

# TOMORROW

# I

# WAS

# HERE

**Oleg Seriy**

without MaRiCaBo



# Oleg Seriy

## Tomorrow I was here

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=36331177](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=36331177)*

*ISBN 9785449330031*

### **Аннотация**

This story will discuss the adventures of John, whom the author associates himself. As John got to the aliens, etc. How are the aliens? Who are siamaty and kirundietsy and why there was the war between them? How John was destined to save civilization siamatov from the fall?.. Have it in him???

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ISBN 978-5-4493-3003-1

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

# **TOMORROW I WAS HERE**

## **by Oleg Seriy without MaRiCaBo**

published by PROJECT – EDEN with the help of Ridero

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## **From the author**

# Part 1

## Dream

When the mountains merge together, when the sun rises after the years of darkness, know that came to the throne the ruler of fate THE CHOSEN ONE.

He lay staring at the ceiling. His eyes didn't rush about from side to side at the speed of light, as some traders have. In his view it was possible to determine that that person was very goal-seeking. He stared dully at the ceiling at one point, as if the roof would fall at that moment and he would be suddenly dazzled by the flux of sunrays. But that did not happen. The room was dark, wet, damp. It was difficult to breathe. Almost with every breath he screamed of pain as if he was hammered a nail. He could not breathe properly. That man was constantly coughing. Lump came to his throat. He suffered from pain because he had not been eating and drinking for the second day. He was in the mud and slime, which that cell was filled. There was almost no clothes left on him... That bunch of rags could be only called clothes. His hair was unwashed for a couple of months, he was constantly scratching – he had lice.

On his face, even in the dark you could see a couple of scars – from cheek to ear – signs of torture. His eyes were small, and he almost did not blink – he was used to the darkness. Though physically he was alive, but his soul began to pass away from that world. He was not alone in that prison. Behind him on the bench you could see some black shadows, it seemed that they hold conversation about something. Suddenly he was blinded by a sudden effluence of light. He stood up, walked to the door. On the either side of him stood four thugs, who, as soon as he came out, handcuffed him and led along the poorly-lit long corridor.

...It was something horrifying: a large number of red clouds – darkness eaters – gathered over him. Icy cold pierced him through and it seemed that there had been never warm. Thousand torches were burning around, there were many people. At first it seemed that those people were dressed in black. But then he saw white crosses on the backs of their dark green shapeless garments. Our hero saw that picture when he came to himself. People around him were singing a song...

It must be the howling of dogs. He felt giddy, he froze, his stomach turn inside out. People were committing a ritual... He awoke abruptly, jumped out of bed with a distorted face. It was not worth of explaining for a long time that it was a dream... a NIGHTMARE!

# Story of life

His name was John Smith. He was born in a small town. Why was he however named John? And why not, after all, his parents were crazy about action-fighters, and the most common name in their names was John. All the more was so because his family had English background. Smith's name had all their predecessors, and his parents had never thought about its value. John had been very different from their peers since childhood.

When my parents moved away from John's perambulator at least a couple of steps the ear membranes could be broken from his cry. But parents were used to it, and his father got earplugs at night, and slept peacefully... and the mother? She did not sleep at all, and when she fell asleep her place was under the cradle baby. In the morning he had to go to work! My father did not understand the children, it was alien to him. He drank a lot. Because of the constant scandals (even then the psyche of the child was broken down), he left home and abandoned his mother. But she didn't keep her head, did not send their children to the boarding school (she had not even thought about it) and decided to bring them up by herself. My mother had a sister and got on well with her. And her husband drove John and his sons to the sea three (or even more) years, to the warm blue sea. He felt so good there. Years passed and passed, but memories remained.

Uncle John was a wonderful man (really a man, not his father). John had for his uncle sympathy and sometimes even imitated his uncle, who was for Smith a perfect example of a man, but he was destined to die in the full vigour. That was a great grief to John. He cried almost all the night. It seemed that he wept all the tears. An absurd death was a great misfortune not only for John but for all the relatives and friends, because he was a man who did good things and people came back at him. It seemed he had done everything that every person should do in this life (most likely, every person should live more than one life): to acquire a family, have children, build a house and plant a tree.

