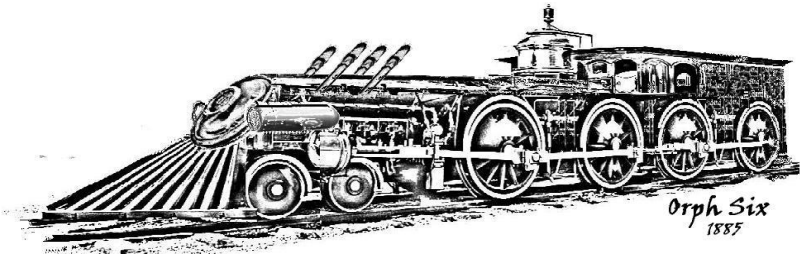


Episode 4

Sullivant's Hill

March 7th, 1885, 1:40 PM



As old Dentist Levi inspected more than just Sara's teeth on the phantom train, Tesla approached Columbus and slowed down to 35MPH. Ten minutes later, he switched to the Camp Chase rail across Sullivant's Hill. After five more minutes, he entered the thousand-foot entrance to the Orphan Ambulance Garage.

The first five ORPHs sounded like typical trains. However, one of Tesla's steam engine upgrades caused this one to growl loudly like an angry animal; just hearing it excited Mic and his assistant mechanics.

Being an entire foot lower than any earlier version, combined with the dark primer, gave ORPH Six a menacing appearance that matched its belligerent growl.

After showing the drooling mechanics where to refill fluids, Tesla entered a small room against the garage's western wall. He approached that big oak tool cabinet and then twisted that trim.

After about thirty shaky seconds, the Otis Elevator opened. It shook and rattled the young genius as it descended into ORPHAN's secret fortress.

The underground laboratory was big and empty, except for several engineers in its development laboratory.



In 2010, four months before Ohio’s largest Casino broke ground on ORPHAN’s old site, an FDA satellite innocently snapped this image of the now ancient fortress being cleared and buried just before the casino builders would have stumbled into it.

Tesla asked J Packard, one of the engineers, “Where is Commander Hayes?”

“Not my day to watch him, but he is likely in the clinic,” he answered as he pointed up.

Hayes used the clinic’s attic as his official office. Even with his dormers (windows) closed, he still heard ORPH Six screaming up Sullivant’s Hill.

Nicola reentered the elevator with two hidden levers in its ornate trim. One lever sent the elevator down to the secret base, and the other delivered it directly into Hayes’s office. The elevator’s visible selector only offered access to the clinic’s first and second levels.



Spending time in Orphan's underground complex gave Hayes a new appreciation of windows. From three floors above Sullivant's Hill, he could look down at Ohio's statehouse, seven miles away.

This office was also his shrine, featuring a lifetime full of his accomplishments and awards.

His newest award, a special wall clock created by Tiffany & Co., was ringing just as Tesla pulled into the garage and arrived sooner than expected.

The Boston Daily Newspaper presented one hundred of these to America's most outstanding leaders.

However, these recipients and Tiffany were unaware of the extra features added to the awards when Cross Shipping Company delivered them.

"Perfect timing," Hayes thought as he called Ivonta's desk. "Nicola just pulled into the garage. Have McLaughlin, Freeman, Yeager, and Conrad up here in twenty-five minutes."

Freeman and McLaughlin entered Hayes' office first.

"We have not located the girls yet, so New Orleans is a go."

"I told Mic to get number Six refilled as soon as possible. That should take about forty more minutes," Hayes said when Yeager and Conrad walked in several minutes later.

Hayes then handed his pilots a list of military bases ready to refuel ORPH Six with fuel oil. He then told Lemont, “Call me from each stop. I’ll be right here.”

Just as Tesla entered his office, one of the six phones on Hayes’s deck began ringing. Hayes answered each one, trying to figure out which was ringing. He complained, “These damn phones should have different tones!”

“Hayes here!”

“X here. We just found your hijacked stagecoach and horses.”
“I just sent several dozen men to help find your ladies.”

“Where?”

“In Alexandria just across the river” (from Washington, DC).

“Who was with it?”

“Nobody; the horses were wandering. They are clean as if they only traveled a couple of miles.”

