

Grey Area

The Truth is Down There



Chris Deggs

This is a work of fiction apart from the bits that aren't

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"...there is a power so organised, so subtle, so complete, and so pervasive, that they had better not speak above their breath when they speak in condemnation of it."

President Woodrow Wilson quoted in the United States Presidents and the Masonic Power Structure, Robert Howard, 1999.

Foreword

Roswell, July 4, 1947

The night embraced the desert landscape as Rear Admiral Roscoe Killenhoetter and his driver headed out of Albuquerque into the vast sandy expanse. They headed east along highway 40 and then south along 285 to Roswell. The sky had blackened, blocking out the stars, as storm clouds loomed threateningly. The driver could not see anything in the darkness ahead except for the tiny universe defined by the Plymouth's twin headlights as they illuminated scrub and sand on both sides of the narrow road. The rest of the landscape was obscured by the blackness that seemed to flood in on him, matching his mood. But when Walther Tindall gave you a top-secret assignment you did not question it. If the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs gave you an order, you jumped. Roscoe had received the official story about the strange lights over Roswell from the top military commander, whose rank put him just under Harry Truman. It was Roscoe's job to make sure that everybody involved at the base had the same story. Which was why the Admiral was heading to Roswell, a

small New Mexican town he had never heard of. All the ex-Naval officer knew about his mission was what little Walther Tindall had told him, and rumours that had leaked out from the inquisitive Roswell community. Roscoe Killenhoetter heard that radar operators at sites around Roswell had noticed strange flying objects turning up, carrying out impossible manoeuvres and even changing their shapes on the screen.

Desert storms struck fast and hard, and one had just hit. The Plymouth's window wipers were working at full speed. The sky looked different to any that Roscoe had seen before. The rain disappeared taking the clouds with it. Millions of stars were exposed, minuscule windows shining through from the beginning of time within the infinity of space.

The Admiral tapped on the glass partition separating him from his driver. 'Where are we going exactly?'

'Walker AFB, sir.'

Walker Air Force Base. It made sense. Roscoe left it at that. His attention got drawn to the deep rumble of another thunderstorm they were about to drive into. This was summer in New Mexico, and the intensity storms of the rainy season. Flashes of brilliant forked lightning exploded in the distance. 'That's amazing!' he expounded.

The driver, familiar with the area responded, 'These storms are common this time of year. They seem to come from nowhere and shake the desert until it feels like the earth is breaking apart. Then they just disappear. I heard tell from ranchers out here that the local storms can go on all night, bouncing off the arroyos like pinballs in play until they fade out over the horizon.'

Roscoe did not respond. His mind was elsewhere wondering what the heck he was doing out in the desert storm, instead of celebrating the July 4th holiday with his folks back home? That question would soon be answered.

The blips were pulsating. It was the only way Steve Andrews could describe it. They glowed more intensely, then suddenly dimmed as a tremendous thunderstorm erupted over the desert landscape. Steve had recently been posted to Roswell airfield control tower. His thoughts were similar to the Admiral about missing out on the national holiday celebrations. He would have to wait till later for the succulent turkey Ali had roasted for them. Now his concentration was entirely on the screen. The blip behaved oddly, darting across the screen between sweeps over a thousand miles an hour. As the skies over Walker Airbase exploded in a deafening display of thunder and lightning the object on the screen arced to the lower left-hand quadrant. Then it momentarily disappeared. Before Steve's brain could register this, the blip exploded in a brilliant white fluorescence, evaporating right before his eyes. The screen was clear. Steve looked around at the other controllers and members of the Counter Intelligence Corps present. They instinctively knew the object, whatever it was had crashed in the desert. Everyone present was instantly on full alert. The CIC commander realised it could be a national security issue requiring immediate containment.

The radar officer contacted Colonel William Crockett, the Walker AFB Commander. Hearing what Airman Andrews had to say the Colonel contacted the head of the CIC and told him something had crashed north west of Roswell. A CIC team was quickly dispatched to retrieve anything they found and secure the site.

Crockett's first thought was that it was the crash of a Russian aircraft that had slipped through the radar defence system, from Cuba or over the Canadian border. Perhaps it was a spy plane taking photos of top-secret military installations?

Steve Andrews could have pointed out that such a spy plane would have to be capable of making hairpin turns at three thousand miles per hour.

Chapter 1

Roscoe Killenhoetter knew nothing of the crash and full alert at Walker AFB. Had he known about the crash he would have headed straight there. Instead, he was busy scrutinising Colonel Crockett's profile. In the process, the Admiral found out that Walker base was called Roswell Army International Airfield during World War II. It had only just been renamed as Walker Air Force Base. The largest of the United States Air Force Strategic Air Command bases, it was named after General Kenneth Newton Walker, a native of Los Cerrillos, New Mexico. He was killed during a bombing mission over Rabaul, Papua New Guinea on January 5, 1943. Although his Liberator squadron was intercepted by Zeroes, his group scored direct hits on nine Japanese ships. General Walker was last seen leaving the target area with one engine on fire and several fighters on his tail. For his courageous actions, General Walker was awarded the Medal of Honour posthumously by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1943.

Roscoe soon discovered that Walker base was locked down, with nobody allowed in or out without the CO's authorisation.

The sentry challenged the Admiral. 'I'm afraid nobody is allowed in at present.'

The Admiral said, 'I'm here to see Colonel Crockett.'

'I'm sorry, Sir, but the base is on lock down.'

It was time for the big guns. The Admiral handed the sentry a document.

As soon as the grunt on sentry duty saw the Joint Chief of Staff's name on the document Roscoe Killenhoetter carried, he decided to make an exception. He gave the officer a map with directions and quickly lifted the boom gate leading onto the base.

It was difficult for the Admiral's driver to find his way to the hangar in the dark and he had to break suddenly as a Diamond-T 968 four ton Army truck roared past, cutting him off. Two Willys MB Jeeps followed, keeping up with the four tonner.

'Holy hell! What's got into those guys?' Said the driver, his heart in his mouth. He added, 'The base speed limit is 5mph. Those idiots were doing at least 30.'

Reaching the well-lit hangar safely without any other incidents, Roscoe Killenhoetter left his driver and walked into the almost empty shed. The absence of aircraft and maintenance crews in the massive shed and the piles of equipment and wooden cases stacked outside suggested the hanger had been cleared out in a hurry. Roscoe was dressed in civvies and, before he got very far, was challenged by a young airman. The junior officer's single gold bar marked him as a Second Lieutenant.

The airman stated, 'Sir, you can't come in here.'

Roscoe simply said, 'Get me the CO.'

'Who are you, sir?'

Roscoe stared at the young officer. 'Just what the heck is going on here?'

'You'll have to ask the Colonel that.'

'Then go and get him, Lieutenant.'

'Who shall I say wants him, Sir?'

'Rear Admiral Roscoe Killenhoetter. Now just get on with it.'

The airman left, and Roscoe looked around the hangar. An open space had been hastily cleared in the centre of the massive shed. He wondered if the contents were in the the small convoy of vehicles racing off the base.

The Admiral looked up as a tall man with a tanned face, probably in his mid to late thirties, Approached.

'I'm Colonel Crockett. What can I do for you?'

Roscoe looked at the officer who sported an eagle insignia on his chest. 'Tell me what the heck is going on here for a start?'

'What do you mean?'

'Come on, Colonel. I haven't come all the way from Albuquerque with a directive from the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs just so you can give me the run around. Now just tell me what's causing this frenzy of activity in the middle of the night.'

'Let me see that directive,' Colonel Crockett said, putting his out his hand.

Roscoe held off. 'Let's go to your office. And get someone to bring me a coffee.'

The Colonel rattled off some orders to his lieutenant, then said, 'Very well, Admiral, come this way.'

They left the hangar, and the Colonel led the Admiral to a waiting Jeep. The driver took them to the administration block where Colonel Crockett had his office. The sign on the door read Col. Crockett, Commanding Officer of the 509th operational group. Once he and the Admiral were inside, William Crockett turned to his driver. 'Now, get us some coffee.'

They sat down, Crockett behind his desk with Roscoe sitting facing him. Crockett said, 'OK, let's get down to brass tacks. You want to know what going on. The short answer is I don't know. So I'll tell you what I do know. Our radar picked up some strange activity.'

The Admiral interrupted, 'What strange activity?'

'If you just listen I'll tell you what happened.'

'OK.'

'The control tower picked up an odd blip on the radar screen. Something was jumping all over the screen. Then it crashed out there somewhere north west of Roswell. The CIC is out there looking for any wreckage.'

Roscoe smiled, 'I'm guessing that truck that nearly wiped us out was a part of the search party.'

'Admiral, as soon as we knew something had crashed out there we had to get on to it.'

'You got any of those Rotorcrafts here?'

'We have a Sikorsky R-4 prototype.' One of only 29 in the country,' Colonel Crockett said proudly. He paused, then said, 'You want a ride to the site?'

'Yes. I want to go there, now. Can you organise it for me?'

'Sorry, but it's not equipped for night flying. You'll have to wait till morning.'

'Not equipped?'

'We're still waiting for the god damned searchlight to arrive.'

Roscoe hated setbacks. He needed transportation, and a Jeep was too slow. Besides, the CIC had the jump on him. Fatigue was rapidly descending, clogging his brain. 'Where the heck is that coffee?'

As if on cue the airman arrived with two steaming mugs. Having thanked and dismissed his subordinate, William said, 'Let's get a bit of shut-eye and re-approach this in the morning.'

Roscoe stared at him. 'Once your retrieval team gets back with whatever they've found, nobody, and I repeat nobody, is to touch anything until I have inspected it.'

William Crockett, not used to being ordered around on his base, looked at the usurper with resentment in his eyes. 'I can't order the CIC around, Admiral.'

Roscoe stared at the Colonel. 'No, but I can.'

About Us | Roswell, NM. <https://www.roswell-nm.gov/720/About-Us>

Chapter 2

June 14, 1947

Walter Brazer brought his Chevy truck to a standstill between the two cornfields. The Lincoln County rancher stared out of his windscreen at the bright metallic-looking stuff, shredded across the gravel and sagebrush of the New Mexico desert. In all the 48 years he had lived on the property Walt had never seen anything like that.

Victor, his young son, was also staring at the scattered wreckage on their land.

Walter stood open-mouthed. Then he uttered, 'Holee Shiit! What the heck is that stuff?'

Victor climbed down from the Chevy and looked at his dad. 'Pa, do you reckon it has anything to do with those weird lights we've been seeing?'

Walter, a little calmer but nevertheless still excited by their find, said, 'I don't know, son. But let's get what we can and take it back to the ranch.'

Victor said, 'What are we going to do with it?'

Walter removed his broad-brimmed hat and scratched his head. 'I'll figure that out later. But we ain't got time to stand here jawing. Let's get this stuff loaded.'

The stuff in question mostly comprised a lightweight fabric in vivid colours. The rancher and his son also collected rubber strips, tinfoil, stiff paper and thin sticks. Having gathered all the pieces of strange wreckage they could find, Walter drove his Chevy back to the ranch house where he lived with his wife, Betty and his son. Before going inside the rancher and his boy unloaded their prize and stored all the pieces in a shed. As he locked the shed, he turned to Victor. 'Now, don't you go telling nobody about this, boy. And I mean nobody.'

'Why have we got to keep it secret?'

'Because we don't know what we've got. But I know someone who might be able to shed some light on this. So don't you breathe a word until I see what Peter has to say.'

Walter had another reason for keeping their discovery secret. He had heard folks talking about flying disks from outer space being seen locally, and he wondered if what he had found might be the remnants of one of those. If so his find could be worth a small fortune and Walter did not want that windfall slipping through his fingers. He needed to phone his friend but Betty was using it, so he had to wait. But the rancher did not like being kept waiting. He had to make a vital call. It was

much more important than his wife jawing on to her friend. He broke into her conversation, 'Honey, I got an important call to make.'

She glared at him. Covering the receiver with her hand, she quietly snapped, 'So my call's not important.'

He gritted his teeth. 'Come on honey, give me the phone. You can ring your friend back afterwards.'

'What's got you all so godarned het up?' She scowled, thrusting the receiver into his hand.

He dialled the number and waited.

'Peter here. Who's calling?'

'Walt Brazer here. 'Look somethings come up that I think you'll find kinda interesting.'

'What are you talking about, Walt?'

'You know that storm that hit a couple of nights ago. Well, something crashed on my land. I got the pieces stashed, and I thought you might like to take a look.'

'Well, that does sound mighty interesting. Do you reckon it's a flying saucer?'

'I don't know what we've got. I thought you might be able to shed some light on it.'

'OK, I'll come right on over.'

'Look, I just finished for the day. Come on over tomorrow and take a look.'

Walt's place was a fair way from Roswell, but Peter Conrad figured it might be worth the journey. He had known Walt for some years, and the rancher was a died-in-the-wool flying saucer sceptic. So for him to have found something very odd that he wanted to share suggested a crack in his sceptic shell.

Walt knew that some things could not be neatly explained away. He had flown with the 415th Night Fighter Squadron over the German-occupied Rhine Valley several times. But on one particular mission, he saw many orange lights flying at high speed just off the Beaufighter's left wing. The bizarre display continued for several minutes. Then the lights disappeared. Walter's first thought was fatigue had got to him. But the other two crew members later told him they had seen the same thing. Although he did not find out any more about the lights he saw north of Strasbourg, it did leave Walt more open-minded although cautious, which was why he did not want to make any rash pronouncements about his find.

Peter arrived around seven am, and Walt showed him the items in the shed.

Having sifted through the debris, the flying saucer enthusiast sadly shook his head. 'I'm afraid there's nothing here that resembles a flying saucer.'

'I never suggested it was a flying saucer. That's the stuff of kids comics. I'm more interested in what it is than what it isn't.' Walt bluffed.

Peter shrugged, 'My best guess is it's some kind of new weather balloon the government is trying out.'

'What makes you think that?'

'All the coloured material and rubber suggests a balloon of some kind. It's much too flimsy for a spaceship.' Peter noticed Walt's sad look. 'What's the problem, Walt? You don't even believe in flying saucers.'

'It's not that. I just thought it would be more interesting than a weather balloon.'

Pete grinned, 'Like what?'

'I dunno. Maybe some sort of secret weapon.'

At that moment young Victor came running into the shed. Seeing the stranger with his dad, he slowed down.

Walt smiled, 'Pete, this is my boy, Victor.'

'Pleased to meet you, young man,' The flying disc expert said, extending his hand in friendship.

The boy turned to his dad. 'Is this the man who is going to tell us what this is?'

Walt put his arm around his eight-year-old son. 'Pete says it's a crashed weather balloon.'

'Can't think what else it could be,' Pete added.'

'Can I tell my friends now?' the boy beamed.

'I think we should hold off a while yet.' His dad said.

Chapter 3

Roscoe Killenhoetter woke up before the bugler played Reveille. The Admiral had always been an early riser. He sluiced cold water on his face and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He was getting a little bit crinkly around the edges but not too bad for someone tipping sixty-five. He went to his small wardrobe and changed into his track pants. He then donned a clean white T shirt and put on his trainers. It was time to track down some coffee. Stepping outside his billet, the Admiral breathed in the clean, fresh air, a reward from Nature for coping with the previous night's storm. Using his base map, Roscoe found the cafeteria. It was mostly empty. Roscoe figured it was too early for most of the airmen, or they were engaged in the crash site retrieval. He went up to the counter. A big guy wearing a white jacket and a colourful bandanna on his head looked at the guy in track pants. 'What do you want, Bud?'

'A strong black coffee would hit the spot.'

'You get it from over there.' he growled, pointing at the vending machine in the corner of the cafeteria.

As Roscoe sat mulling over the terrible coffee he grudgingly drank just to appease his caffeine addiction, he looked up and saw Colonel Crockett in front of him.

The CO smiled, 'Good morning Admiral. I hoped you slept well?'

Roscoe noted the sarcasm in Crockett's voice but did not take the bait. 'Good morning Colonel. I need you to organise the Sikorsky R-4 to take me out to the crash site.'

Crockett stood near Roscoe, declining a seat. 'That's what I came to see you about. The Rotorcraft is out of commission I'm afraid.'

'Oh, what's wrong with it?'

'You'll have to ask the mechanic that.'

'OK, take me to him.'

'Well, I could do that, Admiral, but it wouldn't help. Besides, we've retrieved all we can from the site.'

'And, where is it?' Roscoe snapped.

'In the hangar of course. I'll take you over now if you'd like.'

There was a hive of activity going on in the hangar. The Colonel introduced the Admiral to an officer who was busy photographing pieces of wreckage. 'Rear Admiral Killenhoetter let me introduce you to Major Sebastian Morel. He's our public information officer. I think you two have a lot to talk about.'

Roscoe agreed. Turning to the red-headed man with a neatly trimmed beard. 'So what's your take on this?' he asked, indicating the fragments taken from the crash site.

The Major replied, 'I'm issuing a release stating that personnel from the 509th Operations Group have recovered what looks like the wreckage of a flying disk that crashed on ranch land near Roswell.'

Roscoe could not believe the US Air Force would make such an irresponsible statement to the press. 'Have you sent the release yet?'

'No. Not yet. Why?'

The Admiral stared at him. 'Why? Because that kind of speculation will just stir up the spaceship crazies out there.'

Morel said, 'What's your take then?'

'The official story is that the all this foil rubber and wood came from a weather balloon that was brought down last night by the storm.'

Sebastian picked up one of the pieces. 'This is some kind of metal, not foil, rubber or wood.'

'It's best if we don't cloud the issue.'

Major Morel eye balled the Admiral. 'Are you telling me what to write?'

'Do you have a problem with that?'

'Frankly, yes, I do.'

'Then take it up with General Walther Tindall. He's taking a particular interest in what is happening down here.'

Sebastian backed off. 'OK, If I have to, I'll write your bullshit story.'

Colonel Crockett pleased he'd gotten the Admiral off his back, was able to make his call.

General Carson was practising his golf swing at the Shady Rest Country Club in Scotch Plains when a clubhouse employee came running up to him with a message that somebody wanted him on the phone.

Annoyed at the interruption, he followed the messenger to the clubhouse where the receptionist handed him the receiver. 'Hello, who's speaking?'

'Colonel Crockett here, Sir.'

'What do you want, Crockett?'

'Everything was going to plan here. Then a Rear Admiral Killenhoetter turned up and took over. Now he's snooping around the base.'

'Who's running him and why?'

'His orders come from Walther Tindall.'

Carter paused, then cursed, 'Why the fuck is the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs interested in this shit?'

'I don't know, Sir, but where does that leave us?'

'Colonel, it leaves you with getting him away from the base. On no account must he find out about the EBEs'

'He's not stupid. He'll probably see through it.'

'Not if you send him off to question that rancher who found the remains of the weather balloon.'

Crockett gave it some thought. 'It might work. It's certainly worth a try.'

'OK. So what have you done with the survivors?'

'They're securely locked away, Sir. Nobody's going to find them.'

'And the craft. Is it beyond repair.'

'I don't know, Sir. It's been shipped to Wright Field.'

There was another pause as General Carter mused things over. 'Just keep the Admiral out of the way when the Project Bluebook team comes to pick up the cargo.'

Walther Tindall suffered the Washington Summer humidity as it settled over city that morning like a soaking towel. He had just completed his initial report to General Henry Wittenberg, who was Chief of Military Intelligence during World War II. Walther knew that Henry was just finishing his stand-in year as second Director of Central Intelligence and that he needed a convincing report to secure funds for Project Bluebook.

So Walther had to take an interest in flying saucer and alien activity to present a plausible statement. And it was some report. It set the tone for all the other records and recommendations Walther made for General Wittenberg over the next two years.

The Central Intelligence Director knew his report would be one of a mountain of papers landing on Carter's desk. So he had to make it enticing. He began with the most significant find: the alien extraterrestrial itself.

If Carter had not read the medical examiner's top secret report and seen the photographs and sketches of the Alien with his own eyes, he would have called any description of this creature pure science fiction. But he had seen such a corpse suspended in a transparent crypt at Fort Riley and could not deny the fact he was looking at an extraterrestrial. There was still part of his logical mind that rebelled against his acceptance of ETs. Snapping back to the present he singled out Wittenberg's report, now just a yellowing sheaf of papers and a few cracked glossy prints in a brown folder sitting among scores of odds and ends, bits of debris, and other strange depictions. He refiled it in what he referred to as his nut file.

Even stranger than the medical examiner's report was Carter's reaction: What can we exploit from this entity?

