

**Cerulean Blue**



**WRAY  
MILLER**

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**CERULEAN  
BLUE**



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Manufactured in the United States of America  
First Printing: November 2002

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For Harold,  
whose dreams inspire me.



# ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I would like to say thank you to the following people for their contributions to this book:

To Tina-Marie Miller, poet and author, whose advice and contributions to *Cerulean Blue* are greatly appreciated.

To Juanita Young McNeil Wray Burns, long suffering mother, who brought me from paper and pen into the Computer Age.

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And finally, I would like to extend my respect and gratitude to the artists Bono and U-2, John Fogerty and *Creedence Clearwater Revival* and sagacious comedians , Jackie Mason and George Carlin for their incalculable contributions to our great American Culture.



# INTRODUCTION

In the Winter of *ad.* 1995, a small group of scientists discovered a fourth type of seaweed on a small unexplored island in the South Atlantic. It became known in the scientific community as *Azurophyta*, blue seaweed. To the rest of the World, it became known as *Cerulean Blue*.

*Cerulean Blue* changed the World. It changed all life on Earth. It changed Death. And it changed the very concept of Time. The Past is the history of mankind without the knowledge of *The Blue*. And the Future of mankind will be ruled by *The Blue*. Therefore time in the Present is reckoned according to the discovery of *The Blue*.

Mankind's age or length of life is no longer recorded. He is born. He lives until he dies. The written history of man is now recorded as having begun in 6,000 years *bcb.* — *Before Cerulean Blue*. It is no longer the *year of Our Lord — anno domini*. It is the *year of Cerulean Blue — Anno Cerulean Blue*. The Present is the year 07 *acb*. The Future is yet to be determined.



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# Prologue

Early November, 1994 *ad.*  
Palmer Land on the Antarctic Peninsula

Kendrik Halen was hoarse from yelling over the ear-splitting sounds coming from the seal colony. He stepped cautiously around an irritated female leopard seal, raised his hands above his head and yelled to draw her attention. Meanwhile, his colleague, George Pearce, gently kidnapped her pup.

"This is the last one, Ken," hollered George, as he carefully attached the electronic identifier to the pup's tail.

"I should hope so," returned a frost-bitten Ken. "That's ten."

Dr. Pearce safely returned the baby seal to his mother. He and his companion slowly picked their way through the colony and up the side of the glacier. It took nearly an hour to reach the base camp at Nordstrom Point. The fierce wind sliced through their fur parkas and frosted Halen's moustache and eyebrows. As the two scientists entered the Quonset hut that served as the Mess Hall, the cook, Morris Talbott, reached for the coffee mugs. Filling two to the top, he grabbed a plate of hot rolls with his other hand. He arrived at the long, metal dinner table the same time as the frozen professors.

"We were just about to send out the troops," said Morris as he set the spread in front of them.

"George had trouble with the ladies, today," said Halen as he winked at the cook. "He just doesn't have the charm and good looks that I do *or* your particularly lengthy track record with women."

Dr. Pearce rubbed his left thigh and said, "Did you see that cow lay into me?"

"Did she break the skin?" asked the cook.

"No..."continued Pearce, "She was just trying to scare me away from her pup."

"It worked too, Morris," laughed Halen, "you should have seen the *Great Seal Catcher*, here. He looked more like an Olympic Track star!"

"You know it's not easy being a marine zoologist when you're afraid of animals," chuckled Pearce good-naturedly. "Have I told you how much I hate seals?"

"Seals, walruses, whales, penguins...the list goes on," added Morris as he walked toward the kitchen, "reminds me of one of my wives,...number three, or was it four...anyway, she was fat in all the right places, but she walked just like a cow, kinda clop, clop, pigeon-toedy like. She was a biter, too. What a woman!"

Halen laughed as he sipped his hot coffee and said, "Did you ever notice how everytime we talk about some kind of animal, it always reminds Morris of one of his wives?" He grinned as he watched Morris disappear into the other room. Halen returned his attention to business and said, "Well, that should take care of this years crop though, don't you think?"

Pearce removed his clipboard from his rucksack and began to scan the contents. He read the list and placed a check beside each group as Halen nodded his approval.

