

# NORDS 2012-2025

## 3I/Atlas Goodbye, Nords

*(sci-fi story)*

*Oleh V.Kharchenko*



### Breaking News

“Now you are listening to CMM news. Today, on September 25, 2025, 3I/ATLAS, the comet flying from the Altar constellation and gradually approaching the Sun, was suddenly attacked by the Sun... Millions of tons of coronal mass ejection from the Sun suddenly struck enigmatic object with powerful magnetic storms and solar plasma. To comment on this unusual phenomenon, we invited our well-known expert, Professor Dupak from the University of Arkansas. A smiling TV anchor in a smart black business suit with a red tie turned his not less smart head to the Professor.

“Hello, thank you for having me on! At the very beginning of my speech, I would like to calm down our audience and to assure you that the ejection of solar energy is just a coincidence, a natural phenomenon which happens from time to time, and it brings nothing artificial or special. I heard all these rumors about the manmade nature of the object 3I/Atlas, about its fuzzy coma with nickel and CO<sub>2</sub> elections, about the fact that it changed its color from red to blue and even green palettes, and even the temporal disappearance of the comet from the screens of telescopes... All this information need thorough processing, without official NASA confirmation, it is just a huge soap bubble inflated by amateur researches. Personally, I do recommend you relax and be more critical of various insinuations.

“But you just called ‘the change of colors’ a ‘fact’? Should we trust such facts or not?”

“Or, do forgive me; I guess that was just a slip of my tongue. All these events are neither special nor dangerous. Thank you.”

Anna, a young blond woman, in her early 30s, with a baby under her heart, heard the sound of an unlocking door and moved to switch off the TV and to meet her almost 7-foot-high white-bearded husband, Gudmund, whom she had not seen for almost two weeks.

After the traditional hug-and-kiss ceremony, she asked her 'Oldie Bear' to taste her Scandinavian Gravlax from salted raw salmon with mustard-dill sauce, crisp bread and vegetable salad. For drinks, she offered Aquavit and light herbal tea.

Gudmund looked tired and even exhausted; he ate the dinner silently and looked like a person who was thinking over some weighty problem.

Anna broke the lull and asked unexpectedly, "Why did you go to Tibet and then o India? And why didn't you say anything about it to me, your wife? "

Gudmund kept eating, paying no attention to the words of Anna.

"You were there not alone... You stayed there with Kaia, I know that she casts her funky breath your way, forgetting that she is married to Gustav, her husband. "

Seeing that 'Oldie Bear' ignored her questions, Anna took a big ceramic plate and threw it furiously on the floor, looking at dozens of splinters flying in different directions.

Gudmund lifted his eyebrows in surprise, "Skit! I mean – shit! From where do you know it? We did not take tickets for airplanes, we omitted all public transportation points, including railway stations and buses, and you know that I was in Tibet and India with Kaia... Do you start working for Swedish Security Service, MI5, or something else? "

"I am your WIFE, and I should know everything about my husband! My University group mate noticed you with your Fancy Gal not far from mount Kailash and sent me e-mail immediately! Besides, how many times did I say to you not to use any portals, after which you have awful headaches... How many times, did I underline that you should take care of your health and not spend all your life in these endless wars with your enemies? And this time, what did you forget there, in the middle of nowhere? Can't you solve all your problems from your Greenland offices?" Anna burst into crying, "You know that I am pregnant and need your help at this meaningful moment of my life. Instead of it, you go with this hoity-toity Kaia to Kailash... "

The eyes of Gudmind sparkled with a mixture of curiosity, anger and shock, “Maybe, you know what was the aim of our trip?”

“I don't know exactly, but I suspect that besides your romantic rendezvous, you plotted an attack and struck 3I/ Atlas, as if you couldn't have done it from Greenland!” Anna started sweeping the floor covered with shards of a broken plate.

Gudmund got furious, “I see that there is no sense to counter your female logic now. After the birth of our baby, I will teach you a bit how to speak and deal with a husband engaged in global security operations... You should know just only one thing, from our Greenland offices, we would not have neutralized this f\*\*king spacecraft disguised as a comet 3I/Atlas by our enemies and you enemies too. We needed the support of immortals from Tibet and India. They preserved the ancient knowledge which we partly lost several thousand years ago, even in our headquarters office located in the Pleiades constellation.”

“I see, you are not all-powered because you are skirt-happy men thinking more about bimbos instead of focusing on global challenges like your enemies do... By the way, who were your enemies this time?” Anna got interested.

“We call them Snotty Snakes 2.0. They flew to help your half-breeds of Snotty Snakes, who started squealing under our pressure. After the Sun Strikes, I think that they failed to survive and their spacecraft turned into a common comet with their ashes...”

“And the last question, my Honey Bear, who are these Immortals? Gustav said once that there were 7 of them? ”

“Four of them were killed, unfortunately. Snotty Snakes showed them no mercy. They were too open-hearted, kind, and naive. Three of them survived... At present, my angry Sweetie, switch off your curiosity and go to sleep. Too much knowledge brings trouble, my Love.”

# Nords and S-Sign

*(sci-fi story)*

*Oleh V.Kharchenko*

## Breaking News



“Now you are listening to CMM news. Today, on August 29, 2025, many specialists and people saw a strange S-sign on the surface of the Sun accompanied by a fierce flare. According to the University of Arkansas mathematic calculations, the diameter of this S-shaped phenomenon was approximately 77.67 miles. To explain this erratic event to the world audience, we invited

Professor Dupak from this well-known institution,” a clean-cut and well-dressed news anchor gestured towards almost the same looking guest.

“Hello and welcome to all viewers of this program. Firstly, I would like to reassure you all that this natural phenomenon does not bring any serious dangers. Like many scientists, we call it a “sigmoidal eruption” after the Greek letter sigma. From time to time, because of plasma masses spinning and magnetic fields twisting, such stuff blows up. However, nothing horrific will happen, maybe, just several storms and earthquakes around the world.” Professor Dupak smiled sincerely, being glad to be invited to such a high-rating program.

“Nevertheless, millions of us still remember the consequences of Hurricane Helen with its 176 victims and its peak winds exceeding 139 miles per hour! It was just a dreadful disaster crushing everything on its way just one year ago... And how about the earthquakes in Syria and Turkey? In February 2023, these ‘natural phenomena’ resulted in dozens of dead people and millions of displaced,” the news anchor glanced at the Professor with surprise...

“I see what you mean and hope that with God's help, we will go through it smoothly, ” Professor Dupak sparkled with his cheerful smile.

The TV set was suddenly switched off by Gudmund, a bearded broad-shouldered man in his late sixties, sitting on a sofa and hugging Anna, a 30- year-old blond woman with dreamy eyes and a bun in her oven, sprawling nearby.

“So, will we go through it with God's help?” Anna softly caressed her stomach.

“Surely, but not all of us,” Gustav kissed his young wife and smiled subtly.

“My Proud Poppy, I feel that this S-sign is your handiwork or the stunt of your team-partners.”

Gudmund raised his left brow, “How on the Earth did you figure that out?”

