



## **“CALLING CARD” - Introduction**

**I**n the great expanse of the desert outside of Death Valley the rocks, placed carefully and deliberately in a circle formation await patiently for The Arrival.

Rain seldom falls in this desolate valley leaving untouched the various artifacts left behind by others. The Arrival will come. Everything is in place. Time does not matter. The Arrival will take place, whether in 10 minutes, or 10

years or a thousand years. But  
when they arrive, we will know. We  
should not hope for their arrival.

## CHAPTER 1 “A DREAM”

**T**he harsh wind rattled Jim's blinds awaking him in the middle of the night. It took a few minutes for his eyes to get used to the dark. And as soon as his eyes got used to the dark, a blinding light blazed through his old decrepit windows. Jolted up by the unexpected light, Jim jumped out of bed and ran toward the window. In the next instant Jim found himself surrounded by nothing but whiteness. Warm, glowing whiteness. Then a sound? A

murmur? What was it Jim thought he heard? Was his mind playing tricks on him? What was up? What was down? Where was he? And then... silence. The most deadening silence Jim had ever “heard”. And then...out of that silence, a whisper that he could barely make out. He thought he heard, well, was sure he heard the following “we will be arriving soon, prepare for our arrival”. And then, there was a loud crack and all went black.

## CHAPTER 2 “JIM”

Jim awoke. It was crisp and clear outside. A gentle breeze fluttered his blinds. He had a vague memory of what occurred that night. Although, that memory, clouded like cobwebs in the recesses of his mind, slowly dimmed until nothing of it was left. Jim got up and made some coffee. As the coffee dripped from the machine he reached into his cupboard for sugar cubes. He brought the sugar cubes down to his table. Slowly and methodically he started placing the

cubes into a formation. This was done without effort. It was as though he were at play. He began organizing the cubes into a circular formation to pass the time while his coffee brewed. His coffee was done. He poured a cup and reached for one of the sugar cubes to place into his coffee. He chose three cubes from his circular design and placed them in his coffee cup. They slowly melted in the hot liquid.

Something did not seem right. He couldn't quite place it. Something in the back of his mind told him that

something was wrong, incomplete. He involuntarily reached into the sugar cube holder and pulled three out. He placed them in the spots where the now dissolved cubes were. Everything was right.



## CHAPTER 3 “THE WRITER”

Julie was a writer. And a good one at that. Having sold millions of her fantasy romance novels her publisher was pushing her to produce a new one. Staring out at the Pacific Ocean from her outdoor deck in Malibu she pondered what the next line would be. But nothing came out. She could not think. She fell asleep...finding herself in the desert she looked around for signs of life. She noticed she was in the middle of a circle. A circle of rocks. Rocks

placed carefully and strategically to form perfect concentric circles. Rain started falling. Cold, harsh rain. She awoke and found herself in the middle of a rain shower. She grabbed her notepad and ran inside. She sat on her couch. Facing the Pacific Ocean she began to write. But to her wonder, once she finished writing she noticed there were no words. She had drawn out an image of concentric circles.

## CHAPTER 4 “THE BANKER”

The Banker was hated. With the eruption of anger towards AIG and other Masters of the Universe on Wall Street, The Banker was in the middle of a maelstrom. The Banker was used to ill will, but the amount being generated on tv, in the blogs and in the papers was starting to get to him. [The Huffington Post](#) was even against him and his ilk. The Huffington Post! He had been friends with Arianna's husband in the past and so he took that blog

personally. At any rate, he figured it would all blow over at some point. Besides, he was still making money.

He made his living traveling around the world making deals with high profile companies and sovereign states. In any given month he could have traveled from London to Dubai to Sydney with a stopover in Singapore to enjoy some Ba Cut Teh. To him, it was no different from traveling from Burbank to downtown LA, or from Philadelphia to New York. What he

didn't know, is that the anger towards his ilk and the misery his kind had unleashed on the world was nothing compared to what he would inflict in the not too distant future. For he would be the key to The Arrival and their master plan.

