

2012 Saga

The Return of the Pleiadians

(Preview)

by Richard Brown

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Preface

Call this book fiction. For now, there is little other choice. First of all, the characters are fiction, at least the human characters are. So that settles it, right?

Well, the trouble is, things start to get a bit fuzzy after that. Take the fictitious state of Oshkanna, for instance. No such state actually exists in the American mid-West, but after you've visited a few of the real American mid-Western states, they all start to look like Oshkanna. So is it fiction?

Then there's the year 2012 itself. As this book is written in 2004/2005, the world is merrily hurtling along toward 2012 come what may. But is the world hurtling along its path to glory, or is it hurtling along its path to oblivion? The book suggests chaos. Is this fiction?

This brings us to the Pleiadians themselves. Officially, they don't exist. Neither do their rivals from Orion. Officially. But remember that seven hundred years ago, the Earth was supposed to be flat. Officially. So is a round Earth fiction?

That, of course, leads us to the Lemurians from 25,000 years ago. Officially, they never existed, and neither did the Atlanteans some 12,000 years later. Officially, human civilization developed gradually over the past four or five thousand years. Prior to that our ancestors were swinging in trees or grunting in caves. Officially. Then scientists dated the Sphinx to be at least 10,000 years old. So is the Sphinx fiction?

That in turn brings us to entities who fade back and forth between physical and metaphysical manifestation. Officially, such entities do not exist. But then one day quantum scientists discovered that electrons sent into "the field" returned as waves of pure energy. So are the electrons fiction? Or is it the waves?

In this world it seems that what is fact and what is fiction is written in sand rather than stone. Therefore, as I stand on the sandy shore of our vast cosmos and watch the waves of the Universe lap at my feet, I feel obliged to tell you for the record:

Officially, this book is fiction.

Richard Brown

April 14, 2005

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Prologue

Summer 1993

The old monk shuffled into the chapel of the aging Greek monastery with his guest. Prayer candles flickered in the background casting phantasmagoric shadows on the dark Medieval walls. “I was wondering if I was ever going to see you again, Cleomedeos. You were such a wanderer as a boy. Thank you for coming.”

“I came as soon as I heard. For you, Father Nikolas, I would have to,” said the slender 30-ish man with a close-cropped beard. Even with his limp, he was still youthful and full of energy, clearly out of place in the quiet retreat of a monastery. “And also for Theodoros. I am sorry to have missed him.”

“We will all miss him,” the old monk said as he shook his head slowly. He glanced around the silent chapel. “We are alone, now,” he said quietly. “Theodoros swore me to secrecy and insisted that I give this to you personally. I do not know what this envelope contains,” the old monk said softly to the man, “and I do not wish to know. I am a man of God, and I do not participate in the affairs of the world. But I must warn you. Theodoros was found dead two hours after he gave this to me. He said he feared for his life because of this envelope, but he insisted that you must have it.” The old monk paused. “He leaves a widow and two children.”

“I know,” Cleomedeos said. “I have just visited them. They miss him dearly.”

The old monk nodded. “It has not been easy for them,” he said in a quiet voice. “Theodoros was a kind and God-fearing man who helped us here in so many ways.” He motioned with his arm. “The stained glass window there was one of his many contributions. He had it restored after the earthquake.” Then the old

monk turned to look at the man. "I respect this, his last request," Father Nikolas said, "but it means danger for you, my son. It cost Theodoros his life."

Cleomedeos nodded. "You know Theodoros was close to me, Father. As children we were like brothers. I understand his life, if perhaps you do not."

The old monk nodded. "You became a man of the world, which was proper for a boy as restless as you. Theodoros also became a man of the world. While he was not as restless as you, he did travel. I do not know the nature of all his travels. He spoke little of it." The old monk paused. "I will not ask you, because I do not wish to know, but I sense you also may know the contents of the envelope," the old monk said.

Father Nikolas paused and looked Cleomedeos in the eye. There was a great silence. The silence told the old monk what he needed to know.

He shook his head and sighed. "You do not have to take this envelope, Cleomedeos," he said softly. "If you tell me to do so, I will destroy it, for I fear it bodes no one well."

Cleomedeos nodded. "I respect what you say, Father Nikolas. Since my childhood I have always valued your wisdom," he said, "but like you, I, too, feel bound to respect Theodoros's last request. I think you know I have no choice but to accept the envelope."

The monk exhaled gently and nodded. "I thought you might," he said. "The two of you were always so headstrong."

The old monk again looked furtively around the chapel, and having assured himself that they were still alone, he reached inside his robe and pulled out an aging yellow envelope not much bigger than his hand. It had an unusual script on the outside. He placed it in Cleomedeos's hand.

Cleomedeos quickly shoved the envelope unopened into an inside pocket of his jacket. "Thank you, Father," he said quietly.

"I will pray for you," the old monk said.

"Perhaps that will help, too," Cleomedeos said.

Chapter 1

October 25, 2012, 7:30 p.m.

“Damn!” Walter slammed down the phone. He got up from his desk and began pacing nervously in the small office.

