

The 2012 Saga: Book 2

The Handmaidens of Anarchy

It's Friday, October 26, 2012, first thing in the morning, and our fictional story picks up right where Book One (The Return of the Pleiadians) left off as the city of River Branch heads inexorably down the path to a bloodthirsty crisis.

Finally we find out what Andrew does for a living. It's density, rot, and corruption with trouble galore. The job promotion of a lifetime turns out to be a poisoned chalice – not only for Andrew, but for the entire city. Chaos creeps, crawls, and finally charges through the city's safe zone.

The Pink Flamingo Gymnasium on Buchanan Street has taken such a bizarre twist that battle-hardened soldiers run out the door screaming. Still, General Rammet discovers far bigger troubles brewing elsewhere in the city, and whether Jeffery likes it or not (and he doesn't), Sonja orders him to get involved up to his eyeballs in the army's problems.

Rathouse's designs to expand the R-Street gang's influence into Stinger's turf get snagged after she meets the ubiquitous Pleiadian, Melos, who is busy fending off an incursion from Orion. It doesn't help any that Zelda gets the gang so stoned that they launch a quixotic raid into the safe zone.

The Organization's frantic effort to control the decaying world by cracking the ancient secret code slows down as they discover this decoding business is far trickier than they first thought. Even the Easter bunny and a rare X-rated porn video aren't going to help.

Now, as for Skull . . . c'mon Skull is a nasty villain, so he's up to no good. But at least he did pay attention in Bible school, with chilling results.

We finally find out who Cleomedes really is and what his agenda is about. It's no wonder that he's stirring things up at every available opportunity. He has some very good reasons to do so, or at least he thinks so.

And what does Zelda's dog, Hookah, do when she goes for a walk? The point is that this dog knows how to hunt, but she doesn't chase squirrels.

2012 Saga

Book 2

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(Preview)

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Prologue

Smite Thine Enemies

In the darkest hour before the dawn beside the blackest corner of the rubble-strewn parking lot sat three nervous men fidgeting in a blue pickup truck. Barely perceptible in the darkness was the white cross painted on each of the truck's doors.

The fat man clenched his hands tightly around the steering wheel. He was the most nervous of the three. "When's he going to arrive, Wade?" the fat man asked again.

Wade Kenton was the trio's leader. "He'll be here, Rufus. He's a man of God. Men of God always keep their word."

"And if he doesn't?" the fat man replied as he wiped the sweat off his face.

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Wade replied.

The third man leaned over to talk to Rufus. "This is our best, maybe our only chance to smite the enemies of the Lord. So we have to do this today."

"And we will," Wade said. "Or more correctly, you will, Ethan. Today you are blessed. You will do the Lord's work. He will be here. Jesus walks with us all."

"Better be quick. There's only another hour of darkness left," the fat man said. "What if he gets stopped by the army?"

"What if it doesn't?"

"I'm worried, Wade."

"Have you forgotten Matthew, chapter 11 verse 27?" Wade asked. "All things are delivered unto me of my Father."

“Amen,” Ethan replied.

Just then they were distracted by a tapping on the driver’s window. Outside was a slight man dressed in black, difficult to see in the darkness. He had black hair and black horned-rimmed glasses, accentuated by his pale white skin. A silver chain holding a large silver cross dangled from his neck. He was holding a large canvas bag and smiling broadly.

“Where did he come from?” the fat man whispered.

“And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God,” Wade said. “Luke, chapter 13, verse 29.” Wade’s blue eyes blazed at the fat man. “Don’t be stupid asking stupid questions, Rufus. He said he’d be here and he is. He’s a man of God. He keeps his word. It is God’s will that he be here.” The three men quickly piled out of the pickup truck to greet the slender man of indeterminate age.

“Praise be to God,” the slender man in black said.

“Amen,” The three men replied, but hardly in unison.

“Brother Jacob sends you the blessings of our Lord Jesus Christ,” the slender man in black said, “as does Pastor Whitelove.”

“How are they?” Wade asked.

“Pleased that you are preparing the way of the Lord.”

“It is dangerous this morning,” Wade replied.

“Remember Exodus, chapter 15, verse 3: The Lord is a man of war,” the slender man in black said. “Are you ready to do the work of God?”

“Amen,” the trio replied. This time they got it in unison.

“Praise the Lord,” the slender man said. The darkness hid the slow smile which had crept around the edge of his lips. He set down the bulky canvas bag and quickly untied it exposing the contents. “Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near; let them come up,” the slender man in black said. “Joel, Chapter 3 verse 9.” He motioned to the three men to draw nigh. The three men stepped up to the bag.

Rufus switched on a small flashlight to scan the inside of the bag, which revealed a few small boxes. One by one, the slender man in black opened the boxes with a quick description of each. “Plastic explosives . . . blasting caps . . . batteries . . . wires . . . timers . . .” He looked up at the trio. “Everything you

need is here. All you have to do is the installation. Remember: Ye shall chase thine enemies, and they shall fall before you by your might. None shall be spared, saith the Lord.”

“Praise be to God,” Rufus said with obvious relief in his voice.

“So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord,” the man in black said.

“Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered,” Wade added.

The slender man in black quickly closed the boxes and put them back in the bag. He handed the bag to the trio. “Make haste,” he said softly. “For it is written, the enemies of the Lord must be smitten.”

“Amen!” the three men said as they quickly tied the bag down in the back of the pickup truck.

Then Ethan turned to the slender man in black and said, “God bless you.”

“It is not I but the Father you thank,” the man in black said. “For it is written in 2 Samuel 22:35: He teacheth my hands to war.” He smiled. “Remember also that which is said in Deuteronomy 20:3,4: Ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies: let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them. For the Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you.”

Wade motioned to his two companions. “We have to go, now,” he said. “We don’t have a lot of time. These bombs have to be in place before sunrise.”

The man in black replied, “Fear not. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. Genesis, Chapter 19:23-24”

Wade smiled as he ran his fingers through his thinning blond hair. “You are always so reassuring.”

“God is with you,” the man in black said as he fondled the large silver cross hanging from his neck. “Recall as well the words in Deuteronomy 7:2: The Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee; thou shalt smite them, and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy unto them.”

“Praise be to God, but we still have to hook up the explosives,” Wade said. Then he smiled again at the man in black. “May God bless you and be with

you always,” he said.

“Amen,” the man in black said. “Jesus loves you.”

“Amen,” the three replied in unison.

The three men quickly got back into the pickup truck and drove off into the darkness.

After they were gone and out of sight, the slender man in black ripped the silver chain and cross off of his neck and cast it upon the ground. Then he reached inside his black shirt and pulled out a different silver chain which had attached to it a large polished silver skull which he kissed and let dangle on his chest.

He then spit upon the silver cross lying on the ground. “I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies,” he muttered. “Psalms 139 verse 22.” He again caressed the silver skull hanging on his chest. “And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them. Genesis, Chapter 6-7.” He snorted. “Read your god damn bible, Wade.”

With that the man in black turned and walked off into the darkness where he quickly disappeared.