In the report, Walther wrote that in his opinion, that the grudging fact that we found an EBE (Extraterrestrial Biological Entity) was not as important as were the ways we can develop what we learn from it so that man can travel in space. This goal gave Project Bluebook wings and quickly became the overriding concern with all of the Roswell artefacts and the general format for Walther's reports.

Once Walther had swallowed back the 'oh wow!' aspect to all of this life-altering information - and sometimes it took a considerable swallow - he was still left with the job of sorting out what looked promising for R&D to develop from what seemed beyond a realistic grasp for the present. So he began with the EBE.

Chapter 4

Roscoe Killenhoetter woke up before the bugler played Reveille. The Admiral had always been an early riser. He sluiced cold water on his face and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He was getting a little bit crinkly around the edges but not bad for someone tipping sixty-five. He went to his small wardrobe and changed into his track pants. He then donned a clean white T shirt and put on his trainers. It was time to track down some coffee. Stepping outside his billet, the Admiral breathed in the clean, fresh air, a reward from Nature for coping with the previous night's storm. Using his base map, Roscoe found the cafeteria. It was mostly empty. Roscoe figured it was too early for most of the airmen, or they were engaged in the crash site retrieval. He went up to the counter. A big guy wearing a white jacket and a colourful bandanna on his head looked at the guy in track pants. 'What do you want, Bud?'

'A strong black coffee would hit the spot.'

'You get it from over there.' he growled, pointing at the vending machine Roscoe felt at a loose end. He could understand Crockett marking his territory, but was that the whole story? Or was the Colonel putting up blocks to shut him out? The incident with the rotorcraft suggested as much. Roscoe wondered if he was getting paranoid?

To put his mind at ease, the Admiral went over to a maintenance shed where mechanics were working on a Beechcraft AT-10 Wichita twin-engine trainer.

The Sikorsky R4 was parked in the corner. Nobody appeared to be working on it, so the Admiral approached an officer wearing the badge of a chief mechanical engineer. 'Excuse me but is the R4 ready to fly?'

The mechanic eye balled the stranger. 'Who wants to know?'

Roscoe puffed himself up to his full height. 'Rear Admiral Killenhoetter. Do you want me to repeat the question?'

Two things crossed the engineer's mind. What was a senior Naval officer doing on the base? And secondly, did he have to defer to the Admiral's higher rank? It was always best to play it safe where ranking officers from any of the military services were concerned. 'Why do you want to know, sir?'

'Because I want to fly to the crash site.'

'I'll have to get permission from Colonel Crockett, first, sir. I can't sign off without it.'

'OK. So does that mean you have finished the maintenance work and is it ready to fly?'

The engineer figured the Naval officer was probing for something. 'Like I said I have to get the Colonel to sign off on it first.'

'Sign off on what?' Crockett queried, knowing full well the subject being discussed.

Roscoe, surprised by the Colonel's appearance, said, 'I was enquiring as to whether the rotorcraft was fixed yet.'

Without answering the question, William Crockett forced a smile. 'I'm glad I found you because I wish to run over something with you.'

The Admiral, not expecting that response was caught on the back foot. 'What is that?'

'Let's go somewhere more private,' Crockett said.

Back in his office, the Colonel looked at Roscoe, 'What did you say that upset Sebastian?'

'Is that what you brought me here for?' Because, if so ...'

William cut in. 'No, but you guys need to work together.'

'On what?'

'Take Sebastian and talk to Walt Brazer.'

'Isn't he the guy who claimed to have found a crashed flying saucer on his land?'

'I'm glad to see you're up to date with events,' Crockett said cynically.

'But, as he's been spouting this nonsense to the press, hasn't that horse already bolted?'

'Sebastian needs to question him and put him straight.'

'Do you mean to apply pressure?'

'Sebastian knows what to do.'

'Do you have his phone number?'

'Ask Sebastian. Now go and take a Jeep from the pool and sort this business out.'

Roscoe could have pulled rank, but he was looking forward to getting off Walker base for a while. It would give him a chance to question Sebastian about what was really going on there.

He caught up with the Publicity officer at the vehicle pool. Sebastian was standing by a 1945 CJ-2A Jeep. The day was scorchingly hot, and the open Jeep was not at all inviting. 'Couldn't you have gotten us one that is covered?'

Seb, still smarting from their earlier encounter, snapped, 'If all you can do is criticise, Admiral, I can go by myself.'

Roscoe almost pulled rank. But he was going to be with the information officer for the next few hours, so they needed some rapport. 'I didn't mean it as a criticism. It's just that we're going to be exposed to the sun on a hot, dusty trail.'

Sebastian said, 'They've gone to get one with a canvas cover.'

'Why didn't you say?'

The publicity officer just stared at Roscoe. Then another Jeep arrived with a cover. Sebastian grabbed his satchel and said, 'OK, let's get moving.'

The seventy five mile journey to the Brazer ranch provided the Admiral with many opportunities to question Sebastian. As the Air Force CJ left a long lingering cloud of dust in its wake, Roscoe probed, 'Has anybody from the base been to see this farmer?'

'Rancher. And no. Not as far as I know.'

'Why? I mean why leave it till now, after he's been talking to the press about his find?'

'That's how we found out.'

Roscoe showed a blank expression.'

'This rancher didn't exactly tell us what he found.'

'And he found this stuff on June 14?'

'That's what he told the papers.'

'That was three weeks ago. When did the paper come out?'

'A few days ago. Apparently, Brazer had heard tales of flying saucers in the Pacific north-west. Those sightings spurred him to show his discovery to the authorities.'

Roscoe turned to the driver. 'And you've been sitting on your hands since then!'

'Things kind of got all stirred up. The Air Force upped the ante by announcing it had come into possession of a flying saucer, Roswell's morning newspaper debunked the story. So that dealt with that.'

'Which leaves the question. If it's all sorted out what the heck are we doing frying our asses in this god damn Jeep?'

Sebastian sighed, 'Ours is not to reason why.'

The Brazer homestead was designed in the low slung hacienda style with mustard coloured stucco walls. A woman responded to the knock on the door. Seeing the military Jeep she asked, guarded, 'What do you want?'

Sebastian took the lead. 'We want to speak with Mr Brazer.'

'What about?'

Sebastian took off his cap and wiped his brow with a kerchief. 'Ma'am its pretty hot standing here. Can we talk where it's cooler?'

'Not until I know who you are.'

Sebastian had his name sewn onto his fatigues, but he showed his ID.

Betty, who Roscoe guessed was Walt Brazer's wife, glanced at him. 'Who are you then?'

He smiled, 'I'm from the US government Ma'am, and I'm here to find out what your husband found. So, can you get him for us, please?'

'Mister, he could be anywhere on our two thousand acres.'

Sebastian said, 'So how do you contact him if you need him?'

'By radio of course.'

'Exactly. So get on the radio.'

She stared at the pair refusing to be intimidated. 'OK, I'll see if I can raise my husband.'

The military men followed her into the hacienda and the coolness provided by the noisy older model air conditioning system.

The woman raised her husband on the two way Galvin walkie talkie. Amid the squelches and general static, she managed to get her message across. Betty turned to the airman - she did not trust the government guy - and said, 'It'll take him a good thirty minutes to get here, so take a seat, because I have things to do.'

Roscoe and Sebastian sat looking at each other. The Admiral said, 'This is bull crap. What the heck are we waiting for? If this Brazer guy does show up, he's only going to tell us what we already know. So why did Crockett send us on this god damned wild turkey chase?'

Sebastian castigated the Admiral. 'If you don't think this is worthwhile just let me handle it. This Brazer guy should have contacted us, not go off half-cocked with some incredible story to be lapped up by the fucking Roswell Recorder.'

Shortly after, Walt Brazer turned up.

Roscoe looked up at the farmer. His face was tanned and deeply lined from many hours spent outdoors in the hot New Mexico sun. 'So what's the story folks?' He said, glancing from one man to the other.

Sebastian said, 'My job as publicity officer at Walker Air Base is to make sure I keep the public informed so that there are no misunderstandings about events and incidents that could easily be misconstrued.'

Walt smiled crookedly. 'So this is about the stuff I found?'

'Yes, it is. It's understandable that a wrecked weather balloon can cause all sorts of imaginings. But it would have been better if you had contacted us and not the sheriff. But that's too late now.'

Walt, bemused, said, 'So you call me away from my work to tell me what I already know.'

Roscoe flashed the Air Force officer an 'I told you' so look.

Sebastian, ignoring the unspoken criticism, said, 'I'm here to make sure you get the message. If you find anything else on your land, you can't explain, contact my office.' He handed the farmer a card.

Walt, unconvinced said, 'No disrespect guys, but you can make up any story you like. That's why I got an independent opinion about the wreckage.'

Roscoe interrupted. 'Who did you get and what did he say?'

'Just a friend. But he wasn't much help.'

'Why, because he disagreed with your assumption. We know all about your space ship freak friend, Pete. Whom you thought would lap up your BS flying saucer story. But even he figured what you had was a crashed weather balloon.'

'Yes, well he could have been wrong.'

Sebastian sighed, 'Mr Brazer, I can assure you he wasn't.'

The Admiral added weight saying, 'Tampering with government property is a serious offence.'

'But it crashed on my land.'

'Which is why we will not be laying charges - this time. If you see any more wreckage on your land, do not touch it. And call us,' Sebastian said, demonstrating his authority. achine in the corner of the cafeteria.

As Roscoe sat mulling over the terrible coffee he grudgingly drank just to appease his caffeine addiction, he looked up and saw Colonel Crockett in front of him.

The CO smiled, 'Good morning Admiral. I hoped you slept well.'

Roscoe noted the sarcasm in Crockett's voice but did not take the bait. 'Good morning Colonel. I need you to organise the Sikorsky R-4 to take me out to the crash site.'

Crockett stood near Roscoe, declining a seat. 'That's what I came to see you about. The Rotorcraft is out of commission I'm afraid.'

'Oh, what's wrong with it.'

'You'll have to ask the mechanic that.'

'OK, take me to him.'

'Well, I could do that, Admiral, but it wouldn't help. Besides, we've retrieved all we can from the site.'

'And, where is it?' Roscoe snapped.

'In the hangar of course. I'll take you over now if you'd like.'

There was a hive of activity going on in the hangar. The Colonel introduced the Admiral to an officer who was busy photographing pieces of wreckage. 'Rear Admiral Killenhoetter let me introduce you to Major Sebastian Morel. He's our public information officer. I think you two have a lot to talk about.'

Roscoe agreed. Turning to the Red-headed man with a neatly trimmed beard. 'So what's your take on this?' he asked, indicating the fragments taken from the crash site.

He looked the tall man with angular features. 'I'm issuing a release stating that personnel from the 509th Operations Group have recovered what looks like the wreckage of a flying disk that crashed on ranch land near Roswell.'

Roscoe could not believe the US Air Force would make such an irresponsible statement to the press. 'Have you sent the release yet?'

'No. Not yet. Why?'

The Admiral stared at him. 'Why? Because that kind of speculation will just stir up the spaceship crazies out there.'

Morel said, 'what's your take then?'

'The official story is that the all this foil rubber and wood came from a weather balloon that was brought down last night by the storm.'

Sebastian picked up one of the pieces. 'This is some kind of metal, not foil, rubber or wood.'

'It's best if we don't cloud the issue.'

Major Morel eye balled the Admiral. 'Are you telling me what to write?'

'Do you have a problem with that?'

'Frankly, yes, I do.'

'Then take it up with General Walther Tindall. He's taking a particular interest in what is happening down here.'

Sebastian backed off. 'OK, If I have to, I'll write your bullshit story.'

Colonel Crockett pleased he'd gotten the Admiral of his back, was able to make his call.

General Carson was practising his golf swing at the Shady Rest Country Club in Scotch Plains

when a clubhouse employee came running up to him with a message that somebody wanted him on the phone.

Annoyed at the interruption, he followed the messenger to the clubhouse where another employee handed him the receiver. 'Hello, who's speaking?'

'Colonel Crockett here, Sir.'

'What do you want, Crockett?'

'Everything was going to plan here. Then a Rear Admiral Killenhoetter turned up and took over. Now he's snooping around the base.'

'Who's running him and why?'

'His orders come from Walther Tindall.'

Carter paused, then cursed, 'Why the fuck is the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs interested in this shit?'

'I don't know, Sir, but where does that leave us?'

'Colonel, it leaves you with getting him away from the base. On no account must he find out about the EBEs'

'He's not stupid. He'll probably see through it.'

'Not if you send him off to question that rancher who found the remains of the weather balloon.'

Crockett gave it some thought. 'It might work. It's certainly worth a try.'

'OK. So what have you done with the survivors?'

'They're securely locked away, Sir. Nobody's going to find them.'

'And the craft. Is it beyond repair.'

'I don't know, Sir. It's been shipped to Wright Field.'

There was another pause as General Carter mused things over. 'Just keep the Admiral out of the way when the Project Bluebook team comes to pick up the cargo.'

Walther Tindall suffered the hot Washington Summer humidity as it settled over the Potomac that morning like a soaking towel. He had just completed his initial report to General Henry Wittenberg, who was Chief of Military Intelligence during World War II. Walther knew that Henry was just finishing his stand-in year as second Director of Central Intelligence and that he needed a convincing report to secure funds for Project Bluebook.

So Walther had to take an interest in flying saucer and alien activity to present a plausible statement. And it was some report. It set the tone for all the other records and recommendations Walther made for General Wittenberg over the next two years.

The Central Intelligence Director knew his report would be one of a mountain of papers landing on Carter's desk. So he had to make it enticing. He began with the most significant find: the alien extraterrestrial itself.

Had Carter not read the medical examiner's top secret report and seen the photographs and sketches of the Alien with his own eyes he would have called any description of this creature pure science fiction. But he had seen such a corpse suspended in a transparent crypt at Fort Riley and could not deny the fact he was looking at an extraterrestrial. There was still part of his logical mind that rebelled against his acceptance of ETs. Snapping back to the present he singled out Wittenberg's report, now just a yellowing sheaf of papers and a few cracked glossy prints in a brown folder sitting among scores of odds and ends, bits of debris, and other strange depictions. He refiled it in what he referred to as his nut file.

Even stranger than the medical examiner's report was Carter's reaction: What can we exploit from this entity?

In the report, Walther wrote that in his opinion, that the grudging fact that we found an EBE (Extraterrestrial Biological Entity) was not as important as were the ways we can develop what we learn from it so that man can travel in space. This goal gave Project Bluebook wings and quickly became the overriding concern with all of the Roswell artefacts and the general format for Walther's reports.

Once Walther had swallowed back the oh wow! aspect to all of this life-altering information - and sometimes it took a considerable swallow - he was still left with the job of sorting out what looked promising for R&D to develop from what seemed beyond a realistic grasp for the present. So he began with the EBE.

Chapter 5

Dave O'Connor, the chief engineer from the Wright Field AFB, met up with Colonel Crockett at Walker AFB. William Crockett waited for the Project Mogul scientists to climb out of the jeep. 'Where are the scientists I'm expecting?' he asked, perplexed.

'There's been a change of plan. The scientists will examine your specimens back in Dayton,' Dave replied, his face expressionless.

Crockett's eyes narrowed as he tried to digest the information. 'Nobody's told me about any change of plan.'

'I just have, Colonel.'

'Yes, and I don't know you from Adam.'

'Perhaps this will help,' said O'Connor, handing Crockett a document. It was from General Carter and was updated. It stated that Major O'Connor had the authority to remove the EBEs from Roswell and transport them to Ohio.

Crockett stared at Dave. 'I spoke to General Carter only this morning, and he never made any mention of this.'

The engineer shrugged. 'I'm just following orders. If you question this, Colonel, contact the General.'

Crockett thought about it. Then he said, 'OK, I'll show you where they are. Follow me.'

They came to a locked door. Dave O'Connor watched as William Crockett produced a key and unlocked the door. Much to Dave's surprise, it was the entrance to an elevator. William pulled aside the concertina sliding door, and they stepped inside. After descending around fifty feet, the pair exited the elevator and found themselves in an operating theatre of sorts. Crockett approached a man wearing a white lab coat. He was using an electroencephalograph to measure the brain waves of two creatures with large black, fathomless eyes, who were strapped to gurneys and had electrodes attached to their large heads.

The Colonel said, 'How are our guests, Dr Rosen?'

'Still having difficulty breathing without assistance.'

'Can they travel?'

The doctor shrugged, 'How would I know?' Then he said, 'What sort of transport?'

The engineer, recovering from his shock, said 'I've got a truck to take them to Kirtland, where we'll fly them to Dayton.'

Rosen shook his head. 'It would be best to fly them from here.'

Crockett saw the sense in that. He turned to Major O'Connor. 'What are you flying?'

'A DC3.'

Crockett decided, 'OK. Get it to pick up from here.'

Dave said, 'I'll see if it can be arranged.'

'Arrange it, Major. Or the specimens are not going anywhere.'

Having dealt with that, Colonel Crockett turned his attention to the skinny grey creatures lying on the tables. 'Can you help with their breathing?' he asked.

Rosen shook his head again. 'The leader of the recovery team told me these two creatures had difficulty breathing our atmosphere. I suppose suddenly being tossed out of their craft, unprotected, into our gravity envelope could have triggered their breathing problem. Or maybe our atmosphere is toxic for them.'

Crockett rubbed his chin. 'What about the dead EBE the CIC found at the crash site? Did our atmosphere kill it?'

Rosen shrugged. 'It could have. But it's more likely the injuries sustained by the crash impact killed it. However, it's all purely academic because I don't have the equipment here to help them.'

'Wasn't the creature shot while trying to escape?'

'There is a rumour that it tried to run, but it experienced breathing problems, making it an easy target for the CIC.'

'Doctor, do you think that's feasible?'

Rosen shrugged, 'It's possible that the alien's sudden exposure to the earth's strong gravity field could have caused it to panic and run.'

Crockett nodded.

Rosen added, 'But my limited tests have not revealed anything about toxic gases or the kind of atmosphere I believed the creatures normally breathed.'

Crockett said, 'Well, it's soon going to be out of our hands.'

Sebastian and the Admiral arrived back at Walker base after their long and fruitless journey. Brazer came over as an opportunist who had little respect for military authority. Yet his military record showed he had flown bombing missions over Germany and had served with distinction. He also enjoyed being the centre of attention in the Roswell community.

As they approached the hangars, a military Dakota sat on the apron about fifty metres away. Two airmen were loading a hospital gurney onto the plane.

Then Sebastian braked sharply as military police blocked his path.

Roscoe, furious leapt from his Jeep and found himself surrounded by armed airmen with MP armbands. He challenged, 'What is the meaning of this outrage. I demand to be let through.'

One of the MPs, displaying sergeants' stripes blocked his path. 'Sorry sir, but only authorised personnel are allowed beyond this point.'

Roscoe glared at the man, 'I'm Rear Admiral Killenhoetter, and I am in charge of ops here so let me through.'

Roscoe watched as the DC3's cargo door closed.

The MP said, 'I will have to contact Colonel Crockett to get him to give you authorisation, sir.'

Roscoe, livid, demanded, 'Sergeant, I order you to let me through before that plane takes off.' He could already hear the whine of the revving twin engines. Soon it would be too late. 'I order you to stop that plane right now, Sergeant.'

'Can't do that, Sir. Colonel Crockett gave strict instructions that the DC3 was out of bounds.'

'Did he now? Get him on the radio right away!'

The Dakota began taxiing onto the runway.

The MP handed the Admiral the transceiver. 'Colonel, Admiral Killenhoetter here.'

'Oh, you're back,' the Colonel said innocently, all the while cursing the DC3 for arriving late.

'Yes, and we need to talk - right now.'

'I'm a bit busy at present, Admiral. We can talk later.'

'Perhaps you would prefer to speak to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs instead, Colonel.'

William Crockett balked. 'OK, meet me at my office.' Crockett was not looking forward to dealing with the pushy Admiral. It was all too apparent what the Admiral wanted to talk about. Now that he had seen the plane - and God knows what else Crockett knew - he might have to bring the Admiral into the loop. But first, he would try a bluff.

Roscoe watched as the DC3 lifted into the air. Then he had an idea. He turned to the Sergeant. 'Get me the tower on the radio.'

The MP hesitated, then thought it best not to upset the senior officer any more. He got the tower and passed the handset to the Admiral. 'Hello. Rear Admiral Killenhoetter here. I need to know the flight plan and manifest of the Douglas DC3 that just took off. I'm coming over to the tower now. Have it ready for me.'

'This is a highly irregular Admiral. On whose authority are you acting?'

