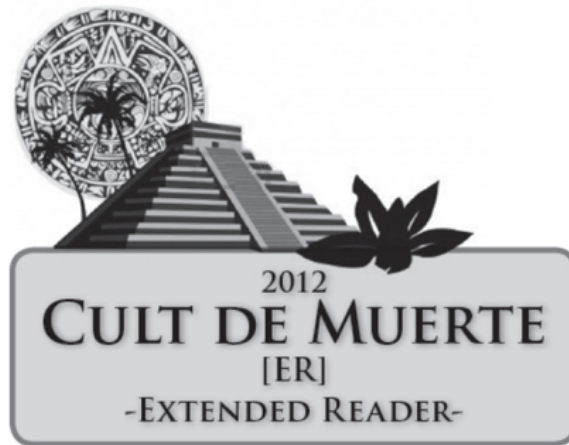




2012: 45  
CULT DE  
MUERTE  
[ER]

ROBBY RICHARDSON



**BY**  
**ROBBY RICHARDSON**

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ISBN: 978-1-4669-7187-5 (sc)

ISBN: 978-1-4669-7186-8 (e)

*Trafford rev. 12/12/2012*



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## **Dedication**

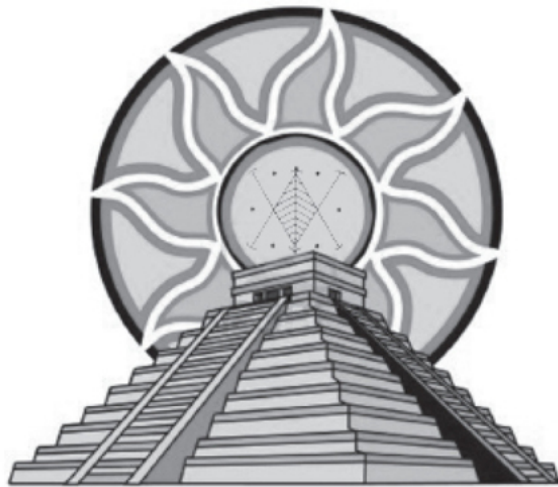
I would like to dedicate this book to everyone that has ever treated me like dirt. To everyone that told me that I can't or couldn't do this. To everyone who believed that they had an upper hand over me. This book is for you. I want too also dedicate this book to the love of my life Aimee.

“So Kings May Rise Stars Must Fall”

-Robby Richardson-

**2012**  
**THE PROCLAMATION**  
**(INTRO)**

BY  
ROBBY RICHARDSON



## [News Excerpt]

[Gabriella]: “Hello, this is Gabriella McNeil and I am here at the scene of a most mysterious event. With the recent disasters that have been plaguing our world people have come to the belief that the phenomenon of 2012 has come. With recent earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, America’s economic collapse, animals dying off in massive numbers, it seems people have come to the base of the temple in this ancient Mayan city of Calakmul. They have come near and far to hear from a person that has been predicting the coming destruction of twenty twelve. Although he states and I quote, “twenty twelve is merely the beginning . . . the end has been foreseen in twenty sixteen”. People are searching for answers and hope to catch some comforting words from this mysterious man. Dressed as the traditional Mayan Priests of the past, it seems that the sky itself seems to be darkening overhead.”

[News Anchor]: “Gabriella, how many people would you say are there?”

[Gabriella]: “Well it started out with a few, but it seems that they are coming out of the very jungle itself. Native Mayans, ordinary citizens, and a mysterious group dressed in black surround the largest temple. They all seem to be making a pilgrimage to this holy site to hear the words from this mystery man.”

[New Anchor]: “And who exactly is this man?”

[Gabriella]: “That is an interesting question that you pose, because nobody knows exactly who he is. He has been called the bringer of things to come. And oh here he comes now let’s watch!”

