

Cloning sheep and chimps was only a beginning.

Using Fossil Gene Redemption (FGR), geneticist Kevin G. Harrigan experiments with genes from a frozen "Ice Man". His work prompts Iraqi leader, Ishmail Mon, to provide resources for exciting new research that enables Harrigan's team to regenerate extinct animals and human sub-species from the Ice Ages. But FGR can be the basis for genetic weapons of mass destruction; United States intelligence and defense leaders must act!

Radically distinct from Jurassic Park, *Ancient of Genes* shows new species regeneration methods... by which the only prophecy held in common among major religions could manifest. Once considered "Junk DNA", personality genes and other traits archive in lineages. These genes await a vector to re-express them, starting a "resurrection cascade" in subsequent generations—or sabotage genomes, enabling Mon's people to inherit the earth.

Harrigan's frightening choice can lead to redemption... or the terrifying sunset of humanity!

"An engrossing confluence of cutting-edge science, thought-provoking ethics, and storytelling that moves at the pace of a Gatling gun."
—Lincoln Child, best-selling co-author of *The Relic* and *Mount Dragon*

"A crackerjack adventure chock full of derring-do... Vast... innovative... far more ambitious [than] the Jurassic Park novels... global in complexity...—and what a cast!... A work of great philosophic complexity... quite readable... first class science fiction... ingenious... compelling..."
—Paleontologia Electronica (Anderson)

"... so vivid that reading becomes a scary, yet thrilling adventure in exploring our own roots... profound... a wonderful job of connecting philosophy and the humanities with science... surprising... intense... sobering..."
—Bookwatch / Midwest Book Reviews

ANCIENT OF GENES
DAN GALLAGHER

Dan Gallagher

Illustrations, reviews,
Age-appropriateness,
intriguing Prologue,
Author Style & more
inside front and
back covers.