“On our Earth, such a trick could be done only by you, the ‘Splendid Suns of the Pleiades’, by ‘Snotty Snakes’ from the Orion, or ‘Greys’ from the Lyra constellation, “Anna laughed with joy. “Taking into account that during your long sick period, your team-players, Gustav and Folke, while being here, spoke about Snotty Snakes half-breeds and the necessity of the urgent and hard kicks in their sleazy asses, I made such a conclusion. Besides, they mentioned some warning sign... So, am I right? ”

Gudmund looked surprised, “You are really smart! From where did you inherit it?”

“I graduated from Stockholm University and received my Master`s degree with honors! ” Anna pronounced it proudly and started singing “Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus...”

Gudmund closed the ears with his hands, “My cutie and clever sweetgirl, I know that you have a marvellous memory and can sing it till the end. However, I ask you to spare my nerves... Thank you. You see, I just want to say the following, “Are you sure that this cosy room in a comfortable house located in the center of Nuuk, the capital of Greenland, is not wiretapped?”

Anna plunged into reflections, “I don't think so. This room does not belong to the first-class apartments. Besides, I know for sure, that you, my Perfect Poppy, will pull me out of any pickle.”

“As always, you are right, my sweetie, but my team-players, as you called them, can force me to delete some info from your bright bulb on legs. Just for the too long tongue. Surely, I don't want to do it because I think about the future of our baby and respect your analytical abilities...” Gudmund made a meaningful pause.

“Agnetta and Kaia, the women from your entourage, said that you are more than 300 years old... So I think that you are a wise man and will never hurt your wife, who loves you to bits.”

Gudmund kissed Anna tenderly and looked into her eyes, “I feel that one more question is spinning on the tip of your tongue... Don't be afraid, my IQ melon, I am all ears.”

“Your intuition did not let you down. What does this S-sign mean?” Anna flashed with her eyes full of curiosity.

“That's very simple. It has two meanings. Firstly, it is something stupendous, savage and shadowy. Secondly, it says – ‘slithering snakes.’ ”

“So, it denotes that Slithering Snakes will get something gigantic, gloomy and grimy...” Anna looked puzzled, “But you threw all these Snotty Snakes scoundrels out of our planet in 2012. Why should you warn them?”

Gudmund stood up and showed that the conversation was over. While going to another room, he uttered the final words over his shoulder, “Their half-breeds keep playing their dirty games. If they don't stop devastating our planet, they will get what you said... starting from bunker explosions, pinpoint fire strikes and other unpleasant natural phenomena...”

Anna added in a soft voice, “God will help us! And The Pleiades will help us too!”

# NORDS 2012

*(sci-fi story)*

*Oleh V.Kharchenko*



## Breaking News

“Now you are listening to CMM news. Today, July 20, 2012, in all Northern states of the USA, in all Northern provinces of Denmark, Norway, Finland, and Sweden, numerous people witnessed a strange sky phenomenon with thousands of sparking spots circling and chasing each other in a crazy way. Some of them made cluttered crisscross movements, some of them exploded, the others appeared and disappeared in a chaotic way. We invited Professor Dupinski to comment on this completely erratic event.”

“Hello, I am glad to be with you tonight, I think that our viewers have nothing to worry, for it is a kind of polar lights phenomenon, moved down a bit from its usual trajectory. Today we have the Summer Solstice, which happens when the poles of Earth tilt maximally to the Sun. Many myths and legends were inspired by this magically looking natural phenomenon. The reality is mundane and even humdrum. It is not surprising that many people call it as Aurora Bore-alis. The so-called solar wind strikes the magnetosphere and leads to fanciful and even fantastic panoramic outlines.”

“Thank you, Professor. Our second news is connected with weird behaviors and not less weird places chosen by three famous actors for their summer holidays. Hans Lungren in a torn T-shirt and shabby pants together with a large group of tourists was noticed in Mexico slump suburbs

singing ‘Små grodorna’, a Swedish song about little frogs without ears and tails. To our surprise, the same song was performed by Tormund Hivju in a company of half-drunk and half-beaten tourists of European appearances chanting “Hu!” or “Ho!” shot by our journalists in Kathmandu. The same relates to Madds Mikkelsen who looked the same in Jakarta. Police did not react on his boozing pranks, dancing around the so-called ‘maypole’, installed not far from their law-enforcement precinct, as well as “‘Små grodorna’ singing. We invited Mr. Sandal, a well-known expert in Scandinavian Area Studies to look deeper at the deviant demeanor of these famous actors of Scandinavian origin.

“Evening blessings to you. Firstly, I think that we shouldn’t seek a black cat in a bag, especially if it ran away long ago.” The Midsummer holiday is celebrated in practically all Scandinavian countries. On this day, all family members go outdoors, arrange picnics, dance circle ‘horovods’ or ‘runddas’, combining them with chorus singing. Little kids and parents, big brothers and sisters, grandmothers and grandfathers join the old Scandinavian dance. As for the ‘Små grodorna’ song it sounds hilarious and I can demonstrate it right now.”

Mr.Sandal suddenly cleared his throat and started crooning,

“Å nöff nöff nöff, å nöff nöff nöff, å nöff nöff nöff nöff nöff.  
Å nöff nöff nöff, å nöff nöff nöff, å nöff nöff nöff nöff nöff. ”

“Is it all?”

“No, there is the second cheery chorus, just listen:

Kou ack ack ack, kou ack ack ack, kou ack ack ack ack kaa.  
Kou ack ack ack, kou ack ack ack, kou ack ack ack ack kaa.”

“Thank you very much for your comprehensive comment. That was Mr. Sandal, our expert in Scandinavian Area Studies.”

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The TV host took a new sheet of paper and ran on reporting, “Our third material relates to a number of tiny but, at the same time, tangible explosions registered deep underwater not far from Los Angeles, Miami, the Canary Islands and the Maldives. This time we invited Mr. O`Calf, an expert in oceanography and geophysical fluid dynamics.”

“Hello everybody, the analysis of our research institute shows that it is a sort of volcano activity which often intensifies in above mentioned Summer Solstice period. Many sleeping volcanoes suddenly wake up, erupt and ash, as a result of the amplified sun activity. So, our TV viewers have nothing to be anxious about. If you have a burning desire to see magma and to go volcano diving ...”

The TV host interrupted Mr. O`Calf, “You can do it immediately right now, but only once in your life...”

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### **One month before**

In a cyclopean copper cave looking like Rådhuset metro station in Stockholm with shark teeth shaped stalactites covering the ceiling, wild-looking walls and smoothly polished floor, an ancient-looking round stony table threw out the invisible beams of dominance. Twelve top rank persons in taupe tight-fitted clothes approached it respectfully and took seats at Bjork wooden side chairs.

The chief of the gathering, a seven feet noble-looking man with a well-trimmed white-haired beard, called Gudmund, rose from his high triangular wooden throne and looked at all his eleven companions.

“I welcome all gathered members of the Round Table and express the hope that your trips here were not grueling.” Gudmund glanced at see-through spheres parked in the far corner of the cave

and kept on his speech, “Three days ago, we decrypted the spotty spiral code of our Snotty Snakes Sidekicks and intercepted their message: “5.13:13.20.06.2012.T.X=C(x)^-2.5.  $\neg\exists x(P(x)) \leftrightarrow \forall x(\neg P(x)) + \neg\forall x(P(x)) \leftrightarrow \exists x(\neg P(x))$ . 13:13.23.06.2012. 23!” It means that they will launch total death actions at 13:13, July 20, 2012, expecting to get total control and total victory three days after. Later, we detected that in their so-called ‘secret surprise storming’, or SSS, the personnel of all underground and underwater bases will be engaged.”

