

The “Little Girl” Project ©2018

By: Ray Urbaniak

Chapter 1: The Trunk

George Welsh was standing in a downpour with the rainwater and salty tears pouring from his eyes. He stood there frozen for more than half an hour as he tried to summon the courage to go inside the apartment building. George was just an ordinary looking 19 years old college student, yet he looked much older today. His life had suddenly been turned inside out. George was forcing himself to start going through his Father’s and Grandfather’s belongings. The burden fell on him, being the only surviving relative. It had already been one month since their tragic deaths and he couldn’t wait any longer. His Father Thomas and Grandfather Stanley had died in an automobile accident on July 6, 2006 in Colorado Springs, Colorado just outside of town.

He thought he would start with his Grandfather’s possessions first, since his Grandfather was getting old and had slowly pruned down to his few remaining sentimental possessions. He lived alone following the death of George’s Grandmother two years earlier.

As he finally gathered his emotional strength he slowly entered his Grandfather's small apartment. George went for the old steamer trunk first, recalling that his Grandfather had opened it when he was young and showed him some of his trophies and other memorabilia.

The trunk was an old steel olive green steamer trunk with what appeared to be partially rusted chrome plated steel corner protectors.

George went to where he hoped the key was still hidden. It had been in the left hand drawer of the ancient dark mottled brown roll top desk in his Grandfather's apartment. George could still picture his Grandfather retrieving the key and thankfully when he opened the drawer the key was still there. His Grandfather had apparently kept it in the same location all of these years.

He picked up the steamer trunk from its sagging shelf, and let out a groan from the unexpected weight. As he was swinging it off the shelf one of the rotting leather handle grips broke. The weight had been too much for the cracked and aged leather. The right side of the trunk crashed to the floor, narrowly missing his foot.

After a few deep breaths George opened the trunk he realized that the fall had dislodged the right inside panel of the trunk. He was reaching in to push it back in place when he noticed something behind it. "What the fuck!" he

exclaimed as the thought ran through his mind, “Why would Grandpa have a secret panel in his trunk?”

He carefully extracted a faded leather bound book and realized it was a journal.

As he opened the aged yellow paged journal, and began reading, it was shocking to discover that it was a journal of his Grandfather time in the Peace Corp in Africa. “Africa, why did he keep this hidden and never talk about it. I never knew this!” he said to himself.

He felt close to his grandfather which made this all the more perplexing. “How could it be that there was a whole chunk of his life that he kept secret?” He said out loud.

As he flipped the cracking pages a few old black and white Polaroid pictures fell out. The photos were of African women and one woman in particular appeared several times.



Stanley Welsh 1946- _____

“This isn’t a regular journal kept over time, it is something I am recording from the past to preserve my memories.

“When I went to and graduated from college I was very good in languages. I had learned French and Russian and was top of my class. I was recruited by the CIA, and after one year of training I was given an assignment to join the Peace Corps which was a pretty new organization back then.

“I was told that they had heard a rumor about a tribe in Southern Africa which they wanted me to check out by posing as a Peace Corp volunteer. They knew that my family had owned a small farm so they felt it would be a good cover.

“The CIA Officials told me that you normally take a test for the Peace Corp and if accepted there is a 3 month training program followed by 2 years of service. In my case, they said they would reduce my training to one month. I was also told that they normally sent a team but I would be sent alone.

“I wasn’t told what rumor they had heard, since they felt it was better if I just observed without any preconceived notions.

“The tribe I was sent to did not want visitors, let alone a Peace Corp volunteer. They were just Hunter Gatherers. The CIA had pulled some strings with

the African Government and the Tribe had reluctantly made an exception for just one person.

“I got excited about the assignment and did a lot of research on Africa and felt I could actually help them with farming since they were still simply hunter gatherers.”



“My head is spinning, I can’t read any more right now. I knew my Grandfather had retired from public service, but I had no idea that that public service was the CIA!” George said to himself.