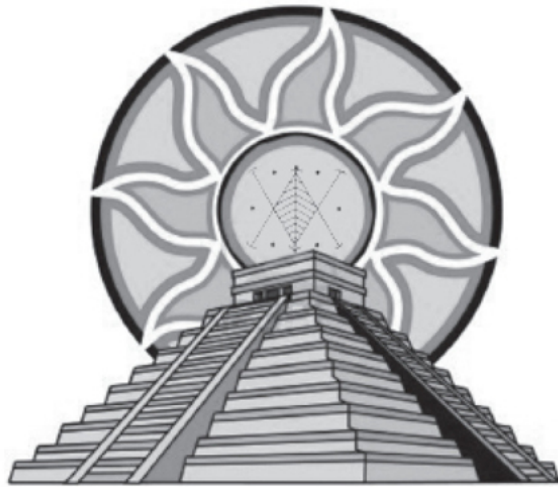
A small crowd gathered below the slowly decaying gray temple. A man dressed in a large colored head dress wearing traditional Mayan robes with additional bracelets made from jade raised his hands towards the sky. The

scattered amounts of people below him silenced. The stairs lay before him, but he stood like a mortal among the heavens. “The end has come,” the crowd lay silent as they seemed to have received the news that they were dreading. “A virus spreads over the land embracing all those who fall under its spell”. The man’s chiseled face was tanned a dark brown as his voice boomed loudly, “that virus is that of Muerte and only those who join the Cult de Muerte shall be saved from the coming destruction that 2012 foreshadows”. A man bronzed like the speaker cowered slightly as he brought forth a book covered in green jade. The prophet took the book and opened it as his servant bowed away in respect. “As our brothers and sisters continue to pilgrimage here let us read from the Book of 2012.”



# WALLED IN

BY  
THE SERIAL KILLARZ  
(ROBBY RICHARDSON & BILLY KHYDD)



## **Dedication**

This story is dedicated to the memory of our favorite author  
Edgar Allan Poe, whose story Cask of Amontillado  
was the premise for this story.



Leaning against his locker Dave must have been waiting for several minutes. He couldn't wait much longer, after all bathroom breaks don't usually take fifteen minutes. He tapped on his watch as the second hand seemed to be flying in a circle. He raised his head, "come on," he said softly as he rocked in his spot. This was the only time that he had any sort of free moment to communicate with a girl that he had grown to love. Christina was part of the popular crowd and was always surrounded by a gaggle of girls. Always laughing, always giggling into their hands. Finally the woman's door opened and Christina came out throwing her paper towel on the floor. Her black hair ran across her long majestic neck as she seemed to walk in slow motion. It tossed from side to side as her caramel like skin seemed to cast a permanent sun tan look. She had brown eyes that were the exact color of almonds and her smile was like the face of the cutest puppy. Her eyes locked onto his as she moved towards him. He felt his face beginning to sweat. "Well here goes nothing."

He took a big gulp and approached her, "Hey Christina!" She stopped giving a little flirty smile, "hey Bobby, aren't you supposed to be in class?" "Yeah we're in the same class actually," her smile fell, "I know that, what are you exactly doing out here"? Wiping his neck he gave a quick, "well you're the reason I'm out here". "Me," she exclaimed not looking surprised, "yeah I wanted to know if you would like to go out with me sometime . . . maybe sometime this weekend?" His heart seemed to take a dramatic plunge the moment her smirk began to appear. He knew what she wanted to say, he could see it in her brown eyes and then her mouth spoke the words. "Are . . . are you kidding me"? His knees buckled as he seemed to stumble

backwards, “I just thought . . . I mean if you weren’t . . .” “If you weren’t, I tell you who you aren’t Bobby Patton. You’re nobody! There is only one guy that I want”. His mouth had become dry, “You . . . you could have just said no”. She seemed to trail off as if never hearing a sound “Jon”. “Jon,” Bobby repeated in such disgust, “You are nothing compared to him”. She turned back to him, “so obviously I guess the answer is no . . . call me when you look something like that”. She patted him on the chest and made her way back to the classroom.