“They plan ‘actions’ on the Summer Solstice, right? Froke out freaks! They just want to crash our Midsummer parties! Why didn’t they choose the Winter Solstice or another day?” Tall and big shoulder Gustav with a Viking smile shortstopped the speaker.

“Because of their Snotty Snakes characters...As usual, they sent their message in the form of a mathematic formula prescribing all members of their Alpha Cen Circle to scrutinize thoroughly all their objects and to strike them exactly at 13:13 on June 20, 2012. Today we got together to discuss the possible variants of OUR actions and to find out the best possible solution. So, you are welcome!” Gudmund looked slowly at all his companions.

“There is just only one variant- we are to kick their asses!” A bear looking Folke with bushy beard and clawed hands threw an angry look at a huge screen, hanging on the front cave wall, with a photo of a Snotty Snake Leader.

“Everybody understands that they are to be stopped, but nobody knows how to do it. They are not so stupid with their logical calculators processing gigabytes of data under their snaky skulls,” Agnetta, a top model looking blonde with celeste eyes took a glass of water and slowly sipped it.

“These snobby smugs with algorithms instead of ideas can’t live without cracking any types of math problems. We can throw in their networks a couple of optimistic options right at 12:12 on June 20, 2012. I guess our guys from AI Department will coin a pair of logical bombs right to their taste,” Gustav gradually turned his sincere smile into a sly slasher smirk.

“Well, do you have any definite proposals?” hard-faced Gudmund took a seat.

“Why not? What weapon do they usually use? Tsunami, earthquakes, lightning... just a bit laser, just a bit freezer... From time to time small-size nukes... So, at 12:12, July 20, 2012, we will hack their networks and transmit our messages encrypted in their favorite mathematic formulas... Something like ‘Your lightning and tsunami blow will kick your own asshole, your own asshole ’; the second variant could be, ‘Your typhoon strike and freezing hit will burn your belly, back, and dick...’ While processing this information coded in some Fibonacci sequences and Riemann Zeta equations, they will burn their high IQ calculators. At this moment, we will deliver our counter-attack blows at all their 1,200 bases,” Gustav turned to Agnetta and blinked cheerily.

“I like your sense of humor. But, at this dramatic situation, your jokes sound irrelevant,” Agnetta turned her eyes to her well-groomed nails.

“Irrelevant elephant and hesitant development,” Gustav mimicked Agnetta with a slight smile.

“Hacking idea sounds good,” Folke supported Gustav and cracked his knuckles.

“Besides, we will break their identification friend-or-foe system and add some coded word like a...”

“Worm, a good word, it will be coded in the form of Schrodinger equation,” Gustav smirked a bit.

“Yeah, half of their objects will get this coded word right at 12.12. I guess it will definitely add enthusiasm to their SSS operation.”

“The hundreds of years did not change your characters. Still now you behave like Big Bad Boys suffering from kidult syndrome from Sexträsk, Pisshilmen or Djupröven,” sharp-eyed blonde Kaia pronounced languidly crossing her long legs like a show biz star and putting her long loose hair in order.

“Kaia, you are always skepy, don`t you think that our funny proposals are better than your sarky remarks?” Gudmund could not take his eye off her slender legs. “Maybe your beautiful head can give birth to another highdea?”

Kaia bit her lower lip and raised her eyes, “I think that our opponents should not be underestimated. If we detected their dispatches and deciphered them, they could do the same. If we plan to attack them they can do the same. Two hundred years ago just only a miracle saved us!”

“The name of this miracle was Gudmund! And now he is still among us! Don`t fret, Kaia, together with Folke we will find and protect you in any part of our snäll and söt Earth!”

Folke stood up, came closer to Kaia, and put his heavy hand on her shoulder, “What worries our smart IT beauty?”

“I think that we should stop communicating through our networks right now - no information, no interception. Silence will help and protect us,” Kaia looked around seeking support.

“It’s a reasonable idea, I guess,” Gudmund took back the reins of the Round Table gathering.

“On the one hand, all our assault groups will work autonomously without any tech support and any outer guidance. On the other hand, all of them will strike simultaneously, the less noise, the better. The pinpoint approach is the best one.” The graybeard man made a pause. “One more point, we have a lack of fighting personnel for 1,200 opponent objects. I offer to invite Hans Lungren, Kristofer Hivju and Madds Mikkelsen with their people. For them, it is easier to disguise themselves as tourists. We will cover all flying objects, underground and underwater bases...”

“We will scuba dive and knock on the doors of their submarines to sink them,” Folke interrupted the speaker.

“Yeah, and they will open illuminators to say, ‘You will not freak us out once again,’” Gustav grinned.

Gummund glared at his companions and continued, “So, Dolf, Tormund and Madass, do forgive me, Madds, will take all metropolis bunkers. For us, it is not desirable to stick out before TV cameras, for them the whole life is the side-splitting-save-the-world-show...If you have nothing against, for today that’s all. Would you like to add something?”

“How about a couple of Blossa glogg bottles in a company with our sweet snow queens, Kaia and Agnetta?” Gustav put two one-liter bottles on a sacred Round Table.

“I have nothing against,” Gustav added 12 old wooden glogg pots.

“Time did not change your Djupröven habits,” Agnetta made a smooth shoulder movement and sat closer.

“The best glogg in the world is the glogg bottle in your hand,” Kaia giggled and took the Folke’s hand off her shoulder.

Gudmund raised his heavy fist up and said firmly, “Gud med oss! The Pleiades are with us! Forward to victory!”

All other members of the Round Table Gathering did the same. Thunderous ‘Holla’ struck the huge cave...

# NORDS 2020 NORDS

*(sci-fi story)*

*Oleh.V.Kharchenko*



## **Breaking news**

“Now you are listening to CMM news. Today, on February 14, 2020, in such European countries as Poland, Ukraine and Germany, many people witnessed a strange sky phenomenon with dozens of shining cigar looking spots skyrocketing fast in a strange and chaotic way. We invited Professor Dupinski, an expert in all extraterrestrial issues, to comment on this unusual sky phenomenon.”

“Good evening, I guess that our viewers should not be anxious, for it is a kind of cutting-edge salute fireworks developed by our creative Chinese engineers right on the eve of Saint Valentine`s Day! So using such amazing opportunity, I want to congratulate all hearts in love, all around the world, on this wonderful holiday of all amorous people!

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“Thank you, Professor. Our second news is connected with weird and ubiquitous hum resembling bear roaring heard in a number of caves of the Tarta and Carpathian mountains ...It was registered by speleologists of Poland, Ukraine and Slovakia from 7 am till 5 pm. How could you explain this unusual nature marvel?

“You see, as one wise man once said, “We should not seek a black dog in a black room, especially if there is a black mouse.” Professor Dubinski made a meaningful pause.

“You mean black cat, right?” The TV anchor clarified.

“No, I mean Mickey Mouse seeing pink elephants. The powerful bear roaring sounds could be just the sort of Scandinavian throat singing performed by some Swedish or Norwegian tourists celebrating the Saint Valentine`s Day deep in the caves of the Tarta and the Carpathians. The only thing left for me to do is to congratulate you again on this romantic day!”