"We did ten *Hydrurga Leptonyx*...leopard seals; five *Leptoncyhotes weddelli*...Weddell's seals; five *Ommatophoca rossi*...Ross seals; and ten *Lobodon carcinphagus*...crab eaters," counted Pearce. "That's the full range of the Antarctic seal population."

"How in the Hell do you remember all that genus shit?" laughed Halen.

"I've been repeating them for thirty years, so I remember them," commented Pearce. "If I could have only remembered my ex-wife's name that well, she might still be around! I kept getting her name mixed up with the waitresses at the Big Boy Diner and well..." He rolled his large brown eyes back into his head.

Continuing he said, "We have to be sure to record the numbers of the last two identifiers into the computer and then we're

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fairly well finished here until next October. Maybe now we'll find out a little more about the *secret life* of our seals."

"And maybe we'll get some clue as to why they're returning here with young pups. They're suppose to be coming *here* to have their babies, but an increasing number of them are arriving here with pups in tow. Perhaps the identifiers will tell us *where*, at least, they're giving early birth. Then all we have to do is figure out *why*," said Halen.

"Well, we have about a year to wait and see," sighed Pearce.

"Yeah, and meanwhile, I'm going to the Caribbean for the Winter and then on to Woods Hole Institute for the Spring," answered Halen. "I have to hold seminars for graduate students to help pay for my grants next Fall."

Pearce replaced the clipboard in his rucksack and stood up. He picked up his empty coffee mug, turned toward the huge urn that set on the far wall counter, then stopped and returned for Halen's cup.

"OOPS, I was busy thinking about you and those pretty female graduate students," he said good-naturedly. When he returned to the table, he said, "I can't get over those new identifiers. We can track those seals by satellite wherever they go for the next twelve months. No one was ever able to do that before. We have absolutely *no* idea where their migration routes trail. We have the beginning and the end, and *now* at last we'll have the *in-between!*"

Halen sipped his coffee and watched his excited colleague. Feeling the same sensation overtaking him, he said, "I suppose you'll be right here the entire year, watching the little buggers swimming and frolicking around the globe, eh George?"

"No, though I'd like nothing better. Instead I have to go to GM Headquarters and hand over my yearly report for publishing. Then I have to travel the lecture circuit for the *Public Relations Office* and finally, if I have any time left, I get to spend some with my kids. My daughter is getting married in June and I haven't met the guy. She told me that her mother approved, so I figure I should check the guy out," Pearce said with a sly grin.

"It must be great to work for a big corporation like Global

Market and never have to worry about funding," said Halen with his envy glowing all over his face. "Did I tell you that I almost got hired by them once?" He waited for Pearce to show interest and then continued, "Yeah, right after I got out of Tufts, one of the professors from M.I.T. approached me about working with him as his assistant in a Behavioral Science project that was funded by Global Market. You probably know the guy, Dr. Terrence Blackwell?"

Pearce nodded, "Yeah, I know him. He's a real prick!"

Chuckling, Halen said, "That's the guy. Well he was really into Cybernetics back then and he was trying to write a behavioral program for use in a prototype for the *812 Series*. You remember what a flop that was for Global Market Corp, right?"

"Can you believe they still funded Blackwell after that!" Said Pearce incredulously. "So why didn't you take Blackwell up on his offer?"

"Cuz he was such a prick!" Laughed Halen. "He did help me make up my mind to become a Vet, though. I figured with jerks like him around, spending my life with animals looked pretty appealing."

He stood from the bench and gathered his things, put on his coat and headed for the door.

"I have to pack. The *Ortalan II* is picking me up at daybreak. She's headed for Massachusetts, so I get a ride all the way to Cape Cod," he said merrily. "Look, I'll see you later, but I would still like to say how much I've enjoyed working with you..."

"Before you kiss me good-bye or anything," interrupted Pearce, "remember we'll both be stuck back down here in September and then you'll forget how much we mean to each other."

Pearce grabbed his coffee cup and walked toward the kitchen. He turned at the door and said, "Take it easy, kid, I'll see you in the Fall."

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# Chapter I

Vienna, the Capital of the United States of Europe  
January, the year 07 *acb*.