It was three years later before I came into contact with my beloved. I had lost my glasses and parted blond hair. My lanky body had thickened up and soon I grew a bit of confidence, ready to start anew at the local high school. It just so happened that Christina came to my high school and once again fell into the popular crowd. Although her love for Jon was well known Jon himself never showed any interest, passing from one girl onto the next. Maybe that was the reason why she approached me that one rainy October day. It was widely rumored in my school that my interest was with another girl named Kelly. Head of the Pom Pom squad, she always delighted and exploited the fact that I had feelings for her. Although learning from Christina I never pursued Kelly only having the courage to watch her from afar.

It was surprising to see Christiana here after school but when she slid up to the cafeteria table I knew something was up. Going to a private school meant that girls were allowed to wear skirts. Although Christiana was known for her utter dislike of them she never hasted to sport them several inches higher than the other girls. She hopped on the table letting her skirt rise even higher showing off her seductive caramel skin. She crossed her legs making sure her white knee socks were straight. “Hey Bobby,” I rose from my textbook, “hey Christina what brings you over here”? “Nothing, nothing, I was wondering how your weekend is looking?” I shook my head, “you haven’t talked to me in years . . . what do you want?” “Well I am going to that huge party at Jon’s tonight are you . . . oh yea of course not”! I lowered my head, “so what can I do for you”? “Well a little birdie told me that you have a reputation of being able to procure certain things”. “What do you want,” she leaned in and whispered, “well Jon has always wanted to try that European liquor, I keep forgetting the name . . . Absinthe”? I began to laugh, “Absinthe, really . . . you want Absinthe?” Her leg seemed to rise

a little higher, “yeah well I have been hearing that you have been able to procure some stuff for other students . . . for a price? After all you did get that blood red Anaconda for Mark, and I heard you got those black piranhas for Annie.” I dropped my pen, “my business is my business, but yeah this is more than just going to a reptile show. Or getting somebody to buy me liquor for your brainless jocks, Absinthe is illegal, and I couldn’t get it . . . even if I wanted too!”

She pouted, “Figures, you never could give me exactly what I want. Never good enough you know”? I picked up my pen and returned to my textbook trying to ignore her comments. “I’ll tell you what I know. I know how much you like me still . . . I’ll make a little deal with you, if you find the liquor I will allow you take me out for an hour”. I tried to pay attention to my work, I really did. “Thanks Christina but you have made your interests perfectly known.” I knew I had gotten to her because she shifted in her spot, “it’s that slut Kelly isn’t it”? I shook my head, “no I just can’t do it and that’s the truth.” Her legs wiggled slightly “pity . . . I heard she is going to the party tonight. She is really pretty isn’t she? Tiny figure, perky chest, the ass of a dancer . . . would make any straight girl go bi, well at least for one night if you know what I mean?” My head shot up, “you got to be kidding me”? She smiled at me, “no but what a piece of ass to try it out with right?” Staring at her disbelief clear upon my face she smiled wider knowing she was getting her way, “well maybe if I get that bottle then Jon will take me and I won’t have to take Kelly. You are my best bet of getting a bottle. You deal in this sort of stuff, so help a girl out. After all I always get what I want.” She hopped off the table and gave a cute little wave, “bring it to the party. I believe you know where”!

As night approached I was able to procure the American version of Absinthe which I hoped would be good enough despite the absence of the “key” ingredient. I didn’t suspect her to actually go for Kelly but she did have one thing right. Christina always made sure to get what she wanted. In truth, my heart still burned for her, but I had learned from my mistake before. Her rejection of me was well known through our previous school. I was intended on not making the same mistake twice. But with this mission, I planned on making a move for Kelly tonight. It was stamped on my heart that read, *no matter what!*

The party was already in full swing by time I showed up. I saw my fellow classmates and many new faces as I approached the large white ranch style house. I kept my head low as I entered through the crowded door. Their eyes were all focused on me as I clenched the bottle tightly to my chest. I knew some of the people were just itching for me to make a mistake. Any mistake could be met with much hostility. I kept my eyes scanning the room looking for the second most beautiful girl that I knew would be here tonight. I walked through the kitchen and the living room. Deciding not to head upstairs I prayed that she would be outside. Making my way around the long table filled with the disastrous remnants of a “Flippy Cup” game.

