

# JEAN NOTARY

## THE OLYMPIA PROGRAM



English version

Thriller

Jean Notary

# The Olympia Program

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To Lucy,

A dear American friend who is no longer with us today,  
who made me love America and Americans.

This English version is dedicated to her

*"Science without conscience is only the ruin of the soul."*

*(Science sans conscience n'est que ruine de l'âme)*

François Rabelais, (French writer, 1483 – 1553)

From his novel 'Pantagruel' (1532)

### **Warning:**

Fiction relies on imagination, on dreams, sometimes on the supernatural. "The Olympia Program" takes you on a thrilling investigation that does not shy away from any of these elements to entertain you. And yet: Historical references, places, are authentic. The state-sponsored doping in the former Soviet bloc was revealed by international investigations. The Berlin trial in 2000 shocked the world by detailing the stunning endocrinological, physiological, and morphological consequences of such programs on athletes. The work done by specialists in genetics and epidemiology is documented, and the astonishing discoveries about manipulative parasites are proven. I have extrapolated from these barely imaginable facts some hypothetical developments. All active characters in the story are fictional, except for the two Russians responsible for doping programs, whose identity is known.

### **English Translation:**

Originally published in French, I translated "The Olympia Program" into English on my own, without the assistance of a professional translator. Despite all the care I have taken in this translation, it is possible that it may have some weaknesses. I ask the reader to forgive me for any awkwardness. If my novel becomes successful, perhaps it will attract the attention of major publishers who will offer to improve this translation, who knows? I have always harbored the American dream within me...

### **Cover Image:**

The cover image is the work of a young and talented French graphic designer, Alexandre Burlon.

In this way, he contributes to the success of the book, and I would like to thank him here.

Thank you for choosing “The Olympia Program”, by Jean\* Notary.

*\*Jean is my french first name, John in English*

November 15, 2023

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**Website Jean Notary**

(The website is in French, but we can exchange in English)

<https://www.bonmotbonsens.com>

Best regards

## 1 - The Snail

Paris, Saturday, July 7, 2007. The night shower had just ceased, and the garden was filled with fragrance. It was located on the opposite side of the street, surrounded by high walls, most of which were nearly blind. One of the walls on the third floor had a row of window frames without any openings, overlooking a square patch of greenery. From there, the interns of an insurance company in training could catch a glimpse, during their breaks, of the small veranda that occupied a portion of the grassy and flower-filled courtyard. In the evenings and on weekends, the place was deserted. Camille could then freely access his private space without being seen by anyone. It was a true privilege in the ninth arrondissement.

He stepped out naked to breathe in the scent of the grass and roses he had planted. His gaze lingered on the small creature that seemed to be just awakening, swaying its head slowly from side to side. Any obstacle encountered by its antennae forced it to retreat into its shell, fleeing the outside world. Camille felt a strong connection with this snail, in search of freshness, of life, alert to the signals of nature, irresistibly drawn to this moist atmosphere that subconsciously reminded it of the peaceful sweetness of the amniotic fluid.

The nightmare of the night had dissipated. The cold sweats, delirium, and excruciating muscle pains were gone. It promised to be a beautiful July day, just the way he liked it. He was going to go out, relax his body, live, simply live. And tonight, he would fulfill his role as a pianist at the club that had hired him, or rather, hired both him and his twin sister, for nightly performances several times a week. This double choice was quite unique. Furthermore, the boss had agreed not to know, until the last moment, whether Camille or Dominique would show up at the appointed time, after testing the skills of each on different days. To be honest, he found it advantageous, as both artists were highly talented and not demanding when it came to their fees. They had never missed an evening in five years.