“I hate this shit! You could feed a third world nation off what this damned carpet cost,” Murphy muttered to himself.

“If there were any Third World nations left...” Murphy always talked to himself in this fashion; it was the only way he could guarantee an intelligent conversation.

He continued walking down the long hallway. He ran his left hand along the expensive wood paneling that lined the walls.

“I wonder which National Park they stole this out of,” he said viciously as he fixed his eyes upon the two massive teakwood doors ahead of him. His nervous agitation began to wear upon him.

“I hate these damn sessions. Why can’t they just leave me alone and let me do my job!”

Murphy wasn’t looking forward to the confrontation that he knew was awaiting him on the other side of those boardroom doors. His team had made some massive mistakes and now he knew that he would have to go in there and lie to “that pompous jerk” to save his own ass.

“Gates will be the sacrificial lamb—,” he knew that much as he smiled to himself, “he’s worked *so* hard for it and I hate to see a good man disappointed. So we’ll just feed his ambitious butt to the gods.”

Murphy halted briefly and stooped to the floor to run his long, square, well-manicured fingers along the carpet. He scraped his long thumbnail back and forth along the plush teal blue fibers, making visible trails, then covering them up.

“Womack and his guys got that last bunch through, because he

knew where we were stationed," a sly smile covered his face. "I have a strong feeling that Gates is the one who told them."

He took the cigarette from his mouth. The smile turned to a sneer as he rose to his feet. Then he dropped the cigarette onto the carpet and ground the small burning butt into the fibers with his ostrich-skinned boots. As he reached for the ornate porcelain door handle, Murphy mumbled, "Corporate opulence gripes my ass!"

"Murphy! Come in—sit down, I want you to see this. Gwen, get the gentleman a drink." The man's voice rose slightly above the din coming from the large screened television in the far corner of the expensive boardroom.

As Murphy walked toward the voice, a glass of ice and, *No doubt twenty-five year old scotch*, was shoved into his hand by the confident aide, Gwen. Murphy turned his attention to the television screen. A smartly dressed newscaster was holding an oversized microphone in the face of one of America's many ex-Presidents, as he bragged about having volunteered his entire family for processing at the new San Antonio, Texas *Facility*.

"We can't buy advertisement like this, Murphy," Gwen commented enthusiastically.

"Dumb hick!" said Murphy sarcastically.

"If all the papers that I requested are on my desk, Gwen, you may leave us. I'd like to spend some quality time with Mr. Murphy," interjected the voice from the large leather chair.

Gwen walked to the desk and straightened the small stack of papers upon it. Turning to her boss, she said, "Everything is in order, Mr. Erlichmann. I will see that you are not disturbed."

The tall, curvaceous blond, straightened the collar of her green silk blouse, turned and walked deliberately to the door with her three inch heels clicking on the polished Italian marbled floor. A low guttural growl escaped from Murphy as he watched the door close behind Gwen.

"Maybe we should call her back and see if she can get everything in order for *me*, too?" Murphy half chuckled.

"Gwendolyn is a highly proficient, multi-skilled, corporate aide, Mr. Murphy. And while I am sure that she is not averse to

using her bedroom skills to rise up the corporate ladder, I am equally certain that she would consider you to be mere dross," Mr. Erlichmann responded with a pleasant smile.

Everything that Mr. Erlichmann did was with a pleasant smile, and pleasant was really the word to describe him. He was pleasant to look at, to talk with, to work with... This was the attribute that made him so well respected and admired amongst his peers in the *United Nations Corporation*. But perhaps peer was the wrong word—he really had no peers, for Reginald Erlichmann was the undisputed Caesar of The Corporation. Dressed in Armani suits and Gucci shoes, his well-groomed looks set the example of par excellence that was required for the corporate image. And in the corporate world, *Image* was everything.

While Erlichmann might have employed people like Murphy, he would never be public about his acquaintances with them. But then dogs like Murphy were very necessary for Erlichmann to have and to hold the power that he needed to sit as the head of The Corporation.