Roscoe, fed up with the runaround, barked, 'I am running operations here. Have that information ready for me in five minutes.'

Before the Admiral met up with the Colonel, he detoured via the control tower and got his report. The Dakota was en route to Wright Field AFB. The manifest listed a doctor and two airmen needing medical attention. Roscoe reasoned that would account for the hospital trolleys he saw. But what was wrong with the patients? And why all the secrecy and security surrounding their departure?'

Crockett was all smiles when Roscoe entered his office. He felt he had it under control. They both had big guns on their side, but General Carter had it over Tindall despite his role as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. The only problem was that Carter wanted to keep his name out of Project Bluebook and it was difficult waving the big stick while remaining anonymous.

Roscoe, for his part, launched into, 'Colonel Crockett you did not have the authority to stop me approaching that plane. Now I want to know just what the heck is going on here?'

'What do you mean, Admiral?' William said poker-faced.

'Why did you try to keep me away from the hangar when I first arrived?' Why did you stop me from flying to the crash site? Why did you send me off on a darned wild turkey chase with Sebastian Morel? And who were you transporting in that plane?

'Admiral, I think you're getting a little bit paranoid. But for the record, the Sikorsky was not available. Did you get to speak with Walter Brazer?

'Yes, and a lot of good that did.'

'Did you read him the riot act?

'Yes, but he wasn't perturbed in the least. But we're getting off the track here, Colonel. Why was the DC3 taking sick airmen to Wright Field AFB?'

'Because we couldn't help them here.'

'And why the heavy security to keep people like me from the plane.'

'The men were infected. We couldn't treat them here.'

'What was wrong with them?'

'I'm not a doctor. I just followed the doctor's advice.'

'Which doctor? I want to speak to him.'

'You'll have to wait until the plane lands,' Crockett said with a smug expression.

Everything Colonel Crockett said was perfectly logical. But still, something did not smell right. Roscoe phoned Walther Tindall to apprise him of events at Walker AFB.

Tindall listened, then said, 'What do you think he is hiding from you?'

'I don't know, but I'm sure it has something to do with the thing that crashed in the desert last night.'

'I thought that was three weeks back.'

'That was different, General. This is a fresh find.'

Walther said, 'Just stay on task, Admiral. I'll let you know if I find out anything.'

Roscoe paused, then said, 'I think this might have something to do with Project Bluebook.'

'What do you know about that?'

'Not much. I'd like to know more.'

Walther paused. He did not want the Admiral mixed up in it. 'Forget It. It has nothing to do with your brief.'

Chapter 6

The pilot of the Douglas DC3 completed his approach and landed away from the central area of Wright Field AFB - named after the famous Wright Brothers. As the aircraft came to a stop, it was surrounded by military police. Apart from the military vehicles, a Hudson Commodore pulled up and disgorged four men in suits. They were from the CIA which had been created earlier that year when President Truman signed the National Security Act of 1947. The four anonymous men quickly took control and organised the MPs into straight lines facing outward. They then cleared a path for a Dodge 4x4 light truck developed during World War II. The Dodge sported a big red cross on either side. It had officially stopped serving the military two years earlier. But it was still used as an army ambulance, when required. The Dodge pulled up near the Dakota where two figures

strapped to hospital trolleys were loaded on board. Only the CIA agents and the team who had tended the patients throughout the flight got to see the cargo, and they were sworn to silence. The ambulance drove straight to the base medical centre, where a ward was prepared for the special guests. One of the CIA agents stood guard, The ward was off limits to everybody except the medical team, who worked hard to help the EBEs breathe more easily.

Lieutenant Colonel Willoughby Trent, as the head surgeon and chief administrator of the Wright Field Medical Centre, was used to being in control. So he went to check on the new arrivals only to find his path blocked by a CIA agent who would not let him through. He could not comprehend the situation at first. He stared at the agent blocking his way. 'Are you telling me I can't get into this ward?'

The rookie agent felt ill at ease challenging the chief surgeon, but orders were orders. Holding his ground, he said, 'Sir, only authorised personnel are allowed beyond this point.'

'Authorised! I'm Lieutenant Colonel Trent, and I run this hospital, so let me through.' He made to push past the guard, who drew his High Standard sidearm, saying 'Back off sir. I am authorised to use this.'

The medical executive backed off immediately. 'This is outrageous, agent. Tell me your name.'

'Sorry sir. All agents details are confidential.'

'Believe you me, I will find out,' Willoughby snapped furiously.

On the other side of the door, Dr Rosen was busy settling his patients. He turned from the EBEs in his care and got Waldemar Fischer's attention. Indicating the small grey creatures with oxygen respirators over their faces, he asked, 'Where are the remains of their flying saucer?' The military analyst, also privy to the EBE discovery and like Rosen had signed a non-disclosure document, said, 'Why do you need to know that?'

'Because I need to know how they breathed inside their craft.'

The analyst said, 'Never mind about that. We have to find out how they can breathe out here.'

Admiral Killenhoetter happened to see a young airman taking time out from his duties for a smoke. Roscoe approached the man, who hurriedly extinguished his cigarette. Noticing the name badge sewed on the airman's chest, he said, 'Airman Davis, I need a word.'

Davis looked at the tall civilian with a square jaw and grey moustache. 'Who are you?'

'Admiral Killenhoetter, head of ops here.'

The young airman didn't ask how a navy man got to be commanding an air force base. He said instead, 'How can I help, Sir?'

'I saw a body being loaded onto the DC3 that was parked over there.' His hand gesture indicated an empty space on the apron.

Davis, fresh from air training school and out of his depth with the brass, said, 'Yeah, I saw that too.' Pointing in the general direction of a three-floor white concrete building that served as the base hospital, he added, 'I'm not sure, but I think those critters came from were over there in the medical centre.'

'Critters! Don't you mean patients?' Roscoe asked, puzzled.

Davis said, 'Sir, I got a girlfriend who's a nurse over at the MC. She's the one who called them critters.'

'Has she actually seen these 'critters'?'

Not wanting to get his girlfriend in any trouble, Davis said, 'She saw them accidentally. It wasn't her fault.'

'Who is she? I'd like to speak with her about it.'

'Someone must have left the door open, and she was walking past and ...'

'Relax airman. She hasn't done anything wrong. Just tell me who she is.'

'Glenys Daniels.'

'Can you contact her and make an arrangement for us to meet?'

'I'm seeing her when she comes off shift. What do you want me to ask her?'

Roscoe looked the young man straight in the eye. 'Wait with her at the hospital entrance, I'll meet both of you there.'

'Yes, Sir. I think I can do that.'

The Admiral had just over an hour for the nurse's shift to finish. He was not at all sure what he was looking for. But his instinct told him something was not kosher about the Dakota's sudden take-off. Sure Crockett's explanation was credible, but that was just one explanation. Roscoe was annoyed he couldn't follow where the plane went. But now he could at least find out where the patients came from. He then took a look inside the MC. It was a regular hospital, with a main waiting area. While waiting Roscoe witnessed the arrival of an ambulance and two men with red cross armbands rushing through the waiting area with a man on a canvas stretcher.

From this observation, Admiral Killenhoetter deduced that the patients with the mystery contagious infection would not have been taken out that way without raising some alarm. Especially as those transporting the patients would have to have worn protective masks. Roscoe had thirty minutes to spare before meeting up with Airman Davis and Nurse Glenys. He spent this time reconnoitring the hospital perimeter to find the exit used to whisk away the patients undetected. He came across a loading bay, which seemed the only obvious route. The contagious infection story would have served well to get the personnel, dealing with supplies, out of the way so the patients could be moved to the ambulance undetected.

The Admiral waited at the hospital entrance at the appointed time. Airman Davis and Nurse Glenys arrived five minutes later.

The pair seemed uncomfortable. Roscoe put them at ease, saying, 'Look, you people have done nothing wrong. It's just that there's been some crazy stuff going on around here over the last few days and I'm just getting statements from people who may have seen something unusual.' He turned to Glenys. 'Airman Davis said you might know something about the two patients who were taken away and put on a plane.'

She answered, quietly, 'I don't want to talk around here.'

Airman Davis suggested, 'We could go around to the loading bay. There's nobody there this time of the day.'

As they arrived at the loading area, the Admiral asked, 'Did they bring the patients, or to use your word, 'critters' through here to the ambulance.'

Glenys said, 'I didn't see it. But it is likely.'

'So what did you mean by critters, Glenys?'

She turned to the Admiral. 'There was a lot of wild stories going around the hospital.'

What sort of wild stories?'

'Several people reckoned they'd seen debris from a space ship scattered over a wide area. One person reported seeing a blazing aircraft in the sky shortly before it crashed. I didn't believe in all that Martian and spaceship stuff, so I didn't take much notice. That was until I accidentally walked into an examination room where doctors were bent over the bodies of two creatures. I couldn't believe what I was seeing!'

'So, what did you see, Glenys?'

'You'll think I'm mad. The critters sort of resembled humans, but they were grey skinned, with small bodies, spindly arms and giant bald heads.'

Roscoe tried to keep calm. 'You actually saw that?'

'Yes, as true as I stand here.'

'Were the creatures dead or alive?' Roscoe asked.

'I didn't get a chance to look. I backed off before anyone saw me.'

Roscoe's brain was buzzing. It now made sense. They must have whisked the two critters off to a hospital that afforded more privacy and better resources. Crockett knew that and used the contagious patient story as a cover. He turned to the young nurse. 'For the record, I don't think you're crazy. I think the creatures you saw were real and were most liking survivors from the flying disc crash.'

The young airman stood there with his mouth wide open.

The Admiral said, 'You must not mention a word about this to anyone else, and this meeting did not happen.'

Roswell UFO crash: what really happened 67 years ago

<https://www.theweek.co.uk/us/59331/roswell-ufo-crash-what-really-happened-67-years-ago>

Chapter 7

Once General Carter received knowledge that the EBE's were safely concealed at Wright Field AFB he dispatched a Dr Gus Dallas to work with Dr Rosen, a Jewish migrant advanced in the physiology of the respiratory system. Gus Dallas was well aware of Dr Rosen's work in the field. He also knew that Dr Rosen had survived Dachau reasonably intact. The only way he and his family survived was because he had collaborated with the Nazis and helped them with their human experiments. This was conveniently glossed over by American immigration after the war. The skills he had learned from the Nazi torturers, particularly analyses concerning drowning in freezing water, were sought after by the American military. So he and his family had their get out of jail free card, and the past stayed concealed back at Dachau. Dr Rosen's knowledge helped pilots who crashed in the sea, survive. But even in his wildest dreams he never ever imagined using his skills to help alien spacecraft crash survivors.

Major Dallas headed a small group working under the radar, called Project Sign. It was formed after the US Government became aware of the explosion of reports of anomalous aerial phenomena over the United States. This activity had reached its peak, culminating with the Roswell incident when the newly organised USAF became alarmed and instituted emergency studies of the flying disks. Gus Dallas, Chief of the Wright Field AFB intelligence division, took on this task. Which officially became Project Sign the following year. General Carter did not want Dr Rosen upset, so he

instructed Gus to avoid anything to do with the war. It was going to be difficult as the main subject was the deprivation of oxygen through drowning, Rosen's area of expertise he learned at Dachau. Dr Rosen could understand the workings of the EBEs respiratory system, and how it dealt with air intake on Earth.

Major Gus Dallas was shown through the hospital to the isolated and heavily secured ward, which seemed more like a mobile operating theatre.

Dr Rosen addressed the Major. 'Hello. I don't know what you have been told about our guests, but nothing will prepare you for what you are about to see.'

Gus Dallas went with Dr Rosen to an isolation tent with plastic pull around curtains. The Intelligence officer followed the doctor inside. He stood silent, wide-eyed. General Carter had given him a description of the EBEs, but to see them in the flesh struck him speechless. They EBEs just lay there with ill-fitting respirators attached to their faces, as their large obsidian-like eyes stared into space. The ventilators were not designed for people with tiny almost non-existent noses and small mouths.

Over his initial shock, Major Dallas said, 'Their breathing is very laboured.'

Dr Rosen explained, 'These beings are virtually like a fish out of water. Fish drown through lack of water. So we look at this situation from a drowning standpoint.' He turned to the Major. Do you know much about drowning?'

'It's not something I have studied.'

'It's really quite fascinating. Drowning physiology relates to two different events. There is that which refers to the upper airway above water, and submersion which refers to the upper airway under water.'

'So?' Gus said, already bored.

To get his attention, Dr Rosen said, 'Major Dallas, immersion involves integrated cardiorespiratory responses to skin and deep body temperature. These include cold shock, physical incapacitation, and hypovolemia, as precursors of collapse and submersion.'

'So, how does that relate to these creatures?' Dallas said, indicating the EBEs.

Getting a bit tetchy himself, Dr Rosen said, 'I will explain if you do not keep asking questions.' After a short pause, he continued, 'The physiology of submersion includes fear of drowning, diving response, autonomic conflict, upper airway reflexes, water aspiration, swallowing emesis, and electrolyte disorders. These creatures are experiencing similar problems, but with air, not water. If we do not find a way to correct this, I fear they will suffer cardiac, pulmonary and or neurological injury.'

'Would that not depend on their physiology. How do you know the Greys will suffer the same effects as humans?'

Dr Rosen responded, 'We don't, but we have to start somewhere.'

Just then another man entered the ward.

Dr Rosen said, 'Ah, Waldemar, what have you got for me?' Then looking at the blank look on Dallas' face, he said, 'Oh, excuse me. Major Dallas this is Waldemar Fischer. He's a military analyst.' Rosen turned back to Waldemar, 'So?'

'The most likely scenario has to do with their lung capacity. Waldemar showed Dr Rosen an x-ray of the EBEs lungs.' Fischer added, 'Due to mass civilian screening for TB in the last ten years

radiology took place with portable X-ray machines. Now Radiology had become a specialist field, it required specialist radiologists and radiographers.'

Rosen brightened, 'So the problem is too much oxygen for the lungs to cope with.'

Fischer added, 'Apart from their small lung capacity their tiny noses and mouths inhibit the flow of air to their lungs. Remove the respirators, Dr Rosen. They are forcing too much air into the lungs.'

Dr Rosen argued, 'But we fitted them with respirators because they had laboured breathing and ...'

Waldemar said, 'From our findings, I believe the EBEs need time to acclimatise to our atmosphere. During the transition, they need to be in an environment with thinner air. Up in the mountains for instance.'

Major Dallas said, 'Or perhaps under the ground, in a cave maybe.'

Dr Rosen said, 'Underground, yes. That would help them to stop drowning on oxygen. But I don't think we should remove the respirators until we get them settled below ground.'

The Military Intelligence officer shook his head. 'I don't think that's a good idea.'

'Why?' Dallas asked.

'Because it's forcing more oxygen into their lungs than they can painfully cope with.' he turned to Dr Rosen, 'You're torturing them. You might think you're helping them, but you're not.'

Major Dallas turned away and headed to the door.

Dr Fischer followed him. he caught up and said, 'While they're arguing about that I have some info on the crash.'

Dallas, becoming interested, said, 'What info?'

'We figure that the Roswell craft was a scout or surveillance ship.'

'Oh, are you suggesting there's a mother ship out there in space.'

'We don't think a disc as small as the one recovered was equipped for an extended journey.'

'Then why haven't we seen the mother ship on our radar?'

Fischer shrugged, then said, 'From what we know now it seems most likely that the creatures never intended to exit the craft.'

'Because of their difficulty in breathing our air?'

That and the evidence suggesting the craft was equipped with a device that was capable of penetrating our night-time or utilising the temperature differentials of different objects to create a visual image. This enabled the three occupants to navigate and observe in the dark.'

Dallas became animated. 'That would account for the way they elude our interceptors and appear and disappear on our radar screens at will.'

'Yes and we conclude that the occupants simply stayed inside and observed rather than roamed about. Perhaps other types of craft deployed from this same culture are equipped to land and carry out missions.'

Dallas nodded, 'They would have to be equipped with breathing and antigravity apparatus on board for the crew to allow them to exit their craft without suffering any negative effects.'

Fischer didn't speculate on this. He had been working on Project Sign, for around six months. It's brief was to investigate UFO phenomena, so the Roswell crash was right up his street. Officially Project Sign did not yet exist. The US Government could not be seen to take UFO sightings seriously.

Dallas said, 'So the fact that the Roswell flying disc was not equipped that way suggests it was just a surveillance craft that lost control.'

Fischer's group had another brief, which was to mislead and confuse to muddy the waters. He turned to Dallas. 'How do you know the crashed saucer wasn't equipped with breathing and anti-gravity apparatus.'

Gus Dallas stared at him. 'You just told me that.'

'And what makes you think our conclusions regarding this is correct. We don't have a crystal ball. And if we did, I doubt any of us could use it. It's much simpler and safer for you to deal in what you actually know to be true.'

Dallas struggled for words.

Fischer felt pleased with himself. His working group did its level best to learn the truth, but it was just one layer of bureaucracy operating within the black hole of alien craft strategy and intelligence gathering. Each subsequent layer found itself more enmeshed in the confusion of what was right and what was false. Fischer likes to think these layers were like legions of blind soldiers bumping into one another in the night, upsetting one another's plans. Friends became foes and vice versa. In the absence of a clear policy that could be maintained from generation to generation, the strategy for dealing with the EBEs became tangled up in its own web.

In the hierarchical order of things, Major Dallas reported his findings to General Horace Winterborn, who was Chief of Military Intelligence during World War II and now served as the Air Force Chief of Staff.

Horace Winterborn was currently talking with Walther Tindall, who, apart from being the chairman of the JCS, was also Commander of Air Materiel Command at Wright Field.

General Tindall said, 'I don't think Sign is going to work out.'

Horace Winterborn responded, 'Oh, tell me why?'

'It doesn't have a wide enough brief to be any more than window dressing.' Seeing the General waiting for more information, Tindall explained, 'All this behind-the-scenes bullshit because we mustn't upset the sensibilities of Congress hampers us in our investigation.'

Winterborn frowned, 'When Project Sign began at the Air Technical Intelligence Center it was so critical that even Hoover ordered that all future reports of flying discs should not be investigated by FBI agents but sent, instead, to the air force.'

Tindall smiled. Edgar wasn't stupid. He knew that by passing it on to us, he wasn't doing us any favours.'

Winterborn said, 'Before we toss the baby out with the bathwater, Walther, let's see what Gus Dallas has to say on the subject.'

Gus thumbed through a copy of STREET CHOPPER Custom Motorcycle Magazine while he waited to be summoned. Ten minutes later he was invited in. He showed some surprise that General Carter was not there to debrief him. Dallas recognised General Winterborn but not the other officer.

Tindall said, 'What's the EBE status, Major?'

Gus said, 'I was expecting General Carter to be present.'

Tindall stared at the Major. 'That is not your concern. Please answer the question.'

'Sir, I don't know your name.'

'General Tindall. Now can we get on with this?'

'Er, yes, sir. 'We believe the EBEs only intended to observe us from their craft and not to step foot on this planet. Their breathing difficulties show this.'

'Are they still having difficulty breathing?'

'Yes, sir. Respirators are assisting the EBEs in the short term, but they need to be able to acclimatise without them.'

'And how will they do that?' Tindall asked.

'They need to breathe thinner air, so Dr Rosen is taking the EBEs to a subterranean tunnel where we hope they will breathe more easily.'

Winterborn said, 'I want you there with Rosen and his people.'

'Why, Sir?'

'Fischer has attached himself to Rosen. I want to know who he answers to.'

'Military Intelligence I believe.'

'That's his cover. It allows him to have access to highly classified data about projects such as Bluebook.'

'I didn't know Congress had given the green light on that,' Dallas stated.

Tindall smiled, 'Not yet. Not officially.' He looked at Dallas. 'Gus, you're one of the few people I consider loyal. That's a rare quality, and I appreciate it.'

Gus nodded, 'I'd better get back to the hospital and organise the transportation.'

Chapter 8

The underground venue was chosen and organised by Waldemar Fischer. He used his influence with General Tindall to get permission to take the EBE's to the Raven Rock bunker in Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, not far from the Camp David construction site.

Gus Dallas was overwhelmed, as he looked at a massive hollowed out mountain.'

Dr Rosen, equally blown out by the extraordinary sight before him, asked, 'What is this place?'

Fischer smiled, 'It's a precaution against an atom bomb attack by the Russkies. If Washington is under threat, all the key people get evacuated here, in this vast bunker.'

Gus stood staring at the free-standing city construction site. 'Jeez, this place has got everything.'