StoriesAmazing.com

Note from the Author

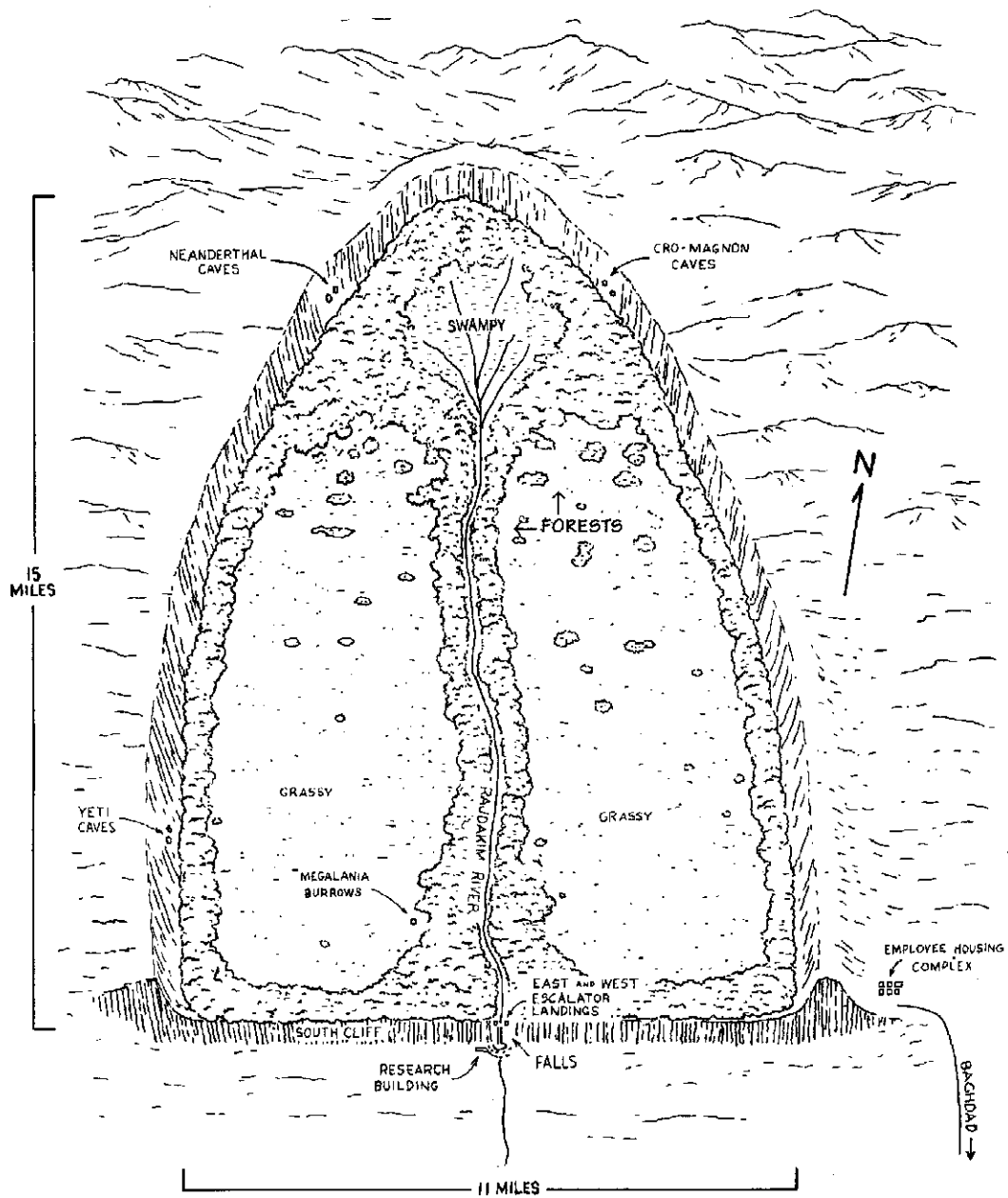
Dear Reader-friends,

Thank you for considering *Ancient of Genes (AOG)*. This provocative spiritual and scientific thriller has been vastly improved in pace and prose over its 1998 predecessor, *The Pleistocene Redemption (TPR)*. *TPR* sold *many* thousands of copies in two years and received twenty-six rave professional reviews. *TPR* got two slams also but, again, has since been tightened from 148,000 words to 75,000 and meticulously revised using reader and professional feedback.

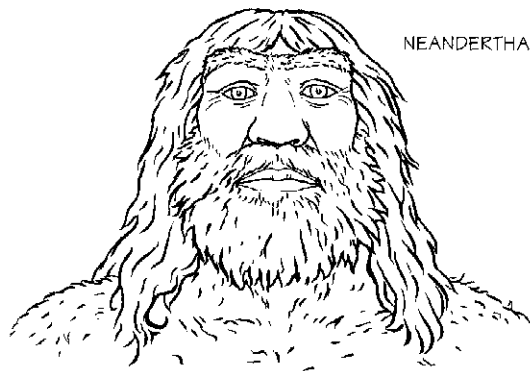
Now at least as intellectually stimulating and controversial as *TPR* was, *AOG* can enliven any book discussion group. Sign up for emailed “AuthorDan” visual, audio and reading treats *plus* the privilege to influence new works! Please kindly enable others to enjoy *AOG*, its spin-off short stories and my award-winning nonfiction by creating links on your website and sharing on social media. I try hard and listen well so that my work, including useful nonfiction, makes great gifts that show you care. See reviews, excerpts and video trailers at AuthorDan.com.

Finally, please note this descriptive and age-appropriateness information: *AOG* is grounded in real science and actual prophecy, yet lacks evolutionism or creationism themes. It has no dinosaurs, and even professional reviewers praised its plot as no rehash of any prehistoric-related fiction. It is a two-decades-spanning adventure for fascination-driven readers, and a spiritual thriller to intrigue thoughtful readers. *Ancient of Genes* is only appropriate for adult and teenage readers mature enough to grapple with the serious issues of life—its creation and meaning.