He tucked the journal back into its hiding place and slide the panel back to hide it. Why he was hiding it he wasn’t sure, but if his Grandfather had kept it secret all these years, then maybe there was something to hide.

“I’m exhausted, I’m going for a walk” he prodded himself.

He had no longer left the building and went to cross the street when he absentmindedly walked in front of a speeding black Ford Ranger with oversized tires, and a woman yanked him back just in time.

As he came back to the present he thanked her profusely while noticing a strong resemblance to the black and white photos he had just seen.

Chapter 2: Hunter Gatherers

“After visiting some Mayan ruins in the Yucatan one year, between college semesters, I visited a small village called Muna in the Yucatan.

“The village was neat and clean and had a central well with a spigot where everyone got their water. The homes were mostly built in traditional manner using a variation of wattle and daub (sticks and clay), with thatched roofs.

“There were a few homes that had been built of cinder blocks since they would last longer. I found the cinder block homes ugly and they looked like something from a ghetto. The traditional homes were beautiful!

“The people were gentle and friendly and I felt quite at home. In fact, I felt like I would be happy to spend the rest of my life right there.

“I was certain that if I could get the African Tribe to plant a few crops such as the Mayan people do, then the Tribe could live much better. In this way I could

do some good by managing to help them out even if my real assignment didn't turn up anything for the CIA.

"Upon arrival in Africa I found the tribal village was also neat and clean as was the Mayan village that made such an impression on me.

"I was greeted warmly, but I could sense the reserve resulting from the fact that it wasn't their decision to invite me.

"During the first six months I took a low profile while I studied the culture and language.

"I picked up enough language skills so that I could ask proper questions. They didn't have a spigot for water but they did have a very clean looking well, contrary to what I had imagined in my mind. I did filter the water for the first couple of months until I realized that no one seemed to be suffering from any water-borne illnesses...in fact, everyone seemed extraordinarily healthy!

"I settled into a routine and pretty much mastered the language by about nine months. I then got excited about introducing the concept of planting and cultivating a corn crop, as I had seen in the Mayan village.

"They reluctantly obliged me.

“I was thrilled by the abundant corn crop and showed them how to select and save the best seeds for next year’s crop.

“It wasn’t until I eventually became very close to a beautiful young girl, that she confided in me that they were just humoring me. They had no need for the extra work of planting and tending to a crop that was vulnerable to the whims of weather, insects, rodents, fungus, weeds, etc.

“At first I was offended, but I gradually realized they were right! They had been successful for some 70,000 years living this way and who was I to tell them they didn’t know what they were doing. After that I decided to simply act like a diplomat for my country vs trying to teach them more modern ways.

“In fact, they were the ones teaching me to live in the present moment and in harmony with nature.

“During my time living with the tribe I most enjoyed the singing, dancing and chanting that was practiced by just the women in this particular African tribe. Every time I heard and experienced the rhythms of the dancing I felt I was in a trance and time stood still until they concluded the dance.”



I gently closed the musty journal, with the musty scent tickling my nose, and returned it to its hiding place. I felt like I was in my Grandfather's trance and could almost hear and feel the chanting.

"Did my Father know of my Grandfather's past? He had never mentioned anything.

"What was the reason he was sent to this tribe? Was it some kind of initiation joke for new recruits?

"How could a hunter gatherer tribe possibly know something of interest to the CIA?"

The questions kept streaming from my brain.

"Should I take the journal back out and continue reading? No, I have other things to do right now."



Chapter 3: The Encounter

George was leaving his Grandfather's place when he noticed a reflection in one of the store windows of a person standing in an alley on his side of the street. It looked like the woman who had saved his life!

He walked down the street, and continued a couple of paces past the alley, looking straight ahead until he abruptly turned around and stared at her.

She came forward and said, "I'm not very good at spying am I."

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"Well, that's a long story, my name is Kasin, can we go someplace and talk?"