Fischer agreed, 'Yes. it will eventually have its own fire department, police department and medical facilities.'

'So why did you choose this place for the EBEs?' Dr Rosen asked.

'It's isolated, private, and for the next few weeks closed.'

Dallas figured another reason the bunker was chosen was that access to underground military bases required a higher security clearance. But he kept that to himself.

Dr Rosen spoke into a hand-held radio. 'Bring our patients in now, please,

The Rescue Squadron rotorcraft touched down, and stretcher bearers carried the EBEs into the bunker.

Dr Rosen checked their vital signs. They needed stabilising after being shipped around. He was very cautious about removing the respirators. He silently prayed it would be OK. Rosen then glanced at his team. 'The moment of truth,' he muttered, reaching forward to remove one of the oxygen masks. He had decided to let one of the EBEs breathe naturally for a while to monitor the effects before taking away the second alien's breathing apparatus.'

General Tindall waited for Roscoe Killenhoetter to show at Dayton Central railway station. Usually, communication between them took place by phone or written correspondence. So why the Admiral had wanted a face-to-face was unclear. He figured it must be important, so he sat in the Central Cafe nursing a coffee while waiting for the Admiral to arrive. The early commuters were coming, many of whom were after their morning caffeine hit. Dayton had become much busier since large numbers of Vets returning from military service had returned home, seeking industrial and manufacturing jobs. Tindall's coffee and the Admiral arrived at the same time. General Tindall said, 'Can I get you something to drink?'

'No, General. I had a coffee on the train.'

'So why did you want this meeting, Admiral?'

'I'm not serving any useful purpose at Walker base.'

'Oh, so you've straightened out that farmer about the crashed weather balloon.'

'Yes, but it's the strangest weather balloon I ever saw.'

Walther stared at Roscoe. 'I didn't know you were an expert on the subject.'

The Admiral ignored the sarcasm. 'As far as I am aware weather balloons have units that perform the actual measurements and radio transmissions hanging at the lower end of the string. These photos in the Roswell Record show something different.'

'What do you mean?'

Roscoe handed the General the paper. Pointing at a picture of the wreckage, he said, 'What's with all these metallic sticks held together with tape; chunks of plastic and foil reflectors; and scraps of a heavy, glossy, paper-like material, all about.'

Walther looked up at the Admiral. 'What do you make of it then?'

'A red herring. A darned wild turkey chase.'

Walther put on a puzzled expression, his silence demanding more information.

'There were two crash incidents near Roswell between late June and the Fourth of July. Colonel Crockett sent me off to deal with the farmer, while the second crash, during the storm on the Fourth of July was covered up.'

Walther stared at him. 'What exactly are you suggesting?'

'I only know what I saw and what I've been told.'

'OK, continue.'

'When I arrived back at Walker base I saw Dr Rosen's staff loading two patients onto a DC3. MPs prevented me from going closer.

I questioned Colonel Crockett, and he explained that two airmen, with some kind of infectious disease, were being air-lifted to Wright Field base for treatment. The story seemed entirely plausible, and I believe I'd been reading too much into it. That was until a nurse at the Walker base told me an extraordinary story.'

'Oh, what was that?'

She was going about her duties when she accidentally walked in on Dr Rosen and three of his assistants. They were carrying out some kind of tests on non-human patients.'

'Non-human! What do you mean?'

'From her description, she had to be talking about EBEs.

Feigning ignorance, the General pressed, 'EBEs?'

'Extraterrestrial Biological Entities' Roscoe could have cut the silence with a knife. He added, 'They must have come from the second crash.'

'And these EBEs, have you seen them?'

'Not personally, no.'

Walther nodded. I see. So how do you know they exist, Roscoe?'

'What reason would the nurse have to lie about it?'

'I can think of a lot of things that get people to lie,' the General sneered.

'If she was telling the truth it goes some way to explain the extreme security while patients were loaded onto the plane.' The Admiral added, 'And I saw that with my own eyes.' He looked Walther in the eye. I have nothing to do at Walker AFB, so assign me to find out what is going on.'

'Going on where?'

'Wright Field hospital for a start.'

'What do you hope to find there?'

Roscoe simply said, 'Answers.'

The General fixed the Admiral with his gaze. 'You report back to me and only me. Understood.'

'Loud and clear, General. But what's my role?'

I'm still Chief of Air Material Command at Wright Field. My job is to deliver and support agile war-winning capabilities. I always offer advice in that capacity, and you can assist me.' General Tindall leant across the table. 'Officially you don't work for me. If you get into trouble, don't come to me for help. Officially I don't know you, but you will keep me apprised of anything you find out. Can you handle that, Admiral?'

Roscoe stared at the General. It was going to take a firm resolve, bravery and cunning to carry out the unofficial assignment.

Walther pressed, 'If you don't think you're up to it, walk away now and retire to do whatever.'

'I'll need some clout to bluff my way in.'

It's your brief, Admiral. But your years of experience in Naval Intelligence should hold some sway.'

Chapter 9

It was July 7th and Sheriff Wilson looked up from his Daily Record at Sebastian Morel. He did not recognise the tall, prematurely grey-haired man in plainclothes with him. The Admiral had also come along to view the debris from the crash.

Sebastian extended his hand. 'Sheriff, Thanks for calling us.'

Roswell's chief law man rose from his seat, hitched up his pants and said, ' Well, I thought you fellas might want to see the stuff.'

'That's why we're here. So where is it?'

The Sheriff grabbed a key ring from a hook behind his desk. 'Follow me.'

The Sheriff took the pair to the cell block. All the cells were empty except one - which had the Roswell crash remains piled up inside.

Sheriff Wilson grinned, 'No chance of this stuff escaping.'

Roscoe cracked a smile, but Sebastian maintained a serious demeanour.

The local law man unlocked the cell and said, 'I gotta do some stuff so I'll leave you gentlemen to it.'

Sebastian looked at the pile of balloon remnants, smokey grey rubber, tinfoil, paper, tape, and some pieces of half-inch Doweling. He turned to Roscoe. 'Time to get this bagged and taken out of here.'

'Did you see the paper on the sheriff's desk?'

'The one with a front-page picture showing the sheriff with all this stuff.'

'Yes, so, as it's already over the media, it's a bit late to take away this stuff.'

'All I know is that it has to go to the AMC at Wright Field, which is the appropriate agency to identify one of its own research devices or a device of unknown origin.' This suited Roscoe as Air Force Materiel Command, General Tindall's domain, was the Admiral's next port of call.

Sheriff Wilson was on the phone when the men from the base entered his office. 'Be with you guys in a moment,' he said, covering the receiver with his hand.

After another two minutes had elapsed the sheriff put down the phone. He looked at the two men. 'That was Walt Brazer on the phone. He's got some more bits of wreckage from that thing that crashed on his land.'

Sebastian gave a wry smile. A bit of a coincidence wouldn't you say, Sheriff.'

'What are you talking about, son?'

'So the rancher just happened to call you while we are here?'

'Not exactly. I gave Walt a call about you fellas.' He paused then said, 'Anyhow the stuff is there if you want it.'

Roscoe turned to the publicity officer. 'I'll leave that to you. I have to be somewhere.'

The first EBE was breathing more easily; Dr Rosen turned to Fischer. 'I think it's time to try the other one without the respirator. Fischer looked at the small grey shape with black buggy eyes, then at Rosen. 'What do we do with them once they breathe more easily?'

'What do you mean?'

'It's a simple enough question. There must be some contingency plan, surely.'

Dallas looked down at the pathetic looking grey figure strapped to the trolley. 'Surely the obvious thing is to try and communicate with them.'

'And just how is that supposed to work, Gus. I don't speak alien. And I'm pretty sure none of us does.'

Dr Rosen turned to his colleagues. 'This creature is also breathing more easily.'

Gus Dallas said, 'Great. Now I just need to radio my boss and let him know. He will instruct us what to do next.'

Fischer glanced over at Dallas. 'Who's your boss?'

'Why does that matter, Waldemar?'

'Because I have to inform Lieutenant Colonel Willoughby Trent, who runs the Wright Field Hospital.'

'And just how is that going to help us?' Gus argued.

Rosen said, 'Gus, why don't you tell us who your boss is. Why the secrecy?'

Gus, who usually held his cards very close to his chest, decided to show part of his hand. 'General Walther Tindall.'

Waldemar whistled. 'He sure is one of the big guns. I guess he trumps Colonel Trent.' He handed Gus the radio handset.

He spoke into the Motorola SCR-300. There was some static, then a voice. 'Sir, the experiment is a success. We now need instructions as to how to proceed.' There was a pause. Then Gus responded. 'Yes, sir. We will do that.' He handed back the handset.

Fischer said, 'What did he say?'

'We are to stay here until he contacts us with further instructions.'

Fischer flashed Gus a look of disapproval. 'I'll contact Colonel Trent then.'

'What good is that going to do?' Gus snapped. He added, 'Our little grey friends are not going back to Wright Field base.'

'And you know this how?' Waldemar retorted.

'It would make no sense. The EBEs need to be somewhere scientists can communicate with them.'

'Oh yeah. And who amongst these scientists can speak alien?' Fischer scoffed.

Gus said, 'What if these guys aren't the first?'

Fischer stared at Dallas as if he was the alien. 'Of course, these are the first. We would have known about it otherwise.'

Gus raised his eyes but did not comment. He had said too much already.

Dr Rosen's attention was drawn to the EBE, which, despite having no pupils, was showing eye movement as the sedative wore off. It did not struggle against its restraints though.

Roscoe couldn't quite make Colonel Crockett out. The Admiral felt he was getting the run-around, but he could not be sure. Well, this time Roscoe determined he would call the shots. He marched into the CO's office. 'Colonel, get me on a flight to Wright Field now.'

Crockett did not argue, which surprised the senior naval officer. Now that the base was back to normal the CO wanted to get shot of the Admiral, who asked too many questions for his liking. 'There's a DC3 taking off for Wright Field soon. You'll have to squeeze in with the cargo,' Crockett quickly signed the authorisation and handed it to Roscoe. 'I'm curious Admiral. Why do you want to go there?'

'I have to put in my report to General Tindall about what's been going on here,' Roscoe smiled.

'And what do you think has been happening, Admiral?'

'I won't know until I get to Wright Field, Colonel.'

The DC3 touched down at Wright Field AFB and Rear Admiral Killenhoeffer was escorted to Colonel Trent, the base's chief surgeon.

Colonel Trent, having been given the heads up by his counterpart at Walker AFB, was ready for the Admiral. Looking up from his desk at the tall, grey-haired Naval officer he said, 'Ah, Admiral Killenhoetter, how can I help you?'

'OK, Colonel let's cut straight to the chase. I want to see the patients that were flown here yesterday.'

Trent steepled his fingers and looked straight at the Admiral. 'And which patients would that be?'

Roscoe sighed, 'The ones who arrived in a DC3 from Walker AFB and who Dr Rosen is treating.'

Trent smiled, 'Oh, you know about that then.'

'Yes, Colonel, and I want to be taken to them right now.'

'Admiral, it seems you have wasted your time coming here.'

'Oh! Why would that be?'

Because I can't help you - on two counts. First, it's classified information, and secondly, they are no longer here.'

Here we go again, Roscoe thought. He sighed deeply. 'Where are they now?'

Trent smiled, 'I'm afraid that's also classified.'

The Admiral, furious, snapped, 'Get me, General Tindall, right now!'

'You know The General?' Trent said, surprised.

'Who do you think I'm reporting to?' Roscoe said, taking advantage of the situation.

The Colonel said, 'All I know is that the plane landed and dispatched two patients who were then taken by ambulance to the base hospital.'

'But surely you checked on them.'

'I was barred by the CIA agent guarding the door to the ward.'

'But you run the hospital.'

'Try telling that to the CIA.'

Roscoe sighed heavily. 'Can I borrow your phone?'

'Help yourself, Admiral. But I'm telling you the truth.'

The Admiral stared at him, 'I've come to a conclusion there is no one truth, just different versions.'

Roscoe rang Tindall's office number, heard a woman's voice, asked for the General, then heard Walther Tindall.

'Sir, I'm at Wright Field. I need to talk.' After a pause, the Admiral nodded, 'Yes Sir. I'll get onto it.' Roscoe replaced the receiver.

'What did he say?' Trent asked, perturbed.

The Admiral ignored the question. He said, 'Get someone to take me to the General.'

The Air Materiel Commander invited Roscoe into his office and closed the door. Looking at the Admiral, he said, 'You are supposed to report to me and only me. I thought you understood that.'

'Yes, sir. But sometimes I have to deal with layers of authority.'

'I'm the only authority you need concern yourself with. So what do you want?'

'I want to know where Dr Rosen and our subjects are, and I want to go there.'

Tindall smiled, 'I'll arrange it. But do not speak to Colonel Trent about it, or anyone else if you can avoid it.' He picked up his phone. 'Get me AFC Shelland of search and rescue. Get him to prepare the Sikorsky R4 for a short mission ASAP.' Tindall put down his phone, 'It's organised. Go and grab a coffee while you're waiting.'

Chapter 10

James Foreman, First US Secretary of Defence had a saying on his office wall. It read: The Pentagon never sleeps. Running the Foreign Technology Desk he could relate to that. In fact, he did not sleep much during the first few weeks of his new job. This was mainly because General Walther Tindall had told him to come up with a strategy to separate the genuine flying saucer artefacts from other space debris such as that from high altitude balloons. James smiled to himself. It showed the Pentagon was beginning to take the flying disc phenomena seriously.

Walther Tindall called in on the new boy in the Pentagon block with a question. 'Have you completed the project yet?'

'There's so many layers and so many conflicting eye witness accounts.'

General Tindall looked at the bags under Foreman's eyes. 'Been burning the candle at both ends. Take a few days off to recharge the batteries, James. Then come back fresh with all the parts falling into place. James certainly needed a break. He spent more time at his desk than he did at home. Evenings, weekends, early mornings working on the project all took its toll on his health.

James enjoyed getting to work early when the Pentagon was mostly deserted. He was entranced watching the bright orange blaze of the sun rising across the Potomac. It had become something of a daily ritual. Then he went to his four-drawer filing cabinet, to retrieve data relevant to his project. But he could not remember the combination to unlock it. He walked to the coffee vending machine and returned his office with weak black coffee. It was disgusting but gave him enough caffeine for his brain to reset itself.

It seemed to James that the Pentagon ran on nervous energy. Whenever he was outside the cocoon of his office, James Foreman instinctively felt the urgency of the crisis of the day. The cocked trigger of the mighty military machine was contrasted by the pastel coloured walls along miles of corridors. At first, the Defence Secretary thought of the Pentagon as a large amorphous entity with a one-track mind. He figured most people saw the structure of the US military that way. But he soon discovered it was not so. Everybody did not march to the same tune. The Pentagon was just like any

other business, with hundreds of alphabet agencies in direct competition with one another for the same resources but different tactical goals concerning national defence and foreign policy strategies. And studies about a threat for extraterrestrial sources was way down in the pecking order. Which was why James found it difficult to work out a way to counter any such threat.

With internal battle lines drawn tensions between the multitude of bureaus and Pentagon services heightened. And James soon learned the politics of his new job, the first rule of which was to keep the field reports, scientific analyses, medical autopsies, and technological debris from the Roswell crash. James was like the invisible man, drawing little attention to himself. He had served on MacArthur's staff five years before in Southeast Asia, where he had learned to be the little man who wasn't there. The same policy now served him in good stead. Basically, if people did not register his presence, they were more likely to talk about things to do with his project. As a fly on the wall he learned many useful things.

Within the first few weeks of his new assignment, James Foreman observed and discovered much about how the Roswell phenomenon was being handled. Shortly after the crash, each of the different military branches, who had some involvement, already protected its own cache of Roswell files. But, James, as Secretary of Defence had access to everything relating to the case from the various artefacts salvaged from the crash site to the Walter Reed and Bethesda reports concerning the nature of the alien physiology.

Walther Tindall knew a lot more than James Foreman about Project Sign, but even he did not have the full picture. He doubted anyone did. Mostly his role consisted of sifting through all the aerial phenomena reports provided by James and culling all those that were not real. But there were the real stories. The ones that would not go away no matter how many times some government official stepped up to say the story was false. One such example was a persistent rumour that the Air Force kept a flying saucer at Edwards AFB in California. Walther knew of many eyewitnesses involved who maintained that rocket scientists were researching into the spacecraft's technology, especially its electromagnetic wave propulsion system. There were also rumours circulating about the early harvesting of Roswell technology in the design of new bombers, but Walther did not put much stock in that one.

But there was some evidence to support claims that the US Army had been developing an all-wing design, based on recovered German technology right after World War II. And Jack Northrop's company had begun testing flights of their YB49 flying wing recon/bomber models before the Roswell incident. General Tindall thought it particularly odd that the YB49's quadruple vertical tail fins were uncannily reminiscent of the head on Roswell craft sketches in his files. He sent this information to the Foreign Technology Desk commander, who added it to the mountain of records he had already accrued. But Walther thought the information was too relevant to get buried and met with James Foreman to discuss it face-to-face.

Explaining the reason for his concern, Walther said. 'James, it's not that hard to see a connection between the spacecraft design and the bomber. But the flying wing's development took place over ten years before I became head of the Joint Chiefs. So I had no direct evidence relating the Northrop bomber to the Roswell spacecraft. I need you to make this a priority.'

James frowned, 'Sir, have you any idea how many departments in this Pentagon rabbit warren want me to prioritise their findings?'

'Don't go worrying yourself about that. We're all interested in the Army R&D about flying discs because we believe they are onto something that will give us the edge over our enemies. Just keep me informed about what Foreign Technology is working on, especially the more exotic things in our portfolio.'

'By exotic, I suppose you mean the Roswell phenomena.'

The General looked straight at James. 'Just make sure we're not duplicating budgetary resources by spending twice or three times on the same thing.' Tindall added, 'Between you and me there's a lot of pressure coming from the Joint Chiefs of Staff about technology sharing and joint weapons development. But I want to keep what we have to ourselves. Especially,' he grinned, 'our alien harvest.'

James smiled wanly. 'As if coping with all the other military services isn't enough, we also have to contend with the analysts from the Central Intelligence Agency.'

'Why are they showing an interest?'

'Under the guise of coordination and cooperation, the CIA is amalgamating as much power as it can.'

'And that's a problem for you?'

'Sir, information is power, and the more the CIA try to find out what's happening in the army weapons development program, the more nervous it makes those at the centre of R&D.'

'Then I suggest you pick and choose what information to pass on to them.'

'Yes, but I think you should know something.'

'Oh!'

'Shortly after I took over the Foreign Technology desk, people I know in the agency began to drop hints that if I needed any intelligence about what other countries were developing, they could help me out. But if they scratch my back, etc. They have been hinting that if I had any clues about where any stray pieces of Roswell cargo, or the package - their parlance for the Roswell artefacts - might be found, they would surely appreciate it if I let them know. Yesterday was the third time my CIA contacts bumped into me and whispered this proposal for exchanges of information into my ear. I thought it best to let you know.'

The General nodded, 'OK, nothing gets passed onto the CIA without your knowledge. Make sure your people are up to speed on this.'

'Yes, sir.'

Dr Rosen was alerted by the thrumming noise of the Sikorsky rotorcraft. His immediate thought was that it was there to collect the EBEs. He summoned Waldemar to help him with the stretchers. Dallas said, 'Before we go rushing out there with these guys I'll go on ahead and see what's going on.'

Waldemar, fed up with waiting, said. 'Didn't your General say he was sending someone for us?'

'Yes, but ...'

'Ipso facto, he's arrived. it's simple logic really.'

'Maybe, but I'm checking it out just the same.'

Fischer shook his head but left it at that.

By the time Gus exited the bunker, the Sikorsky R5 had landed and disgorged a single man. Dallas headed in the direction of the approaching passenger. Gus, excited, said, 'So you're here to pick us up.'

The Admiral handed Gus the document from General Tindall.

He scanned the letter, frowning. 'It doesn't say anything about picking us up.'

Roscoe shrugged, I don't know anything about that. I'm here to find out what's going on.'

Gus stared at the Admiral. 'General Tindall knows exactly what we are doing. So why has he sent you to find out?'

Roscoe wondered why The General had not told him anything 'Is Dr Rosen here?'

'Yes, but you haven't answered my question.'

It was time to throw a little weight around. 'It's because, as Chief of Military Intelligence, I outrank you Major Dallas. So let's not waste any more time. Take me to the doc, now.'

Admiral Killenhoetter was in awe as he entered the massive Raven Rock bunker. 'What the heck is this place?' he asked.