--DG



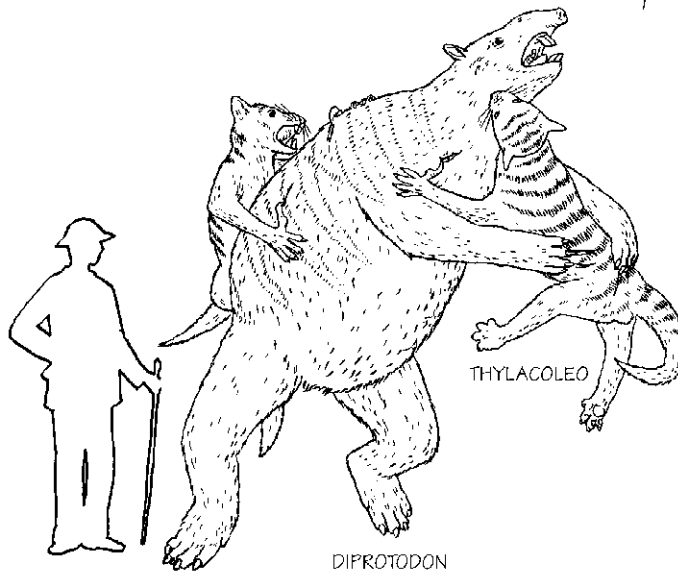
Al-Rajda, Iraq



NEANDERTHAL

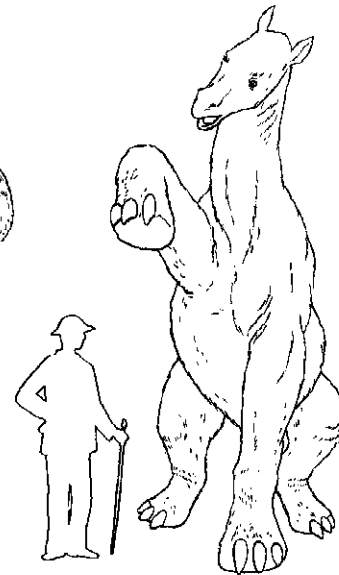


CRO-MAGNON

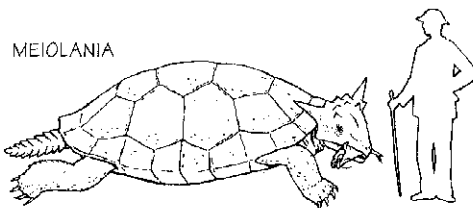


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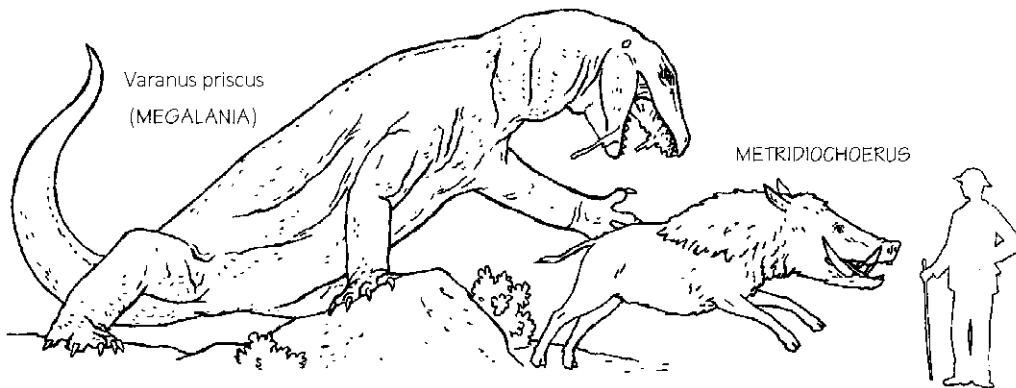
DIPROTODON



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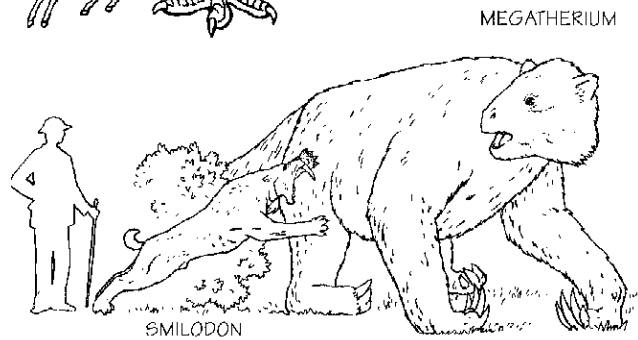
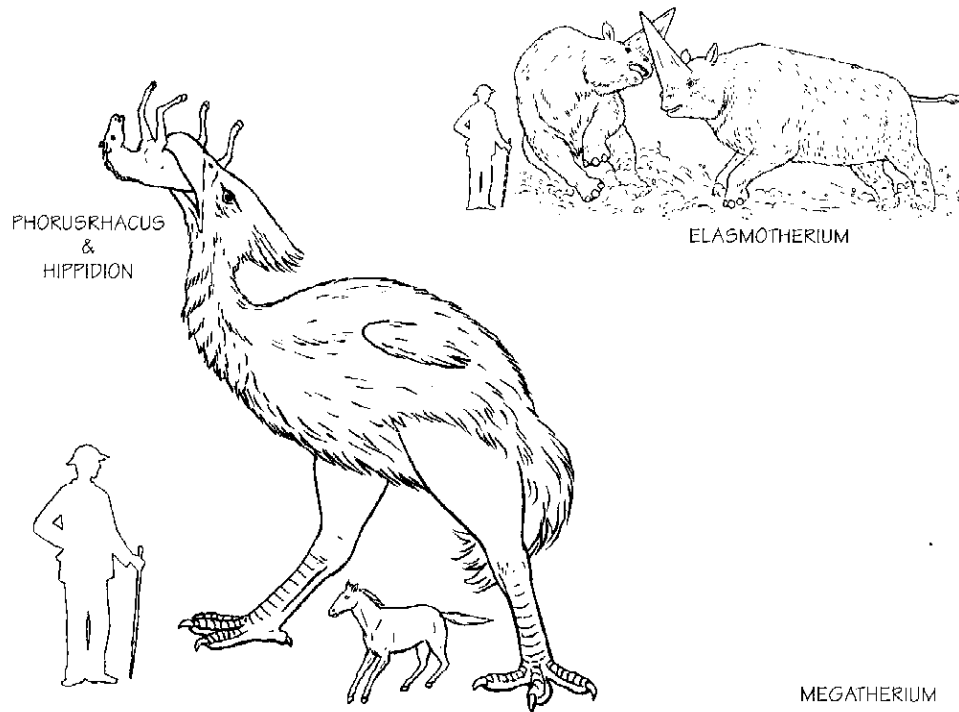
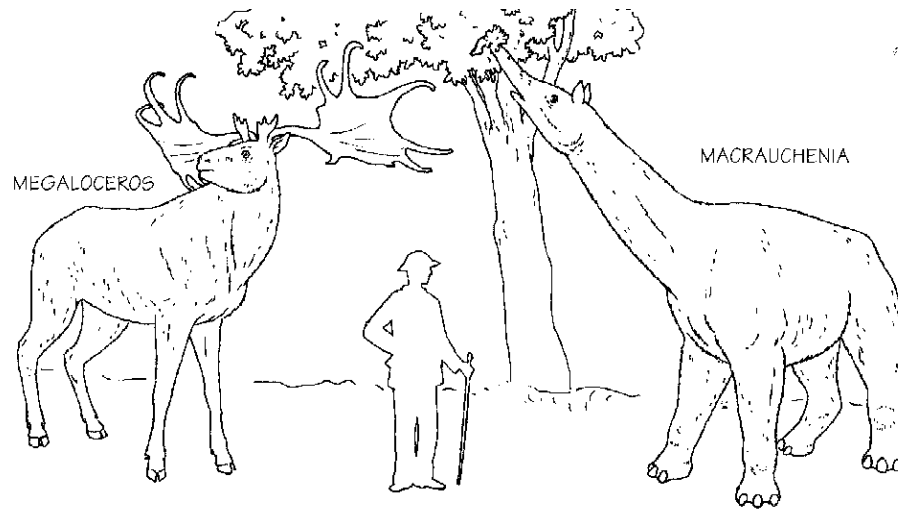