“What did you find?”

“The only thing inside the coach was a scarlet and gray scarf.”

“Are you sure you found their coach?”

“It says Electro-Wonder over its doors; it has a dead light bulb in its ceiling, and six New York Clydesdales were pulling it.”

“That’s it, X, but this does not make sense.”

“How did you find it?”

“The horses wandered into Arlington’s city center.”

“Stay on the line, X; I’m briefing agents right now; I’ll be back in a moment.”

Hayes put the ear cup down, “The coach and horses were just found rolling through Arlington, Virginia, alone,” he told the agents.

“It appears they are in or near DC.”

“It’s a diversion, Boss. They are just trying to throw us off their trail.”

“What makes you so sure?”

“The coach had to be quickly reassembled to abandon it where we would rapidly find it. There is no way those horses could have reached DC alone. They would still be in Ohio.”

“If they wanted to dump this evidence, they would have just thrown it off a bridge.”

“They think we did not know that they dismantled the coach.”

“You’re right!” Hayes agreed.

“Like usual,” Lemont added.

Hayes picked up the earpiece, “X, this is a diversion.”

“A diversion?”

“They assume we have no clue that they dismantled that coach. They had to resemble it so that we would find it. They had no reason for this besides sending us astray. This is a diversion. Call your men off.” Hayes told him.

“No, no, Boss, don’t call them off,” Lemont warned.

“They would be watching. If we appear to be vigorously searching around DC, they will believe they fooled us, and they’ll let their guard down.”

“X don’t call them off; send every Secret Service agent you can spare to search. Make them believe that they fooled us.”

“Indeed.”

“Boss, tell X to also search every building with rail docks within several miles of Arlington. Have agents follow giant pony-pies.”

“Did you get that, X?”

“Every word, anything else?”

“I’ll call you back in an hour.”

“On it, Rud, X out,” click.

“Boys,” The old commander often called men half his age, “let’s get to New Orleans.”

Hayes then placed a wooden crate on his desk. He then removed five pistols and five 2-pound boxes of ammunition.

“These six-shooter prototypes from Webley are the most precise pistols ever evaluated. It is a shame they are made in England instead of here,” Hayes said as he passed them out.



As he handed them out, he explained, “These are only on loan to us. They want them back.”

“So, don’t lose it, Colin!”

“Have one crappy pistol, shot out of my hand by a counterfeiter, who I then hog-tied after a five-block foot chase, but he only remembers the lost gun,” Colin muttered to Lemont.

Hayes then pulled two leather belts from the crate and handed them to Colin and Lemont.

“Put this belt on securely,” Hayes told Colin.

After buckling them up, Hayes told them, “Twist the latch.”

As they did, part of the buckle’s frame popped into their hands, straightening into a brass tube.

“Wow, what is it?” Lemont asked.

“It is a blowgun, preloaded with a tiny dart, which will knock men out in seconds.”

“Just make sure you only blow in the same direction as its arrow points. Don’t suck instead; that could be very bad.”

“I never suck, Boss.”

“20 more darts are hidden inside each belt,” Hayes said as he showed them how to access them.

“We already have these darts!” Colin blurted as he popped his off his buckle.

“Engineer Packard just built these buckles.”

“Today?”

“Yes. I asked him if he knew anything about those little darts.”

“He opened his Sears Roebuck catalog to page 447, and there they were.”

“Sears sells everything,” Colin inserted.

“They have knock-out darts.”

“Sears even named them ‘Awls,’” Hayes added.

“Awls?” Colin asked.

“Your old buddy’s company produces them.”

“After Doctor Awl injected me with that bat crap, he tried to drill a hole through my head!” Colin responded.

Lemont blurted, “Boss, he never thanked me for saving his ass.”

“I even missed a buffet with Senator Armstrong.”

“It is obvious that he has only missed one meal!” Colin replied.

While shaking his head, “No,” Hayes explained, “I called my old friend Dick Sears. He had his man Roebuck send all the Awls and shooters in stock to their rail depot.”

“I had (agents) Morton and Pluck, who were already in Chicago with ORPH Five, rush them down here.”

