alarm and bacteriological agents in 1500 for a bomb for two days. What you're looking for, Adrian?. -

Bogues smiled slyly.

- Save the universe. -

It was very brief but a glimmer of concern crossed his eyes Carras.

- Well. - Carras said. - That is very good but there must be something you want to change that I can save these people. Tell me and I promise to manage immediately. -

- My purpose is not the death of innocent people, an agent, but the occurrence of certain events that will ensure the stability and permanence of this universe. -

- Perfect!, We understand each other. Tell me that I make these events happen and everyone is happy. -

Bogues's eyes became opaque.

- You can not do anything. -

Carras shifted in his chair and he shifted his legs.

- Well, well. Why did not you tell me that you walk back?. For the brotherhood has left you all alone.

-

- I act at my own risk in this case. Put it on top of my discoveries will take more than three hours, I warn you. -

Carras knew that neither the sitting of the cruelest torture would make this man, for whom death was an event more varied his attitude. Could only speculate that a mistake and betray some detail. There was nothing to keep talking and if the bomb exploded, he himself would put a bullet in the brain. Furthermore Bogues Carras knew and knew fully what his future, none so bloodthirsty as the man before him.

- Well, do not waste time and start then. -

Bogues took a deep breath and began.

- Among the people of Camelot Tower is a group of invaders from another universe parallel to ours. The primary objective of this group is not damaging our universe but the collateral damage for its fundamental premise will damage not only this universe but all the neighbors. That does not seem to mind them at all. -

- You doctor of physics, right? . - Asked Carras.

- I have three PhDs in quantum physics.-

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