MEIOLANIA

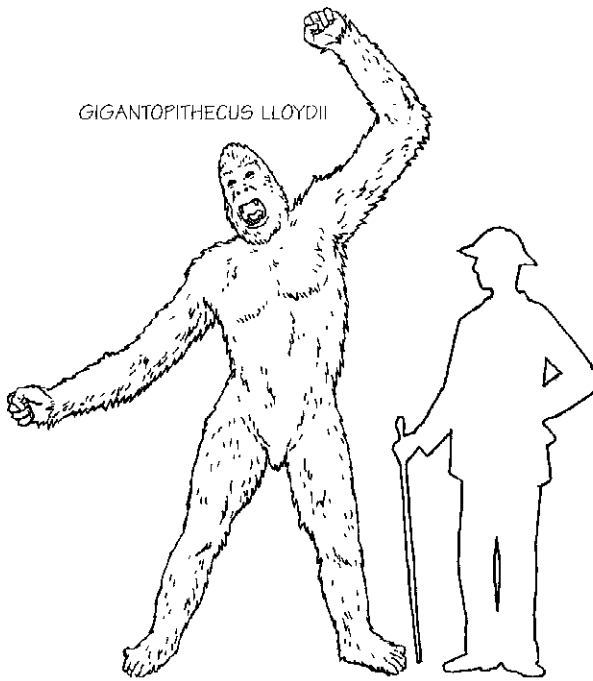


Varanus priscus
(MEGALANIA)

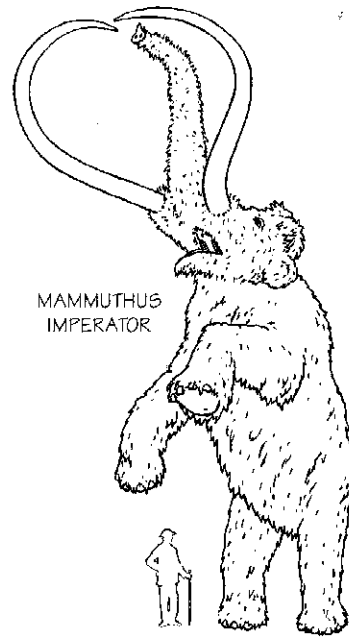
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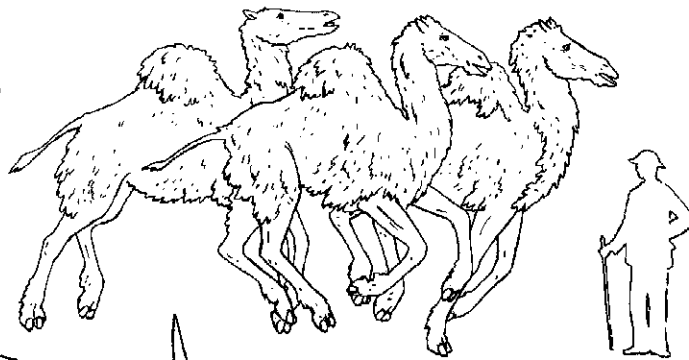
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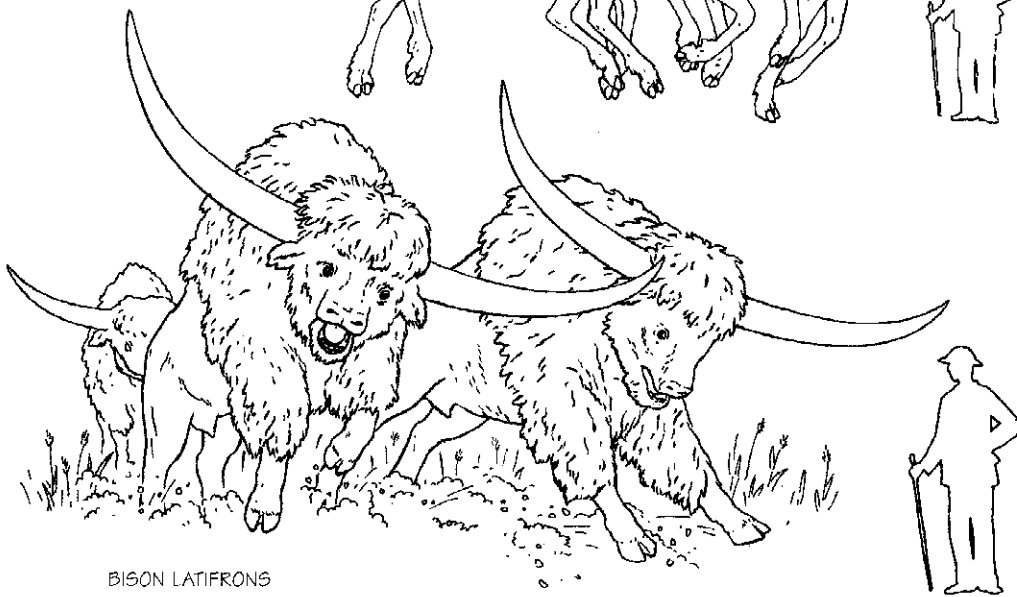
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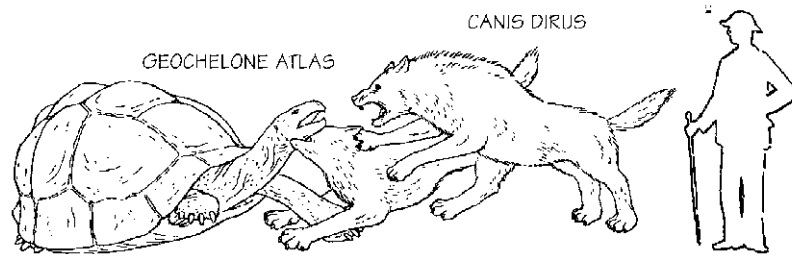
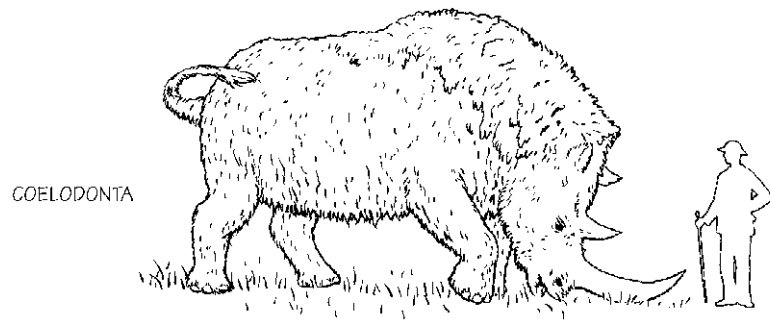