“Thank you! That was our guest -- Professor Dubinski.”

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### **One week before**

Kaia, a smart looking blonde woman with long loose hair, waving freely under the heavy blows of the Northern wind, came closer to a high granite rock covered with snowdrifts of sparkling snow. The young woman was dressed like a stylish ski-resort tourist in a fashionable white ski resort jacket, white pants, white boots and a white knitted hat topped with white go-go goggles.

After the thorough scrutinizing of all cracks and cusps of the steep rock, instinctively she stretched her hand to the outer pocket on her white backpack to take the smartphone. In a while,

she sharply pulled her hand back, remembering the words of their three-hundred-years-old boss, Gudmund, “ No gadgets for the whole month!” She plunged into deep thoughts, “And how should I contact these...Nordic manly men? No buttons, no cameras, no icons, just nothing...”

Once again, Kaia looked the rock around, put two fingers in her mouth and whistled with all the power of her well-trained lungs. Her father was right – good whistling is a good skill. She was noticed... Some slight shifting sprang up somewhere nearby. Her peripheral vision caught it. Though, while looking directly at the right rock, she saw nothing, her beautiful backbone hinted that it was a small camera.

The cheery and sportive woman smartened up a bit and put her wavy hair in order; right at her feet a big round hatch moved aside and clawed hands of Hulk looking Folke grabbed her under armpits and dragged her down.

“Hey, hey, hey! Bearded Bear! I know that you like to feel up all women who come into your sight, but this time you can make a mistake!” Kaia tried to free herself from the clutching hands of the hilarious man bringing her down through the crisscross corridor full of deadlocks going gradually towards a well-lit hall.

At long last, Kaia jumped out of the hands of Folke and was joyfully hugged by Gustav, a strong man with wolf habits and not less cheery Viking`s smile illuminating all his war torn face covered with a well-trimmed mustache and a wavy beard.

“Oh! One more manly man appeared in the dark den! Don't break my bones! I get a feeling that you have not seen any women for the whole year!” Kaia looked around the spacious hall, the stony walls of which were covered with huge plasma pc screens and ball-lighting blasters. To her

surprise at the solemnly looking oak table, she saw aristocratic Agnetta in stylish silvery Scandiastyle jumpsuit and dudette looking Göta in somber military style tank suit, with high black boots and a khaki multilayered T-shirt. Both of them kept glasses with Blossa glogg and looked at Kaia with ironic smiles...

“Holla! Girls!” After a short slightly confusing pause, she added, “I see that I dropped by in a wrong moment and three blondes are too many for this modest mountain office of two lonely men, nevertheless...”

“We are always glad to see our Ice Queen from Nordtoppen, Kaia. Unfortunately, you ignored all our three last invitations, so...” Gustav invited her to take a seat with a wide hand gesture.

Kaia took off her white backpack, white ski jacket and approached a Bjork wooden chair refusing to take a seat. With a slight irritation she looked at Gustav, “Don't you think that Göta in her early twenties is too young for your glogg parties?”

“We work over a too complicated project set by Gudmund a month ago and her biochemistry knowledge is what we need right here and right now,” Gustav could not hide his slightly visible smile.

“OK, I see,” Kaia put her annoyance aside and kept on, “In two hours I should set off to Gotland, the place of Göta's residence, and she is supposed to be there, by the way,” Kaia made a pregnant pause and looked meaningfully into the eyes of grinning Göta. “However, let's get to the point. Several events that happened two-three days ago forced our well-respected Gudmund to send me to all members of the Twelve-Member-Round-Table. He thinks that we are to be ready to a new clash with Snotty Snakes...”

“Snotty-Schnotty! Doesn't he suffer from paranoia?” Folke interrupted Kaia. “We crashed all of them eight years ago. One thousand pinpoint blows and their burnt bones turned into a good fertilizer for all ocean bottoms and mountain feet...”

“Yeah, it was a glorious victory. We crashed them, surely, however, not all of them! Thirteen of our objects, including our headquarters copper cave, were mined just only two days ago. Our people found out the stones stuffed with nickel, sulphur, and nitrogen – that is their style. I would like to remind you that such explosives can crack multi-ton granite plates... Secondly, a week ago our high-speed bio-com network 10D was unexpectedly hacked up. Just only for ten seconds, nevertheless...Any leakage of information could lead to dramatic events. Don't you remember the events that happened 200 or 70 years ago? Such unexpected break-in could be done just only by their specialists...Besides, we detected spotty spiral radio signals from Alpha Cen AB. It is in their style too, and though we failed to decrypt the whole message we caught the main idea – they plan to get support in the nearest future.”

Kaia got excited and bit her dainty upper lip, “Besides, Gudmund got the info that they ordered to close the biggest observatories around the world...”

“Still now they ORDER to do something? How brazen of them to hide in some dirty deep hole and to blow their cheeks out! Uhm...What for they did it?” Agnetta put her glogg glass aside and touched her earlobe in a deep reflection.

“Gudmund thinks that, on the one hand, they want to deliver several space strikes and, on the other hand, they expect the arrival of a large group of...supporters. Surely, in any case, they prefer to stay unnoticed,” Kaia stopped her passionate speech and took a seat.

“So, this time Gudmund decided not to invite all of us to his ‘well-mined’ headquarters cave and to determine what we think about all these scaly-snaky things using you as a special envoy, right?” Gustav shrugged his big shoulders and looked in the celeste eyes of Kaia.

“Right. According to our estimates a dozen of Snotty Snakes or so survived. We failed to detect their exact locations eight years ago. Today, the situation is almost the same. Nothing changed. Though, there is one distinct difference. At that time we chased them, and now they track us down.”

Göta raised her hand, surprising all the team of her high rank colleagues. In contrast to Agnetta, Kaia, Folke and Gustav, she was too young and did not belong to the members of the Twelve-Member-Round-Table. However, Gustav gave her opportunity to speak out.

“A month ago, together with a team of our Nordic youngsters we arranged a series of underground races on small sized spheres. We chose European routes...To our surprise, while sliding through the Carpathian and Tatra tunnels, we noticed fresh 2 meter wide tubes, going vertically up and down, covered with thin layers of burnt clay. Their total number was not more than twenty...”

“Is it all?” Gustav scratched his nape and looked at Folke.

“Whipper-snappers! Who gave you the right to do such stupid things without the permission of the Round Table?” Kaia was ready to get furious.

“Calm down, Ice Queen! Remember your own youth! Dressed like half-naked Freya and flying on a wooden wagon drawn by black cats, you played pranks with frightened students celebrating Midsummer fest at night!” Gustav approached Kaia and hugged her once again, “You were so

amazingly adorable in your early twenties! Why did not you ask the permission of the Round Table at those magnificent nights?”

Kaia got blushed and almost silently sighed out, “Shut up, quisling...” In a while she came to and continued with a firm voice, “OK, let’s come back to our Smart Snakes. These tubes really look like the routes to their underground bunkers. How do you plan to smoke theses SS scoundrels out of them? This time their protection system will be much harder to crack. Their algorithmically megabyte brains have already calculated all possible attack and counterattack options.”