"After all, that is why the kennel sits in the far corner of the backyard," Erlichmann would say, "so that one can make use of the animal's talents, parade him out and make him do his tricks, even pet him once in a while. But one *never* has to let it in one's house or on one's furniture." And while Uni-Corp was an equal opportunity employer, he definitely believed that "*Some* of us are infinitely more equal than others."

"I think that you'd be most comfortable in this chair, Mr. Murphy," Erlichmann said as he pulled a chair out for Murphy to sit in. The tapestry-covered chair was seated next to the end of the long polished board table. Murphy walked directly to the chair where he flopped down and propped his feet upon the table.

"Are you comfortable, Mr. Murphy?" Erlichmann asked amiably.

Murphy, never forgetting for a moment that he was in a rattlesnake's nest, answered nonchalantly, "Yeah, this is fine, thanks."

Erlichmann smiled. Murphy heard a distinct rattling in his

head as he envisioned the snake beginning to coil. Erlichmann took a sip of his drink, peering at Murphy from over the rim of the lead-crystal glass. Again there were sounds of a rattle in Murphy's head. The snake wound his coil tighter. Erlichmann lowered his glass and began, "Let us discuss what went wrong, *Wendall*."

Murphy stiffened. He hadn't been called *Wendall* since he nearly beat a kid to death on a street corner for it when he was thirteen years old. Even the nuns at St. Agnes called him Murphy.

"I can call you *Wendall*, can't I? I feel that we are close enough to be able to communicate on a one to one level..." Erlichmann said in a sugary voice. "I feel we can—how do you *Americans* say...cut through the red tape? And speak *mano y mano*. Or *Wendall* to *Herr Erlichmann*. Don't you think?"

Erlichmann moved closer to Murphy for that extra personal touch of intimate face to face confrontation. Murphy quietly studied the man's face, noting that the slight smile was still there, yet his eyes were inclement and expressionless. Murphy was reminded of the fact that Erlichmann was the only thing that he came near to being afraid of—and for a man like Murphy, being afraid didn't bode well.

"What can I tell you, Mr. Erlichmann?" Murphy began.

Erlichmann interrupted, "You can tell me why it is that Harold Womack is still alive. You can tell me how it is that seventeen people managed to evade an entire platoon of your men. And perhaps then you can tell me where it is that they managed to disappear to."

Murphy followed his hands through his thinning black hair and answered, "The first two questions are easy to answer, but the third one can't be answered..." he stammered, "just yet.. Womack is like a damn ghost—he's there, he isn't there, he's there, he isn't there. I've fought in two wars and numerous Company operations and in all of that time I've never run into anyone with as much damn luck as this guy!" Murphy was obviously very frustrated.

"Womack got those seventeen people through, but this time was different—this time he had help. He normally raids *Type III Facilities* and releases the *BUGS*," Looking into Erlichmann's face, he

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explained, "*Biologically Unsuitable for Genetic Selection.*" Smiling at Erlichmann's obvious discomfort with the tasteless acronym, Murphy continued, "But this time he ran his operation on a *Type II*. We thought we were ready for him, though. We used every bit of info we could scrape up on him, together with every piece of surveillance equipment available and all the manpower we could muster. We spotted him, we followed him, we discovered his escape route and we were in position, waiting for him. Our best men were there, Sir. And he walked through us with seventeen people right behind him, just like a damn fly through a hole in a screen."

Erlichmann calmly lifted his eyebrows and inquired, "Who put the hole in the screen, Wendall? That *is* what you are telling me, isn't it?"

"I've gone over and over this in contemplation. The only one it could possibly have been is Gates."

"And why would that be, Wendall? What does Mr. Gates have to gain through betrayal to The Corporation?"

"We have reason to believe, Sir, that one of the seventeen PIAs..."

"Persons In Assimilation?" queried Erlichmann.

"Yes, Sir," Murphy answered. *Pains in the Ass!* He thought to himself.

Murphy continued, "As I was saying, we believe that one of the PIAs was Gates' youngest sister. She was scheduled for processing at the first of last week and she didn't show up. Upon further investigation, it was discovered that there had been extensive communication between her and Womack. There were four other people due for processing at the same center as she, who were also no-shows and at least two of those people were positively identified amongst the seventeen PIAs. It all fits into a neat little package labeled Gates. That answers your first and second questions.