Gus explained, 'If the balloon goes up our venerable leaders and their entourage are brought down here. It's not quite finished yet and doesn't have the necessary supplies.'

'So why bring infected patients here?' Roscoe queried, playing along with Gus' explanation for the patients being taken from the hospital.

'You'd better come with me,' Gus said, leading the Admiral into the vast cave network.

Roscoe was amazed as he passed by the various buildings. Outside one of them a man stood guarding the entrance.

Gus stepped up to him. 'This is Admiral Killenhoetter so let us through.'

Fischer had no idea who the Admiral was, but he stood aside.

Roscoe, wondering why Dr Rosen was not wearing a face mask, said, 'They're no longer infectious then?'

Rosen, trying to block the EBEs from the Admiral's view, said, 'What are you doing here?'

'More to the point what the heck are you doing here?' He stepped forward, 'Stand aside doctor.'

Roscoe took one more step, then he stopped in his tracks. He looked upon the small, greyish creatures from another world. 'They really do exist,' he uttered in astonishment. Nothing could have prepared him for the sight of those pathetic space beings.

Dr Rosen said, 'So now you know. And we have to get these aliens to a facility where we can learn about them.'

Gus Dallas said. 'We need your rotorcraft to airlift them back to Wright Field.'

Dr Rosen frowned heavily. That will upset their breathing again.'

'Then they'll have to wear respirators again until they are flown to their destination,'

'Which is?' Roscoe asked.

I hear they're being taken to Dulce AFB.'

'Why there?' Roscoe queried.'

The Major shrugged, 'All I know is that's where they're taking them.'

Rosen brightened, 'They've got a huge underground tunnel system there. The EBEs will be able to breathe easier again.'

Chapter 11

As Secretary Of Defence, James Foreman had to carve out his niche among all the other alphabet agencies vying for a slice of the US Government security budget. Although he had some lobbyists in Congress working for him, the Industrial Military Complex had the numbers to secure the lions share of tax dollars. And Walther Tindall was not making James' job any easier.

At his next briefing with General Tindall at Wright Field AFB James complained, 'You really put me in the hot seat, General.'

'What do you mean?' Tindall probed.

'I'm still formulating a strategy for my special CIA file but somehow the Company, as the CIA is known, has gotten hold of information I have not passed on to them.'

James eye balled the General. 'I'm pretty damn sure the leak did not come from my department.'

'Pretty damn sure is not enough, Mr Secretary. Your job is to hold the line. Now the CIA knows what we have. How do you explain that other than there is a traitor in your department.'

James had no answer. He stared at the General. 'Are you suggesting an internal investigation?'

'I'm not suggesting anything, James. I'm telling you to make sure your house is in order.'

The Defence Secretary sighed, 'Whoever carries out the investigation will want access to all our personnel files, which means they will know what my people are working on.'

Tindall threw open his hands. 'How else do you suggest we sanitise your department?'

James replied, 'Keep it very low key, with just one FBI agent working undercover in the department.'

'That could take months or even years,' Walther argued.

James added, 'And the leak may well be coming from another source.'

Tindall stared at James. 'That's highly unlikely, and I'm not prepared to go there.'

James rubbed his chin thoughtfully. 'Of course, there could be a CIA mole in the department.'

'If that's the case it's going to be very difficult to sniff him out.'

James frowned. 'I'm at a loss here.'

'OK, Mr Secretary, don't do a damn thing till I've spoken to a couple of people.'

Once Foreman had left, he spoke into his Amplicall Intercom. 'Get me the DCI.'

'DCI Scours here. (is this really the acronym for the Director? Its too much like uk DCI – confusing to people? I have feeling he's called the Director? Think about Homeland. Just say Scours here?) What can I do for you General?'

'We need a private meeting ASAP.'

'Oh! What about?'

'Spying.'

'Sounds intriguing. Your place or mine.'

Walther said, 'I'll come to you.'

After landing at the National airport, Walther Tindall took a cab to Foggy Bottom in the E street Complex that had been used by the OSS during World War II. The fledgeling, one-year-old, CIA had taken over the space of the former OSS. The Agency also found space in the 'Tempos' Old temporary premises along the National Mall. The DCI's office was in the E Street Complex, and Sidney Scours sat proudly in the seat once occupied by William Joseph Donovan.

Sidney Scours, a short, dapper man, was a picture of supreme confidence. Walther figured he would make a good poker player. 'We have a problem.' Walther opened.

From experience, Sidney knew that meant you have a problem. He knew the General would not have broken his busy schedule to come to DC to seek the help of the DCI if it was his problem. 'Oh, and what problem would that be.'

'There appears to be an information leak in the Defence Department.'

Sidney, puzzled, responded, 'Then it sounds like your problem, not mine.'

'That's what I thought at first, Sidney. Then I thought about who would gain by planting a mole in the Department.'

Sidney blinked and looked up at Walther. 'Are you suggesting we have a spy in your ranks? Because if so ...'

'Let's stop beating around the bush. The CIA has unlawfully accessed classified documents held by the Defence Department concerning Project Bluebook.'

'I do not deny that. Why should I? We are an intelligence gathering agency, Walther,' Sidney smirked.

'Then you have planted a mole in the DOF.'

'I'm not admitting that.'

Walther leant across the big desk and fixed the smaller man with his gaze. 'Sidney, you're abusing your position, which you must agree is tenuous at best. Now, this is what you are going to do. You are going to get your spy out of our space and do so quickly.'

Sidney sat back, calm and relaxed. 'Now, why would I want to do a thing like that, Walther?'

'Because if you don't, I will let the Joint Chiefs know the CIA is planting people in Government departments.'

The DCI stared at the JCOS Chairman, 'You have absolutely no proof! You'll just be making everyone paranoid.'

'Sidney, you should read the new National Security Act. To refresh your memory, it describes your job as Director of Central Intelligence as one who serves as head of the United States intelligence community. Who shall act as the principal adviser to the President for intelligence matters related to the national security? So tell me this, How does planting spies in Government agencies constitute helping national security?'

'I'd love to see you try to make that one stick,' The CIA boss sneered.

Roscoe replied derisively, 'Oh, come on Sidney. You know how paranoid the agencies are when they get a whiff of someone looking over their shoulder.'

Sidney's supreme confidence collapsed. There were things he did not yet know about the job. 'OK, if we do have a spy in your Department we may possibly have overstepped our bounds.'

Walther smiled for the first time at the meeting. 'Just get your spy out, and all this can go away. Your choice, Sidney.'

Later that day Walther Tindall called in on James Foreman. He said. 'One of your people is going to leave work soon and not come back.'

James looked up from what he was doing. 'What are you talking about, General?'

'I'm not talking about anything. I'm merely telling you what is going to happen.'

'Why?'

Walther stared at the Defence Secretary. 'Why the hell can't you just accept it like it is?'

Foreman went silent.

Walther added, 'I have just extracted your balls from the fire and solved your leak problem. So just leave it at that. OK?'

'I hadn't realised.'

'Just be more careful in future,' Walther said, standing up to leave.

Dr Rosen insisted on taking the EBEs to Dulce, and the Admiral insisted on going with him. The base Commander organised a Sikorsky Model S-48, which could carry four passengers (Dr Rosen, Admiral Killenhoetter and the ailing EBEs). There was no room for Gus and Waldemar. The EBEs were in a critical condition. So there could be no delays. With everybody on board, the pilot got the green light and set course for Colorado.

Dulce, a sleepy little town in northern New Mexico had a population of only 900 or so. Built around 7000 feet above sea level, Dulce occupied a small part of the Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation. The town had just one motel and a few ma and pa stores. With dwindling tourism during the war, Dulce was only one or two steps from becoming a ghost town, which was how the army wanted it.

That was until people found out that Dulce harboured deep dark secrets. The mystery of Dulce lay deep below the tangled brush of Archuleta Mesa. Rumours began to circulate about underground joint government-alien biogenetic laboratories, which were designed to carry out bizarre experiments on humans and animals. These vague stories began to gain more steam when New Mexico State Police Officer Chico Valdez was called to investigate a mutilated cow in a pasture 13 miles east of Dulce on the Cararra ranch.

Amateur investigators attributed the mutilations to aliens from flying saucers. Locals reported seeing flying discs around Dulce. Sightings of strange lights and other aerial phenomena also indicated where the cow had been found at the time of the reported mutilation.

Above ground, Dulce AFB was nothing special to look at. Roscoe saw what looked like some kind of power station, surrounded by groups of single storey structures that comprised tin sheds as well as more solid concrete buildings; and a network of dirt roads connected the different areas. He turned to Dr Rosen, 'Where is this crate going to land. I can't see any runways.'

Just then the rotorcraft banked left and approached the base from behind the power station. Then the

Rotorcraft levelled off and approached a large opening in the back of a hill. Inside was a runway complete with two parallel rows of landing lights.

'I guess you have your answer, Admiral,' Rosen grinned.

Roscoe could not believe it. 'What the heck is this place, doc?'

'How the hell would I know?'

Security was there in force, waiting for the men to emerge from the aircraft. They were like none the Admiral had seen before, All the security officers wore dark blue jumpsuits, with a silver ellipse with an eye above it, Dulce's symbol. They also wore odd looking handguns (flash guns - Dulce's standard hand weapon).

Next, the Doctor and the Admiral were blindfolded, then they were shoved and nudged to get them walking in the correct direction.

Chapter 12

During the 1940s two significant things happened in Robert Evening Sky's life. First, the Navaho moved their villages closer to Hopi land, in Arizona. This encroachment caused increased tensions on the Hopi reservation. Some members wanted direct action whereas wiser heads wanted a peaceful solution. Robert Evening Sky's second significant experience changed his life. Robert had been raised by his grandparents after his father was killed in a bar brawl. If that was not unsettling enough for the young boy, according to custom, his mother had to leave the reservation. She could have taken young Robert with her but she thought he was better off with his people. Her parents did not argue and willingly took on the task of raising their daughter's child.

Until age five Robert had not had any contact with the white man. He and a group of young boys around his age were taught by his grandfather, about a group of people they called the Star Warriors - aliens he code-named Blues, owing to the translucent hue of their skin. These people taught Robert and his friends how to run six miles with a mouthful of water, without spilling a drop. They had to return and spit out the water at the feet of the blue warriors. The boys were made to stand with their backs to their elders who fired arrows at the students who had to turn at lightning speed and catch them in mid-flight. Nobody had told them it was impossible to do such things.

As Robert developed, he learned that Star Warrior knowledge was not freely granted and had to be earned. There is an ancient Hopi prophecy that says today's red man is white, tomorrow's white man is green. The first alien contact was in 1947, but it had nothing to do with the Roswell crash or the EBEs. By that time Robert Evening Sky was a tribal elder, and the Star Warriors said they needed to spend fifty years with the elders of the Hopi nation.

The Star Warriors had a faint bluish but translucent skin, large almond shaped eyes and were small in stature. Their fundamental teaching for the Hopi was to follow their passion; develop their own path; do their own thing. And not be pressured into being anything other than what they really were. Robert Evening Sky took this teaching to heart and made it the cornerstone of his life.

Was it mere coincidence? Robert wondered, that the Sky Warriors turned up at the same time the spacecraft accident occurred near Roswell. The Roswell story was all over the news. But nobody other than the Hopi elders knew about the Sky Warriors. It had to stay that way. So the Sky people never left the village of Oraibi on the Third Mesa, the oldest continuously inhabited community in the United States.

Robert Evening Sky grew up with the knowledge the Hopi Guardian Maasaw, saved his people before a great flood. Maasaw brought the Hopi safely to the Third Mesa, where they built and lived in Oraibi after travelling east over a vast ocean. Maasaw showed them the exact location where he wanted them to live. Robert figured out the Hopi Guardian was the first of the Sky Warriors to visit Earth. Legend had it that Maasaw told the peaceful people to expect other races to come to their land in the future, but not to resist or fight them but to welcome them.

With this message in mind, long after Maasaw had returned to his world, the Hopi welcomed the Spaniards until 1680 when the invaders tried to infect them with their religion. This was the only time the Hopi rose in anger, and they drove the Spaniards off to the east. There, the Spanish inhabited the villages of Zuni, Acoma, Taos, and other communities that lived on rivers with

running water and they converted them to their Catholic religion. The Hopi elders still waited for their long lost white brother to return to their villages and complete their ceremonial cycles as Maasaw had instructed them. Maybe the Roswell sightings were a sign?

As the Sikorsky landed inside the Dulce base, armed guards brandishing M2 Carbines, which packed thirty calibre shells, surrounded the aircraft.

Rosen turned to Roscoe, 'Some welcoming committee.'

A middle-aged man wearing a lightweight white suit and Panama hat approached the two passengers. He held two dark hoods made from a coarse material, which he handed to the doctor and the Admiral.

'Oh, come on. Surely you don't expect us to wear these things,' Roscoe grinned, finding it hard to take the man seriously.

The man dressed all in white, said, 'Gentlemen, you have no authorisation to be here. But now that you are here you will not enter this base unless you wear these hoods. You will also be handcuffed and taken to an area where you will be debriefed.'

Dr Rosen said, 'What have you done with the EBEs?'

'That is no longer your concern. Now put on the hoods and extend your arms.'

Roscoe, both curious and somewhat apprehensive, argued, 'Now look here, I don't know who you are or what rank you hold, but I am Chief of US Military Intelligence and ...'

'Your rank does not matter here. What does matter is that you do not have clearance to be here and that makes you a threat to national security.'

'Look, get in touch with General Walther Tindall. He'll vouch for us.'

'Does he have the authorisation to decide on matters here.'

Roscoe was incredulous. 'We are talking about the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff!'

The white-suited man tutted, 'Admiral you just don't get it, Even Truman needs a national security clearance to come here.'

Roscoe, too stunned for words, donned the hood and felt the cuffs click on his wrists.

Chapter 13

Robert Evening Sky sat on a large rock looking up at the stars in the heavens, the movements of which he believed affected the forces on Earth. He had studied the heavens for as long as he could remember. He often wondered, with some amusement, if his passion with the night sky came from his name, or the that name given him influenced his star attraction. Either way that was where he sat. Robert sensed someone nearby. Without averting his vision he said, 'Who approaches me?'

'My name is Little Fox. May I sit with you?'

Robert shifted over to make room for the young man. 'Why are you out here this time of night?'

'I wish to know what I must do to become a medicine man.'

Robert turned to the young man beside him. 'Why do you wish to be a medicine man?'

'Because I believe my path is that of a healer.'

'A medicine man is not necessarily a healer, they are people who do their own thing with a passion. One will make you practice your own medicine and the other will make you feel better. Medicine teachers make both things one and the same.'

'What must I do to learn this?'

'You must first become a warrior.'

'Why a warrior when I am a man of peace?'

'A warrior is a living example of passion.'

'But, what is passion?'

Robert smiled, 'It is an inner feeling, a love activity. It makes time flow quickly, It makes us willing to move heaven and earth to to achieve our purpose in life. Passion is the union of love between man and woman; it has more power and energy than anything one earth and if harnessed can be unbeatable. In this you practice your own medicine.'

Little Fox felt a strange warmth coursing through his body, creating a pleasant but shivery sensation in his hands. 'Your gift to me is great. I feel very much in harmony with my being.'

Robert smiled again. 'Harmony occurs when our hearts beat moves in time with another like the drum music of the dance.' It can be the heartbeat of a chosen one, the heartbeat of a nation, the heartbeat of the universe and the earth. Think about your passion, if it makes you feel good, and shivery, it's your passion. It is your passion that makes all things possible.'

Little Fox felt this heartbeat connection with the wise elder. 'Thank you wise elder, you give me much to ponder.'

'Go in peace, Little Fox.'

The young man got up and left. Robert Evening Sky turned his attention back to his passion - the stars.

Commander X was a bit of a mystery at Dulce AFB. Nobody, not even his security people knew much about him or his background but they all deferred to him and followed his commands. He removed his panama hat and looked at the cuffed hooded prisoners. For that's what they were to him, And as his captives he could treat them any way he pleased. The Jewish doctor was no problem but the Admiral was a different kettle of fish. He had support from the JCoS and it was not in his interest to upset General Tindall. 'Remove their hoods,' he said, to one of the guards. The soldier did so and the Doctor and the Admiral blinked in the bright light. Roscoe said, How about the cuffs. After all we're not about to go anywhere.'

'That's very true, the Commander smiled. The question is what do we do with you now?'

'We only came here to bring you the EBEs. Now that is done, I'm happy to leave,' Roscoe said.

Dr Rosen said, 'I would like to see my patients, just to satisfy myself they are OK.'

Director X looked him full in the face. 'That may be possible later, but for now I have some questions.'

'I have some questions too, whoever you are.' Roscoe countered.

'I may answer some of your questions later, Admiral, but for now why did you choose to bring the entities here.'

Dr Rosen said 'I can answer that. The EBEs had breathing problems. We figured that their respiratory systems couldn't handle the oxygen levels on Earth. But under the Earth, owing to thinner air, they are able to breathe more easily.'

This was not news to the Commander. But it had taken a team of highly skilled scientists from MJ12 many months to come to the same conclusion. Maybe this medico is not so stupid after all, X thought. 'Excellent thinking Doctor, You may be useful here after all.'

'B -but I'm not staying here.' Rosen stated.'

X smiled again. 'Maybe so, maybe not. But the choice may not be yours.'

'W-what do you mean?'

'You could be part of the most advanced team of scientists on Earth engaged in the most incredible of projects.'

Admiral Killenhoetter stared at the Commander. 'Your project doesn't need me then?'

'That has yet to be decided.' X paused then said, 'Why did you want to come here?'

'Because I wanted to know what the heck is going on with space creatures.'

'What makes you think you'll find the answers here?'

Roscoe sensed this man in the white suit was toying with him. 'Heck, I don't know. I just wanted to see where the little grey guys would end up.'

X got up, excited. 'I know what we'll do. You are are guests until we know how to play this. My guards will show you to your quarters.' The Director then replaced the hoods.

Walther Tindall proved correct. One of the employees in the Department of Defence left work on Friday afternoon and did not return. James Foremen figured it must have been the mole in the ranks. At General Tindall's request the Defence Secretary let it go. As far as he was concerned the leak had been plugged and it was business as usual. To every member of the rumour bank, from which everybody in the Pentagon made deposits and withdrawals, the air force was sitting on the Holy Grail - a spaceship itself and maybe even a live extraterrestrial. But nobody except personnel with the highest security clearance at Dulce AFB, knew for sure. And that did not count because Dulce underground base did not exist.

James had a pretty good idea that the Air Force did keep some of the Roswell artefacts at Wright Field, outside Dayton, Ohio, because the cargo was shipped there, stopping off at Fort Riley on the way. There was no explanation as to why this was the case. So James got one of his researchers to find out about Fort Riley. He discovered that during the aftermath of World War II, the fort experienced a period of transition. The Cavalry School ceased operation in November 1946, and the last tactical horse unit inactivated the following March. The emphasis was now setting up the Ground General School, which trained newly commissioned officers in basic military subjects. An officer's candidate course was conducted along with training officers and enlisted men in intelligence techniques and methods. This bit caught his eye, James had set up two folders for Roswell incidents. The incident timeline did not make sense to him. According to the official report the Roswell UFO incident took place in June or July 1947. The Walker AFB control tower recorded the Roswell crash on July 4 1947.

No patriotic American was likely to confuse that date with another. But Walter Brazer, the rancher who found the debris on his land put the date in early June. The only logical answer James could come up with was there was two separate incidents on two different dates. Hence the two separate folders. In the June Report the rancher thought he had discovered the wreckage of a flying saucer.

This theory was soundly discredited by experts who claimed the rancher had discovered the remains of a crashed weather balloon.

James figured the debris could have come from something else entirely. He ran his idea by General Tindall at a morning briefing, during which he asked, 'What do you know about Project Mogul?'

'Why do you want to know?'

'I was going through the records pertaining to the Roswell files. There is a mention that the debris from the crash site was taken to Wright Field AFB after stopping at Fort Riley on the way.'

'So?' Walther shrugged.

'What reason would they have to take the artefacts to Fort Riley.'

'I don't know. But is it really that important?'

James looked straight at the General. 'So what is Project Mogul about?'

'It doesn't exist.'

'Not yet, officially.'

Walther sighed, 'It's designed to detect sound waves in the upper atmosphere from Soviet atom bomb tests by flying microphones on trains of balloons at high altitude. It's all very hush hush.'