“Together with Folke we will drink a barrel of glogg and will stink them out of their dirty dens with our glorious Scandinavian throat singing, Eight years ago I hunted down one of these scaly scums, scooting from me like a flitter mouse with a burnt tail. I switched on my loudspeakers at full power with Scandinavian throat singing. The crackling clatter of this rumbling bear roaring forced that skidooing snotty shit to coil like a dingle doody. Obviously, he could not stand it...The ancient Earth’s voice got right under his tail... I crashed his shivering cigar looking bolt bucket exactly over Kailash in the Transhimalaya region.”

“Gustav, Gustav, surely, I will convey all your words to Gudmund, without any comments,” Kaia waved her graceful head with a pinch of regret. “However, in my opinion, your hair got gray, but your proposals sound as frisky as in crazy youth... when you hit Sexträsk, Djupröven and that Orion planet red.”

Having heard the ideas of Agnetta and Folke, which were more aimed at tactical details but not at strategic points, Kaia put on her white ski-jacket, white hat and white backpack, not permitting Folke and Gustav to touch her anymore. She left the comfy cave office of her colleagues where

she suddenly felt so lonely. Under the stylish ski goggles, nobody saw her beautiful blue eyes covered with bitter tears -- her crud-rude Gustav ditched her for Göta, this muddy mushroom nix from Gotlandwoods...

**AFTERMATH**  
**NORDS 2020 NORDS**  
*(sci-fi story)*

*Oleh V.Kharchenko*



**Breaking news**

“Now you are listening to CMM news. Today, on February 27, 2020, our astronomers from such European countries as Sweden, Ukraine and Germany, witnessed a strange space phenomenon when Mars disappeared from the screens of telescopes for almost eight hours. At the same time, not far from it, something resembling an unregistered cigar-looking asteroid exploded emitting extra-long radiant rays in different directions. We invited Professor Dupinski, a specialist in all extraterrestrial issues, to comment on these two unusual sky phenomena.”

“Good evening, firstly, I guess that our viewers should not be worried, for it is a sort of magic tricks staged by our showbiz star David Copperfield. Just a month ago he promised to take any stars from the sky for his female fans. He said he did. This magic trick just only sky rocketed his standing to a sky-high level.”



“Professor, and what could you say about the specific explosion, which happened not far from Mars?”

That`s very simple. Our creative Chinese engineers tested breakthrough fireworks which got a reflection not far from Mars. You know that all these optic effects with their visual illusions and motion after images look so unusual that sometimes they perplex even experienced specialists in astronomy. You remember that not so long ago a spectacular Aurora Polaris was taken for hundreds of tiny explosions by a group of independent researchers around the world. They are just amateurs thinking that they are the best at everything. Professionals don`t think so. Professionals don`t wear rosy glasses they look critically at all events and move gradually from low-quality substandard work to high quality standard work.”

“Thank you! That was our guest -- Professor Dubinski.”

.....

### **One week before**

A cheetah-licious blonde lady with wavy and long loose hair, approached a rough granite rock covered with an ivory snow blanket. The glamour woman was dressed like a top model from a classy ski-resort wearing everything white including her groovy ski goggles.

It was Kaia, the high-level communication officer of the Nords. She bit her lower lip and looked slightly irritated. After taking off her vogue white glove, she put two fingers in her mouth and suddenly whistled like a raging Viking`s wife from wild Galdhopiggen area seeking her cheating husband. “I know that you see me! Stop playing seek-and-hide, lumberjacks!” After the detailed examining of the steep rock and hard stomping on the stony land covered with frozen ice patches, she raised her voice once again, “Hey you! Stop sneak around like chickens! Show me

your slasher smiles!” To her deep despair nothing happened, the white mountain tops answered with their sublime silence. Kaia stamped her foot once again and suddenly fell down losing her balance. Tears flew down from her furious light-blue eyes. Like a flash of lightning, all real and cooked-up troubles stuffed her classy coiffure head. After the landslide victory, while fighting with the last fleeing spherical ship of Snotty Snakes, the space ships of Gudmund, Hulk and Gustav were seriously damaged, her own life was hanging on the abyss edge, and this manly moron Gustav stopped courting her to pick up a younger flirty-fluffy Göta. Kaia hugged her knees and started screaming silently trying not to attract anybody`s attention.

Suddenly an oval hatch, hidden in the steep rock not far from her, moved aside and the strong hands of Gustav grabbed her like a bag of bones bringing her through the smorgasbord of zigzag corridors leading to a well lit hall equipped with transparent computer screens and other hi-tech gadgets.

“Watch out! My body is still black and blue! My leg is aching! I know that you have your own traumas. Be careful! Gustav! Besides, don`t feel me up like your dudette Göta! You made your choice, a cheeky cheat!”

At last, Kaia freed herself from clingy hands of Gustav, the six feet high man with a wolf look and Viking beard.

Kaia looked around the airy hall and noticed smiling Folke, a bear-looking man in a black multilayered suit, blue-blooded Agnetta in a gorgeous Scandinavian gown and ladette-looking Göta, in a knitted black and white Scandinavian dress covered with white deer and black octagonal stars.

The irritated blonde woman screwed up her eyes ironically and clapped her hands,

“Wow! The same people, the same oak table, and the same bottles of glogg!”

“Yeah! Everything is the same! There is one difference! This time we do not invite our Ice Queen from Nordtoppen, Kaia, to take this empty Bjork wooden chair! Because of your stupidity and your oldie boss Gudmund, we almost lost our lives two weeks ago!” Folke looked at his companions and kept on, “Your brainless blabbing through walkies-talkies identified our space ships and almost ...killed us. We permitted you to enter just only to convey our message to Gudmund. He **BROKE HIS OWN ORDER** about avoiding any gadgets for communication before the operation, during the operation and next day after the operation. Instead of it, you started yelling like kids getting ice-cream and congratulating each other on this glory blah-blah victory...As a result, you are bruised, Gudmund is wounded, and we are kicking alive like gleeful goners...”

Kaia got blushed for the first time in her last ten years not knowing what to say...

Seeing her reaction, Folke added, “In two weeks we will demand to gather our 12 Round Table Members and to choose a new boss. Gudmund was a hero of the ‘Survival Wars’ at the beginning of the XIX century but now in 2020 he got too old and tired to lead us through new challenges to new victories.”

Kaia took a seat on the floor like an outcast and burst out crying, “It was my fault...I was the first who took a walkie-talkie...All Snotty Snakes fled from the Earth like rats in all directions...I thought that it was the end...I was too emotional...Gustav ditched me...I was too

happy because of the victory and, at the same time, too unhappy...Gudmund is a wise leader...No, don't you dare!"

"Why not?" Folke sipped glogg.

"Immortals communicate just only with Gudmund..."

"You mean those seven Grand Goldie Chaps from Tartarus called 'Wise Magi' living just a bit longer than Gudmund, seen by nobody and heard by nobody too, right?"

"Now there are only three of them. Snotty Snakes killed four of them and paid for that with the lives of several dozens of them, having lost seven key bases," Kaia stopped crying out.

"What do they want from us, these Never-Seen-and-Never-Heard-Tartarus-Oldies?" Gustav raised his right eyebrow.

"Gudmund communicated with just only one of them...I think they are afraid of us...however... they gave us inestimable info..." Kaia stopped sobbing and wiped her wailful eyes.

"What information could they get from their deep and dark caves located somewhere 50 or 70 miles down underground? Don't make us laughing," Gustav grinned and drank his glass of glogg with one gulp.