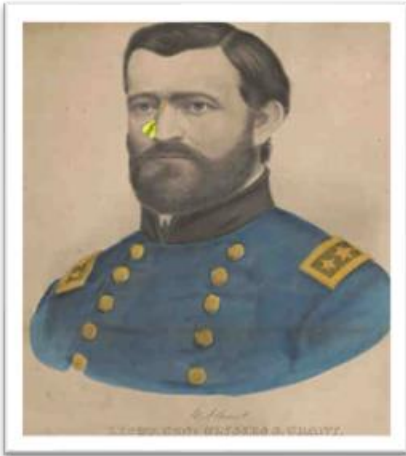
“Sears only sells these reed blowguns,” Hayes said as he pulled a bundle from the box.

“Grass reeds are too fragile, so I had Packard build these trick buckles while Stanley sowed the belts.

Hayes thought he read, “Where’s mine?” expression on Tesla’s face. “They barely had time to finish these two sets today. I’ll have another for you when you return. Nicola.”

“That’s fine, sir.”

“Since this will be your first mission, stay behind these two master agents at first.”



As the words “seasoned masters” echoed around the office, Colin’s preloaded dart nailed the painting of General Grant on the wall right between the eyes.

“These things are accurate!” Colin remarked as he admired his shot.

“You killed Grant!” Lemont responded.

“Oh, no! I saved him from Confederate assassins!”

“Lucky punches. Blind squirrels find nuts occasionally,” Lemont commented.

“Pure aptitude! No luck needed.”

“Boss, this was the three hundred and sixty-fourth time he mentioned saving Grant without crediting the backhand I taught him.”

“That was the thousandth time Lemont brought up his backhand,” Colin responded.

“Things of great beauty deserve recognition!” Lemont replied.

Hayes’s head shook that “no” motion again, “This is not playtime, boys.”

Staring at the little dart stuck between Grant’s eyes, Tesla answered, “Yes, sir, I feel fortunate to have such professional mentors.”

“Nicola, you can take these reed shooters and a darts case right now if that makes you happy,” Hayes offered.

“I’m already packing enough. Just coming here today was the most fun I ever had alone,” Tesla said as his lab coat pockets bulged.

“Great, son.”

“Because of my latest ORPH improvements, I probably reached Columbus from New York twice as fast as anyone before. It was a thrill beyond explanation.”

“Rather proud of himself,” Colin whispered to Lemont.

Then their eyes rolled as Hayes added, “Nicola, we would not have a way to chase them down without you.”

Hayes then told Hayes, Freeman, and the two pilots to gather their bags and meet at ORPH Six in 20 minutes. He kept Tesla to brief him quickly.

After a quick briefing, Hayes asked about those prototypes and notebooks stolen from his Manhattan apartment several years earlier.”

“What a mess they left.”

“You should have told me about this right away.”

“I ran to the New York (Secret Service) Office near my house. You were six hundred miles away, and telephone lines did not reach this far west yet.”

“Well, you did the right thing, son. But I need to know about things like this in the future.”

“Fine, sir.”

“Could any of those notes or prototypes be used against us like a weapon?”

“Um, possibly, sir.”

“Possibly?”

“They took 17 notebooks packed with my designs.”

“Please elaborate.”

“Several devices can be controlled from miles away without wires.”

“From far away?”

“Potentially around the world. I’ve only managed to operate devices within twenty miles so far, sir.”

“Could they ignite bombs from miles away?”

“Yes.”

“Wonderful.”

“What about the prototypes they stole?”

“That could be a problem.”

“Wonderful,” again.

“They took some dynamo-powered prototypes, which would be easier to duplicate than deciphering my notes.”

“Al (Edison) is already selling ventilation fans with your dynamos. So is George; everyone knows about your dynamos.”

“It’s not the dynamos. It’s the machines they power.”

“Machines, what machines?”

“Well, my boat.”

“They stole your boat?”

“It looks like a child’s toy since it was only three feet long.”

“What is special about it?”

“It can be operated from shore or another boat without wires.”

“What do you mean by “operated?”

“Piloted as if a crew was aboard.”

“How precisely?”

“Very.”