John's torment was so great that he could not even think about studies... it was not so long ago, John lost his grandfather. It turned out that the doctors were "only" (!) mistaken with the diagnosis and treated for another disease. Then John began to execrate the medicine. Perhaps the doctors would ever try a scalpel on his body. Only God knows it.

\* \* \*

Once, when they were resting by the sea (he was three years old), John ran away from his parents, or rather from his parent – mother. At once no one noticed the loss, but he was vanished. Everyone started to run, look for him. And only in an hour his cousin brought John by the hand to his mother. Johnny looked

ridiculous: a grown-up already but had red eyes and sniffled.

In short, without a word it was clear that our boy had not grown from “the mother’s milk”. John was too small to explain what had happened. And it was this way. In general, he left the mother and ran up intuitively to his boarding house, went up to the first floor. At that time, the elevator was opened and a few people came out and John ran into the cabin, and began to examine it. He was surrounded by high brown walls. A few moments passed, and the doors slammed, and all John’s attempts to reach to the buttons were doomed to failure. The light began to fade, it soon became quite dark, and nothing was visible except the all-consuming darkness. Well, at least John did not suffer from claustrophobia... So it could last for very long, but quick-witted little brother decided to look through the floors of the boarding house, as all the coasts had been repeatedly verified. In one of the stairwells, he found a kid who, as we see, managed to get out of the elevator after someone called him. There was no longer visible recent blush on the red from crying little face. Tears also ended, leaving only the dried stains. One can only imagine the indescribable joy of the mother, who finally found a brave tourist after a long search.

\* \* \*

Very long ago, when John was just a youngster, a rather

interesting story which diversified his life happened to him. Though, the end of it was very deplorable for the kid. He was proud of it and talked a lot about it. As for the sake of him a great train was stopped... A lot of people drove by that train: they all were hurrying somewhere, wanted to get home faster, on a business trip, etc., etc. And suddenly the train before reaching the station, stopped abruptly. People, for sure, wondered why, without apparent reason the train stopped... but it would be better that they did not know. But for you, dear reader, I will explain what really happened. In general, the family returned from Koblevo (Ukraine). They had the reserved seats, sittings and side berths. Thousands of people were there. All were at each other. It was clear that there was no vacant seat. John was too tired in the road and wanted to sleep. He was put to the top shelf and tied by a bed sheet. Perhaps, the sheet was not tied tightly enough, or John spun strongly in a dream, but in the end he slipped out of the sheets and fell down, hurt his head very much on the corner of the iron bed. Wild cry stirred up all the nearby cars, blood gushed from the guy's back of the head. The uncle ran to stop the train, then he led the doctors who gave John the first aid. The train was standing on the spot half an hour. John continued to sob, though, he did not already feel the pain, only very nasty sticky putty on the head – most likely it was a brilliant green. When they arrived in their hometown, the grandfather and grandmother, after a long absence of the family went out to meet the train station... and they were surprised! A little one with

rewound head was carried out. When they went to the emergency room to insert sutures, they were said that it was too late. That's how John got a scar for life. But that Smith did not get upset, but thanked God that he left to John the most precious thing that could be – his life.

John grew up, grew wiser, and his parents sent him to kindergarten. He was quite sociable and made friends with many children. It seemed that everything was fine... but there were some unpleasant moments. For example, he had a mad kindergarten teacher. Once she brought John to the toilet... and left. There were drafts and kiddy was very frozen and scared. At last teacher hit upon smart enough picking him up from that place. The next day the boy had a cold and fell ill for a long time. John felt the real care only from his relatives.

Then they sent him to school, one of the best in a town. He studied not good, but not bad. But I do not dare to call him a ham-and-egger. I have for it my own reasons. In the process of studying he thought much, philosophized in his soul and could amuse his classmates and teachers without any problem, breaking the lesson. He had a wonderful sense of humor, which many teachers were lack at (or they did not want to spoil their credibility). Because of this, sometimes he had troubles.