"They pinpointed the exact spots where several of Snotty Snakes got landed. The Sicko Snotty who crashed our ships is also there..."

"Where is it?" The neck of Folke got strained.

“Mars. In those bunkers, our Nordic guys left in 1956. Right after the moment when these scaly freaks exploded our irrigation system with their nukes...”

“Our channels...”

“Year, our channels, built by our ancestors hundreds of years ago,” Kaia bit her lower lip once again.

“Sounds funny! At first they filled out bunkers with radiation and now they rushed there to smell it with their stuck-up noses. They can’t grasp simple things about spitting in a well with clean water...Something else?” Gustav stood up and started walking back and forth.

“Something else,” Kaia came to the table and took a glass of glogg too. “A large group of Snotty Snakes are approaching our Solar system on a something looking like an asteroid or a small planet. Nobody knows their exact number,” Kaia drank glogg and sat on the place of Gustav.

“Shitty skitsnack!” Folke hit the table with his heavy fist, ready to overthrow the oak table.

Agnetta took his hand and tried to calm him down, “Don’t you exaggerate, our Ice Queen käresta?”

“No, but for this bad news we got a good one. Our allies from Milky Way Cygnus constellation promised to neutralize them, Gudmund contacted them just yesterday...”

Folke stood up too and gazed into the eyes of Kaia, “So you came here to...”

“I would like to apologize to you for my gruesome gaffe...to ask you not to rebel against Gudmund...and to join our forces flying to...” Kaia made a pause...

“Mars?” Gustav and Folke burst out laughing. “I almost broke my backbone and Gustav has several broken ribs...” Folke was ready to turn Kaia out-of-doors.

“Though,” Gustav came closer to Kaia and gave her a once-over, “You can correct the situation, Ice Queen.”

“I am all ears,” suddenly Kaia`s hands started shivering.

“I will agree just only upon one condition. I think that Folke will support me,” Gustav looked at Folke and after getting an affirmative nod added, “You should become my wife...right now and without any hesitations.”

Kaia got choked, “And how about Göta... Do you mean that I ought to be your second wife?!”

Gustav slowly embraced Kaia, “The first one. Göta will be the second. Besides, she is not against,” Gustav turned his head to smiling Göta, who nodded her head too.

“And we will live together in this magic mountain cave, right?” Kaia looked around once again.

“No, I have already spruced up our old office placed twenty miles from here. It is just a bit smaller, though it has one substantial advantage. It has one window, and you can enjoy splendid sunsets from there.”

“Wow! One window! It is also a mountain cave, is not it?” Kaia broke free from the clutches of Gustav and started going back and forth too.

“On the one hand, yeah. On the other hand, it looks so romantic,” Gustav took a seat and continued in a low voice, “In other case...”

“I see what you mean under your ‘in other case’. You just twist my hands...To live in a ‘happy Swedish family’ and to preserve our Nordic coalition or to stay proud and independent on the ruins of our unity...” Kaia took the glass of glogg and drank the second half of it.

Gustav looked at her with deep interest, “So what variant did you choose, Ice Queen, the first one or the second?”

“Though it sounds a little bizarre for me, I would choose the first variant,” she put her shaking hands in her deep pockets.

Gustav came to her and stretched out his heavy hand, “I knew that you are a smart woman. So let`s strike a deal...”

Kaia stood up and got blushed once again, “Right here, on this table?”

Gustav and Folke did their best to keep their faces dead-pan.

“No, there is one vacant sleeping room here...It will be yours...” Gustav could not hide his slightly visible smile. He led Kaia to her sleeping room not forgetting to turn back and to wink at Göta, Agnetta and Folke...

Folke put his hands behind his head and pronounced thoughtfully, "This time we will fly to the Mars...Gustav knows what for... and I...What did I forget there?"

# NORDS, Autumn, 2022

*(sci-fi story)*

*Oleh V.Kharchenko*



This time the Twelve-Member-Round-Table Council was conducted on the territory of Greenland. The deep stone cave, covered with heavy snowdrifts upside and long stalactites inside, was chosen personally by Gudmund, the gray-haired man in his late 300s, the chief of the Nords. The spacious cave did not differ a lot from the Scandinavian mountain offices, with huge 3D plasma screens, ball-lighting blasters and transparent gadgets covering almost all wild-looking walls.

All high-rank participants looked meditatively at the sizable see-through sphere with changing images of the full-scale war held in the Eastern part of Europe. Flying missiles, exploded buildings, burnt tanks, heart-breaking shrieks, shocking scenes, killed civilian people, -- all war pictures were shown from multi-angle perspectives...

In a while, Gudmund took the floor, looked at all present members, shifting his gaze to Kaia, a beautiful blonde woman, dressed in a white ski-resort suit, and aristocratic Agnetta in her stylish silver looking Scandinavian sweater and pants. "The question is quite simple, what shall we do in this situation?"

“If you don’t mind, I’ll start the first,” said Gustav, a relaxed Viking looking man with manners of a forest predator enjoying the society of several female friends. “We are to do nothing...The bigger state tries to conquer the lands of the smaller one, and the smaller one does it best to bring their lands back under their control. The eternal bear-and-fox fight for the control of the territory...”

“I don’t think so,” Agnetta, smartened her long blonde hair up, “I see that you feel too good with your two wives and a couple of local girls...It is not surprising that you want to do nothing...We always fought for justice...Without our help the Snotty Snakes could put the whole humanity on knees long ago.”

“Who says that they are not on knees now?” Gustav smirked.

“A lot of them, but not all of them...Besides, when we threw the SS egg-heads away from our Earth, our descendants...cheered up a bit, ” Agnetta bit her lower lip.

“Even eighty years ago, during the much more mortal war, we did not interfere a lot, just in several cases,” Gustav glanced askew at Gudmund.

“But these were the most dramatic moments, and we ought to interfere in this weird war too,” Agnetta looked at Folke, her He-Hulk husband, the big-shoulder friend of Gustav.

“Really?” Folke started drumming his fingers on the smooth oak table.

“If they start launching tactical or operative nuclear missiles, we are to stop them,” Agnetta flashed with her light blue eyes.

“I support this idea too,” Kaia entered the conversation. “We should do it in a muzzy-fuzzy way, tying up all loose ends...”

“I got it! It was you who diverted the trajectories of some short-range missiles forcing them to come back to the launching spots?” Folke smirked and cracked his knuckles.

“I asked permission from Gudmund to select the frequency for our future neutralizing electromagnetic impulses. I did it just only several times,” Agnetta lowered her long eyelashes covering the sparkles of slight irritation.

“No problem, it sounds good, however, you just did not consult our Council...” Gustav estimated the reaction of others. “At first, such ‘free-spirit’ tricks were done by Kaia...Now you are the next, right?”

“What illegal thing did she do? All of us have some sort of freedom in solving spontaneous small-scale setbacks. She just thinks one step ahead,” Kaia couldn’t keep silence.

“I see, instead of supporting your husband, you think about sacred female friendship...,” Gustav looked at his second wife with interest.

“Family affairs are better to be left at home, Gustav, do you have some well-outlined proposals?” Gudmund raised his commanding voice.