## CHAPTER 5

Jim could not get the images out of his mind. Over and over again he kept seeing a circular formation. Similar to having a song stuck in one's mind, Jim had the image of a circular formation stuck in his mind. It would not let up.

## CHAPTER 6

**J**ulie also could not get the images of those circles out of her mind. When she tried to write she found herself drawing circles. The same circles, over and over. She felt as though she were going mad.

## CHAPTER 7

The Banker was leaving Washington DC. His boss had just taken a beating from Congress and decided to send him to LA to finish up some business. He was flying in first class, which was nice, but not nice enough to stay awake. He popped some Dramamine and laid back to sleep. The flight would take about 5 hours if you count the time on the ground. The Dramamine began to take effect. The veil of reality became a haze as he slipped comfortably into



the warm embrace of  
unconsciousness.

The Banker found himself on a dirt road in the middle of a desert. To either side of him were a couple abandoned buildings. Like any dream, this seemed perfectly normal to him. The Banker surveyed his surroundings. Behind him was a great expanse of a desert. In front of him were hills, sparsely covered with [Joshua Trees](#). And then he noticed something in the distance at the foot of the hills. Nestled amongst the dry brush of

the desert was a structure if some kind, red in color. He went to investigate. Seemingly floating in the air he approached the structure. As he got closer he realized it was a red caboose. A red caboose sitting out in the middle of some bushes, in the middle of a desert. There was light coming out of one of the windows. A flickering light. As he got to the caboose he heard a shuffling from the inside. The side door of the caboose opened. The caboose door opened slowly and a man walked out. He looked at the Banker and said, I've been

expecting you. The Banker, surprised to hear this at first, was not taken aback. In fact, he felt as though he had already met or known this person before. The Banker asked who the man was. The man answered “I am David Van Damm”. The Banker was now taken aback. He had not heard that name in years, since way back in grade school. Suddenly the ground shook beneath them in the desert and a blinding light shown from the sky. The Banker awoke and found himself in his airplane seat. The entire plane was shaking.

Overhead he heard the captain say they had just hit some major turbulence but it would be over soon. The shaking stopped. The Banker recalled his dream. That name, David Van Damm, it had been over thirty years since he heard that name. David Van Damm disappeared in the desert while on a Boy Scout retreat. The Banker was on the same retreat when David disappeared. It was a big local story at the time. Back in grade school, The Banker belonged to a local boy scouts troop in

Pasadena. In that troop was a kid named David Van Damm.

It was on a 4th of July weekend that David disappeared. The Banker and David's Boy Scout troop took an extended camping trip out into Death Valley. In Death Valley the troop explored the barren yet fascinating landscape. Colors leapt from the surrounding mountains. The bold hues of blue and purple contrasted sharply with the landscape beneath their feet. On one of their outings they came upon a deserted ghost town in

Ryholite. Next to the crumbling train station and banks running down a small strip of dirt road that used to be Main Street was the [Goldwell Museum](#).

## CHAPTER 8

Julie, the Writer, unable to dismiss the images of concentric circles in her mind decided to sit down and write about them. She also decided to play some music. She put on the band "[Air](#)", sat down, carefully removed her ball point pen and began to write. Letting her mind free to explore the images in her head she began to pen not only the circles in her mind but words to express her visions. Her mind searched back into her past, her synapses bringing

multiple images to her. But nothing could get the images from her mind.

She decided to do an image search on Google. She first tried "Rock Circle in Desert". She searched the images, but nothing looked familiar. She then tried "[rock circle in death valley](#)". And there it was, the third photo was exactly what was in her mind. She needed to go there and find out the answer to her visions. She decided to drive, right then and there. 8 hours of driving through the Mojave Desert she finally found the circle



formation. Located just outside the [Rhyolite Ghost town](#).

As she approached she noticed there were others gathered around the rock formation. She counted them, 11. She was not alone.