I took her to a small café that was nearby and we sat in a booth where no one could overhear our conversation.

She began, "I think your life is in danger!"

"Did someone try to kill me the other night?" I asked

"No, you nearly killed yourself the other night."

"I think your Father and our Grandfather were murdered, and I'm afraid you may also be a target!" She looked at me with concerned eyes.

“Our Grandfather?” I yelled, as the phrase from the journal ran through my mind “a beautiful young girl I eventually become very close to”.

“What did your Grandfather tell you about his time in Africa?” she asked.

“He never even told me he had been to Africa.....are you saying we are related?”

“Yes, but your Grandfather left Africa before he ever knew my Grandmother was pregnant.”

“Is there somewhere even more private where we can speak?”



As I took her to my Grandfather’s apartment I thought that she looked to be a few years older than me. This made sense, since from what little I knew, tribal people married younger and had children at a younger age. “I was telling the truth when I told you I never knew that **Our** Grandfather had even been to Africa, but I do know about it now!”

I told her about dropping the trunk and I then opened the trunk to show her what I had found and waited impatiently for her to catch up to where I had stopped reading. Then we continued reading together.

“I had already been living with the tribe for well over a year and it had just dawned on me that during this time no one had gotten ill, not even me. Could this be what my boss had heard about and was this the reason for my assignment?”

“I decided to ask Khuma, my close friend, why no one seems to get ill.”

That evening I saw her alone and approached her and asked, “Khuma, no one has gotten ill in all the time I have been here. Is this normal?”

Khuma looked away, stared into space for a while then returned her gaze to me.

After another long painful pause she spoke. “I am not allowed to discuss such things with you.” She paused again and then said, “You are a very close friend, so if you swear you will never tell anyone I will break the rules just for you.”

Then, I was the one who paused. “Could I swear to never tell my boss? The person who is paying me to spy on them?”

“I looked her in the eyes and knowing I would probably get fired for this, I said, ‘you have my promise’.”

Khuma told me that some 50,000 years ago while singing, dancing and chanting that they realized if they all focused on the same thing it would usually manifest the thought.

“We have refined and perfected this ability (gifts) for 50,000 years and we are able to assure a good safe life.”

“You mean you can prevent or cure illness?” I asked.

“Yes, and much, much more. I must ask you again for your assurance that you will tell NO ONE, before I continue!”

“You definitely have my word, and besides, I don’t think anyone would believe me anyway.” I replied in an attempt at humor.

She continued, obviously not getting the joke, “Some 60 years ago, we were starting to get concerned about protecting ourselves from the outside world. It was decided by the women to conduct a test. The men are not aware of our ability!”

I thought, “50,000 years and the men are not aware?”

She continued, “One member of the tribe, who was adept at astral travel, found a spot in what is now the taiga of Siberia which was remote, and mostly

uninhabited, as a site to test our capability to protect ourselves if absolutely necessary.

“The women all focused on the site while singing dancing and chanting with the intention of destroying. The year of this test was 1908.”

“You mean that you caused the explosion that destroyed over 700 square miles of forest?”

“Yes, they didn’t want too big of an explosion. Ever since, we have kept an even lower profile, and we avoid contact with other people as much as possible. We have continued our silence because we know that if the outside world knew the truth they would try to destroy us.”

I couldn’t speak. “Did my boss suspect this? If that is why I am here the Tribe is in real danger.” A picture of this wonderful tribe being bombed flashed into my mind.

“Periodically we send out tribal members to live in Western society and assess the risk to our way of life.” Khuma added. “We have what you would call contingency plans.”

“After our conversation it took me days to digest the information that had just been confided to me. I had no reason to doubt her. In fact, one of my last

classes in college was on some new discoveries regarding what is called LASER and MASER technology. I had been fascinated with the new technology and I could now imagine that what they had achieved was something like TASEE. Thought Amplification through Stimulated Emission of Energy (vs Light Amplification through Stimulated Emission of Radiation or Microwave Amplification through Stimulated Emission of Radiation).

