

Five scholars of ancient Greek philosophy harbor a secret that could forever change the intellectual landscape of Western civilization. As they deliberate sharing their discovery with the world, machinations of fate make them question the nature of truth and revelation.

Anaximander's Annex

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The Ruins of Miletus: The Temple of Athena

The heat simmered on the surface of clay and rock and sand with a white glare of waves rippling skyward, suggestive of ancient ghosts escaping some enigmatic inferno. Workmen, dressed in shorts and short-sleeved shirts, steel-toed work boots and large-brimmed hats, moved rhythmically in the heat and dust with pickaxes and shovels and line levels—marionettes guided by some unseen hand.

Professor Justin Campbell mopped his brow with his forearm and looked up into the fiery red sky. After sipping water from his canteen and screwing the cap back on, he wiped his lips with the kerchief loosely tied around his neck. He leaned over to pick up his toolbox and stepped cautiously inside the scarce, two-foot-high fragments of the twenty-five-hundred-year-old walls of the Temple of Athena. Votives of bronze and terracotta had recently been unearthed at the temple site, indicating the presence of an ancient, sacred sanctuary where offerings had quite possibly been made to gain favor with supernatural forces. At least that was the considered and very guarded opinion of Justin Campbell.

Alone now, as he had hoped he would be, he set his toolbox in the dirt, unshouldered his knapsack, and retrieved from it his

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kneeling mat which he rolled out and positioned to begin his work where he had left off the day before. After opening his toolbox for a four-inch WHS Spear and Jackson trowel and a one-inch paintbrush, he postured himself gingerly for the painstaking job ahead and carefully skimmed the sandy-dry surface of the clay in rhythmic, delicate movements. In a short time he hit something solid and exchanged trowel for paintbrush. With skilled precision, he carefully grazed the particles of dirt and dust and sand off the emerging stone tablet still lodged in the earth. Brush discarded, his fingertips discerned the contour of the tablet and reclaimed the trowel to gently lift the stone out of the ground. The surface of the tablet was nearly smooth, and his naked eye could detect no writing on it. It was as he had expected. He selected a find bag from his toolbox, placed the tablet in it, and carefully set it aside. An hour later, he walked away from the temple site with three smooth stone tablets surreptitiously stored in his knapsack.

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