'General, it makes no sense at all to take weather balloon debris to Fort Riley, which I believe now specialises in training officers in intelligence techniques and methodology. But it would make more sense if the so-called weather balloon was in fact one of the Project Mogul detection balloon trains.'

Walther sighed, 'You may well be right but keep it under your hat for now.'

With the hoods and cuffs removed Roscoe and Rosen took in their surroundings. The room was quite large with a pair of bunk beds in one corner and a low table with two chairs. There was an air vent in the ceiling but no windows. The door was locked from the outside. Rosen said. 'Where the hell are we?'

'Other than at Dulce AFB?'

'Yes. What do you actually know about this place, Admiral?'

'Very little, Doc. But from the tight security I'd guess very few people know about the underground base.'

'They must be hiding something,'

'You don't say!' Roscoe scoffed.

'Why else would they go to all this trouble and expense to keep what ever is going on here, top secret?'

The Admiral sighed, 'I guess we're better off not knowing. We have a better chance of getting out of here if we don't know.'

Rosen said, 'As a man of science I can't help being curious.'

'That's OK for you because Mr white suit thinks you could be useful.'

'So who the hell is that guy?' Rosen asked.

Roscoe said, 'He doesn't look or act militarily.'

'Yet he orders everyone around.'

'From my experience working closely with Truman, civilians who can push around the military are the most dangerous men of all. They wield power but have no discipline or moral code.'

Rosen frowned, 'But why would someone high up put him in that position.'

Roscoe said, 'For precisely that reason.'

'What do you mean, Admiral?'

'His employer does not want to know about the methods used here. They just want the required results. You don't give that kind of job to a man of conscience.'

'Shit! That really is scary.'

As long as you're useful and you follow orders without question, you'll be okay.'

Roscoe looked at the bunk beds, then at the pair of wooden chairs. He turned to Rosen. 'He knew we were coming.'

'How?'

'Two beds, two chairs. How did he know there would be two of us?'

Rosen shrugged, 'Maybe all the guest rooms are set out like this?'

Roscoe sneered, 'This is hardly some darned hotel.'

'Then the pilot must have told him.'

'That's my guess as well.'

'OK, so where does that get us?'

'Intelligence gathering is like putting together a jigsaw. Each piece we understand makes the picture a little clearer. Everything we learn about Mr white suit gives us an insight into his mind.'

Rosen grimaced, 'I don't think I want to go there.'

Roscoe stared at the doctor, 'We may have to, if we are going to get out of here.'

'How is getting to know the way he thinks going to get us out of here.'

The Admiral sighed, 'Because, whoever Mr white suit is, we appear to remain here at his pleasure. The more we know about him and less we know about what he is doing here improves our chances of getting away.'

Rosen looked around their room. There was no fridge or cooker. No facilities for making coffee. He said, 'I guess they'll either mean to feed or starve us.'

Roscoe said, 'Although this isn't your usual jail cell that's exactly what it is. We have been kidnapped.'

'For what reason. They're hardly going to demand a ransom.'

Roscoe said, 'I'm Chief of Military Intelligence. People are going to be looking for me.'

Rosen on his own track said, 'At least there's a flush toilet.'

'Yeah, we're in a four star prison,' Roscoe scoffed.

Chapter 14

The silver-haired General Twinner said. 'I'm sure the agency fellows would love to get into the Naval Intelligence files on Roswell if they've not done so already.'

Walther Tindall remained silent on the matter. He figured Twinner was fishing for something to please his master. At length, he said, 'With the new submarine technology and missile launching nuclear subs the navy is struggling with its own growing pains.'

'What growing pains?' Twinner asked.

'Trying to figure out what to do about the USOs.'

'What the hell are they?' Twinner said.

'The Navy calls them, Unidentified Submerged Objects.' Tindall turned to Twinner. 'So what brings you to the Pentagon, General?'

Twinner twisted in his seat. 'OK, I report directly to the CIC. Between you and me, Truman is fascinated with this whole Roswell thing and wants to be apprised of everything about it.'

Walther frowned. 'Can't you get him to take up another hobby?'

'Is there a problem with Truman's request, General?'

Walther remained silent for a moment, then said, 'Tell the boss that when I find out all that's going on, I'll be happy to tell him personally. But right now I have a mountain of files with many of them contradicting each other.'

Twinner frowned, 'H'm, I thought it would be much more straight forward. What if I get Mr T to write down specific questions that I will pass onto you. Would that work?'

'That all depends on the questions, Tindall said. 'But you can tell Mr T this. There is nothing in any of the files I've waded through that suggests the whereabouts of the crashed craft or its occupants.'

Twinner stared at the General. 'They can't have disappeared into thin air.'

Once the General left, Walther attended to a more pressing problem. He could not get hold of Rear Admiral Killenhoetter. The last he had heard was that the Admiral had boarded a plane with Dr Rosen and the two EBEs. Its flight plan was classified data that even the General could not access.

Commander X looked at the six scientists, each of whom were sworn to secrecy. They were all engaged in what the Commander coined as the Zeta Project. They were all brilliant scientists, but the world would never know of their achievements, and none of them would ever receive scientific acclaim for their work. 'Have you learnt anything new from the Roswell survivors?' X asked.

Dr Pigman, head of the Dulce base Joint Research and Development, said, 'We can't do much with them until their breathing stabilises.'

Dr Kronsky, Biophysicist. Head of the Medical Advisory Committee, said, 'Aatakk has made it known to me that many members of his family, have developed a genetic disorder in their digestive system.'

The white-suited man tried not to show alarm. 'Is it serious?'

'Thanks to the ZR translation device Ricky Roehampton invented, I was able to understand what's wrong.'

Major Richard Roehampton, who was head of the Special Weapons Project at the base, said, 'Be careful Dimitri, it's not 100 per cent accurate.'

Kronsky stroked his grey beard. 'It was accurate enough for Aatakk to inform me that soon their digestive systems will not function and they will die.'

The Commander, not one to show emotion, said, 'That's disastrous to our work here. Is there anything you can do, Dr Kronsky?'

The scientist looked straight at X, as he referred to the civilian. 'There is nothing we can do. But Aatakk informs me there is something his family can do.'

'What is it?' X demanded.

Kronsky answered, 'I don't know. He wouldn't tell me. He did say they would have to take one of their craft on a special mission tonight.'

'To do what?' Commander X asked, nonplussed.

The Medical Advisory Committee chief explained, 'He said it was best if I did not know. But it will save the lives of his people.'

The other scientists present, who had each played a significant role in learning about the Zeta Reticulans, showed alarm. 'This is highly irregular,' a scientist protested.

'What if it's a trick? What if they fly away and don't come back?' a troubled member asked.

'Didn't he give any clue as to what they would do out there?' another asked.

Kronsky said, 'Aatakk made it clear. If they don't do what is necessary the Zeta's won't make it.'

'Even so, we can't have them flying off whenever they feel like it,' Dr Douglas Messenger Professor of Astrophysics, commented.'

Commander X had to take control, He turned to Dimitri Kronsky. 'I want to hear what Aatakk has to say about this. Then I will inform you all of my decision.'

The first stage of tunnel building under Dulce AFB began in 1937 when the American Corps of Engineers started carrying out the colossal on-going, secret project. All personnel were sworn to secrecy. But it need not have mattered because nobody in the construction gang had any idea as to why they were building it. Had they been told its function hardly anyone amongst the ACoE would have believed it anyway.

Commander X the new base director followed Dr Kronsky to level three of the Dulce facility. It comprised laboratories, alien accommodation and a research hospital around fifty feet below the town of Dulce, who's local inhabitants were entirely oblivious to what was going on. The Commander recalled visiting level three for the first time. The chambers were heavily guarded, and even the Commander with his top-security clearance could not get past the armed guards. Not until he had established himself as the number one honcho on the base. Even so, the Commander was not familiar with all of the overall mega subterranean complex that already took up a massive area.

Now, armed with their passes, X and Kronsky passed security scrutiny with no trouble. But despite their previous visits, the scene in the scientific laboratories still defied their senses. Beings with large heads and skinny bodies, around four foot tall took orders from taller Greys, who monitored their activities. The smaller creatures obeyed the tall aliens without question.

Dr Kronsky and his team had noted that the smaller Greys, whose head to body proportions were akin to those of a 5-month-old human foetus, willingly accepted their role in the alien hierarchy. They did not have the distinct individuality of the superior larger Greys, which seemed to suggest they were of a very ancient species. Kronsky's team confirmed this theory while carrying out an autopsy on a dead, small grey alien. He discovered its DNA patterns lay within a specific band

relating to a more primitive model.

The Commander turned to Kronsky. 'Go and find, Aatakk.'

'Yes, Sir. But first, wear one of these.' He handed the Commander one of Roehampton's language translators. Then he fitted one to his own wrist.

When the EBEs or Zetas, as Kronsky referred to the aliens, used verbal communication, they did so by using a lot of different clicking noises, much like that of dolphins.

Kronsky got the attention of one of the larger Greys and asked where Aatakk was. The alien, in turn, said something to one of the smaller Zetas, who went scurrying off and came back with Aatakk.

Dr Kronsky had taken a particular interest in the tall, bluish grey alien, and had been cultivating him for 3 years. Aatakk became Kronsky's eyes and ears in the alien compound. The Doctor said, 'The Commander is here to speak with you.'

Director X took over. 'Dr Kronsky tells me some of your people are sick.'

'Yes, Director, that is so. They are getting much greyer. We must act to save them. (Although the space beings became known as Greys they only took on that hue when sick or under stress.) Looking around the room, the Director saw a wide variation in the skin tones of the species. Colours ranged from bluish grey to beige, tan, brown or white.

Aatakk explained, 'Other factors affect our skin colour. One is the state of our general health. The grey ones are suffering because they can no longer receive nourishment through their skin. We know the cure, but we cannot find it here. We must fly to where the cure can be found.'

The Director said, 'What is this cure?'

'That I can't tell you, Director.'

Director X firmed his jaw. 'Then I can't let you fly out of here.'

Dr Kronsky was both nervous and in awe. He would never have stood up to a large Grey that way.

'If we do not do this, Director, our family members will die.'

The commander stared up at the 7 foot Zeta. 'Tell me what you intend to do, and I will let you go.'

Aatakk thought about it. It was already getting dark and time was of the essence. 'We have to get an enzyme or hormonal secretion, which we mix with hydrogen peroxide. We spread this solution on the skin, so our body absorbs the mixture and excretes the waste back through the skin.'

The Commander listened, then said, 'I can have this stuff ordered right away. So there's no need for you to leave the base.'

Aatakk stared down at the Earth leader. 'It is too late for that, We have to get it now.'

'Where will you get it from?'

'We can obtain it from your cows or from you humans.'

The Commander frowned, 'Don't go interfering with humans. Not without my say so.'

Roscoe and Rosen were bored. A few hours passed before a guard brought them food and drink. A White Castle burger and fries with black coffee. It was not Roscoe's usual fare, but it was food, and that was all the Admiral cared about at that moment.

Dr Rosen said, 'So have you figured out Mr white suit yet?'

'He's not that difficult to figure out. Although he doesn't advertise it, I'd say he has a military background. Probably in the army but not a regular grunt. He's intelligent so he would probably have been a strategist in some special ops outfit.'

'OK, what makes you think he was in the Army? Why not the Airforce or even the Navy?'

'I think they'd be too constricting for him. His brain needs a degree of autonomy. Only the Army would give him what he needs.'

Rosen, playing Devil's advocate, rebutted, 'I disagree. He strikes me as ex-naval officer material. I'm surprised you don't see it, Admiral.'

'What do you mean?'

Their game was interrupted by the sound of a key turning in the lock.

The Commander strolled into the room, an armed guard on either side of him. 'You two probably thought I'd forgotten about you. I apologise for keeping you.' he said, bereft of any emotion. He added, 'I had something pressing to attend to. But here I am,' he smiled coldly.

Turning to his guards, he said, 'Take Dr Rosen to the medical facility. I'm sure he'll be much more at home there.'

Roscoe hated the idea of being left alone. 'What's going to happen to me?' he asked, looking straight at the Commander.

'Yes, you are a bit of a problem.'

'What do you mean?' Roscoe said, feeling insecure.

'I don't want you here, and I can't let you go. It's all a bit of a conundrum, really.'

'You can let me go. I don't know anything about what you're doing here. And I don't want to know.'

'Fine words, Rear Admiral Killenhoetter. But as soon as you report back to Walther Tindall you'll be singing like a bird, and I don't want any alphabet agencies snooping around here.'

'What can I possibly tell him, apart from the fact you have an underground runway.'

Commander X fixed Roscoe with his penetrating stare. 'And what will you tell him about me?'

Roscoe got the feeling white suit was playing cat and mouse with him. 'About you! I don't even know your name.'

'Admiral I think we should both sleep on this and re-approach this puzzle in the morning.'

Flying a disc was nothing like piloting a plane. The Zetas had cognition-enhanced technology. The discs themselves had sensitive intelligence built in, linked intrinsically to Zeta Consciousness. Their flying discs were powered by Universal (Zero Point) Energy, which was accessed through the mind and hands of the operators. The Zetans flew three kinds of disc. First the really massive mother-ships that had never landed on Earth; they resembled flying cities and remained high above the planet. Next came medium-sized craft capable of carrying up to six small Zetans. The mini discs only had enough room for the pilot up front and one Zetan behind him. The small Greys used a medium sized craft for their covert mission to extract a particular enzyme from cattle. So, in the dead of night in the sky over the Colorado/New Mexico border the flying disc hovered above a herd of cattle. A circular hatch slid aside, and a beam of light illuminated a circle of grass. Two of the six Zeta Reticulans stood in the put-down/pick up beam and floated down to the ground. Although they had never carried out animal mutilations before, the Zetas knew what to do to collect the secretions. Using a stun ray weapon, one of the Zetans snuck up on a cow and put the stunner against its brain.

The animal fell as though pole-axed. Now the second Zetan cut out the genitals and cored out the rectum to the colon.

He also took out the eyes, the tongue and cut the animal's throat, with extreme surgical precision. The laser knife blade was so thin the Zetan scientists could splice between the cells, separating the molecular structure. Once the Zetans had what they came for they were beamed up into the saucer, which then set course back to Dulce base.

A few skywatchers thought they saw a flying disc cross over the border between New Mexico and Colorado. But the person who got the biggest surprise was the rancher who checked on his herd. They had been agitated about something, so he went and checked it out. The rancher could not believe his eyes. He came across three carcasses and figured a pack of Grey wolves might have killed his cattle. But wolves don't surgically remove body parts! And they don't leave scorched circles on the ground!

Chapter 15

At the Director's request, Dr Kronsky took Dr Rosen under his wing. Looking at the many alien beings carrying out various functions around their section, Rosen said, 'I thought they were all grey.'

Kronsky grinned, 'Only when you see them at their worst. Their skin tone variations are prevalent. I have even witnessed them change colour once they have consumed nourishment.'

'How extraordinary.'

'Indeed, Dr Rosen. Although it doesn't happen every time, they absorb nourishment. Very rarely in fact.'

'Why is that then?'

Kronsky shrugged. 'We don't know. Oh, there's so much we don't know.'

Rosen looked at the scientist with admiration. But you have achieved tremendous things. You have actually found a way to communicate with beings from another star system. That's huge.'

'Yes, of course,' Kronsky smiled.

The Zetans seemed to have no need of clothes. This raised another topic of interest for Rosen. He said 'The short ones are to all intents and purposes, naked. But I can't see any reproductive organs.'

'That puzzled the team at first. Then later, once we had a dialogue going on with Aatakk, He explained that the bald-headed Zetas were a cloned species. As such they have no reproductive capability.'

Rosen grinned, 'Well that answers that question.'

They walked among the EBEs in silence. Then Rosen said, 'Wouldn't you rather all this be in the open?'

'Of course. But it is not going to happen.'

'Why not. You're achieving outstanding things here. Don't you want the world to know?'

Kronsky sighed, 'What I want is neither here nor there. Don't you remember what happened when that Orson Welles 'War of the Worlds' broadcast was on the radio? Hell, we had near riots in the cities because they thought that thing was real. Can you imagine what would happen if it really happened? If our own government said that flying saucers had landed just like on the radio, only

this time we caught one, and they're still coming back? Think about it. Riots, looting, people going insane because they think aliens are destroying the planet.'

Rosen listened, then said, 'I take your point. So, we are stuck here.'

Kronsky went silent.

Rosen asked, 'When was the last time you were allowed off the base?'

'Oh, I get to see my family. I just keep silent about what I'm doing.'

'That must be very difficult.'

Kronsky grinned, 'I think it would much more difficult trying to explain what I do.'

Rosen chuckled, 'I take your point.'

Roscoe woke up wondering where the heck he was. As his consciousness flooded back he remembered the room, then Dr Rosen. What has happened to him?' He wondered. He thought about how to work out white suit's profile, he thought. As an expert in Military Intelligence Roscoe had dealt with psychological profiles and white suit was a classic megalomaniac with sociopathic tendencies. He portrayed an aura of care and well being while manipulating everything to his advantage. So, as Roscoe saw it, he could play it two ways - passive or active. Passive meant going along with everything white suit said in a contrite manner. Or he could use white suit's psyche profile and play him at his own game.

Roscoe figured that by then Mr white suit would have had the Admiral's records on his desk. In which case he would have seen how, in just two years after leaving the OSS, he had risen quickly through the ranks to become a senior Military Intelligence officer. He could not have achieved this by acting timidly. So white suit would soon see through his passivity ploy. That left active. So now he used his alone time to figure out how to gain an advantage by reading his captor. But what if he had got it wrong?'

Director X had to make his decision. It was not a hard one to make. He merely had to find the best way to deal with the problem. He could easily have the troublesome Admiral taken away and dealt with by his guards. Or better still get one of the Zetas to kill him. It would be interesting to see how they reacted to such a directive. But he decided against it. Killing the man did not concern him one bit. But the man held a senior military rank and had connections with the JCoS. So, if he disappeared some influential people might come looking for him, And Commander X did not want to attract that sort of attention. So that left drug-induced amnesia. He contacted Dimitri Kronsky and summoned him to his office. Once the Doctor arrived, the Commander said, 'How can you go about inducing a drug-related blackout?'

'You could get your subject to imbibe a GABAergic drug.'

'What will that do?'

'Impair short term and long term memory that brings about a state of anterograde amnesia, in which the subject cannot recall any events after the event that caused it.'

'Is it reliable?'

Kronsky said, 'That will be easier to determine, Commander, if you tell me what this is all about.'

'I have to deal with our Rear Admiral Killenhoetter.' I want his mind blank concerning his visit here.'

'There might be a better way to do it, Commander.'

'What do you mean?'

'Aatakk told me about a device they use to stop their people remembering things.'

'How does it work?'

'They do it with a blue laser beam, Commander.'

'Will it work on humans?'

Kronsky shrugged, 'I don't know. Maybe you'd better ask Aatakk.'

'No. You ask the Grey, today.'

Not many people, even most of those high standing individuals in the American Government knew about MJ-12. Commander X, one of the twelve elite members, represented the US government, in its secret deal, it made with the Greys. In exchange for the Zetan advanced technology, the US would ignore abductions purportedly carried out by the Zetans. In line with these abductions, social engineering influenced attitudes and social behaviours on a large scale. This was particularly prevalent where the subject of flying saucers and aliens was concerned. The Space Age was here, and sci-fi literature was soaring in popularity with human-alien encounters a recurring theme. In July 1946, Planet Comics ran a strip in which aliens used a bright tractor beam to kidnap a voluptuous female earthling, whom they called Specimen 9. They tell her the abduction is part of Project Survival. As they steered their spaceship toward what looks like Saturn, the leader remarked, 'Now home. And if you find our methods ruthless, Specimen 9, it is because our needs are desperate.'

General Winterborn stormed into James Foreman's office. 'We were assured these abductions were just for ongoing monitoring of developing civilisations. But we were duped!'

'Whoa, back up a little, General, and explain what you're on about.'

Winterborn stared at Foreman. 'As Secretary of Defence, I would have thought you'd be up to speed on this.'

'Well, I'm not. So explain it in the simplest terms.'

'Very well. I have it on good authority that the abductions have been for insertion of a tiny probe about 3 millimetres in size into the brain for monitoring and programming purposes, post-hypnotic suggestion concerning a vital event that will occur at some point in the future. This probe will give the subject some place to go and something to perform at that time, and allow genetic cross-breeding between the Greys and humans.'

James kept an open mind about the existence of aliens, but he had never seen one. Well, not to his knowledge. Yet the General matter-of-factly talked about them as though making deals with space aliens was perfectly reasonable. Are you suggesting that we have some kind of dialogue going on with these Greys?'