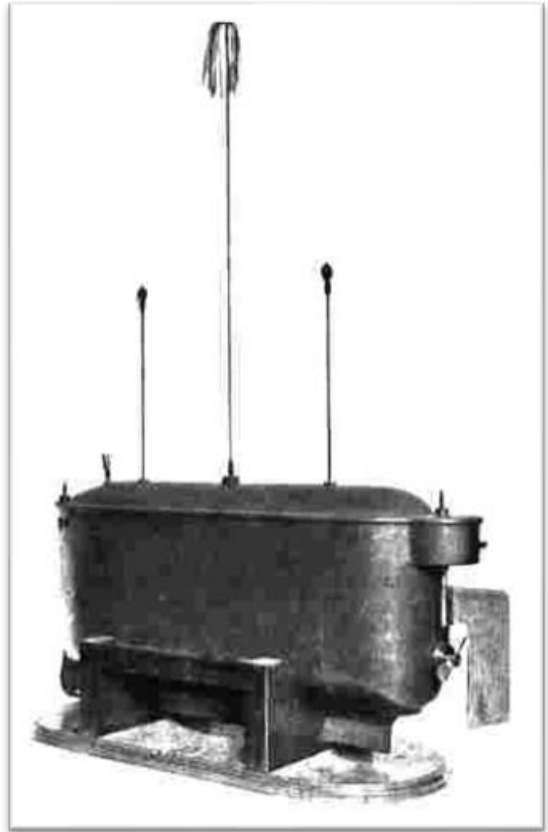
“From how far away?”

“Well, you need to be close enough to see it.”

“How far is that?”

“With sharp eyes and a flag flying above in daylight, maybe a mile and a half.”

“Could the enemies of freedom put a bomb in it, then remotely blow up our ships?”



“There is not enough room in that stolen prototype for more than five dynamite sticks.”

“Could they build larger ones to carry more dynamite?”

“Yes.”

“Could this setup also control a full-sized boat without a crew?”

“Yes, after considerable engineering, but hopefully, they haven’t figured out how to read my notes.”

“What do you mean?”

“One book has an explosive formula; I call Scalar Ignitro.”

“I calculated that one pound will release the energy of 163 pounds of dynamite.”

“Oh, good God.”

“I’ve never even produced a sample to test it; I did not want the Hungarians to have it. It might not even work.”

“How often do your designs fail?”

“Sometimes they need adjustments, but I don’t recall any total failures.”

“How good is your memory?”

“As sharp as everything else.”

“Lovely.”

“Hopefully, they can’t break my code.”

“Your code?”

“I write my notes in code. Well, more confusion than code.”

“My sentences use words from eight languages, written backward.”

“Written backward?”

“Most people would have to read their reflections in a mirror to try reading them.”

“Your Clever ideas never end.”

“That one is not mine. I borrowed it from Da Vinci; I just added multiple languages.”

“I was not trying to fool the world, just the Hungarian guards looking over my shoulders.”

“Are there any more designs in those notes that could be used against us?”

“Perhaps.”

“Perhaps?”

“One explains how to use modulation frequencies to shake down buildings, bridges, or worse.”

“Or Worse!?”

“It could cause earthquakes.”

“Big one!?”

“Perhaps.”

“Mother of God!”

“Is that all?”

“Almost.”

“Nicola, it looks like this White Knight Syndicate we are trailing stole your notes.”

“Interesting.”

“These are men who hate America’s equality, democracy, and our constitution.”

“That’s not good, sir.”

“These hate mongers are technically savvy and well funded.”

“We must develop countermeasures to everything in those notebooks as rapidly as possible. Do you remember everything in them?”

“I left copies in Germany with a great engineering friend; after that break-in, he sent them to me, and I copied them again.”

“I put full sets in security boxes at two banks, one in Manhattan, the other in Pittsburgh.”

“Did you bring those keys with you?”

“I have almost everything with me. I’ve lived in ORPH Six for the last four months as we finished it.”

“I have not spent one night at my apartment in four months.”

“I think you should leave those keys with me. I will lock them in our safe. I will only use them if something happens to you.”

“If I can’t trust you, I can’t trust anyone.”

Tesla unzipped the little leather bag attached to his belt, extracted those keys, and gave them to Hayes.

