



R. J. EASTWOOD

THE  
AUTOPSY  
OF  
PLANET  
EARTH

PART ONE

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*For my wife Susanne for her encouragement,  
her endless reading of drafts,  
and all those who have supported  
me along the way. Thank you.*

*“R. J. Eastwood’s science fiction novel **The Autopsy of Planet Earth** was the overall winner of Book Talk Radio’s Book of the Year! Eastwood has written a very compelling novel. It is thought-provoking, discussion-worthy, and hard to forget. The moral, ethical, and theological struggles that the characters in this novel face are at times overwhelming, many of them actual issues we are facing (or ignoring) today ... Eastwood shines with his imagination and insight as to the human race and what it is capable of changing, learning, etc. So, much to think about and so much to discuss with others! This is a tremendous book for a book group to read!”*

*Review by Juliapicks1.com*

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Chapter 29](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

[Chapter 31](#)

[Chapter 32](#)

[Chapter 33](#)

[Chapter 34](#)

[Chapter 35](#)

[Chapter 36](#)

[Chapter 37](#)

[Chapter 38](#)

[Also by the Author](#)

[Author Biography](#)

# THE AUTOPSY OF PLANET EARTH *PART ONE*

A Novel by  
**R.J. Eastwood**

*“I am more convinced than ever  
that we are not alone.”*

***Steven Hawking***  
*Theoretical Physicist*



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On April 12, 1961, the Soviet Union launched Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin into space. The [flight](#) lasted a single orbit. Gagarin's courageous exploits set in motion a full-throttled space race between the Soviet Union and the United States. It culminated in triumph for America when astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin successfully landed on the Moon on July 20, 1969. Bolstered by this monumental human achievement the search for intelligent life beyond Earth went into overdrive. In the years that followed, probe after probe scanned the heavens. Although many Earth-like planets were found in the "Goldilocks" zone—where the temperature is just right to support life as we know it—alien life was never discovered.

As the quest to locate extraterrestrials accelerated at warp speed, life on planet Earth was fast deteriorating. The world's population continued its unchecked and explosive growth placing an enormous and dangerous strain on natural resources. Changing weather patterns led to devastating droughts in major food-growing regions. Mass migrations began as more and more of the destitute fled areas plagued by famine, lack of fresh clean water, and nature's continued fury.

As far back as 1987, then-President Ronald Reagan shrewdly recognized the human race was traveling a perilous and destructive path. During a speech before the United Nations, he spoke longingly of the unity that would surely come about if the world were to face a common enemy.

"Perhaps we need some outside universal threat to make us recognize this common bond. I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world."

***-Ronald Reagan- 40<sup>th</sup> President of the United States***

# Chapter 1

*The year is wherever your Imagination takes you*

November 2<sup>nd</sup>, Foja Mountain Range,  
Papua New Guinea

As they boarded the single-engine Cessna Skymaster at Papua New Guinea's Jackson

Airport, ominous dark clouds were rolling in from the West. On board was Dr. B.D. Sanjaya, a prominent archaeologist with the Indonesian National Centre for Archaeological Research, and his assistants, Timoty Budiman and Reza Darmali. The flight took them 6,000 feet above sea level to a remote dirt airstrip in the Mamberamo basin just below the mist-shrouded Foja Mountain Range in Papua's eastern province. There they switched to a twenty-year-old Bell 206 Jet Ranger helicopter piloted by an elderly Indonesian man whose craggy face and stoic expression resembled a rough-cut stone sculpture. They took off in a light but steady rain.

An hour into the flight, Timoty shouted over the din of the engine. "You're sure you know the spot?"

Dr. Sanjaya held up a hand-drawn map and shrugged. "This is all we have to go by."

Soon they were skimming the treetops over the remote Birds Head Peninsula. The jungle below looked ominous and all but impenetrable, raising the question, would they find the designated clearing.

Reza was the first to spot a small smudge of open ground about a quarter-mile ahead. "There! I see a clearing just beyond those trees!"

The old pilot glanced at his copy of the map. Smiling, his eyes went to Sanjaya, who gave the pilot a thumb's up. Once over the open area, the pilot cautiously circled the spot three times before attempting a descent in light fog. Down the narrow chute they went until the skids gently settled on the soggy ground. The light but steady rain continued.

As they removed the last of their gear from the aircraft, something caught Timoty's attention. A short, elderly, dark-skinned man, sporting a full white beard, appeared from the edge of the surrounding forest. Under his rain slicker, a multicolored print shirt hung loosely over khaki shorts. In his right hand, he held a menacing two-foot machete.



“Dr. Sanjaya, we have company.”

Sanjaya followed Timoty’s gaze. “Ah, that must be Bayu.”