“What is it this time?” Jeffery asked idly. He was shifting and sorting through the large stacks of paper on his desk.

“He’s not in.” Thin and nervous, it was hard to guess Walter was only in his mid-thirties. He looked much older.

“Well, at least the phones are working,” Jeffery mumbled. The cold florescent lights flickered in the windowless room and went out for a couple of seconds. Then they flickered back on. “Which is more than we can say for the electricity,” he added absently. They had long since gotten used to the intermittent electrical supply at work.

“We’re going to have to do this ourselves,” Walter hissed.

“Weren’t we expecting that anyway?” Jeffery did not even bother looking up as he continued to thumb through the deep stack of papers in front of him.

Paperwork, the bane of any office work was more than evident with a ten-inch stack in each of two baskets on Jeffery’s desk. The top of Walter’s desk was not even visible for the stacks of papers. Put a computer in the midst of each of those desks, and it was a wonder anything at all ever got done.

“So what’s the fuss about this time?” Jeffery said absently. Greying and in his late forties, but still fit, Jeffery was not the sort to let details bother him.

“It would have been much easier if he had been in,” Walter said.

Jeffery pulled a single piece of paper out of one of the stacks and smiled. “Ah, here it is,” he said softly. He started reading it.

“This is just like him,” Walter hissed. He was still pacing.

Jeffery looked up and smiled. "Relax, Walter. How many times has it been like this before? If there were no problems, then this would be easy, and likely we'd be out of a job," he said.

Walter scowled. "You know this means we're going to have to drive into the no-go zone in the dark of night."

Jeffery shrugged with a small smug smile on his face. "With the ID we carry, we can drive anywhere we wish in the city at any hour of the day or night, regardless of what the army says, and we also have the gasoline to do so. So what's your problem?"

"Security."

"Frank and Charles will be with us." Jeffery said evenly.

Walter stopped cold and looked Jeffery in the eye. "Frank and Charles?" he asked quietly. Jeffery nodded solemnly. Walter whistled softly. "It's that big?"

Jeffery nodded again.

"How about time? As I figure it, we only have eight hours to get this done."

"It's not going to take that long. Two hours," Jeffery replied. "Maximum, two hours."

"In theory," Walter said.

Jeffery nodded. "That's right," he said in his quiet voice. "In theory." He handed the piece of paper in his hand to Walter. "This make any sense to you?"

Walter looked down at the paper. His brow furrowed as he read it. He slowly shook his head. "Not a thing. It needs to be decoded."

"It is decoded," Jeffery said evenly.

"What's in the rest of those papers?" Walter said pointing to the mass confusion on Jeffery's desk.

"Routine, the usual garbage from the usual people," Jeffery said, "which is why that is the page we pay attention to," he said as he pointed to the paper which Walter now had in his hands. "Commit it to memory. We're going to need it later tonight."

Walter raised his eyebrow. He pointed at the paper. "Tonight?"

Jeffery nodded slowly. "If all goes well, we get the matcher to that one."

Walter took a deep breath, pursed his lips, and started reading the paper

carefully, moving his finger line by line as his lips moved. He closed his eyes, sighed, and quietly mouthed some sounds. Then he opened his eyes, looked at the paper and smiled broadly. He handed the paper back to Jeffery. "Check me," he said with assurance.

"On cue," Jeffery said mechanically. They had done this before a few times. Jeffery looked at the paper he was holding in his hand, paused, and said. "Now."

Walter proceeded to rattle off a series of what sounded like random letters and numbers as Jeffery followed on the paper with his index finger line by line.

When Walter finished, Jeffery smiled. "Excellent, Walter," he said. "One hundred per cent, as always." Jeffery then ran the page through a shredder, took the shreds and placed them in a metal ashtray, and put a match to the shreds. The two watched in silence as the shreds burned. When they were reduced to ash, he stood up. "We're ready to go now. Frank and Charles are upstairs."

The lights in the little room flickered again, but this time they went out completely plunging the room into darkness. Even the ventilation system, which had always provided a hum in the background was off. The two men waited in total black silence. Then the lights flickered and came back on. "Power's out again," Walter said absently. "Christ, we can run half the governments in the world, but we can't even get electricity in our own office," he muttered.

Jeffery sighed. "Oh well, we're on the backup generator again, at least until the power comes back on," he said.

"Assuming it does," Walter muttered.

"So far it always has."

"One day it's not going to," Walter replied.

Jeffery shrugged. "We'll deal with that when we get there." He smiled. "After all, that's our job, right?" He stood up, and the two walked toward the door of the room.

"You said two hours max for tonight," Walter said quietly.

Jeffery took a deep breath. "That's right. That's what I said."

The two men locked eyes and paused for what seemed a very long time. Neither one was very sure about the two-hour estimate, but neither one was about to say that.

“Maybe we should get going,” Walter said softly.

Jeffery nodded silently. The two men then put on their bulletproof vests, clipped on their shoulder holsters, and put on a jacket hiding both. Jeffery grunted as he picked up his heavy briefcase, and the two men walked out the door of the office.