Because Elias Howe had already patented the zipper in 1851, Nicola had never patented his little belt-attached container. Today, only several hardcore nerds know Tesla invented the fanny pack.

“Nicola, Mclaughlin, and Freeman have profound respect for you. But they are a bit intimidated by having you come along. So, forgive them if they act distant or aloof.”

“Thanks for the warning.”

“They met as kids fighting over a \$25 prize.”

“They have never stopped trying to one-up each other. They don’t act like they like each other, but they are closer than most brothers.

“Who won the money?”

“Lemont won the fight, but Colin won the money.”

“Must be another crazy American thing,” Tesla thought.

“Now, help them find our girls, but stay back behind them.”

“Yes, sir.”

11. The Maximus V - Sara Ancona, Italy
April 27, 1883,



Almost two years before Animus snatched the Buckeye Beauties, Ty (and Max) Cross showed up at the Ancona Shipyard on Italy's east coast. They were there to pick up Ty's newest (fifth) personal yacht, the 300-foot Maximus V.

It was considered "Earth's most beautiful vessel," but it was designed to be the planet's swiftest ship. As a result, it could blow past the world's quickest warships.

It was the fifth 'five-masted tall ship' with a steel hull. But unlike its four predecessors, this ocean rocket also used steam engines to supplement its sails.

Beneath its four teakwood decks sat the largest coal-burning steam engine on the sea. Its two center masts were robust steel vent stacks

Soaring eighty-six feet above its upper deck. They only looked like wood.

Under perfect conditions, the combination of sails and a 2500 horsepower steam engine allowed this beauty to keep twenty-three knots (28 miles) per hour, making her the fastest large ship on earth in 1883.

All steel ships are painted to prevent rust. The first four tall steel ships were painted dark gray, which was far too ugly for Ty Cross. So, he had this one painted white with a thick blue stripe.

After seeing its vast white sails filled during its first sea test, its builders called it “La Angelo Bianco,” the White Angel.

It was also the world’s first fully electrified ship. Every room had electric lighting. At night, its masts lit up like Christmas trees. Because it had no rival, it mesmerized everyone fortunate enough to see it, day or night.

Even Italy’s King Umberto’s private yacht, the second of these five steel-hauled tall ships, looked like a cargo hauler by comparison. Its pampering level of luxury was also over the top.

It was slated for release on May 1, 1883, so Ty and Max arrived a week early to go shopping in Venice.

However, a steam manifold exploded during a pressure test. It had to be replaced before the ship could be delivered.

Forging a more robust manifold and then rushing it to Italy from Cross’s foundry in Holland would take almost two more weeks.

Cross Shipping has had hundreds of ships built at this shipyard. So, instead of waiting, King Umberto invited Ty and Max to sail with him to a private sporting event.

The Reale Ludi Munus was held every Mayday (May 1st) exclusively for 18-20 royal families inside Syracuse's Nero Theatrum, a Roman amphitheater built during Jesus's time.

"Will Alfonso (Spain's King) be there?" Ty asked King Umberto.

"I have not discussed this year's event with him. However, his gladiators have won the last three years. He sailed home with nearly three tons of gold; I would be surprised by his absence."

"Good."

"So, what do you need to discuss with him, my friend?"

"He is planning a price increase for tobacco and sugar from Cuba, which I must pass on to my customers. I need to keep prices stable for at least my best customers like you," Ty lied.

"Good for you!"

"The Port Alcona Shipyard will start building a ship for Alfonso after your Maximus V departs."

"His personal vessel?"

"I do not know," the Italian king lied.

Since they had to wait for that manifold, Ty decided to go sporting with King Umberto.

Twelve hours later, they set sail for the Port of Syracuse in the *Bella Enchantadora*, the King's private vessel. This dark gray ship was the first of those five-masted steel-hauled tall ships.

When they reached Syracuse, Ty was pleased to see that King Alfonso's ship was already there.

The Cross family and Spain's kings shared many things beyond tobacco and sugar.

Ty also inherited two secluded ports and a hidden ocean bay in Cuba. In 1767, King Charles III of Spain deeded that bay (and surrounding land) to Ty's great-grandfather, Captain Adrian Maximus Christofis.

However, the British would dub Christofis "The Last Caribbean Pirate."