\* \* \*

It was like this. In John's class was a boy Buddy from a wealthy family. He was too spoiled, and everyone was bored with him: he fought, spoiled things, brought may-bugs and mice on lesson, etc. That was, did whatever came to hand. He studied very poor, it's easier to say that he did not study at all. And he begged for his marks. The only person, whom he did not bully, whom he regarded with some fear, was John. It was unknown why the circumstances were such that, but he treated John more than neutral. And one of the classmates decided to take revenge to dirty dog: he made a photo of the villain in unambiguous positions on the computer, printed and then pasted at all points of the school. Considering the fact that John was quite unlucky, all the arrows turned on him (well, on whom else). His mother was called to the director. John had no alibi and the old folks of the negligent classmate accused Smith in everything. A homeroom teacher refused to help John. He knew who had done it. For this he could be expelled from school, because it was very strict with such situations.

The next day some idea came to John and he hoped that he could be justified! Smith decided to talk one-to-one with those who committed the foregoing action. Guy agreed to plead guilty, and John was justified...

The long-awaited holiday came to the class. When this dirty

dog broke the desk at disco, he was transferred to another school. Hatred for him disappeared, but bad memories were not left by anyone.

Among his classmates were children of other nationalities, most of them were Jews, but John did not pay any attention to that, because he thought that friends were friends, and you could not choose them, taking into account their skin color, religion they profess, nationality and so on.

John had problems and he kept them inside. He learned for a long time not to be constrained and contain within themselves some impulses. Because of that he had lost many complex...

\* \* \*

That year began for him like a real torment. In addition to many small problems, including financial, quarrels, added another health problem – ingrown toenails on both feet. About a year they doctored themselves, while John was constantly tormented by the pain. But his strength failed him and he had to be operated as he could not attend training on basketball for about six months. They pricked anesthesia and it was not too painful. In the hospital John began to think more about the meaning of life, read newspapers, did not miss the daily news. In addition, he was trying to catch up with the program

in English. Because of laziness, he missed a lot and really wanted to catch up. John was an optimist, he seemed to cope with any problem... I wonder if he will stand the test of time, or whether he will be broken down?..

# In the hospital

When he was operated on – he lost consciousness for only a small fraction of a minute – he wound up the monster inside. That was, he had felt the monster before, but at that moment he got John an intolerable pain. He gnawed at him inside, twisted and turned the vital organs, guzzled his essence. At first, Smith thought that that monster was a scalpel, but it was far from truth. It seemed that the merciless creature lodged in his heart forever. John twisted, but he endured heroically, as it was at war. Yes, actually it was like the war, a war with himself, with body and soul. During surgery he underwent anesthesia, without problems came out of the operating room and went to his house. John tried to sleep, and, curiously enough, he succeeded.

At the first sight the darkness appeared in front of him, nor scary, or attrahent. Several tens of minutes, he lay, having closed his eyes. Then before his eyes the pictures began to rush quickly. They randomly swirled in his head, he was nearly sick. Among these pictures he remembered many. “My God, it had happened already to me”, – an idea flashed across his mind. There were situations that had happened to him the last couple of days. The brain seemed to rewind the thoughts, as the tapes, back. Most likely all homosapiens do so. But there were pictures that John had never seen before and did not know what it was. Therefore,