He left his apartment, dressed in a simple and elegant outfit in shades of gray and black. It accentuated his blond hair, like wheat, and his eyes of such pure and rare blue that they captivated anyone who met his gaze. The florist on the corner of the street thought he was as handsome as a god and would have



willingly cheated on her husband with this young man, whose gentleness, politeness, and slight accent made her swoon. There was a mysterious charm about him that deeply troubled her. But she knew he would remain out of reach, lacking the youth, grace, and allure of the women she imagined could please him. So, she used all her good-naturedness to serve him beyond what the merchant spirit demanded. She saw him arrive that day to buy a bouquet.

— Your poor mother would be proud of you! she said, while selecting the most beautiful roses, some white and others red.

He merely smiled, accepting the generous discount that made the price almost symbolic. She handed him the arrangement, accompanied by a significant wink.

He then took the metro to the Montparnasse Cemetery on the left bank of the Seine, where his mother was buried. He visited her as often as he could.

The flower-adorned grave bore a name: Polgone, and a first name, Madeleine. The choice of roses was not random. The white and red symbolized the colors of the Polish flag, the homeland of his birth.

Camille stood there, his gaze clouded with a veil of sadness. He regretted not being there on the day she suffered her fatal attack. He would have undoubtedly carried her in his arms to the bedroom when she fell and performed vigorous cardiac massage. His sister couldn't do anything. During the funeral, only Dominique and Sophie, a mutual friend, accompanied the coffin to the burial. He couldn't attend.

Madeleine had lived in France for fifteen years with her twins, Camille and Dominique. At their birth in Poland, their clandestine baptism was recorded in the parish register with a completely different mention, impossible to transcribe verbatim. She had to flee proud and romantic Poland, which was accustomed to tragedy, and was then experiencing its final decade of communist dictatorship. General Jaruzelski's grip on power was weakening, while a charismatic leader named Lech Walesa emerged from the independent trade union Solidarity. He led the revolt in the shipyards of Gdansk, fanned in secret by the powerful Polish Church. Under the influence of the former Cardinal Wojtyla, who had become Pope John Paul II, the rebellion was soon to become a revolution.

Madeleine chose France as her refuge because she spoke the language with rolling "r's" and wanted to protect her children at all costs. When they arrived in

France at the age of six, she reluctantly enrolled them in primary school. However, the frequent absences of one and then the other for long periods complicated their schooling and raised too many questions. Although they were bright students who caught up on their studies, it wasn't enough to gain understanding from their teachers. Eventually, a private Catholic institution accepted them, allowing for an unprecedented alternating system where the two children took turns attending classes without ever crossing paths. The integration was greatly facilitated by the decisive, albeit discreet, assistance of a high-ranking member of the Polish Church, a close aide to Pope John Paul II himself. He had already helped Madeleine escape from Poland and led her secretly to France through underground networks. He had also aided her in hiding in Krakow shortly after giving birth and for a few years. It was he who provided false documents, changing her last name to an anagram of "Pologne" (Poland in French), as well as her Polish first name, and procured fake birth certificates in France for her and her children.

Madeleine found a job as a concierge in an upscale building on Rue Vavin, not far from the Montparnasse Cemetery. Rising expenses prompted the co-owners to get rid of the caretakers in favor of electronic doormen, but she managed to avoid it and kept her position until her death.

In her papers, Camille found the notarized title and the key to a small apartment located on Blanche Street, on the ground floor of an ordinary brick building, with its private garden, which her mother had bought outright and where she now lived. Where had she gotten this money? This question intrigued him. Despite the modest price, negotiated during the real estate crisis, he would have never imagined that she had the means to gather the necessary sum, having always lived with dignity but poorly. Of course, there were the music lessons that Madeleine gave on weekends at the Martin-Desaix, the bourgeois family on the 2nd floor of the building on Vavin Street. But often, she would exchange the lesson fees for the use of the Steinway piano to teach piano to Camille and Dominique, who practiced in turns along with Sophie, the couple's only daughter.

Tasked with drafting the documents for the inheritance, the notary summoned the two heirs. Unable to meet together, each made an appointment and came to sign the different deeds and tax forms one after the other. For the notarial certificate, two neighbors, one a physiotherapist and the other a real estate agent,