“Surely, we are to mine the bunkers of the possible nuclear warmongers...The explosions should look like earthquakes. Who will complain about the Mother Nature? Secondly, I guess that nuke diverting signals should be sent from three triangular placed points...” Gustav made a pause.

“Something else?” Gudmund got interested.

“Something else,” Folke narrowed his eyes. “No nukes, no interference. We are to respect the wishes of our Curators from the Pleiades. We are supposed just only to protect this planet...and nothing more” Folke clenched his teeth.

“However, you have nothing against the funny Earthling women?” Kaia pierced him with her deep eyes.

“It happens seldom. Our genetics is almost the same. You know it. They are our derelict descendants...spoiled by the scaly snotties. Besides, I remember about my mission here,” Folke shrugged his shoulders.

“Not always, and if you have already done several kids here, you are just morally obliged to stop this stupid bloodshed...”

“Surely, it is bloodshed. However, for me the true bloodshed was the fight with Grays for the control of M41 planet...Here they behave like law-respecting Universe inhabitants, seldom stealing the resources...But you remember their assassinating atrocities in Sirius constellation...The real bloodshed for all of us was the battles with Snotty Snakes two years ago too...” Folke glanced at his wounded arm, which recovered but not completely.

“Nevertheless, we are to do something else,” Kaia looked at Agnetta with a silent question in her eyes.

“Panic...yeah, panic should be spread among the invaders. It could be quite effective in the long-term perspective. The low-frequency fear vibration could be transmitted from the fifth dimension. Nobody will notice it, right?” Agnetta thoughtfully looked aside.

“Good idea, panic is always effective,” Gudmund screwed up his eyes, “I guess we will forge one or two techno-tricks along the way. Now when our main idea generators spoke out, it is high time for the discussion of details.”

“Always the same scenario, at first, we are to listen to the family quarrels of our Ice Queens with their lumberjack husbands, and after that we are to rack our brains how to realize their high-fly snarks-remarks,” a geek looking Óláfr joined the conversation...

When the detailed plan of actions was over, Gudmund raised his fist up and said firmly, “God will help us! The Pleiades will help us! The Universe and its laws will help us too!”

# Nords, Snotty Snakes, Greys

(sci-fi short story)

*Oleh V. Kharchenko*



After a long break, the Twelve-Member-Round-Table Council of Nords was convened in a deep underwater bunker not far from the coastline of Sweden. The airy office with large windows and shoals of fish swimming outside back and forth, covered with multilayer metal plates and spacious 3D screens demonstrating the war scenes in real time, was chosen by Gustav, a tall and big-

shouldered middle-aged man with a Viking appearance, dressed in some ultra-modern thermo suit with light gray shades, and his first wife Kaia, called 'Ice Queen 2' by her compatriots, for her icy beauty and deadpan countenance, wrapped in a snow-white cape with a hood. The office was stuffed with various transparent gadgets, ball-lighting blasters and laser guns fixed to the walls in various places. As usual, they left their research centers and came from different corners of the world to exchange the views on the current situation in the world.

"At this Round-Table Gathering, Gudmund, our well-respected patriarch, and his young wife Anne, the first Earthling woman from Stockholm among us, will be absent... Unfortunately... The honor of holding this high-rank meeting was trusted to me," Gustav solemnly looked around all members of the Council and took a seat on a high triangular wooden throne of their legendary leader placed on the north of their big rustic round oak table. The twelfth vacant place was given to the second wife of Gustav, Göta, a young and military looking woman in her late twenties, wearing her usual uniform consisting of high black boots, a dark military style tank suit, and a brown T-shirt.

"As far as I understand, Gudmund is seriously ill now because of his 'highly intellectual wife,' Anne, with a MA diploma from Stockholm University in one pocket and a Danish passport in another one. Right?" Agnette, called 'Ice Queen Number 1' for her aristocratic manners, a cold-

blooded blond woman in her white and silver thermo suit drummed her well-groomed fingernails on the retro-looking oak table.

“You are misled a bit, Agnette. Gudmund was genetically attacked by Snotty Snakes half-breeds, and it happened in a completely unexpected way, so...” Gustav's face reddened slightly and got a hard expression.

“So! She just forgot to burn his trimmed hair in one of our abandoned cave offices because she was not taught how to do it and was not explained what for it should have been done...” Agnette flashed her furious eyes. “I was against this weird marriage from the very beginning and said it openly to Gudmund. However, like the majority of men, while offering his 300-years-old heart and hand to a ‘fresh flower from the fjords of Scandinavia,’ he thought with his balls. His brains were either completely switched off or turned to the mode ‘stand-by.’”

“Excuse me, Agnette, I think that you shouldn't speak so insolently about our leader, Gudmund, who has been ruling our Earth mission for so many years. Through all these years of hardships, he led us just only to victories. His decisions were always wise, well-considered and far-sighted,” Olaf, a young IT genius in his early thirties tried to put down the irritation of their ‘Ice Queen One.’

“Just only one big mistake can ruin the dozens of great and right things, including victories too. That's why Gudmund is lying on his bed in convulsions now, instead of being here and thinking up the way-out of the present-day wars that run rife all around,” Agnette looked at her fingernails again with a slightly contemptuous grimace.

“We can just lose him. He is too bad now,” Kaia said sadly.

“Hey, hey! Stop sobbing, our ‘Sportiga Stjärnan’! We have already spotted the secret bunker of SS half-breeds with the genetic materials of our boss; it is located in the Southern Sahara. In a day or two it will explode,” Folke stood up and put his heavy hand on the shoulder of their ‘Skiing Sporty Star,’ whose favorite outfit included a stylish ski-resort suit with white boots, white go-go goggles and white knitted hat.

“Besides, after the meeting, Kaia, we will go together to Gudmund's cave office to create a protection field together, using an ancient technique. It will help him to stay alive till the total

destruction of the bunker of the half-breeds. Surely, the option with one of our underwater offices would be considerably better, though, I am not sure that he will be able to pass through the transportation,” Agnette looked at her female friend with compassion.

“I share your worries about the health state of Gudmund, our long-time leader; however, we are supposed to come back to our topic – the rapidly increasing scale of wars in the territory of Eastern Europe and the Greater Middle East...” Gustav glanced around and fixed his heavy look on all members of the Round Table. “We got together to exchange our views on the current situation which gradually gets out of control and slides steadily into the state of chaos... My personal opinion – we should not interfere in these military campaigns, however, we are to be ready to start our own game in case of emergency and to determine exactly when it would start... and how our active actions would look like.” The Chief of the meeting made a pause expecting the exchange of ideas.

“On the one hand, there is a balance of forces and none of the participating parties can get a decisive dominance,” Olaf took the floor. “I mean the situation in Eastern Europe; it looks like a stalemate... On the other hand, the military actions get more and more aggravating character. I think we ought to interfere just only in the case of the application of nuclear weapons. 11,000 years ago, our ancestors decided to ignore the war between the two opposing parties. What results did they get? The appearance of the Sahara and Gobi deserts, mass destruction, huge floods and millions of dead people... Surely, we helped them to restore the Sahara lakes and green pastures 5,000 years ago, but not for long... They stepped on the same rakes... Besides, you know that at least partly, their war generals used the climatic weapon which we left them 40,000 years ago... They even did not try to ask our permission...”