In 1766, Captain Christofis was commissioned to haul a shipment of cocoa beans to the King of Portugal's warehouse after dropping off a load of African slaves in Brazil.

As they loaded his ship, the slaves continually complained, "These beans are heavier than rocks!"

After finishing, he noticed his ship was drafting a foot lower than expected. After verifying that it was watertight, he opened a few crates.

All eight hundred crates had a false bottom hiding golden Incan treasure.

Sea captains were paid 2%-10% of their cargo's value upon delivery. His commission on the beans would earn his typical payday, but if based on this treasure, he could buy several new ships.

So, Christofis and his trusted mates transferred the treasure to an old, worn-out ship he had bought as scrap. Then, several hours after his fine Portuguese boat set sail, it supposedly sunk during a freak storm.

“The king lost all his beans.”

He and his mostly clueless crew were saved by his old ship.

Several months later, Christofis and his trusted mates docked a small boat in Havana, Cuba. There, through Cuba’s governor, he offered Spain’s king two of his four treasure chests for a piece of Cuban land. He lied; he had four chests stuffed with Inca treasure.

Before approaching Cuba, he had slaves bury thirty-six chests on thirty-six separate Eastern Caribbean islands (one per island). Nearly a century later, these thirty-six islands became President Cross’s Republic of Tyberia.

Christofis cleverly put pinholes in his star map. When this map was placed directly over Portugal’s official map of the Caribbean, those holes pinpointed each chest.

He and his six mates then sank the rotten old boat, with the slaves that buried the chests chained inside. Only he and his trusted mates knew anything about the thirty-six chests of Incan gold.

Christofis requested Spain’s King deed him the land around an unnamed lake along Cuba’s south-central coast in exchange for two treasure chests.

Twelve years earlier, Christofis was the First Mate on a Spanish ship. After a storm sank it, he washed up on the beach beside a row of small hills.

He noticed a freshwater creek flowing into the sea between several hills. It followed it inland. About a quarter mile, it became that inland lake.

Spain's King saw no use for this remote, primarily desert site, so he had Cuba's governor issue the deed in exchange for the treasure.

Christofis was fascinated by Dutch engineering, which had turned nearly a thousand square miles of ocean into usable land.

He had Cuban slaves build two small cofferdams (mounds of rock and soil), one at each end of this short creek, which stopped its flow. He then had them dig that creek bed into a canal wide and deep enough to allow the largest ships to reach his hidden lake.

He named this place "Campa La Jagua."

Christofis knew kings could not be trusted, so he set out to become a solid asset to Spain's king.

Lloyds of London (the first ship insurance company) had just begun underwriting new British ships against damage and loss.

This gave Christofis the idea to become the king's hero.

Under unrelated company names, they began buying one new English galleon a year. Each ship was supposedly lost at sea while carrying extremely valuable (insured) cargo. Suspicion was avoided because each vessel seemed to be owned by different owners.

These new English ships were sailed in his new bay and then altered to resemble Spanish galleons. Christofis then sold these nearly new Spanish imposters in Nassau.

The Spanish King and Christofis shared the money from the resale, insurance, and cargo. They pulled this scam off once a year for six years, 1769-1775.

However, in 1775, Lloyds of London expanded their insurance coverage to ships built in any country, provided they passed a stringent inspection first.

While inspecting a Spanish galleon, inspectors rapidly realized that it was an English ship that Lloyd's had already covered as a total loss.

Its new owner was arrested, but his paperwork proved he had legally bought it in Nassau. Nassau's British governor and its earlier owner, Captain Adrian Christofis, had signed over a Spanish title.

Unaware of Christofis's hidden bay, George III sent a fleet of warships to hunt him down.

However, several months later, the American colonies declared independence from England. This ended the search for Christofis as the king's ships sailed off toward Boston to teach those damn Yankees a lesson.

Christofis took this opportunity to move his family to Corpus Christi, Mexico (not yet Texas), where he changed his surname to Cross.

Thirty-seven years later (1813), his son (Ty's grandfather), Claudius Maximus Cross, turned La Teja, the family's second Cuban property, a tobacco plantation on its northern coast.