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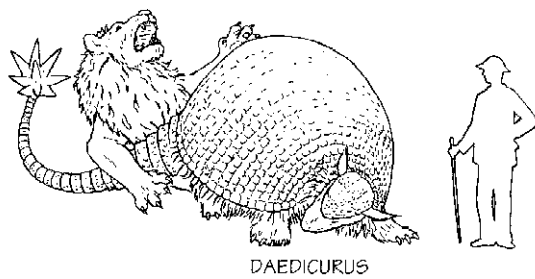


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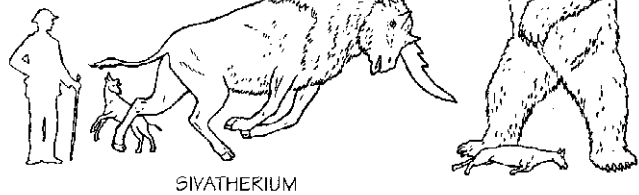




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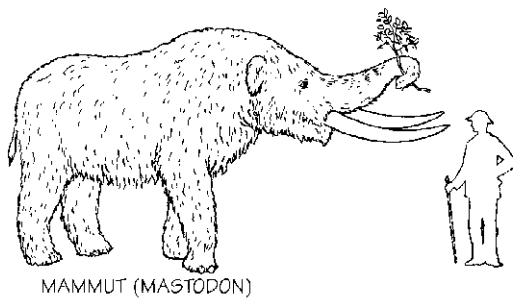


DAEDICURUS



SIVATHERIUM

URSUS SPELAEUS



MAMMUT (MASTODON)

Invitation: If high adventure and thought-provoking mysteries of the prehistoric, archaeological and spiritual kind intrigue you, please enjoy this novel and recommend it to your acquaintances.

Acknowledgments: Author Dan is indebted to scientists, theologians and others who contributed to this project through their writings or assistance. The following is a list of those who provided assistance through conversation and/or correspondence.

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William W. Hauswirth, Ph.D.: enlightening help on genetics
Larry G. Marshall, Ph.D.: valuable advice on Pleistocene fauna
Paul S. Martin, Ph.D.: help with geology and fauna
Greg McDonald, Ph.D.: extensive help with fauna
Jim I. Meade, Ph.D.: intriguing examples of soft tissue preserved for millennia
Geoffrey Pope, Ph.D.: help with our ancestor-races, the Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon
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Dedication: To Laura, wife for life and mother to our four, and...
to all who yearn to experience what or who was out there...and remains within.

