

# The Drug Of Hope

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## Sample Chapter

The Knights Templar inner circle met with Grand Master De Molay to discuss the purpose and way forward for the Templars in Avignon, France, the seat of Pope Clement V in the reign of Louis IV. The future of the Templars was grim; the purpose behind the Knights Templar had been to lead the Crusades, and an empire of money lending and a vast structure of supplying knights in the Holy Land had been built up over centuries. This vast structure was now at risk, as there had been no Crusades for two decades, since the fall of the Holy Land in 1291, and the structure to supply the knights was now used solely for commercial purposes.

The grand master, De Molay, was a tall man and fat from lack of activity with a balding pate, long white hair, and a long, flowing white beard, and he spoke solemnly to his inner circle of Templars. These consisted of four men, the captain of the Knights Templar fleet, Guy Du Busson; the keeper of the Holy Grail, Charles De Chevalier; his deputy, François de Marriott; and the grand master himself, Jacques de Molay.

“Our time is at an end, gentlemen. The pope and the king of France no longer support the Crusades, and we have no other battles to fight for which our well-equipped Knights Templar can be used for Christianity,” said the grand master.

“The pope will never come against us. We have the heir to Jesus and the Holy Grail in our keeping, not to mention numerous documents to prove the true path of Jesus and his disciples,” said François.

“The pope is weak, and Louis does not care about religious revelations. He will suppress all rumors with death through the Inquisition,” said Charles.

“Would he destroy the girl and the Holy Grail?” asked Guy, shocked at the thought.

“He plans to destroy everything, including every Templar in the world,” said the grand master.

“But why?” asked François.

“For our wealth and influence,” said the grand master. “Louis is short of money, we no longer serve a purpose for the French, and therefore the king wants our gold and our destruction.”

“But what is our crime?” asked Charles.

“Blasphemy,” said the grand master. “We deny Jesus was the Son of God. They will say we spit on the cross. It does not matter because under torture, somebody will confess to anything. Then all our estates and money will be seized, and our followers killed or imprisoned.”

“How do you know this?” asked Guy. “And when is it planned?”

“They plan to strike on Friday the thirteenth of June, and every known Templar and every follower and employee will be seized, including the fleet. All documents will be burnt, and the girl killed and the Holy Grail destroyed,” said the grand master.

“And the source?” asked Guy.

“That is better kept a secret,” said the grand master.

“We must protect the girl and the Holy Grail and should flee France,” said François.

“We cannot avoid our destruction. That is obvious, and fleeing will only delay the inevitable,” said the grand master, “but we can protect the girl and save the Holy Grail.”

“How?” asked Guy.

“You three are unknown to anybody outside these walls,” said the grand master. “Take our most precious documents, take the girl and the Holy Grail, and use the fleet to take them to a safe haven.”

“But where is a safe haven?” asked Charles.

“That is for you to decide, but go quickly tonight and flee straight away,” said the grand master.

“And you, old friend?” asked François. “What is to become of you?”

“Sadly, I am to be tortured and killed,” said the grand master.

“Why not flee?” said Guy.

“If I flee and our followers are made aware of the situation, then you will have little chance of a safe haven. If Louis thinks he has captured the girl, destroyed the documents, and captured the Holy Grail, he will be satisfied he has destroyed the Knights Templar,” said the grand master.

“But how will that be achieved?” asked Guy.

“That you need not know. Your task is to make safe our key possessions and protect the destiny of the line of Jesus.”

“We cannot protect anything without money. Money is power,” said François.

“Leave all visible wealth but take all our hidden gold and jewels and devise a plan to continue our objectives. But you must hurry; the fleet must disappear before the thirteenth of June,” said the grand master.

“We will barely make it to our fleet in time,” said Guy.

“Our fortune is already on its way to the fleet,” said the grand master. “I secretly ordered it from each of our key banking units. It should be already on board the ships when you arrive.”

“The grand master, I bid you farewell,” said Guy, always practical, and he shook the hand of the grand master.

François, his deputy, also stood up and embraced his longtime friend and confidant, whom he had hoped one day to succeed in happier circumstances, and for once, words failed him. The grand master whispered, “Remember: a secret banker is a safe banker, old friend,” and François nodded.

“Grand master, may I have a moment alone?” asked Charles.

“Of course,” said the grand master, knowing the reason.

The other two men left, and Charles and the grand master stood alone together in the large stone room.

Looking furtively around him, Charles leaned forward and whispered in the grand master’s ear. “Who shall I take?”

“Mary,” the grand master whispered back.

Charles nodded and followed his two colleagues. He had much to do, but now for the first time he knew the real descendant of Jesus.

François met the two other men in the courtyard of the castle, and in a low, grave voice gave some obvious instructions. “We shall travel with all haste to the fleet, and we sail as soon as the Holy Grail is on board. Guy, consider destinations for when we arrive.”