“Yeah, it was our fault. Our ‘meditative and non-interference policy’ permitted the arrogant Earthling chiefs sometimes with the help of Snotty Snakes, who arrived later, and sometimes without their assistance, to destruct this multi suffering planet almost completely.” Agnette glanced at a 3D screen with a ruined multistoried building and crying women not far from it to keep on, “During these 11.000 years their mentality did not change a lot – the same mix of brutality and greediness, arrogance and ignorance...”

“But this time, we should take into account the Snotty Snake half-breed factor,” Göta entered the conversation, “I have such an impression that the more the destruction, the more the human suffering, the more they enjoy the situation... The energy of grief... I have never thought that

they need it so much... Personally, I agree with Olaf that in case of emergency, and it is directly connected with the use of nukes, we are to interfere and to do it in a fast and decisive way. However, this time we should ask the support of the Pleiades, because our experience of the 2012 military conflict with Snotty Snakes showed that we need reinforcement. The final victory was too heavy and bloody for us. Fortunately, in these harsh battles, all members of the Round Table gathering survived... Unfortunately, some of our compatriots were not so lucky. Their souls flew to the Saint Heavens and Paradise Gardens... This time we should not overestimate our military abilities and be more pragmatic and realistic. The scaly snots half-breeds learn too fast how to counterattack our unexpected thunderbolt actions. The good news is that SS scoundrels have already left the planet. The bad news, the system, formed by them and headed by their genetic half-breeds, functions like a watch on soft crystals. 40,000 years ago we were the Masters of this planet, but now, we feel just only as guests... We definitely need the reinforcement from the Pleiades.”

“How about our Scandinavian descendants? Maybe, there is a sense in the further integration of their smartest individuals?” Folke looked interested.

“You'd like to integrate dozens of local female `warriors` to train them somewhere in Greenland and to enjoy your edutainment practices, right?” Agnette threw an angry look at her husband.

“No, I speak in general, for the sake of a common affair, we just need some reinforcement,” Folke got confused a bit.

“A common affair! I see that you want to help them to integrate, to get babies from you and your beer-mates and to raise the demographic indicators of Scandinavia, shooting two rabbits at the same time. It sounds so wise and benevolent!” Agnetta grinned with a pinch of contempt.

“Do forgive me, but your family and extramarital affairs are to be discussed at home,” Gustav interrupted the quarrel threatening to turn into an avalanche of accusations. “Though, personally...”

“Surely, a raven won't peck another raven's eye, I guess that ‘personally’ you have the same approach, Gustav” Agnetta interrupted.

“I am just not against the integration policy.” Gustav cleared his throat. “However, I think that this step is not one of the most effective ones in this quite a complicated situation.”

Olaf raised his hand and pronounced slowly, “Yeah, such steps could be classified as additional, but in general, we were absent for too long...and we’ll hardly cope with the restructure of their societies relying only on our forces. If our missions had arrived 4 or 5,000 years ago...” Olaf closed his eyes to concentrate...

“Coulda, woulda, shoulda. I don’t recommend playing these games of day-dreamers. I offer to start from the liquidation of their warmongers. Let’s take accidental airplane and car crashes, unexpected heart attacks, sudden disappearances of state officials and generals; it could look like the operations of opposing secret services – impressive, effective and, at the same time, misleading for the world mass media...” Folke narrowed his thorny eyes.

“Terroristic acts are not our credo; the laws of the Universe are sacred to us. Did you forget it? Why do we always win?” Gustav interrupted.

“Not always, Bror,” Folke grinned.

“Säker, Bror. Almost always,” Gustav took a glass of water and drank half of it. “Because we respect these eternal laws, we teach them in all remote corners of the Universe, and demand from others to adhere to them. As for these SS bastards, full of sarcastic shit, they just pretend to adhere to them. In practice, together with their allies, they spit on all of them from the highest local mountain...the fatal Everest.”

“As for me, the local snow-covered peaks of the Scandes are closer to my heart, though, I agree with you. No muss, no fuss. The half-breeds play without any rules and think that they are the smartest on the Earth. Our task is quite simple, we should teach them the good old lessons according to the Universal laws, when it is necessary... So,” Folke made a pause.

“So,” Kaia blinked at Folke with her wide-open eyes, “we need the support from the Pleiades. Besides, nobody knows how the Greys would behave in a month or two... now they keep silent, collecting genetic material for their labs in abundance, but if they start helping scaly snot half-breeds, and such a chance looks quite real, we could get serious problems.”

“Certainly, we are to measure twice and then to cut once, but not vice versa...” Göta pronounced pensively.

“Yeah, it's better to think twice and after that to say nothing...” Agnetta smized.

“In my opinion,” Bjørn, a seven-foot red-haired young-looking man, with a sportive figure, in a dark thermal suit covered with many metallic zippers and fasteners, entered the conversation, “you exaggerate a bit, Grays are not concerned about the total destruction of the Earth. These biorobots are too pragmatic to permit anybody to demolish all living creatures on this planet. More likely, in case of emergency, they will turn the warmongers and all their ‘centers of decision’ into their biomaterial. For Grays, small conventional weapon wars are their bio feasts but the large scale thermo-nuclear and scorching earth, tectonic and biochemistry wars are their bio damnation. By default, they are our allies, and the less we speak about them, the better.”

“I have another point of view. Instead of seeking the support of the Pleiades, it is better to deliver several demonstrative strikes using our high-power plasma, laser or just electronic weapon to show the seriousness of our intentions. Who knows, maybe, it will cool the heads of their most aggressive war hawks,” Olaf rubbed his hands. “If we shoot down a number of flying ballistic missiles from the fifth dimension, practically unseen by their radars, from the magic nowhere...” Olaf smiled with the corners of his lips. “They would notice it earlier or later. On reflection, not knowing who did it, and not knowing how it was done, they would start seeking a peaceful way out of this war. We have several military tricks off the cuff to force their eyes to widen and their jaws to drop.” This time Olaf smiled with all his sparkling 32 white teeth.

After a short discussion, gradually, all members of the Twelve-Member-Round-Table Council agreed with the idea expressed by one of the youngest chieftans of Nords, Olaf. It remained to work out the step-by-step plan for the realization of this demonstration concept. The general attention switched to seriously injured Gudmund and Ann, his young and ‘too clever wife.’ Together, they decided to speed up the retaliatory strike on the Sahara bunker of scaly snot half-breeds with the biomaterial of their patriarch, and to explode a couple more labs of their opponents in order to show ‘who is who’ on this planet, called the Earth.

Gustav solemnly announced, “Let's call it a day,” and after shaking hands with all invited chieftans, he, along with his two wives, Kaia and Göta, boarded a vehicle shaped like a saucer, to

move on the romantic voyage to their newly bought two-storied mansion surrounded by lush greenery in Argentina, as well-respected citizens of Sweden.

Folke and Agnetta got into the smallest spherical craft and, keeping closer to the see bottom to enjoy the underwater flora and fauna, went to their office in the Greenland cave-dungeon, making steady spiral and zigzag movements. The photo of Folke flickered in the Danish mass media, so they decided to go underground for a while.

As for the young members of the Nordic Council, they boarded their cozy cigar-shaped submarines and rushed to the shores of Scandinavia with the speed of 200 miles per hour to enjoy the life and to communicate with their...friendly Svedupelle, Norskit and Köpikset descendants.

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