Wars and rumors of war...seen and unseen

Ancient Whispers:

...God can raise up children to Abraham from these stones. – Matthew 3.9

Children a year old shall speak with their voices, and pregnant women shall give birth to premature children at three and four months, and these shall live and leap about. – 2 Esdras 6.21

Arrogant Answers:

The Bible and the Testament are impositions and forgeries. – Thomas Paine, *The Age of Reason*

God is dead....He whom they call Redeemer has put them in fetters: in fetters of false values and delusive words. Would that someone would yet redeem them from their Redeemer! – F. Nietzsche, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Second Part

Final Calls:

Roam the earth and see how God has brought the Creation into being. Then God will initiate the Latter Creation. – Qur'an 29.20

When they have finished their testimony, the beast that comes up from the abyss will wage war against them and conquer them and kill them. – Revelation 11:7

Prologue

Humankind struggled for millennia to survive this world and understand it. We hunted fantastic animals, even cousin-races. We sought insight into life's inception and meaning through superstition, religion and science. Has science shown that only we control our destiny?

Some say that there is a voice that calls our names before birth and as we mature, then pines to call us home at our deaths. Is this an archaic superstition, destructive of individual freedoms? Others believe that they have plenty of time before they will have to deal with the serious issues of life and death. Pontius Pilate, a man denigrated by history but esteemed by peers until refusal to worship Caesar cost his life, asked an enduring question: "What is truth?"

Why is "regeneration of Eden after destruction" the *only* prophecy that, in some form, is held in common among nearly all religions and myth traditions? Are socially erosive behaviors based in genetics and, hence, neither moral nor immoral? Were the Hebrews a people chosen by God or did they simply misinterpret natural phenomena? Who can discern meaning from the coincidences, personality changes and dreams that develop in the passing years of our lives?

Kevin Gamaliel Harrigan, driven by struggles deep within, pursued these questions. He sought the truth—or perhaps it sought him—about the human animal, destiny and himself. A brilliant leader with vision, he was well equipped to capture the answers. Many accompanied him on his journey; among these, Manfred Freund who sought insight from both the seen and unseen. In a quest spanning two decades, the two men ultimately *did* find the answers.

Who could possibly have foreseen that such work would lead to the most ominous implications ever to confront humanity?

Four Excerpts

INTRO TO EXCERPT 1 OF 4: Protagonist Harrigan and others are in robotic suits. These suits are disguised as cave bears to enable access to the Plateau without allowing Neanderthal or Cro Magnon clans to know of the outside world. In this vignette from the climax, they use the suits to desperately race to reach rescue... and heroically become rescuers:

Harrigan ran, almost breathless, in the bear-like mechanical suit northward through hazy woods. His view was obscured by the suit's wire mesh portal as he noticed Freund pull slightly ahead in his own robotic suit. Gunfire, roars, and screams rang like a tolling bell from the west.

It appeared suddenly in a clearing to his left—one of the gargantuan *Varanus priscus* lizards, its four-foot head jerking skyward to gulp a flailing soldier. Something rustled branches in front of them. A screeching streak of grey, yellow, and red feathers launched from a thicket at Harrigan and Freund. As the *Phorusrhacus*'s three-foot beak and theropod talons opened, six gray tigers—marsupial *Thylacoleos*—fell from the trees onto the terror-bird. They ripped it with huge buck-teeth and recurved thumb claws.

"Left," Harrigan screamed. "Keep running!" The pair dodged the melee, swerving north again as the gun battle sounds grew louder. "There!" he shouted...

END OF EXCERPT

INTRO TO EXCERPT 2 OF 4: Protagonist Harrigan leads an anthropological team (no robotic suits but they do have tranquilizer guns that appear as sticks) to study the sapien clans, but they must get through the forest first!

They had almost reached the flat, open rock near the caves when they heard a low, bubbling sound like a small gas engine at idle. At first the sound emanated from rustling trees between them and the ridge, then it seemed to be behind them as well. Out of both the north and south, they heard branches snap followed by light thuds upon the ground. The bubbling grew louder and seemed to surround them. Harrigan drew everyone into a circle.

The growls grew closer. Suddenly the bushes rustled and a rabbit dashed past them in the undergrowth, followed by an immense black and gray blur.

The marsupial, easily two hundred pounds and almost five feet long, sported black, tiger-like stripes on thick, gray fur. It bounded like a kangaroo past the group but halted, turning to eye the humans.

Harrigan stared at the dark, front-facing eyes and two adz-like buckteeth curling downward from the center of its angry snout. Muscly arms ended in four-inch thumb claws and inch-long finger claws on thick, ape-like hands.

"It's a thylac!" Harrigan breathed. "And it's coming back!"

Harrigan scanned from the beast to the canopy and back. His stomach tightened. *Arboreal pack hunters. Can this one be alone?* He grabbed for the emitter to activate the animal's safety chip: the holster was empty.

Suddenly high branches all around the group began to bounce. Barking yelps preceded each predator's drop from trees, and the swift repositioning of some now on the ground, as gaps in the fast-forming encirclement closed.