The Banker and Jim had also made their way to the rock formation, also known as “[Calling Card](#)”. In total, 12 people from around the world had somehow made their way to this location. They set up camp and began to swap stories. Slowly

by the campfire they fell asleep. At 3AM a blinding light appeared over the formation waking everyone up. Out of the lightness appeared a tall, slender humanoid creature. No one was scared. The humanoid creature waved them all to come closer to it. When everyone was assembled the creature stated the reason for them to come to this desolate area.

They were to save the world.

## CHAPTER 9

The humanoid explained that in the coming months a delegation of them would appear and make themselves known to humanity. It was up to the chosen 12 gathered at Calling Card to get the word out. A hand was raised. It was the banker. He asked “and just how exactly do you expect us to do this?”

The humanoid answered back. “I will provide each of you this

medallion” and he held out his hand for all 12 to see. “This medallion will provide you the ability to speak to anyone, of any language, and explain what is to come. This medallion has the power to help anyone you come in contact with to believe. It is now your responsibility to travel to throughout the world and explain what is to come.”

The humanoid handed out 12 medallions to the twelve participants.

When the humanoid was done, he said they were chosen due to the ability of them to travel throughout the world as well as their knowledge of all aspects of society; The Writer for creativity, The Banker for his financial background, Jim - the truck station owner for his work involving transportation, the Nobel laureate for his scientific mind, etc.,. And with that the humanoid vanished in a flash of white light.

## CHAPTER 10

The silence among the twelve was deafening. What does one do after being told they are going to save the world? And save the world from what exactly? Wars? Conflicts? Greed? Famine? Questions, not answers.

Slowly though it all began to make sense. The medallions started working on the 12. Like a warm shower enveloping a chilled body, all of them began to realize the

truth. And when one realizes the truth, and the absoluteness of that truth, the urge, no - the zeal, to start preaching becomes unstoppable. And in a frenzy the 12 began discussing what to do, gesticulating in a manner fit for a mad scientist.

A plan of action was needed. And so, it was at this point The Banker took charge, silenced the group and said, “It is time for us to get to work”.

“But how?” Asked The Writer? “We don’t even know when or where the Humanoids will present themselves”.

The Follower of Falun Gong said,  
“We need not worry as all will become clear with time.” The Bishop Concurred.

“Right” said The Banker, “Now let’s go through what each of us already have scheduled for the following month. Or see what we can schedule or whom we can meet



with.” And with that they began to plan.

The Writer had a book tour coming up. The Banker had various meetings across the globe with several different banking institutions including [The Capital Group Companies](#). The Scientist was traveling to the Europe on assignment for the new Large Hadron Collider. The Bishop was heading to Rome to meet with a group of Cardinals to review the latest findings from Vatican Advanced Technology Telescope.

The Australian Crypto-zoologist was friends with the producer of the [Mysterious Universe podcast](#).

He would see about getting an interview on the popular podcast to help spread the word. The Follower of [Falun Gong](#) would meet with Li Hongzhi to help spread the word to his practitioners, etc.,

Everyone had their part to play.

The 12 were going to help humanity prepare for The Arrival. They made

a pact to return to Calling Card one  
month from now.

## CHAPTER 11

***“All that is visible must grow beyond itself, to extend into the realm of the invisible.” – Dumont***

The next month there was a flurry of activity. Each of the 12 went on to travel throughout the world to spread the word. Those that met the 12 in person understood them and prepared for The Arrival. However, most people who heard from them on TV or radio did not believe them or, in fact, even understand what

they were trying to say. It seemed the medallion only worked on those that were in close contact with the wearer.

Curiously, a strange phenomenon began occurring all over the globe as the weeks passed. It seemed that the 12 had passed along some meme to those they met. In turn the people who met the 12 passed this meme onto others. This happened gradually at first and then the meme took off geometrically until most of humanity was had come in contact

with the meme. There were, of course, a few people – hermits, tribes in the Amazon, Indonesia, and the Philippines, etc., – who did not come into contact. But all in all, most of humanity had come into contact and their understanding of what was to come became crystal clear. Similar to when working on a puzzle and you suddenly see the answer so clearly.