I scanned the large backyard watching people climbing and diving drunkenly in and out of Jon’s Olympic size pool. I was about to give up when I heard a familiar heaven like laughter. A laughter that once made my blood rush. I almost had to catch my breath when I saw her flirting with the athletic football star Jon. Face chiseled from God himself, although when I saw it, it made me want to demolish it. But sucking it up I made my way over to her. I saw her eyes widen as she saw me making my way between two other football stars who found it funny to block my way for several minutes. Christina made her way and actually took my hand leading me towards the middle of the lawn. “Did you get it,” she snapped I gulped almost speechless from her beauty. A curvy black dress that left little to the imagination on her slim figure, my heart skipped a beat. She stared at me as if completely uninterested in my fumbling of words. “I . . . I got the best I could get on such short notice,” she smiled, “see what a little persuasion can accomplish? Let me see it”! I began to hand it towards her, but she snatched it from me as if I was taking a ten mile journey. She studied it and read the label, *Absinthe*. She ran her hands over the bottle as if her eyes couldn’t believe it, “I can’t believe you actually got it”! She continued to stare the tension grew as I knew my presence was unwelcome I set out to complete my second task. “So Christina where exactly is,” her eyes rose, “no Bobby I am sorry I can’t treat you to the hour now. Call me tomorrow and I will try to squeeze you in.” She smacked his cheek, “thanks again”. She turned and strolled away without a second glance. I clenched my teeth, oh how I wish I could have told her that *Absinthe* doesn’t grow on trees. It’s not like that stuff was easy to come by, especially the legal stuff for a sixteen year old.

Shaking my head, “I guess I’ll go and try to find Kelly”. I turned and began to walk away when he heard laughing. The laughing increased and soon many people in the party where erupting into explosive laughter. I was almost onto the patio when I heard a loud and loathing “YOU”! It was a voice that I hardly recognized but when I turned I saw my former love storming towards me. Her eyes looked to be containing large bonfires, “how dare you make a fool of me you, you friggin loser”! I saw the bottle in her hand, the cork had been removed, “This is not the real thing”! I wish I could have found the words as every eye turned to stare at me. My nerves seemed to be controlling me, “you made an utter fool of me! Just because I don’t want anything to do with you, doesn’t mean you should screw me over! I don’t like you alright! I never liked you! You’re nothing but a loser with no friends and the only thing your good at you can’t do”! She walked over and tossed the contents of the bottle in my face. I screamed, “I can’t get it! It’s illegal you . . .” but that was it. The rest of the contents were poured over me and when I raised my head her face was red with anger. “KELLY,” cried Christina as she waved directly behind me. I turned soaking wet as I saw to my horror my new love interest. Her brown hair shone in the light as her face was pink due to the many drinks in her system. She had on a tight white shirt with a big logo of *Hello Kitty*. She turned to Christina and gave a loud “Christina”! Pointing to me she said, “did you know that Bobby Patton here . . . yes Bobby Patton has a crush on you but he is too coward to tell you”. “Really,” she said looking surprised, “oh that is so cute”! She walked over towards me, “if you liked me, why didn’t you ever just ask me out”?

The piercing stares of all the eyes filled with loathing made my lungs constrict. She moved closer as the party seemed to grow silent “Can I assume from your speechlessness that you were a little shy. Bobby if you liked me all you had to do was just ask . . . go on, ask me”. She came over towards me and I soon began to feel hot under the collar. People were circling around us as she came closer to my face “do you have anything you want to say . . . I’m right here, right now.” I gulped and whispered very softly, “Would you . . . go out with me”? She came closer, “So you like me”? I nodded, “Are you asking me out”? I nodded again. The seconds seemed to tick by as she studied me over, “I can’t believe you actually did it”! She stood straight up, “I can’t believe you actually thought I would say

yes.” Her laughter seemed to ring louder until I realized the crowd was all erupting into their own set of laughter. “I know you like me. I know you wanted to ask me out. I also have seen you for what you are”. I gripped my hands together feeling a soft wind suck the last remaining heat from my body. “You’re nothing but a loser . . . an errand boy . . . now get out of this party”!