“It took me decades of working on it to figure out how their ability is achieved. However, I know my research can never be shared. So I hid my research. If anyone finds this journal, which I had planned to destroy before my death, they will at least never find my other research journal. I shouldn’t have keep this at all, but I did it for selfish reasons, so that I could periodically read it and confirm to myself that this really did happen and that I didn’t just dream it. Also, I knew that the women of the tribe could make me forget that I was ever even in Africa if they wanted to! I would at least be able to learn the truth if I was able to find my diary, which I put in this compartment I made long before I ever went to Africa. In fact, I had created this as a hiding place back when I was a kid.”



When Kasin had finished reading she said, “One of my Grandmother’s friends apparently overheard my Grandmother telling our Grandfather about the Experiment in Siberia. That friend recently told her Granddaughter Oedesoa about it, and Oedesoa left for the USA a little over a month ago. The woman was concerned by her Granddaughters abrupt departure so she told me what she had overheard. That is why I am here, but I apparently got here too late to prevent her causing the accident. We have a group ability, but we can individually cause a person to become momentarily confused, I went to where the accident happened and confirmed that she had to be following them in another car and just before they reached the sharp curve in the road she confused your father so that he couldn’t react and he drove the car off the edge of the cliff.

“I followed you to see if she was after you as well. I haven’t seen her yet, but I can only assume she is coming for you. I can teach you how to protect yourself from this induced confusion. We know this technique so that none of the other women can use it on us.”

“You look a lot like who I assume is your Grandmother.” I said as I leafed through the journal and extracted the Polaroid that looked like her.

“Yes, that must be her even though I certainly never saw a picture her when she was that young!”

“Is your Grandmother still alive?” I asked

“No, she passed away unexpectedly a couple of years ago. She was a wonderful woman.”

Chapter 4: Hunt for Little Girl

“According to the journal, Grandfather started referring to his private research as the ‘Little Girl’ Project. Do you have any idea what that means?” Kasin asked.

“I’m pretty sure it is a take-off on the ‘Little Boy’ atomic bomb used on Japan at the end of WW2. In this case it was women making the explosion, hence ‘Little Girl’.” George replied.

“I think we need to destroy this journal and find the other one as well and destroy it too before someone without proper restraint uses the power.”

“I guess I agree”, George nodded.

“How do we go about finding it?” Asked Kasin. “But on second thought I think we should keep this journal until we find the other one, since this one may contain a clue to its whereabouts.” Kasin replied to herself.

“Good point, since Grandpa was worried about his memory being erased, he may have included a clue which he thought only he would recognize.”



“When I returned to the States, my superiors debriefed me. When asked if I noticed or experienced anything odd, I replied: ‘Yes, they seemed very healthy. I don’t know if it is the varied diet or what, but I didn’t observe any illness while I was there. I don’t know if that is something the CIA would follow up on but I would suggest some nutritionists do a study on diet.’

“That seemed to throw them off what I later in the debriefing found out was the real reason they sent me there. The CIA had started a project on Extra Sensory Perception (ESP). They had apparently heard rumors that the members of this tribe were intuitive. Fortunately, I had prepared myself ahead of time to be

evasive by always referring back to their health. I said I had not witnessed any ESP abilities, even though I had in fact been told they could wipe my memories.

“They seemed satisfied with my answers, I think it was primarily because these particular debriefing people didn’t really believe in such things.

“I now had foreign experience so I was given other assignments, but I privately continued to work on this, my first mission, which I knew was bigger than anything I could possibly encounter during the rest of my career. I also knew it would be difficult not to share this incredible finding, so that is why I shared it with myself.”



Kasin said, “Grab the journal, we must leave! We’ll stop at your bank so you can get some cash. She will be on your trail, so we must hide you.”