Harold Womack is alive because he was ushered through our nets along with his team and about a dozen or so PIAs by the very man that The Corporation chose to run this particular operation.

I'm not responsible for having chosen Gates—the appointment came down from your personnel department, *Herr* Erlichmann, Sir. And furthermore, I was not at the scene at that time, because I was searching for the answer to your third question: Where are they disappearing to?" Murphy sat back in his chair and took a long draw out of his scotch glass, pleased at having extricated a huge percentage of the rattlesnake's venom out of his ass.

Erlichmann crossed his arms and began tapping two fingers on his pursed lips. He stared not really *at*, but *through* Murphy.

"Mr. Gates' affiliation with The Corporation is to be immediately terminated with...how do you say...*extreme* prejudice. I firmly believe that for the well-being of The Corporation, Mr. Gates' termination should be handled in a fashion that would make him a beneficial example to our remaining affiliates.

Mr. Gates has failed to be a team player. We will not tolerate such behavior. It is not good for the corporate image. And just so that Mr. Gates doesn't feel alone *and* in keeping with the spirit of the team, see that the individual from our personnel department who assigned Mr. Gates to the mission joins him in his farewell party. All remaining relatives of both men are to be immediately processed for *Assimilation Type III*. Bad corporate manners seem to run in the genes. You, of course, do understand what I mean, Mr. Murphy...And finally, as for the answer to my third question, *we* at Uni-Corp have developed a great affection for *you*, Wendall, which allows us to extend our patience far beyond that of appropriate limits. But let us just say that a man cannot expect to eat the apples from the charity tree all of his life. I suggest that you use all of your remaining energies and animal instincts to find the answer to my question *very, very* soon. Lest we be forced to volunteer you, as well, to our *Corporate Example System*." Rattle, rattle, rattle. Strike.

"Mr. Murphy, be so kind as to send Gwendolyn back in, on your way out. I wish to discuss these distasteful and tactless acronyms currently in use, *BUGS, PIA, RIP*...what is that again?"

"Rest In Purgatory...I mean...*Rebel Insurgent Personnel*, Sir," corrected Murphy.

"UCP is really the only acceptable one...*Uni-Corp Personnel*...of

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course, if one is not a member of Uni-Corp, is he truly acceptable anyway?" Erlichmann asked rhetorically, "Remember, Mr. Murphy, acceptability is all in the classification. It's terribly important to have that little check-mark in the right box on a Uni-Corp Dossier. Let us see that your own personal check-mark doesn't go astray."

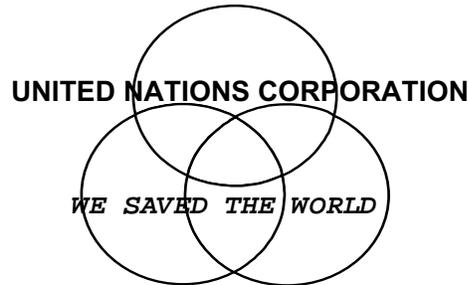
Murphy rose, nodded his head and said, "Thank you very much for your time, Mr. Erlichmann." He headed for the door where he swiftly exited. Once he was safely out of Erlichmann's sight, Murphy proceeded to remove the set of fangs from his ass.

*"Herr Dick head!"*

Date 12-26-7acb  
P.01

From Kelley

To 033031050



**Type of File:** Personal Dossier

**Category:** U.C.P. ✓ B.U.G.S. P.I.A. R.I.P. L.A.P.

**Name:** Wendall Leslie Murphy **D.O.B.:** 10/06

**Place of Birth:** Toronto, Ontario, Canada

**Current Address:** Unknown - \*(Subject contacts Uni-Corp CEO. at prearranged interval).

***Personal Data -***

**Height:** 5 ft. 11 in. **Weight:** 158 lb. **Hair:** Black

**Eyes:** Brown

**Distinguishing marks:** Balding; three scars on chest from gunshot wounds.

**Marital Status:** Widowed

**Spouse's Name:** N/A

**Dependent information:** None

**Primary Occupation:** Chief Security Officer, Uni-Corp.

**Secondary Occupation:** Former Consultant for Office of Strategic Planning and Intelligence Analyst for Global Market Corporations.