Winterborn said, 'We're way beyond that, Mr Secretary. You really need to get with the game.'

James, fuming internally, caught on the back foot, said, 'Assuming all this is true, who signed off on these abductions in the first place?'

'I suggest you get your boss to get you up to speed,' Winterborn sneered.

Foreman stared at him. 'Right now, I'm asking you, General.'

'The Roswell Aliens are not the first to come here. Visits from these star beings go right back to 1897 when hundreds of people throughout the United States reported seeing a strange, silver, cigar-

shaped airship in the sky. This occurrence took place in the sky over Sacramento. Ten days later, a man told the Stockton Evening Mail that he had met three alien beings, who tried and failed to abduct him before they eventually fled in a cigar-shaped airship.'

'Why did they fail to abduct this man?'

Winterborn shrugged, 'Maybe it was the first attempt.'

Foreman nodded, 'General, leave it with me and I'll look into it.'

Chapter 16

Since the beginning of time, the Hopi people lived in Hopituskwa, where they always maintained a sacred covenant with Maasaw, the ancient caretaker of the earth. They pledged to live as peaceful and humble farmers respectful of the land and its resources. Robert Evening Sky and his people dwelt in small agricultural villages atop three high mesas, while the Navajos occupied the vast range lands below. Although it was a disputed area, the two tribes had a long-lasting historical relationship, mostly comprising peaceful co-existence and inter-tribal cooperation, sharing centuries of bartering, feasting, and intermarriage. Elders of each tribe met to iron out differences of opinion to help keep Navajo and Hopi cultures intact.

Atsa met with Robert Evening Sky at the base of the Mesas. (Only the Hopi were allowed atop the sacred rock formations.) Worry lines were deeply etched into the Navajo's face from many years of frowning. He considered he had plenty to look sullen about. Being a sheep-herder in Arizona's arid lands was not an easy life, but he accepted it as his lot. He said, 'Robert, what do you know about Fort Archuleta?'

Robert answered, 'It's in Cochise County, and it's now under the command of the United States Army Installation Management Command.'

'Robert, I'm talking about the fact that it's on reservation land.'

'Hell, that agreement was made in 1933.' Robert looked at Atsa. 'So what are you on about?'

'Two of our young guys were hunting over in the canyon when they were stopped and questioned by two MPs in a Jeep.'

Robert, puzzled, said, 'I wasn't aware the Army had jurisdiction that far from the camp.'

'It doesn't, as far as I know. But the soldiers read the boys the riot act and told them they were trespassing on Government land.'

'What did your boys do?'

'What do you reckon, Robert, when you've got guns trained on you?'

'Say, yes sir no sir, I guess.' Robert took in the information. It was not a new thing for the Government of the day to make treaties and break them. And, in disputes like these the military always won. But that did not mean rolling over and playing dead. He said, 'We'll have to bring it up at the next tribal council.'

Atsa said, 'We need to check it out for ourselves first'

Downtown Archuleta, as it were, was a blink-and-you'll-miss-it site on route 173. Robert and Atsa drove past a large vacant building that used to house the post office and the ghost town's general store. Robert got out of the Chevy flatbed and stretched his stiff legs. He lit a Chesterfield and looked at the arid landscape punctuated by remote ranch-lands. He got back in the truck, and they

drove to the only remaining populated building, the United States Forest Service ranger station. The pair entered the bungalow style office and startled the ranger, who was napping at the time.

The Ranger, a once physically fit man, his muscle mass gone to fat, eyed the two "Injuns", as he called them. 'What can I do for you?'

The Hopi elder said, 'I'm Robert Evening Sky, and this is Atsa. We're after some information.'

The suspicious park ranger eyed one man then the other. 'What do you want to know?'

'What do you know about fresh military activity going on around here?'

The ranger eyed the men with suspicion. 'Why do you want to know?'

Robert, fed up with getting the run-around, said, 'As far as I'm aware Cochise County is still part of the reservation. So, what goes on here interests us.'

'You Tribal police?' the old ranger asked nervously.

'No. So what do you know?'

'I've seen some army trucks carrying dozers, cranes and stuff towards the fort or base, whatever it is.'

Atsa said, 'We would like you to take us to where you saw them.'

'Well, I can't go leaving this office unattended. But I can show you where it is on a map.'

There was an x on the map where the army trucks turned off to go to the Archuleta Mesa. Atsa turned right, onto an unmarked uneven dirt road with deep indentations where the tyres of the wider Army vehicles had made tracks. After following the trail for three miles, they came to a bridge. Robert got out and checked the newly repaired, reinforced structure over a now dry river bed.

Atsa joined the Hopi elder. 'It's been strengthened to take the weight of the army vehicles.'

Robert thought it was apparent but kept his thoughts to himself.

There was a military sign that read: Private no through road DOD. Robert got his Kodak 35 camera and snapped some shots.

Atsa became alert. 'Someone's coming this way.'

Robert strained his ears but heard nothing.

The Navajo elder pointed in the direction of a faint plume of dust. He grinned, 'My name means eagle.'

Robert followed Atsa's finger and thought he saw a tiny cloud of dust. 'Quickly, back in the car.'

'Why?' Atsa asked, while following the Hopi's directive.

'They are on our land. We take the fight to them.'

'I hope it does not come to that.'

When two vehicles are travelling in opposite directions towards each other along a single lane track, they will inevitably meet. The army Jeep grew from a small speck in the distance and gradually got bigger, looming larger with each second. With a fifty metre gap between them, both vehicles slowed to a halt. A soldier got out and approached the two native Americans. He unslung his M1918 Browning automatic rifle. 'What are you folks doing out here?'

Atsa said, 'Just looking at what's going on.'

The soldier looked at the old indians. 'This is army property. So turn about and head back where you came from.'

A second soldier joined the first. He pointed at Robert who stood by the flatbed Chevy. 'Are you taking photographs?'

Atsa responded to the first soldier's order. 'Correct me if I'm wrong, young man. But isn't this area in Cochise County?'

'I believe so, yes.'

'Then this is reservation land, Tell me son, who is your commanding officer?'

The second soldier tried grabbing Robert's camera, but the Hopi Elder hung onto it. he said, 'We are custodian elders of this territory and you folks are violating the Government's treaty by building here without tribal permission.'

The soldiers were way out of their league with all this treaty stuff. So they resorted to good old trusted and true bullying. Pointing his gun at Atsa, one of the guards snapped. 'Leave here at once, or we'll arrest you.'

The elders knew it would end with threats from the army, but at least they had made their point. Now the boys' story had stood up Robert and Atsa felt confident in bringing the incident up at the next inter-tribal council meeting.

Rear Admiral Killenhoetter looked out of the cab's window and read the sign Albuquerque International Sunport. 'What am I doing here?' he asked, his mind a fog.

The taxi driver said, 'That's not my problem. I was just paid to drop you off here.'

'Who paid you?'

'Look, I have other fares to pick up. So just get out.'

Still, in a daze, Roscoe Killenhoetter stood on the sidewalk wondering what to do next. Confused he went looking for a public phone. It was early in the day, and there were only a few passengers and staff around. Roscoe saw a phone on the wall between the Ladies and Gents restrooms. He looked up the number in a small notebook he carried with him. The Admiral inserted some coins in the slot and dialled General Tindall's private number. Roscoe waited, then he heard Walther's voice.

'Roscoe here, I need ...'

'Where the hell are you? I've been looking for you all day.'

'I'm at the Albuquerque International Sunport. A cab dropped me off here, but ...'

'What the hell are you doing there?'

The Admiral wondered how to answer without sounding mad. 'I know this is going to sound crazy, but I don't know.'

'Don't know what?'

'What I'm doing here. My mind's blank. The last thing I remember is getting on a plane with Dr Rosen and the EBE's. The next thing I know is arriving here about ten minutes ago.'

Walther thought about how to handle the situation. Then he said, 'Don't go anywhere. I'll organise for a plane to pick you up and bring you back here. Don't speak to anybody and don't leave the phone.'

Chapter 17

After World War II, Glen Whiteland gave up his role as Assistant Secretary of the Army and became the National Security Advisor and Director of CIA's new Psychological Strategy Board. The PSB comprised documentation of the CIA's files on anything that smacked of Extraterrestrial activities. The subject of beings from another planet coming down to Earth tended to have a profound psychological effect on people that ranged from mild curiosity to a morbid fear of aliens taking over. Most folks managed to hang somewhere between the two extremes. But everybody in America was affected by incidents like Roswell to one degree or another. It all depended on how real and personal the encounter with aliens was for them. Glen was at a loss because the closest he had got to a real flying saucer experience was reading about it in the newspaper. And that was hardly a credible source.

Seeking answers, Glen contacted Colonel Crockett, the CO at Walker AFB. When the Colonel answered, Dr Whiteland introduced himself and said, 'Colonel, my job is to talk to people like yourself who have had close encounters with extraterrestrials.'

Crockett wanted to keep a low profile where all that stuff was concerned. 'Who did you say you work for again?'

'The CIA's Psychological Strategy Board. We're interested in how the Roswell incident has affected you.'

Jesus, they are going to send me to a shrink for deprogramming, he thought. 'I'm just fine. It hasn't affected me at all.'

'Look, Colonel, this directive came from the top, and I'm talking Harry Truman here. I'm not trying to trick you.'

Crockett tried another tack. 'Anything I know comes under the National Security Act. So I can't tell you anything.'

'I know that. But this is not about what you know, it's about how you feel about your experience.'

'I already told you, I feel just fine.'

Glen shook his head. He just could not get through to the Colonel. He received the same kind of response from Major Morel, Walker AFB's publicity (propaganda) officer, and Waldemar Fischer, who said he could not say a word about it.

During the short interview, Glen said, 'I believe you worked with a Dr Rosen.'

'Yes.'

At last an answer, Glen thought. 'Do you know where I can contact him?'

'No.'

'Does that mean you don't know or that you can't tell me.'

'I don't know where he is.'

'When did you last see him, Mr Fischer?'

It was getting dangerously close to breaching national security. 'It would have been on the Wright Field AFB.'

'Oh, what was he doing there?'

'That's classified. Now if you have finished, I have work to do.'

James Foreman was also looking for answers. As the head of DoD, all officials, employees and service members deferred to him. But he had no power over the Secretary of the Army, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of the Air Force, Army Chief of Staff, Commandant of the Marine Corps, Chief of Naval Operations, and Air Force Chief of Staff, Chief of the National Guard Bureau and the Combatant Commanders of the Combatant Commands. All of these high-ranking positions, civil and military, required Senate confirmation. He was going through a list of possible subordinates to find the one to fit the bill.

James came across Major Gus Dallas, a Military Intelligence officer. A plodder who never really stood out. Dallas did not seek the corridors of power and did not mind the shit jobs. Gus Dallas was a mixture of penitent monk and patriotic pawn.

Since he had been left behind at Wright Field, Gus felt he should have gone with the Admiral and the Doc, not through envy but because his Roswell mission was left unfinished. So when he got a call from General Foreman regarding a new mission, he quickly beat a path to the Defence Secretary's office door.

Foreman welcomed him and bade him sit down. 'Major Dallas, I've heard good things about you. So I'll come straight to the point. With this Roswell episode, the back story has holes and doesn't match up with what we now know.'

'I'm a little confused about what we now know, Sir.'

James grinned, 'I've heard you that you speak your own mind. So I'll tell you what I have in mind for you, and you can tell me what you think.'

'OK.'

'Gus, I want you to investigate the Roswell case more thoroughly. We all need to be on the same page here. I want you to go with the Roswell sheriff and Walter Brazer and let him take you to the site where he collected all the wreckage. Get him to list what the materials were. Listen to all he has to say, then show him the material the makes up a weather balloon. You don't make the obvious connection. You let the rancher do that. The sheriff hears what the rancher says, and we are all on the same page.'

'I thought we'd dealt with all the crap.' Gus said, disappointed. 'Why do you need an intelligence officer for that job, Sir?'

Okay, so there are two parts to this. You get the sheriff, the rancher and the Roswell Recorder do an article about what a fine upstanding citizen Mr Brazer is for caring about national security, blah, blah, blah. Then you present him with some award from the US Government for his vigilance. Say something like anybody could have mistaken the wreckage for a flying saucer and we're all thankful it was only a crashed weather balloon. Blah-di-blah. Everyone ends up happy.'

Gus stared at the General. 'I have seen things a guy probably shouldn't see. But I can't unsee them. And that has changed my attitude in some ways, Sir.'

The General said, 'What things are you talking about, Gus?'

The Major shook his head at his own disbelief. 'I flew to Raven Rock Bunker with Doc Rosen and Waldemar Fischer. Oh, and a pair of live EBEs.'

James couldn't help mask his surprise. 'Raven Rock Bunker is highly classified and does not yet open officially. So why were you there?'

'We were there for the EBEs who were having breathing difficulties. The subterranean air was better for them.'

'Who else knows about this?'

'Only the doc and Fischer. Oh, later an Admiral with a difficult last name arrived.'

James thought about it, then tried, 'Was it Rear Admiral Killenhoetter by any chance?'

'Yes, Sir. I think that was it.'

'I think it best you do not mention this to anyone else.'

'I still can't believe it's real, Sir.'

James looked straight at Gus. 'There's one other thing that puzzles me. How did you get involved in the Roswell affair?'

'General Carter sent me to Walker AFB to make sure Project Bluebook was not included in the various theories being tossed around.'

'Gus, I wasn't aware that Bluebook had the green light yet.'

'Not, officially. But Military Intelligence is collating data.'

Roscoe Killenhoetter had lost a day. A day may not seem much, but it left a gap in his sense of reality. It was as though the past and the future did not quite meet. Even more troubling was the fact that he had no idea what had taken place in his life during his mental blank. So he could not convey his experience to anybody else. Not even Walther Tindall, who was there to meet Roscoe, when his plane landed at Wright Field AFB.

Tindall whisked him off in a staff car that took them to the medical centre. Once there, two guards escorted him to the psychology ward where Lieutenant Colonel Willoughby Trent and a psychologist showed him into a small office. Roscoe protested, 'I don't need a psyche ward.'

Dr Greeley, a short man with a pencil moustache, said gently, 'Admiral, when patients suffer temporary amnesia there is a reason for it. My job is to discover what that reason is. To uncover this mental blockage we have to carry out some simple, painless tests. Do you understand?'

'Well, of course, I understand, Doctor.'

Dr Greeley picked up a clipboard with a pen attached. 'I'm just going to take notes as we talk. OK?'

'OK.'

'What is your last memory before the temporary amnesia?'

'Being in a rotorcraft.'

'Where were you flying to?'

'I don't know.'

'Were there any other passengers in the rotorcraft, Admiral?'

'Dr Rosen.'

'Why was Dr Rosen with you?'

Roscoe was now in dangerous territory. Anything he now said would be a breach of classified information. It would also probably earn him a bed in the psych ward. He decided to be honest. 'Doctor, I can remember why Dr Rosen and myself were on that plane, but under the National

Security Act I am forbidden to speak of it.' Roscoe saw the thoughtful expression on the Doctor's face. 'I'm telling you this because we have to be clear that there are things I can't remember and things I can recall but can't divulge.'

'I see. Well, that makes my job much more difficult.' Dr Greeley stood up. 'I will have to speak with Colonel Trent about this.'

Roscoe said, 'Save yourself time and go straight to General Tindall. Better still don't pursue that avenue of inquiry.'

Dr Greeley picked up his phone. 'Put me through to General Tindall please.' He waited for maybe four minutes then he heard a voice.

'General Tindall here. How can I help, Dr Greeley?'

'Sir, I need to see you about Admiral Killenhoetter.'

'Oh! What's the problem?'

'It's a sensitive area, General. I can't continue with the Admiral until we meet at my office.'

The psychologist turned his attention back to the Admiral. 'What sort of rotorcraft was it?'

'A Sikorsky six-seater. It was the most practical type to fly the patients ...'

'There were patients on the plane? What was wrong with them?'

This was getting into dangerous territory again. 'I'm not a doctor. You will have to ask Dr Rosen that.'

'Ah, yes. Where is Dr Rosen? He seems to be missing.'

'I don't know.'

'But you remember him being on the plane with you, and his patients.'

'Yes.'

'Was the plane flying the patients to a hospital?'

'I don't know.'

'But it would seem logical, yes?'

Just then General Tindall arrived. 'What's the problem, Doctor?'

'The Admiral refuses to answer some of my questions on classified information grounds.'

'I see.'

'Sensitive information before my patient's loss of memory kicked in.'

'Yes that could present a problem, Doctor.'

'General, I'm not a poker player, but if I were, I'd like to play with a full deck.'

Walther turned to the psychologist. 'Let me speak privately with the Admiral, please.'

With Greeley out of earshot, Walther said, 'What's the problem, Admiral?'

'I was on that plane with two darned aliens. Do you want me to tell him that?'

Walther grinned, 'You might not get out of here if you did,'

'It's no laughing matter!'

'I know that.'

'So what the heck am I supposed to do?'

'You could refer to the EBEs as Patient X.'

Chapter 18

Director X charged Dimitri Kronsky with bringing Dr Rosen up-to-date. As they sat in the base canteen drinking coffee, Kronsky said, 'We've been working with EBEs for some years now. And it's all been totally hush-hush.'

'When did they start to communicate with us then?'

'That goes way back in history to before Biblical times but the first time we were interested in communicating with them was in 1933 when they contacted the German government. That was the first time, we know of that the Greys, as they became known, contacted a governmental body.'

'Why Germany?' Dr Rosen tentatively asked. It was a sensitive subject for him.

Kronsky shrugged. 'It doesn't matter because the German government rejected them.'

'Why?' Rosen said quietly, sipping his coffee.

'The story goes that the German government had already committed itself to participation with the Giza intelligence.'

'Giza intelligence! What's that?'

'Military Fascists. They traditionally side with the Dracos, and ...'

'Who the hell are the Dracos?'

'A race of Reptilian aliens who want to take control of this planet.'

Rosen looked at Kronsky, wide-eyed. 'Do they actually exist?'

Dr Kronsky grinned, 'Did you think any aliens existed before the Roswell incident?'

Rosen caught Kronsky's meaning. 'Tell me more about this Giza intelligence.'

'Members of Kamago-II, a secret cult that meets in a huge underground facility below the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. It has a strong link with the German Thule Society.'

'So, what is this cult's goal?'

Kronsky drank some coffee. Then he leant inwards towards Rosen. 'You must not breathe a word about this to anybody, even here on the base.'

Rosen intrigued, nodded.

'They work with all dark secret societies to dissolve all national sovereignties into a global religious-eco-political order.'

'My God!' Rosen expounded, a shiver running up his spine. Once he had regained his voice, he said,

'Are we doing anything to stop them?'

Kronsky stared at him. 'What do you think World War II was all about?'

'I never realised ...'

'What do you think Dulce is all about?'

'What do you mean?'

'The tall Greys are working with us to prevent the Draco's and their minions from taking over.'

The pieces were coming together in Rosen's mind. 'From what you've said, Dr Kronsky, it now makes perfect sense.'

Kronsky grinned. 'Well, good for you Doc. 'Perhaps you can explain it to me then.'

Major Gus Dallas arrived at Wright Field AFB, where he met Frank Szymanski, a dour stocky man about 45. Gus introduced himself.

Szymanski did the same. Then he indicated a nearby Jeep. 'Hop in, and I'll take you to the hangar.' Szymanski was the chief engineer on the base, He'd spent some 25 years at Wright Field starting as a lowly cadet and advancing to become the base's chief grease monkey. During that time he had worked on just about every type of RAAF aircraft. But never a flying saucer before!

The hangar was like any regular military hangar. Maintenance crews were working on a Lockheed Lightning jet and a P51 Mustang fighter, servicing them ready for their next flight. Engines and other aircraft parts were strewn around the place. The mechanics carried on working as Szymanski and Gus Dallas walked through the work area to a tin shed, guarded by two MPs. Szymanski's ID passed muster, and the pair were allowed inside.

Gus Dallas would never forget the first time he saw it - an honest-to-God - flying saucer. It had not broken apart on impact and was virtually still in one piece. 'Fuck man! It's unbelievable.' Gus expounded, staring wide-eyed at the disc-shaped craft. It looked like a kid's spinning top without the plunger. It was not designed to land on Earth because it rolled to one side. Gus looked inside the cockpit and saw three small seats. It gelled with the two live, and one dead crew member taken from the crash site. Gus turned to Szymanski. 'I don't get it. This thing was not designed to land on Earth, so why land here?'