“I just met you and you want me to drop everything and disappear with you?”

“It is that or die, I’m your relative and I saved your life if you recall.” She emphasized.

He couldn't deny that if it wasn't for her he would already be dead.

Reluctantly, he agreed. He stuffed the journal in his pocket with the musty smell lingering on his hands. Then they immediately went to his bank in her rental car.

George took out \$3,000 in cash which was his college money. They could use her credit card since the assassin wouldn't be tracking her, Kasin assured him.

They drove for nearly four hours to a small town in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains called Crestone. It was isolated, with only one road in.

They rented a nightly unit that had two beds, a small refrigerator and a cook top.

After a nice trout dinner at a local restaurant called the Desert Sage, they got a few groceries to put in the refrigerator so they wouldn't have to leave the unit the next day and could concentrate on the journal.

They had planned to reread the journal that evening, but after unloading the groceries they both collapsed into their beds.

As George was dosing off he heard a mouse, but he was too exhausted to get up and try and protect any food they may have left out.

As the sun came up they were greeted by a young deer staring in the window.

Breakfast passed with only a few words having been spoken. As they showered and started to come alive, George realized he would have to buy some more clothes. All he had were the ones he was wearing and they were already starting to smell.

They spent the entire day reading and rereading the journal. They needed a break so they went for a walk along the creek and George said, "I love it here!"

He had no more than said it when he had a flash of insight. "The only place My Grandfather raved about in the journal was that little town in the Yucatan." In the Journal he said, "I could stay here forever!"

"And the beginning of the journal it is laid out like on a tomb stone. It had the date he was born but the date of death is open. What if he bought a grave site there and has the other journal hidden in the tomb stone or monument? It is something he would recognize if his memories were partially wiped."

"It is a long shot, but there is some logic to it. Since we don't have any other ideas we might as well go check it out." Kasin replied.

Next morning after driving one hour to Alamosa, Colorado they picked up some clothes for him. Then they spent nearly four additional hours driving to a motel in Albuquerque, NM and got a nice room with two beds.

The motel was not fancy, but it was only a couple of years old the room was still in excellent condition.

After they checked in, Kasin used her new Nokia 6234 phone to call the airport and check flights to Merida in the Yucatan. George was impressed with her state of the art phone.

George also noticed that she e-mailed someone using the phone, but he didn't want to ask about it.

Late the next morning they dropped the car off at the Albuquerque airport, picked up their tickets and caught a connected flight to Merida through Houston. The entire flight took about six hours.

George didn't have a passport yet. He only had a driver's license with him and fortunately he knew that would still be good enough for entry into Mexico. New requirements were in the works, but they hadn't taken effect yet. Kasin had a passport since she was from Africa.

When he was in the immigration check in line he realized he could have gotten into Mexico without an ID. He observed the man in front of him slipping the clerk \$5. The immigration official never looked up and he waved the person through customs.

“Of course I would still need ID to get back into the US.” George realized.

They rented a less expensive older car and found an old mansion on the Paseo de Montejo in Merida that had been somewhat refurbished into a hotel. It wasn't sterile clean, but adequate and the old architecture was charming and memorable. They learned that the area had prospered in the late 19th and early 20th centuries by growing henequen (an agave) to make rope and twine, which was the reason for the old mansions from that period.

In the morning after a hurried breakfast, in an unhurried area, they drove to Muna. It didn't take long to locate the graveyard and begin the tedious process of looking at all grave stones. They concentrated on those intricate enough to house a compartment large enough to hold a journal.

After about an hour George spotted a head stone that was a square white marble column about 18" x 18" and 5 feet high. On top was a circular urn about the same diameter as the column width and about 8" high that appeared to be made of alabaster.

“Based on the weathering it has been here quite a while,” George thought.

He checked the head stone and it read “Stanley Welsh 1946- _____”

This was it, his guess was right. Kasin lauded him on his intuition. "I wonder if it was made here in the Yucatan, or if it was shipped over here in finished form?" He thought out loud.