**Education:** Primary and Secondary Schools at St. Agnes Parochial Schools, Toronto, Ontario, Canada; BS. in Mechanical Engineering from the University of Ottawa, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

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**Military Experience:** Army Corp of Engineers, Qui Nhon, South Vietnam.

**Type of Separation:** Discharge      **Character of Service:** Honorable  
See ext. file for Decorations, Medals, Badges, Commendations, Citations, and Campaign Ribbons Awarded or Authorized; Also see ext. file for list of military schooling and specialist training.

**Special Affiliations:** National Rifleman's Association; NAAWP.

**Special Abilities and Hobbies:** Martial Arts; Weapons Expert; Snowmobiling; Tobogganing; Tai Chi Chuan.

**Comments:** *Uni-Corp Personnel.* Subject was formerly an operative for the Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, DC; Expertise runs in counterespionage and demolitions; Hired as consultant to counteract Industrial Espionage within Global Market Corp; Transferred to Uni-Corp at request of CEO and is solely subordinate to CEO.

Date 12-26-7acb  
P.02

From Kelley

To 033031050

Date 10-02-7acb  
P.01

From Kelley

To 033031050



**Type of File:** Personal Dossier

**Category:** U.C.P. B.U.G.S. P.I.A. R.I.P. ✓ L.A.P.

**Name:** Harold Curtis Womack **D.O.B.:** 05/31

**Place of Birth:** Chicago, Illinois, USA.

**Current Address:** Unknown (Thought to be residing in Central or South America).

***Personal Data -***

**Height:** 5 ft. 8 in. **Weight:** 190 lb. **Hair:** Dk. Brown

**Eyes:** Brown

**Distinguishing marks:** Small, white scar on face: right chin, below lip; Burn scars on left hand and right forearm; Scar on lower back.

**Marital Status:** Married **Spouse's Name:** Shelby Lynn Reed (R.I.P.)

**Dependent information:** Four children; daughter, Lynn, b.12/06 (deceased 06/1998); daughter, Patsy, b. 04/04; daughter, Lily, b. 10/14; son, Curtis, b. 11/25.

**Primary Occupation:** Steamfitter/Pipewelder

**Secondary Occupation:** Military Weapons and Demolitions Expert; Cryptography;

**Education:** Carson Elementary School, Santa Fe, New Mexico; San

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Joaquin High School, Carlsbad, New Mexico; Associates Degree in Welding Mechanics from Pueblo Junior College, Pueblo City, New Mexico; Extensive military oriented studies while in the US. Army, (see military file).

**Military Experience:** United States Army; Division: Special Ops, Da Lat, South Vietnam, (Grade: Sgt. E8; attached to 173rd Airborne Division); Special Forces, Da Nang, South Vietnam, (Grade: Warrant Officer; Recon Div.)

**Type of Separation:** Discharge      **Character of Service:** Honorable  
Primary Specialty Number and Title: 11F4P Inf. Opns. & Intel Spec.  
See ext. file for Decorations, Medals, Badges, Commendations, Citations, and Campaign Ribbons Awarded or Authorized; Also see ext. file for list of military schooling.

**Special Affiliations:** Member, American Legion; Member, National Rifleman's Association; Member, Disabled American Veterans; Member, Vietnam Veterans Association of America; American Veterans Committee (AVC); American Veterans of World War II, Korea, and Vietnam (AMVETS); Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States (VFW); Member, National Audubon Society; National Archery League of America.

**Special Abilities and Hobbies:** Extensive training in munitions and demolitions; aviator; Martial Arts and Melee expertise; Former champion of National Archery League of America; cryptology and cartography.

**Comments:** *Rebel Insurgent Personnel.* Subject is knowledgeable in most areas of military defense, strategy, and counterintelligence; completely antagonistic to Uni-Corp and all affiliates; Commander of insurgent group operating out of Central and South America; Not appropriate as storage material; Considered extremely dangerous; Transfer to Type III Repository considered to pose unnecessary risk to Uni-Corp personnel; Terminate subject on sight.

Date 10-02-7acb  
P.02

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