Reza spied the machete. “You *think* it’s our guy?”

“Never met him. He sent me this map with these coordinates and said to meet him here on this day at approximately this hour.” Sanjaya glanced at the handwritten map and grinned. “Pretty good directions.”

Turning to the helicopter pilot, Sanjaya raised a hand above his head, made a wide circular motion, and pointed to the jungle. The old pilot acknowledged with a disinterested nod and lifted the helicopter skyward. Within seconds he was over the tree line and out of sight.

Something caught Timoty’s eye.

The man Sanjaya had identified as Bayu trotted toward them while calling out in his native language. “*Salamat Sian, saya teman. Dalton! Apa Kabar, Dr. Sanjaya?*”

Sanjaya waved. “*Saya baik-baik saja, terima kasih.*”

Bayou approached and enthusiastically shook Sanjaya’s hand. “*Saya ialah Sanjaya.*”

Reza scratched at the back of his head. “I don’t recognize the dialect.”

“Not many do. It’s specific to the local Kweba tribe. Bayu is their chief. He welcomed us and I introduced myself.” Sanjaya motioned to his assistants. “Reza, Timoty.”

Bayu smiled and half-bowed. “Reza, Timoty.” He tapped his chest. “Bayu.”

“*Dimana adalah kebun hutan?*” Sanjaya said. “I asked him where the secret place is.”

Pointing to the jungle tree line, Bayu grinned. “*Pintu masuk lewat sana.*”

“Okay, gentlemen. We follow Chief Bayu.”

It was slow going through the dense primeval forest. Bayu slashed at small bamboo trees, thick thorn-covered underbrush, and menacing low-hanging vines. An hour later, after slogging through muddy streams, dodging the occasional snake, and swatting at swarming insects, they broke through to a small clearing thick with fog.

Bayu tapped Sanjaya’s arm and pointed to the dense jungle. “*Di luar kabut adalah keajaiban tempat.*”

“He says the *Magic Place* is through there.”

“Doesn’t look too inviting, B.D.”

“No, it doesn’t, Timoty. Stay alert.”

They followed Bayu into the fog. Bugs and flies swarmed around them. The more they swatted at them, the more aggressively they attacked. But oddly, the further they advanced the fog the rain began to dissipate, the insects vanished, and the humidity and temperature dropped to a comfortable level.

Bayu abruptly stopped and listened. From this position, they could hear the faint sound of rushing water. Bayu motioned for them to wait, then took a dozen steps forward before stopping again. Raising both arms to eye level with his palms face up, he said, “*Ini adalah tempat qaip!*” Then in halting English,

“The... magic... place.” He turned and waved to the others to join him. When they reached his side the fog and mist beyond was completely gone.

What they saw left them speechless.

There in the middle of this primeval forest was either a grand mirage or something very real that should not have been in a remote Indonesian jungle.

Dr. Sanjaya sucked in a quick breath, “Oh my god!”

Timoty and Reza stood dumbfounded.

There were no words to describe what lay before them.

# Chapter 2

*Three months later, February 3<sup>rd</sup>,  
Berrien County, Michigan*

If retired land surveyor Philip Madden had any clue of what he would stumble on that day during his daily jog he would have chosen to stay home. It was twenty minutes past four in the afternoon with the temperature hovering around a crisp 44 degrees. His route was always along Old McIntosh Road which ran north and south along a remote farm meadow. As he jogged along, a sudden sharp flash of light struck the right side of his face.

Raising a protective hand, he yelled. "What in the hell was that?"

At first, he thought it was the late afternoon sun streaking past the leafless branches of the giant elms that lined both sides of the road. But it couldn't have been the sun, he reasoned, it was over his shoulder on his left, the light had struck him on his right.

Curious, he retraced his steps, and *WHAM*, the narrow, bright beam struck him again. "Damn it all to hell?"

He cast an anxious eye up and down the road but saw nothing unusual. Then, turning to the vast meadow on his right, something in the distance caught his attention. A large object was poised at a point where the meadow sloped sharply downward. As much of it he could see was round and shiny and didn't look like any farm machinery he had ever seen.

He stepped back again to where the light had struck him, and *WHAM*, it hit him again. "What the?"

Looking again to the object in the meadow, he assumed the sun was reflecting off whatever that shiny object was out there. His curiosity got the best of him. Stepping off the road down into the drainage ditch then up to the barbed wire fence, he slipped between the two strands and began trekking across the fallow field. He noticed that about a couple of hundred feet or so of hard winter ground leading to the object had been chewed up. Before he could get close enough to what lay on the ridge, his right foot sunk into a gopher hole twisting his ankle hard to the right.