He tried lifting the lid but it didn't budge. They tried together to no avail. George then tried to unscrew it, but nothing happened. However, when they tried together it began to budge. Little by little they rotated the lid until it came off.

The lid was quite heavy and at an awkward height so it took both of them to lift it off.

Inside they found the journal as predicted. It was wrapped in a piece of burlap.

Kasin and George had just retrieved the journal from the grave site when Kasin said, "I have an idea as to how to dispose of it (unread)."

George wanted to take a look at it first but Kasin insisted they go to a cenote first so they wouldn't be tempted to keep it after reading it.

They took the journal, left the lid off the urn, left the burlap then got back into their rental car.

Chapter 5: Cenote

After arriving at the deep cenote, they opened the journal and Kasin read over George's shoulder.



“George, if you are reading this they must have considered you/me a risk and wiped our memories. I know, Muna is not what we remembered, I guess that is what they call progress. I hope the Tribe in South Africa has still managed to avoid the seduction of so called ‘progress’.

“It is still a nice town and the people are very pleasant, but that simple way of life is gone. Hardly any traditional homes left.

“Well, this is the result of our research for several decades after our two years in South Africa. As you will see when you finish reading this that the answer turned out to be so sophisticated that it is in fact elegantly simple.

“I have never tested it, but I am certain it will work. To test it would run the risk of Tribal members sensing it and/or the CIA coming after us. The Tribe will

most likely eventually find you if they have already erased our memories. Just to let you know that this version of you is not afraid. I can't blame them for coming after us, since it is a matter of Tribal survival vs the life of one individual. I'm certain I would do the same if I were in their shoes (or no shoes to be exact).

“We did this research out of a sense of curiosity vs a quest for power. If I hadn't spent two years living with the tribe I most likely would have undertaken the research as a quest for power. But having lived with them, I realize they simply want to be left alone and are trying to protect their long surviving way of life from the outside world which is something no other tribe has managed to do. Native Peoples around the globe have been destroyed by disease and by technical progress. In addition they have lost the lands they have always survived in harmony with. I'm happy to sacrifice my life if it means that at least one Tribe will be left alone to continue their traditional way of life. They have never been a tribe of aggression and most Tribes that have not been aggressive have been considered meek and have been overrun. They have never sought to conquer others or build great monuments to themselves. They have lived like all the other animals with no great dreams of conquest. Yet they are happy and unique in that they have been able to defend their simple way of life and have avoided gold and diamonds which have been the demise of so many cultures. Gold and diamonds even being used for simple ornamentation have been enough to result in tribes

being conquered by greedy people. If the natives weren't killed they were sold into slavery and their lands taken. Indigenous peoples have been systematically, unabatedly attacked for reasons of greed and power with this one glorious exception. Sometimes I wish they would temporarily become the aggressors in order to save the planet from the rest of us!

The secret to their power is.....”



The implications of what they were reading from that point on were apocalyptic!

Kasin turned to George and said. I wasn't entirely honest with you. "No one overheard my Grandmother telling our Grandfather about the 1908 test. Grandmother told me about the conversation on her death bed recently." As she finished speaking another figure emerged from behind a tree. Kasin continued, "I was also not entirely honest when I showed you how to protect yourself from being momentarily confused by my friend Oedesoa here. The defense doesn't work if there are two or more individuals inducing the confusion. And by the way,

when I saved your life, the day we met, I actually confused you so you would walk into traffic allowing me to save your life and thereby earn your trust.”

That said, Kasin gave George a slight push and he silently descended the 30 feet to the water in the cenote. He sunk like a rock still holding the second journal in his hands and the first musty journal in his pocket.

She spoke to him as he sank, “Your civilization is ready to collapse, just as countless other civilizations have before yours. As long as the truth about us is kept secret, we will have a chance to continue to survive when all others perish.