they terrified him, like any other person who appeared in his place. The man is afraid of what he does not know. Such is his nature! “But why did it happen to me? – He tormented himself with this question in his sleep. – And in the sleep and in reality I have no peace.” It may be that his mind was doing now the millions and even billions of times more transactions per second. Where did his head obscure humanity beings, things, objects? Perhaps he remembered his previous life. But how did the ancient people take such knowledge? Or did another human mind live on the Earth. So far it is pure conjecture. But they will certainly exist as long as scientists do not come to a common conclusion. But that is unlikely, because people do not like to concede. Perhaps at that moment John contacted directly galaxies with extraterrestrial mind through a multitude of stars and planets. Nobody can answer it except him. And anyway, who said that “extraterrestrial mind” is located on a vast number of star-years away? Maybe the aliens as they like to call the inhabitants of the Earth, has been living with us (or inside us), but we are in our own affairs and worries just do not notice them. These tricky questions will exist as long as someone proves or disproves the hypothesis. Maybe they live on the ocean bed or in the center of Earth... These guesses can be built indefinitely. And anyway, who are the aliens? Are they intelligent beings who have learned to fly from planet to planet. And on the other planets, which do not belong to their civilization, call the strangers, “outsiders”, “aliens” or some other way. Although it

would be much simpler for us to call them extraterrestrial mind, because we live on the planet Earth!

It's not worth of trying to call this planet in a different way, for example Water. Because if you dilute the oceans, seas and rivers of the earth's surface, the crust, which will be no more than the amount of water formed on the soccer ball after it was washed. This truth has long been proved by scientists. In ancient times, people named that planet exactly Earth – who says now that earlier people were not wise? And people also learned how to fly to other planets, though not too far away. And the interstellar flights remain still only dreams. Maybe it is good because a man is the most dangerous creature on Earth who can easily destroy any peaceful civilization. Or vice versa! Some vicious and aggressive civilization will defeat our planet utterly. Everything can be in this life. But while it is possible to live you should enjoy every minute of your existence. People talk about “aliens”, although, on the second thought, man is also a kind “stranger” (on Mars, for example) for micro-organisms or beings, if they exist at all on the rather distant planet from Earth. .... Such thoughts left John's head just as suddenly as they appeared.

He lay there, his body ached, trembled, legs twitched. During his short life, and he was then less than twenty, he had never felt such terrible pain (possibly in his future life he will have to experience more and not so). John had the strength only

to press a button over the bed. Less than in ten seconds the nurse ran to him to “put out” this infernal pain, pricked John diphenhydramine. The injection was intramuscular and rather painful. In order the injection would act without delay, the nurse gave another shot (as they say, for the company). The essence of John began to leave the body, he fell asleep and saw nothing but sky and clouds. Then came rushing clouds, lightning flashed before his eyes, the light from which “hid” all the surrounding objects from John, and for a while he even blinded. His ears heard a sudden thunder. John wondered much about it, because before he flaked out (though maybe it was in reality), the sky had no cloud. He dreamed or not – he had yet to learn, but it was very realistic but, as like the real thing. His eyes were opened by the sharp light that lit up his bed. “This is a common dream, because he dreamed about something like it many times”, – persuaded his mind Jonathan. The light was white, very bright, he drew him to it. In the ward there were two more, only one bed was empty. The light blinded guys too, but they did not move, were in a deep sleep as if some force slapped them five shots of sleeping pills. Perhaps the bright, blinding light was that power. John got up, he did not want it, but that light suppressed his desire to fight, resist, because he did not intend to press that saving button. And was it use from it when the nurses also slept like those two. The force restrained all his thoughts, it seemed that his mind was possessed by someone else. John opened the door and stepped out into the balcony, he

walked like a zombie, at that moment it seemed that he would do whatever that power demanded from him, this was clearly an extraterrestrial mind.

His ward was located on the sixth floor, so if the force made him jump down, he would be smashed. But that power wanted at least of all. After all, if it quietly lulled to sleep the neighbors' ward, it could kill him still in bed, but did not do it. In actual fact it was night outside, but it seemed that was the day. In the whole building was light, even lighter than during the day. The light could be compared with a lamp in a hundred candles and a huge spotlight, shining straight in the eye from a distance of one meter. John could not see what caused the light, and he did not think about it, as if his mind had left him... so it was. Despite a very bright light in the building, everyone was asleep. Now this force was able to do anything, with anyone of the people, and with John, our main character, as well. If you could see from bird's eye view, we will make out an object, which was created from some sort of alloy and was constantly changing a shape: at first it looked like an inverted plate, then —an opened bottle of Coca-Cola, then a spiral. That object, whoever or whatever it was, changed its look hundred times, acquired the forms which nobody had seen before. On the ship, if you could call it that, bright searchlights were not burnt, as John thought. Certainly, that mind did not know such thing as searchlight, that mind did not know (or had forgotten many centuries ago), it

passed ahead the development of mankind for billions of years. It hovered in the air and silently soared in the sky. Only a slight buzz was heard when the air was flowing round the ship.