I was bombarded with cups as the group dispersed. Kelly didn’t even turn around as she walked away. I made my way through the people and was just out the door when I heard that voice. That loathing sweet voice that I have grown to hate, a voice filled with lies and prizes. A voice I would like to silence . . . permanently. A hand grabbed my shoulder as I turned to see Christina, “I can help you out you know”. “You’ve done enough”! I tried to move but she pulled me back, “bring me the real Absinthe. The real Absinthe and I can get you out of this mess! Now grow a pair and get me what I want!” She turned and headed away. I left the house and was already taking huge strides to put as much distance between the house and me. I stopped when my breathing had turned into a slight wheeze stinging my sides. It was there under the full moon that I plotted my revenge. I knew that Christina was not the girl that I always thought she was. I knew Christina’s life needed to end. I wanted to kill Christina. My plot for her death started with a promise under that very moon. My mind seemed to sing, “Bye bye Christina . . . bye bye”.

It took me nearly two weeks to set my plan but I finally set it into motion one Sunday afternoon. My plan would start with me coming to Christina’s job. She was a sales clerk at a trendy clothing store in our town’s only mini-mall. I entered the mall and began to wander until I could find something that would help bring me closer to my victim. Each store I read and each I passed with certain disgust. I didn’t want to draw any attention but I almost leapt in a hidden excitement when I saw her folding some women’s Polo shirts. I tried to hide my sadistic smile as I approached. I have to be honest it took all my strength not to take her breath away in the middle of the store. “Bobby,” she said with such disgust, “listen Christina I know you’re really upset with me”. Crossing her arms she snorted, “That’s an understatement!” “Well I thought about what you were saying at Jon’s party. You know getting the real Absinthe and all?”



She placed a folded shirt on top of the stack that she was working on. “Don’t joke with me Bobby. I am not in the mood for more of your tricks. You really embarrassed me that night.” I rubbed my hands together as I continued to proceed with my plan. “I know but no tricks Christina. You see in the past two weeks my guy has been able to procure a crate of what he calls pure Absinthe straight from Germany.” It took all my strength to contain a smile when she dropped some of the shirts she was folding. “Real Absinthe Bobby,” I nodded as she repeated “Real Absinthe”? “There is a problem though, I am afraid I can’t confirm its authenticity for the party tonight. So I am not sure . . .” I knew that I didn’t need to go far before the plan would set like a hook. “Wait . . . party . . . what party?” I took several minutes trying to look generally confused, “you know . . . Jon’s party? Up at his parent’s lake house”? “Jon doesn’t have a lake house,” I shook my head, “well my guy is delivering it to Jon’s lake house for you . . . paid a lot of money for it. All I have to do is pick it up from him and . . .” I was unable to finish my comment for my plan was going better than I had even expected. I had never seen such lust in her eyes as when she spoke about Jon. “I can’t believe Jon is throwing a party without me! He always tells me when he’s throwing a party . . . where do you think you’re going”? I pretended like I was walking away, “well it’s like I said I have to pick it up tonight unless your not going then I don’t have to pick it up at all. I can just go and do what I really want to do”.

“No we’re going to Jon’s party and picking up that crate . . . I’m coming with you,” I turned and adding fuel to the fire saying, “maybe Jon doesn’t want you there”? “Yes Bobby obviously I am going if Jon is having a party I should be there. Besides if you got a crate of Absinthe being delivered up there we should grab it. If Jon gets the crate then he will get me. It all connects and fits, don’t you see”? I watched her toss her work related project to the side, “Aren’t you working?” She waved her hands like she couldn’t care, “listen Christina the house is over three hours away . . . it’s a long drive”. I watched her finger raise and begin to jab me in the chest. “Listen mister I am the only person that should be giving Jon the Absinthe! You made me look like a fool, but if I bring the true product Jon will forgive me and then he can fall madly in love with me”. I couldn’t help but smirk, “whatever you say Christina . . . whatever you say”.

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