"They're coordinating positions!" Harrigan warned. "Weapons ready, but don't move!"

Four now bounded from the thicket on two sides of the expedition. Then the pack slowly

crept as one to within five yards of the humans...
END OF EXCERPT

INTRO TO EXCERPT 3 OF 4: Protagonist Harrigan and others are in robotic suits. These suits are disguised as cave bears to enable access to the Plateau without allowing Neanderthal or Cro Magnon clans to know of the outside world. The travelers are alarmed to observe created Neanderthal Kora far from her clan:

Harrigan gasped as his lens clearly revealed the pelt-clad figure sitting upon the sloth's massive shoulders. "It's...It's Kora!" he shouted. "The surrogates were supposed to...*Dammit!*"

"Kora has been allowed to leave the cave?" Freund exclaimed.

Harrigan was livid. "I'm gonna strangle those.... Are you monitoring this, Control?"

"We have it, Doctor. Better moof back and I'll contact the surrogates to retrieve her."

"No, the surrogates will be subject to predation this far out. We'll dart her and take her back ourselves. I want her surrogate to answer for this. Signal the surrogate to post herself as cave guard. We'll deliver Kora to her. Harrigan out."

Harrigan raised the right arm of his suit and moved his hand within it to disengage the dart gun's safety. He adjusted the dose to low. The first shot hit its mark and Kora grabbed her thigh. The sloth seemed not to notice the shot but did lower itself to all fours as Kora began to sluggishly climb down. In moments, she staggered and collapsed against the beast's furry hip. It gently licked her shoulder but only managed to knock her over with its thick tongue, then resumed its feeding.

"Follow me and stay close!" Harrigan began to ford the shallow river, hoping he would not step in a washout.

"Whoa, Kevin!" Lloyd called, "We need a cable link before fording this!"

"You're right. Everyone dismount with pistols. Link up."

The five accomplished the task quickly and remounted their suits.

"Stay close. Let's go."

Harrigan led them into the water, eyeing Kora nervously. No one panicked, even when water began to cover the suits' shoulders. They all remained dry, linked, and making progress.

Sixty feet into the river, almost half way, the ground sloth squealed. It dropped back onto all fours over Kora. Harrigan did not understand why the sloth had moved until it bolted north along the river bank. Then he saw it—tan, muscular, and almost nine feet long—the biggest cat he had ever seen. This silent, ten-inch-fanged *Smilodon* was half again the size of any Harrigan had ever seen. It padded down a ravine toward Kora, who lay unconscious thirty feet from it.

"Do you see it?" Lloyd screamed.

"I've...I've almost got it sighted. I'll shoot it!" Freund said, trying to stay calm.

Harrigan saw Freund trying to raise his suit's arm out of the water to target the cat. But it was too deep. He experienced the same. Harrigan began to run through the water but the soldiers, tied last in the line, started retreating. He fumbled for the Arabic phrase for "cross the river." Unable to recall it, he yelled, "Mannie, Bart! Pull them across. I've got to get closer."

The cat now crouched twenty feet from the girl. Harrigan knew it would fight for its meal. He grabbed his tranquilizer pistol and pounded the access panel's latch. The chest of the robotic bear immediately flooded with silty water, momentarily pinning him to the rear of the compartment. He watched the cat flex its muscles and extend its deadly claws, preparing to pounce. He thrust himself out into the cold water.

Harrigan raised his weapon as he swam, now only six feet from the shore. The *Smilodon*

leapt just as Harrigan's dart punctured its right front paw, harmlessly squirting its contents in the air. Immediately the cat tucked its paw under itself and landed on its chin— inches from Kora— with a muffled crack. Frenzied at the distraction, the animal shook the needle out of its paw and drew back to pounce again.

Almost out of the water and within twelve feet of the cat, Harrigan aimed his weapon with shaky hands. The beast snarled, bearing its two neck-slashing canine sabers and its meat-cleaving carnassial molars deeper within murderous jaws. It pounced again at Kora and stabbed its front claws into her thigh, pinning her in place. Then its sabers disappeared deep below her brown and white pelt smock. She did not stir but sagged belly-up as the cat lifted her off the ground. Harrigan gasped, despairing and fearing now for his own life.

The smock tore and Kora fell to the ground with a thud. The bite had only caught her clothes but the cat crouched over Kora's body, snarling and looking up at Harrigan. He fired, pinning the cat's tongue to its lower jaw. Again the round had pierced the flesh and delivered its payload into air. The cat tossed its head, dislodging the needle. Harrigan nearly panicked as he fired two soaked duds, which plopped ineffectually to the ground. One round remained. He fired between the animal's furious eyes. The needle penetrated the cat's forehead.

Harrigan sighed as the *Smilodon* hung its head lower, then drooled. But it remained standing, with its serrated sabers directly above the girl's abdomen. Even if it passed out and dropped, it would stab her fatally.