Nothing but the ship disturbed the peace and dead silence. The birds and locusts kept silent. Everything! Everything seemed to be dead.

## Part 2

### Ancient prophecy

If the stream of light poured your soul – know it's a different Mind possessed of thee.

The ray illuminated the face of John, then followed a bright flash, and more and more... It was like a horror movie. John was hovering in the sky like a bird (though he had no wings), thanked to the strange ray that brought him to the ship. There was light as during the day, but lamps were not. The light appeared out of nowhere.

Suddenly he saw the extraordinary creatures. There were six. All were dressed in tight-fitting costumes. Jonathan was sitting in the chair. One of the creatures came to him. In this creature was something... human.

Maybe a gaze, or maybe something else. John did not know. The forehead of a stranger was a little more, if not to say twice the human race, there was something similar to the ears, but they were almost invisible compared to the forehead. The nose was small, thin, but long enough. The valve was put on the nose or

maybe they had such a nose, large eyes, piercing through. The body was very thin, but muscular. Height was 160—170 cm. The creature looked at John with appraising glance. So he did. John thought, “If it’s so strange to me, how strange is I to it?” Yes, there is something to think about. Looking at a huge head, John realized that that creature was very clever. “Its head will generate more transactions than the last Mac (PC Macintosh). And that is to say about their technologies, equipment, for the people is not achievable”, – thought Smith. John for some reason really wanted to write his name in small letters: “john, john, john...”

The look of the creature was quiet, too quiet! John breathed on board so well as had never before. “They are probably full of sources of negative ions, – John thought, – no air conditioning can not be compared with this.”

\* \* \*

The creature began to speak some ancient language, and perhaps was it the language of the future? But, however strange it was, John understood everything. It (John did not know the sex of the creature) told him that once they were homosapiens – John almost laughed him or her, damn it damn it, it was clear – that creature possessed telepathy, and felt the other people’s thoughts, smiled slightly (if it could be called a smile). It explained that during the evolution the nature had to choose what person had

to live: physically strong or very intelligent, but weak. It chose the former. But siamats, as they are now called, did not give up. They built something like a spacecraft, such as Noah's Ark at that time, and went into space. They flew a few galaxies and landed on a planet which did them for existence. They called it Norrius. At first it was almost a desert. But thanks to hard work and help from other civilizations, siamats became one of the most powerful civilizations in the Universe (in scientific terms). John did not know whether to believe him in that nonsense, but continued to listen. Soon, another civilization, kirundiys, from the Urre planet began to encroach on Norrius and the colonies of siamats, which were few compared with the colonies of kerundiys. Some of them were from other galaxies. One of the biggest weaknesses of the siamats people were tolerance and addiction to anything, even to the bad. Of course, there were brave men who wanted to protect Norrius, but there were not many, quite a few- somewhere around 250 thousand people. And all of them soon died in the battle against kirundiys, none of them survived. It wasn't a concept of the army, the weapons – nearly as well. Some kind of civilization of saugmans during the development of siamats taught them to build warships, which soon were called siams and defensive techniques. First they built it. But soon the Norrius Council of Elders decided that weapons demanded too much money that used in the entire Universe. The Council has vetoed the construction of any military equipment. "As far as they are stupid", – John thought. "Yes, it is", – answered his inner

voice or a creature who possessed telepathic abilities, in what John had already convinced. Prior to that Jonathan did not want to interrupt and invoke the wrath of that monster, whom he had seen in a dream almost every night.

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