La Teja was over seven hundred miles from Campa La Jagua by sea. However, they were only forty-two simple miles apart by land.



Claudius Cross also opened Cross Shipping International, bringing millions of enslaved Africans to the world.

Ty's father turned CSI into the largest privately held shipping company. Although CSI shipped almost everything anywhere, slaves remained one of the family's most profitable enterprises, even after the American Civil War ended North American slavery in 1865.

In 1856, Ty inherited thousands of ships and boats, hundreds of companies, a quarter-million slaves, those Cuban lands, and his great-grandfather's treasure maps.

His Cuban lands were so close by land that Ty figured out how to smuggle two thousand Spanish cannons (copies of India-made) to the Confederacy during the Civil War.

This would have been a significant advance for the Confederacy. Southern supplying ships could not sail through Cuba, so the Union Navy used Cuba's 1300-mile length as part of its southern port embargo line.

Cross could smuggle those cannons across Cuba and then use small fishing boats to deliver them to the Confederacy.

However, English spies exposed Spain's plan to disguise their cannons for the Confederacy. King Alfonso denied everything as he chickened out on delivering the cannons.

Sullivant's Hill

March 7th, 1885, 3:00 pm

Yeager had already logged 3500 miles during ORPH Six testing, so he knew what it could do.

The rails from Columbus through Indiana were the flattest until Mississippi. Since it was still daytime, Yeager told Conrad to "Take a nap (in the caboose) while I let the agent boys play pilot for a couple of hours."

As Mclaughlin and Freeman began elbowing each other for the copilot seat. Yeager's head shook that same "no" motion that had strengthened Hayes's neck.

When the big boy elbow match started showing for the co-pilot's seat, Yeager nailed all drive wheels simultaneously.

Note: Colin and Lemont were America's first full-time secret agents. Although each had ideal talents for the trade, they had not reached the level of professionalism that James Bond, Auston Powers, and Maxwell Smart would achieve.

As ORPHAN's secret agents flew through the locomotive, they seemed to freeze in space.

But that only lasted about one second before they slammed into the steel wall in front of the oil tank and water tub.

Lemont's jacket snagged an iron coat hook as they slid down the steel wall, which slowed his three hundred pounds down enough to break his fall on top of Colin.

Colin's grunt drowned out this ORPH's angry roar for a moment.

Yeager reversed his power stick as the agents staggered to their feet. This turned Tesla's electrical drive system into magnetic brakes, flinging them airborne again.

While soaring forward, Lemont grabbed a handrail as Colin's tonsils hard kissed the steel wall behind the dual pilot compartments.

Like that coat hook, that handrail held for a moment before breaking loose. This delay lasted long enough for Colin to cushion Lemont's massive impact again.

When Colin's lungs re-inflated, his giant partner had already stuffed himself into the co-pilot's seat.

Unlike Tesla, test pilot Yeager was no daredevil. He had no interest in finding this ORPH's top speed. In his mind, breaking Tesla's 149MPH on rails designed for 40MPH was beyond stupid.

However, before they crossed the Ohio River from Indiana, the rails were straight and smooth. So, he allowed both agents to break 100 MPH just to shut them up. Lemont reached 103.

After 45 minutes, it was Colin's turn.

As Colin reached one hundred, he pleaded, "Nicola hit 149 just a couple of hours ago; let's hit 150 to be the fastest men on earth! Let's Go!"

“Tesla might be the smartest guy, but that does not mean he is intelligent, just not as stupid as some of us,” Yeager said as he glanced straight at Colin.

With his eyes back on the tracks, Yeager added, “We have already traveled faster than any group of men ever has.”

“Even though we can’t tell anyone, we are breaking the world’s land speed record as a team!”

He allowed Colin to reach 105 MPH.

“Come on, man, it has so much more, so let’s crank it!”

“Kill yourself when I’m not around. This is not some circus ride, and I don’t need clowns distracting me,” Captain Yeager asserted.

Yeager then rotated Tesla’s microphone dial to “CABOOSE” and pressed it. “Hey, Conrad.”

“Yeah,” his bell-shaped brass phone speaker replied.

“We are approaching the hills; we need an actual co-pilot.”

“What a killjoy,” Collin thought.