Harrigan leapt into the air, cocking his knees back to his chest and aiming his boot heels directly at the needle still embedded in the cat's head. The cat raised its head and opened its mouth to sever Harrigan's lower legs. His boots hit the left saber and wedged momentarily against its right. The wrenching impact snapped the tooth at its base, sending the jagged saber flying to stick upright in the dirt. The *Smilodon's* jaw clamped shut on Harrigan's high-top boots and jeans, slicing shallowly into his skin and halting his leap in mid-air. He fell to the ground beside Kora, the cat still holding his foot—and its other saber—above her unprotected stomach.

He kicked and shook his feet, forcing release from the cat's jaws. Quivering with rage, the cat struggled to rise above Harrigan. The broken tooth socket dripped blood on him. The cat grunted, closed its eyes, and collapsed forward, its intact tooth plunging toward Harrigan's own gut. He could not stop the deadly fall.

Harrigan saw a swift lateral blur...
END OF EXCERPT

INTRO TO EXCERPT 4 OF 4: Surrogate parents, acting as Cro Magnons find their charges increasingly difficult to discipline and keep out of Neanderthal hunting-trapping grounds:

Dark clouds were imposing night upon the evergreen-dotted terrain. A north breeze further chilled all. Twelve sets of human eyes peered through snow-draped pine boughs, which hid the hunters like a mother's apron over young bullies. Warm and camouflaged in fur clothing, they eyed fourteen elephant-sized, brown and black woolly rhinos grazing just to their west. The Cro-Magnon males, now the equivalent of fifteen- to twenty-year-olds, thrilled in their trespass.

The two winded surrogate fathers, Ali and Harun, followed too far back to see that the line of hunters had halted and spread out. They clomped through icy mud trying to catch up. The pair only now realized where they were: The objects of their loose supervision neared a spear-lined pit dug months earlier by Neanderthals.

Harun neared the Cros, crouched on their haunches under trees just ahead. He caught his

breath and yelled in Nostratic, “Pit! Do not leave trees! Stupid bastards! No fall into—”

Mo’ara, the Cro’s de facto leader, glared back at his assumed father, now running noisily into view. “Shhh! *Coelodonta!*” He turned and continued to study the herd.

Three *Coelodonta* raised their shaggy heads and squinted at the tree line. A large male stood three feet from the camouflaged pit. Grass blew off the creature’s four-foot-long snout horn but, still caught on the base of the smaller horn behind, fluttered and tapped against its fist-sized brown eye. The rhino threw its head up into the breeze, ejecting the grass tuft, then resumed pulling bundles of grass into its undulating mouth with downy, gray lips.

The surrogates fell silent, stripped of pride for having twice today alerted potential quarry. The pair advanced quietly and knelt on either side of Mo’ara, who ignored them and swept his left hand slowly forward, then held it horizontal. The young Cro waited for the bull to step closer to the hole’s edge before he would order attack. As the bull stepped, Mo’ara dropped his hand and shrieked. His comrades rushed wildly from the woods with multicolored spears.

The herd bolted away to the southwest. The old bull thrust his fearsome head up and lifted his front legs to jump and turn. The hoof-like toe nails stomped and crumbled the rim. The beast faltered onto its chest at the edge, shaking the ground, and rolled sideways. One kick of its mighty hind legs sent the giant leaping ten feet out over the center of trap. It fell across the opposite edge with a thundering rush of breath punched from his chest. The pit wall collapsed inward, bringing the panicked beast within a foot of spikes set upright in the floor.

The Cros rushed at the pit hurling spears, most of which bounced off the woolly titan.

Frantically gouging dirt, the *Coelodonta* thrust itself out and...

END OF EXCERPT

Next Page: About the Author



Dan graduated from Virginia Military Institute (1981), third among Economics majors, simultaneously completing the Modern Languages curriculum. He served in the Infantry, then as a reservist in a Special Forces support role, next as a Training Company Commander and later in a classified Army Research Institute role. Dan completed his Master of Business Administration at William & Mary (1986). He and wife Laura married in 1988, loved raising their four children, and assisted both Boy and Girl Scouting through their church. Dan's professional designations included: Chartered Financial Consultant & Chartered Life Underwriter (1989), Certified Financial Planner® (1992) and Certified Business Intermediary (2002). He has given numerous seminars at major employers and other entities.

Completing three decades of financial planning in January 2018, Dan has undertaken a second career in writing. He has been the author of many business and pension articles since 1992, with technical and dramatic non-fiction articles appearing in *Virginia Lawyers Weekly*, *Financial & Estate Planning*, *Creative Loafing*, *NFAA Archery* and *Charlotte Ventures*. His September 2018 nonfiction book, *The Secrets of Successful Financial Planning* (Skyhorse Publishing, NY) earned strong reviews and received the CWG Seal of Approval. His 1998 novel, *The Pleistocene Redemption*, sold 4,100 copies, net of returns, in two years with scant marketing; it is now revised as *Ancient of Genes*. Dan's fiction and narrative nonfiction have been royalty published by Skyhorse Publishing, Superservice Press, and Millhaven Press. Dan's 2020 projects include a book of humor shorts and two anthologies, one mystical and one cryptozoological.

The Gallagher family relocated from Williamsburg, VA to Charlotte, NC in 1999. Excerpts, reviews and several short works are available at AuthorDan.com.