He cried out in pain and fell flat on his face. "Jesus H. Christ!"

His glasses had flown off into the brown, withered grass. He pulled his foot out of the hole. His ankle hurt but nothing felt broken. Rising slowly, he brushed himself off and began searching for his glasses.

On his second step, he heard a sickening crunch and a snap. "Son of a bitch!"

Scooping up the spectacles from beneath his left foot, he found the right lens shattered and the metal frame twisted. “Wonderful, just wonderful!”

Straightening the damaged frame as best he could he slipped them on. With only one good lens his right eye was out of focus, but he forged ahead. As he neared the spot where the object lay on the slope, he got his first good look at what was there. His eyes bloomed and his mouth opened wide like he was going to scream—instead, it came out as a hard whisper.

“Holy shit!”

Back peddling fast, he stumbled and landed flat on his butt. Shoving a shaking hand into his jacket pocket, he pulled out his cell phone and tapped in 911.

Also, by author R.J. Eastwood  
**MIDNIGHT BLACK**

A novel by

Available in E-book, Audiobook, Paperback & Hardcover.

*Midnight Black has been honored with the Author's Circle Novel of Excellence, five stars from Readers' Favorite for fiction, the bronze award for fiction from The International Review of books, and the Titan Literary Award for outstanding fiction.*

"When plunder becomes a way of life for men, they create for themselves in the course of time a legal system that authorizes it and a moral code that glorifies it." -  
Frederic Bastiat, French Economist. 1801-1850

**SYNOPSIS**

Billy Russell's career as a DEA officer abruptly ends when he cold-bloodedly executes the man who committed a heinous crime against him. Sentenced to twenty years of hard labor in total isolation from the outside world, he's suddenly and without explanation is released on parole three years early. Returning to society, he learns that an isolated nuclear attack between Pakistan and India has spread primal fear of a nuclear holocaust allowing autocratic billionaires to have seized control of the world. Their reign of terror has brought rampant poverty, crime, disease, and drug addiction. As a condition of his parole, Billy is assigned to a government drug enforcement unit in Boston. He soon makes a gruesome discovery—the unit is a cover for a government-sanctioned assassination squad. Approached by a secret underground dissident group planning to overthrow the authoritarian world government, Billy joins them to help end the demonic reign of tyranny. In doing so discovers the shocking truth of the government's true mission and finds himself embroiled in the wildest conspiracy he could have ever imagined.

**REVIEWS FOR MIDNIGHT BLACK**

*"Imagine James Patterson's Alex Cross but with a science fiction twist. Midnight Black is a character-driven thriller that has something to say and knows how to tell a suspenseful story."* Literary Titan Reviews.

"Author Eastwood not only knows how to write but know how to keep you interested from the first page to the last." 5-Stars - Harry Milman, Best Selling Author, 'Forensics: The Science Behind the Deaths of Famous People.'

This book is absolutely faultless as a reading experience. I recommend Midnight Black as a must-read for fans of thriller, spy, and end-of-the-world fiction." 5- Stars - K.C. Finn

"Wow! Wow! Eastwood has written a very provocative novel that is wonderfully written and keeps you on the edge of your seat. Wow! Powerful writing!" 5-Stars – C. Bregg

# AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

During his film and television career, **Robert J. Emery**, who writes novels under the pen name, **R. J. Eastwood**, has written, produced, and directed feature motion pictures, television documentaries, national television commercials, political campaigns, and industrial films. Some of the highlights of his career include the award-winning ninety-one-episode television series ***The Directors*** for Starz/Encore, the award-winning four-part mini-series, ***The Genocide Factor*** for PBS, the award-winning documentary ***For God & Country: A Marine Sniper's Story*** for MSNBC, and the award-winning motion picture, ***Swimming Upstream***, for the Lifetime Television Network.

Mr. Emery has been honored with over seventy-five industry awards including seven years in a row at **The New York Festivals**, two **Golden Eagles** from The Chicago International Film & Television Festival, top honors at **HoustonFest**, and the **Best Dramatic Feature Film Award** for ***Swimming Upstream*** from the Los Angeles Angel City Film Festival. His previous novel, ***The Autopsy of Planet Earth***, was awarded the **Author's Circle Novel of Excellence for Fiction**, the **Readers' Favorite Award for Best Fiction**, the **Pulp Pen Award for Fiction**, and the book of the year award from **Book Talk Radio Book**.

Mr. Emery is a member of  
the Directors Guild of America,  
the American Association of Writers & Editors  
the Alliance of Independent National Authors.

For additional information visit Mr. Emery's author website:

<http://www.robertjemeryauthor.com>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/RobertJemeryAuthor.com>

Twitter: @bobemery