So clearly in fact that it is hard to understand how you could not have seen it. This was the feeling. And what a great feeling it was. But

here was more to it than a feeling. The meme brought an overwhelming sense of purpose to everything and a complete understanding of the The Arrival. But in addition to this, it brought facts, or at least what “felt” like facts. It soon became clear to most everyone when The Arrival would take place. No one could postulate why exactly, it just felt right. The date of The Arrival would be November 11. It was such a clear insight it was decided by the powers that be, a speech would be given to the United Nations on the

30th of the October. The President of the United States, alongside the President of the EU, China, India, and a representative of Africa would address the world. The speech would lay out how humanity would welcome these new visitors.

The entire world watched the speech as a global community, finally throwing off the yoke of past transgressions. It felt as though they all belonged to a single organism. All realized we were one, the idea of borders separating countries became an abstract,



almost silly exercise in humanities  
past endeavors.

The world had changed.

## CHAPTER 12

***"When we get over the silly... problems of racism and war, then we can tackle the big problems of exploring the universe" - Gene Rodenberry***

**I**t was now December and a month had passed since all of humanity believed The Arrival would take place. All of humanity waited with baited breath and became anxious for The Arrival. And yet on the day of The Arrival, nothing happened. Websites, from Coast-to-Coast to Mysterious

Universe ran stories questioning whether all of mankind was witnessing a case of mass hypnosis. An entire episode of [Mysterious Universe](#) was devoted to these mystery 12 “apostles” and their message of The Arrival. What was really going on? Would The Arrival really happen? Were we in the midst of the most historically altering point of human existence or the punch line to a massive joke?

## December 21

And then... ...it happened.

Like a single drop of rain on a clear day soon to be followed by a deluge. Slowly at first, much like how the meme spread, but then in a geometric fashion, the world began to witness the reality of meme. The blindness occurred suddenly. One moment you could see, the next moment everything went black. Those that had first contact with the 12 became blind first. Followed; in turn by the next group infected.

Imagine for a moment what occurs on the roadways, in the sky in airplanes, on the streets when suddenly drivers, pilots, etc., go blind. Within a short period of time almost everyone on the planet was blind. All except for the 12 "apostles".

The world was thrown into a nightmare of darkness. The screams from the helpless billions of people would taper down to a murmur within the first weeks of this worldwide epidemic. Within a

month most would be dead. The human race was finished.

As the blindness spread to everyone around the 12 “apostles” they became horrified by the turn of events. All around them was absolute chaos and craziness. They were unable to get transportation anywhere. Chaos ensued. And then, one by one the 12 disappeared.

## CHAPTER 13

***"Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The  
jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun The  
frumious andersnatch!" – Lewis Carol***

A wakening to the hot dry air of Death Valley, the 12 found themselves back at the rock formation Calling Card. They were all too shocked and horrified to speak. They had just been witness to a horrific plague. A plague all the more frightening because it was caused by their actions. A crack,

like thunder, sounded and appearing before them in the middle of the circle "Calling Card" appeared the humanoid. The Banker, in a fit of fury ran towards the humanoid to try and cause harm, only to find himself unable to gain entrance to the circle. The humanoid told them all to sit and listen. They obeyed (there was nothing to do but obey) and sat down.

The Humanoid then told them a story.



A long time ago in our past, at the dawn of our civilization, we were given a book handed down from our ancient ancestors, which was handed down by God. This book laid out in detail the way to live our lives with rules that needed to be followed. And if we followed the rules in the book we would be shown the way to our Promised Land. We followed the rules as laid out in The Book for thousands of years. The humanoid then paused.

He then carefully stated the following, “This is our Promised Land, Planet Earth.”

The humanoid stretched out its hand and the medallions on each of the 12 were drawn in rapidly towards the humanoids hand. The 12 went blind.

The End