The engineer said, 'I thought that at first but after examining its powerplant, which is highly advanced technology I figured it would be able to generate some sort of centrifugal force that keeps it upright.'

'Gus said, 'I guess that makes sense.' He took a look around the craft. Turning to the Chief Engineer, he asked, 'Can you fly this machine?'

'We have a lot to learn before we can figure that one out. But I haven't brought you here to discuss that. What I have to tell you is dangerous - very dangerous.'

Gus stared at the engineer. 'What do you mean?'

Szymanski went up to the spacecraft and rubbed his hand over part of its outer surface skin. 'Feel that.'

Gus did so. There was an area near the cockpit that was rough and pitted, whereas the rest of the surface area was smooth.

Gus looked at Szymanski. 'What does it mean?'

'It means the crash was not an accident.'

'But how? What caused it to crash?'

'It was shot down.'

'Shot down! But there are no bullet holes!'

The engineer got up close to the Major. 'They used a different kind of weapon. They were trying it out, testing it on the saucer.'

Gus, puzzled, could not get his brain around such an idea. 'What sort of weapon?'

'First, let me fill you in with a bit of background.'

'OK.'

'There were actually two crashes at Roswell, which most people don't know about.'

'We know that the balloon crash and the flying saucer crash were two separate incidences.'

'Right. Well this flying disc,' Szymanski pointed out, 'was shot down by an experimental US aeroplane that was flying out of White Sands missile testing range, and it hit this spacecraft with what was effectively an electronic pulse-type weapon that disabled and took away all the controls of the craft. That's what caused it to crash.'

Gus was incredulous. 'And you know this, how?'

Szymanski tapped the side of his nose and would say no more.

Chapter 19

Getting around Dulce base was a nightmare for Dr Rosen. So he was grateful to have Kronsky as a guide. As they descended in an elevator, the biophysicist smiled, 'You'll soon get the hang of it. We only have to deal with the upper levels anyway.'

'So what are the lower levels about?'

'You don't have to worry about that. But I'll tell you this. There are seven levels the lowest being 2.5 miles deep. Beyond that, the extreme lower levels include vast natural caverns. Some people believe there are very ancient tunnel systems as well and creatures you don't want to meet. But I've never seen them.'

As the pair stepped out of the elevator on floor 3, Rosen said, 'This lift only goes to the basement. So how do you get to the deeper caves and tunnels?'

'You won't be going there, so it does not matter.'

'Do the EBEs go down there.'

Kronsky looked at the doctor. 'That's a strange question. In any case, some of the tunnels are naturally illuminated by phosphorus pentoxide which the alien Greys avoid.'

'Why do they avoid it?'

Kronsky shrugged, 'Search me.'

'You've never asked Aatakk about it?'

'We only ask questions that are useful for our research.'

'Who decides what questions you ask?'

Kronsky sidestepped the question with, 'Some of the underground NORAD facilities of Colorado were constructed within already-existing cavern systems. Dulce is a prototype on many levels.'

'So why are the extreme lower levels off limits to us?'

Kronsky frowned deeply. 'It's best to avoid all that. There was someone, like you, always asking awkward questions. eventually, he found a way to the lower level caves.'

'What happened to him?'

'I don't know. He was different when he came back - distanced and frightened. He told me he saw something down there, something that affected him severely.'

'What was it?'

'He never told me. A week later he hanged himself.'

'And he never said what he saw?'

Kronsky sighed, 'I guess there are things we're just not supposed to see.'

On October 24, 1946, not long after the end of World War II and years before the Sputnik satellite opened the space age, a group of soldiers and scientists in the New Mexico desert saw something new and wonderful—the first pictures of Earth as seen from space. The grainy, black-and-white photos were taken from an altitude of 65 miles with a 35-millimetre motion picture camera riding on a V-2 missile, launched from the White Sands Missile Range. It was one of many firsts for the V-2 research program of the late 1940s, during which time the Army fired dozens of captured German missiles that were brought to White Sands, at the end of the war.

But Gus was not interested in the conventional weapons tested at the WSMR. He was after information about something far more advanced. His ID got him onto the vast range site, where he was directed to the Administration centre. He spoke with Lieutenant Mikayla O'Connor. She was young, attractive and charming. 'How can I help you, Major?' She said, as he sat down in front of her.'

'I'm trying to track down a test pilot.'

'Oh, and what is his name?'

'Bexton. Captain Bexton.'

Wait a moment, and I'll check the files.'

'I can give you a date.'

She grinned cheekily. Then in an Irish lilt, said, 'Oh, that would be inappropriate. I'm a married woman.'

Gus played along with a little flirting. 'Oh, what a shame.'

Not wanting to take the suggestive repartee any further, Mikayla became business-like. 'What do you want with this mystery pilot?'

'He may have seen something of interest to Military Intelligence. Look, he was testing an XS1 over New Mexico on July 4 this year.'

Lieutenant O'Connor looked at Gus. 'What was it that you think he might have seen?'

Gus, becoming stern as well, said, 'That's classified. I just need a copy of his test flight report.'

'I'll have to run your request pass the CO.'

'Who is your CO and where can I find him?'

'Brigadier General Sanchez.'

'I need to speak with him. Where is he now?'

Lieutenant O'Connor glanced at her wristwatch. 'Playing Golf. Somewhere between the 1st and eleventh hole, I should think.'

Gus, puzzled, said, 'How do you know he hasn't got past the eleventh hole.'

She flashed a cheeky grin. 'The course only has eleven holes.'

Gus Dallas found the base CO and some senior officers playing the ninth hole. The intelligence officer went up to the General's caddy, 'I'm Major Dallas. It's important that I speak with your CO.'

The caddy turned to Dallas. 'The General's got money riding on this. So if you want to speak to him, I suggest you keep quiet and don't spoil his shot.'

Gus nodded. The General was no Byron Nelson, and his golfing colleagues seemed even worse at the game. Eventually, the CO potted the ball first and won the hole. His caddy congratulated him and told him the Major was waiting to speak with him. The CO glanced in Gus' direction. 'What do you want?'

'Major Dallas, Military Intelligence, General. I need to find Captain Bexton. I believe he's somewhere on this base.'

'Why come to me with this? This is a clerk's job,' General Sanchez said brusquely.

His golfing buddies laughed uproariously.

Gus felt about 10 inches tall. The O'Connor bitch had got him all right.

Sanchez said, 'The report has probably been archived. Go and see my clerk, Ms O'Connor.'

By the time Gus arrived back at the Admin Centre, his sour mood had improved a little. As he entered Lieutenant O'Connor's office, Gus glared at the clerk.

Mikayla said, innocently 'Was the General able to help?'

Keeping his cool, Gus smiled, 'Oh, he was a great help, thank you. Now, I've jumped through that hoop, where can I find Captain Bexton?'

Lieutenant O'Connor smiled, 'Why didn't you say so?' Leaving the Major puzzled the now efficient clerk quickly located the folder and handed it over to the Major.

Gus scrutinised it. It says test pilot without giving a name.'

'Yes Sir, it does.'

'Why doesn't it give his name?'

'I don't know that, Sir.'

'Where's his report of the mission?'

'Oh, that would probably be in archives.'

Seeing that she was not moving from her seat, Gus sighed, 'Can you get it for me then?'

'Only if you get authorisation from General Sanchez, Sir.'

Gus, very close to losing it, snarled, 'What the hell is it with you people? It's a simple enough request.'

'Yes Sir, it is. Once everything is in order it will be granted, Sir.'

'God damn it, Lieutenant. The General said you'd handle it.'

'Yes, Sir. That's right, once he gives the go ahead.'

Gus, thinking he's been stuck in some mad farce sighed heavily. 'OK, will you ask the General to authorise it for me?'

Indeed, Sir, although it might be better coming from you.'

Gus shook his head. 'I don't think so.' Then he said. 'I'll be in the canteen.' He added, 'Let me know when you've got it sorted.'

Doctor Greeley sat back in his comfortable chair looking across at his client. 'How are we today, Admiral?' he asked, a lulling tone in his voice.

Roscoe said, 'I've had a problem sleeping. Well, not exactly sleeping. I've been having weird dreams.'

The psychologist steepled his fingers. 'Tell me about the dreams.'

'I'm laying on a sort of hospital trolley. I hear voices - they're muted so I can't hear what is being said. Then I see this face close to mine. Its unearthly and scares the heck out of me. I usually wake up then and ...'

'Can you describe this face?'

'It's sort of greyish green. It has big dark eyes and the face is elongated.'

'It sounds a bit like the classic alien form to me.'

'It was a tall greenish figure. But what was it doing to me? Roscoe wondered.

Dr Greeley made a note. 'Was the face threatening in any way?'

'Not exactly.'

'What does that mean, Admiral?'

'It was unnerving, but in the dream, I wasn't frightened.'

'Unnerving. In what way?'

'It's difficult to explain. It's like when a parent is gentle to their child because they know they have ultimate control.'

'So you felt this strange creature had some kind of hold over you and you found it unnerving?'

'Yes, Doctor. But there was something else other than its good-hearted demeanour. It gets close to my face and then speaks to me.'

'What does it say?'

'I don't know. It's not in English.'

'Is the dream always the same?'

'Not the dream. No.'

Dr Greeley looked up from his pad. 'What do you mean?'

'It's like it's not part of the dream. It just pops up unexpectedly and wakes me up.'

'Are you saying you just have different dreams, but they always include the bit where this creature speaks to you.'

'Yes.'

'I know you can't understand what this creature says but does the message sound the same each time?'

'I can't be sure.'

Dr Greeley got up out of his chair. He looked at Roscoe. 'We're making good progress. Now what I want you to do is get a journal and write down everything you remember about the intrusive dream. We'll make another appointment in two weeks time.'

'Underground military bases are an integral part of the US military defence,' Michael White Feather argued at the Hopi Council Meeting.

'But it's on our land,' Charlie Grey Wolf argued.'

'Strictly speaking, it's being done under our land,' Haloki, the Navajo representative pointed out.

Michael corrected. 'The Army construction is being carried out under our land.'

'Charlie responded, 'Under or on the land, the Army should have consulted with us first.'

'This is the main point,' Robert Evening Sky, said. The army has fenced off part of our land without our permission. As custodians of this territory, we must stand together with our Navajo brothers and demand an explanation from the army for their disrespectful behaviour.'

Peter Fast Wind scoffed, 'We know what will happen. The army will apologise and say what they are doing is for national defence. Then they will say the work is classified and they can't tell us what they're doing.'

'Nevertheless, Peter, we cannot let this work go on without getting an explanation for breaking our treaty agreement,' Robert argued.

'I haven't seen the treaty since I was at school,' Charlie said. He added, 'Do any of you have a copy?'

'I think they still have one at the school,' Charlie said.'

Robert said, 'We have to know what the agreement actually says about trespass on our land.'

Haloki said, 'The army won't listen to us. We will have to get legal people to speak for us.'

Robert Evening Sky drove along an area of Sierra Vista that was previously known as the Hook. Just three years before, during World War II, it had been home to some 350 prostitutes who serviced personnel from Fort Huachuca. The women worked just outside the fort's fence line, now called South Garden Avenue. Adjacent to the Hook there were bar-rooms and brothels. For over a year the Hook had been strictly but curiously run by the US Army. At that time the Hook comprised most of Sierra Vista, including the Green Top Amusement Centre and the Green Top Apartments, the latter being the reason for Robert visiting the small desert town. Or to be more precise, Alfred Simmons, a lawyer who knew the treaty like the back of his hand.

The map on the lawyer's wall showed the Navajo and Hopi nations reservation as the biggest by far inhabited by the 500 or so Indian tribes that once roamed the land now known as the United States. Robert knew that it was not an accident. He thanked his ancestors for that. They had stood up to the Federal Government some 150 years before, demanding their return to their homeland. It was not easy though. The Cavalry had expelled them from their territory and held them captive in a concentration camp for over 5 years. But the Navajo elders finally convinced Federal officials that

they should be allowed back on their land. This led to the Navajo Nation Treaty of 1868. This success set the Navajo apart from other tribes that were forcefully and permanently removed from their ancestral territory. Now it was Robert's generation who had to fight for theirs.

Robert and Alfred hugged like old friends, which they were in a way.

'Are you here for personal or tribal reasons?' Alfred enquired.

'Tribal,' Robert answered, taking a seat.

'So how can I help?'

'The US Army is burrowing in our territory.' The Hopi elder withdrew a rolled up piece of paper from his shoulder bag, and unrolled it on Alfred Simmons' desk. He positioned a paperweight at each end to flatten it out. Then he pointed to an area circled in Red. He stabbed the map with his finger. 'This is where the excavations are taking place.'

Alfred pondered the map. 'Did any Government official inform you of the Army's plans?'

'The first I heard about it when a couple of our young men reported that the army had erected a fence where they went hunting. We went to investigate and were stopped by army guards who turned us away.'

'Hm,' Albert muttered, scrutinising the map. He looked up at Robert. 'I'll look into this for you, but I want you to do something as well.'

'What do you want me to do?'

'Find out if there is anything particularly sacred about the land the Army has fenced off. Burial grounds, special geographical objects, ceremonial places. Things like that.'

'What will you do, Alfred?'

'Oh, things like looking for something in the Treaty that gives your protest teeth. But first, we find out what the army is up to.'

Haloki stared at the Navajo legal representative looking into the case. 'We've been told for centuries that we need to always live within the four sacred mountains. That means all the land within is also sacred to us. And we do not like what the military is doing on our sacred ground.'

The Navajo nation lawyer, Russell Beaver said, 'The Treaty rebuilt your nation to some 350,000 Navajo people today—up from about 10,000 in 1868.'

'It's not about numbers. Our ancestors were at one with the canyons, the desert, the rocks and the air. We have no agreement with the Archuleta AFB. The Army is defacing our sacred land. We have to use the 1868 treaty - Naal Tsoos Sani in our language - as a weapon to right their wrong.'

Russell said, 'Haloki, do yourselves a favour and fight this on your own.'

'Do you mean without the Hopi?'

'They live on top of the Mesas, Cochise County is your territory. It was your ancestors, not those of the Hopi, who got you back your land.'

Chapter 20

Flash Bexton's report of the Roswell incident had somehow got lost, as had the test pilot. But Gus Dallas wasn't a man without resources. Fred (Flash) Bexton, Gus found out by asking around the

base, had disappeared from White Sands Proofing Range shortly after his alleged encounter with the flying saucer. Gus contacted General Foreman.

Foreman barked, 'Yes, who is it?'

Major Dallas, sir. 'I'm phoning to let you know about the progress I have made on this Roswell assignment.'

'OK let's hear it.'

Hearing the General's voice he said, 'Sir, I'm on the trail of a test pilot out at White Sands who has first hand evidence about the crashed Roswell flying disc.'

Foreman responded, 'Gus, although I admire your tenaciousness in completing the task, I think it's time to call it a day on this one.'

'Sir, I just need to talk with this last person, and I will be satisfied.'

'Gus, why is this so important to you?'

Gus knew he had to come clean to get Foreman's support. But if there was a cover-up and he spilt the beans, so to speak, he would find himself in a very tricky situation. 'Sir, This pilot I'm trying to track down wrote in his report that he had seen the flying saucer from his aircraft. The report has since been mislaid.'

'It's probably got misfiled. It's a pain in the butt, but it does happen.'

'Sir I just need to verify what the pilot entered in his log.'

Foreman sighed, 'Very well, Gus. What's the pilot's name?'

'Frederick Bexton, a test pilot at White sands.'

'OK, I'll see what I can find out. But wrap this Roswell business up as soon as you can.'

After finishing with Major Dallas, Foreman contacted Walther Tindall, to apprise him of the latest developments concerning Roswell.

Having listened to the Secretary of Defence, Tindall said, 'It's time to rein your boy in.'

'I've already told him to wrap it up.'

'Good. Now I have to get of the phone. Send me a copy of Major Dallas' report on this matter.'

Walther put the receiver back in its cradle and turned to Roscoe Killenhoetter, who was waiting in his office. He smiled at the Admiral. How are you, Roscoe?'

'Walther, I'm getting flashbacks about my missing day.'

'Have you told Dr Greeley?'

'I'm not sure what his security level is.'

'Oh, why's that important?'

'Because wherever I was, I wasn't supposed to know about it.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because someone or something did something to me to make me forget where I was.'

'How do you know that if you can't remember what happened?'

'I remember being strapped to a table, and I remember a strange face looking at me, and speaking quietly into my ear.'

'Strange face in what way?'

'Not human. Alien.'

Walther did a double take. 'An alien! Like the EBEs on the plane?'

'This thing was taller with a more pronounced nose and mouth.'

Walther stared at Gus. 'Have you told anybody else about this?'

'No. But there's something else.'

'What?'

'I remember being locked in a room with Dr Rosen.'

'What happened to him?'

'I don't know. But wherever we were, he decided to stay there.'

'Voluntarily?'

'I think so. Dr Rosen seemed excited about working with the EBEs.'

'You said that you were both in a locked room. Were you held as prisoners.'

'As I recall it wasn't a cell and we were only kept in overnight.'

Walther looked at Roscoe, puzzled. 'But if Dr Rosen wanted to be there why lock him in?'

'It was me they wanted to lock in. The Commander didn't know what to do with me.'

'Who ordered your imprisonment?'

Roscoe touched his fingers to his forehead as though willing his brain to come up with the answer. Then something sparked between his synapses. 'He wore a white suit.'

'Who did?'

'The person in charge.'

Gus Dallas had a name, and now, with the General's help, he had a location. He drove a rental car, a cherry red Chevy, to Ogden in Utah. It was close to Hill Field which was primarily an aircraft storage depot from WWII. So what was a test pilot doing carrying out inventory on AAF planes? Gus wondered. It seemed illogical that Flash Bexton would have willingly given up his well-paid, exciting job at White Sands to become a dull clerk at Hill Field. Gus was determined to find out why. There was not much in the way of accommodation available in Ogden, so Gus opted for the impressive looking Ogden Hotel, where he was given a suite on the 8th floor. Once he was settled in he rang Frederick Flash Bexton on the number Walther had given him. Somebody picked up on the 4th ring.

'Yes. Who's calling?'

'Is Frederick Bexton there?'

'Who wants him?'

'Who am I speaking to?'

'Tom. Now, who the hell are you?'

'Major Dallas. Now is Fred there?'

A minute or so passed. Then Gus heard another voice. 'Is that Fred Bexton?'

'Yes. What do you want?'

'We need to meet. Now before you say anything I know, there was an incident between your aircraft and an unknown flying disc on July 4 during the electrical storm.'

'Just who the hell are you?'

'I'm with Military Intelligence. We need to know what happened.'

'It's all in my report.'

'Which seems to have gone missing. Which is why we need your account of what happened.'

'No. I don't think so.'

'I can make it official. But I was hoping it will not come to that.'

'Haven't you people taken enough from me already?'

'I haven't taken anything from you. In fact, I want to give you something back.'

'What do you mean?'

Fred, you're a courageous man making new aircraft safe and risking your life in the process. I want to hear your story.'

'How do I know you're not just some news hound sniffing around?'

'Let us meet, and you can check me out.'

Peter Conrad turned to his wife. 'Keep your eyes peeled. It came down somewhere around here.' Peter and Bonnie had travelled some 75 miles from Roswell to find the crash site.

Bonnie said, 'The Army will either be guarding it or have buried it. Either way, I think this is a waste of time.'

Peter gunned the old Ford Tudor Sedan's straight 8 engine to gain purchase on a gravel incline. He checked the odometer reading. 'We're at the 75-mile point so let's start searching here.'

Not many people could handle Peter's obstinate oddness. Out of the blue, his usual - if that word could be used to describe Peter - quirkiness quickly changed to dogged obsession, as was now the case. This stirred up his weird speech impediment which made him sound as if he spoke with a high pitched whistle in his voice.

Bonnie had gotten used to her husband's odd behaviour and even found it endearing at times. But even she had her limits where his unsocial habits were concerned. 'What are we actually looking for?' she asked as they unloaded archaeological digging equipment.

'It came down around here, so we're looking for clues.'

'Yes, Peter, I get that,' she said, rolling her eyes. I mean whatever evidence was here it would have been thoroughly cleaned up by the army.'

'There's always something left behind,' he said, setting up his Fisher portable metal detector.

Bonnie said, 'How on earth did you get on in a large family when you always wanted to get your own way?'

Peter smiled. It had been awkward at times with six siblings. His four brothers and two sisters often played together, but Peter never seemed to fit in. He always wanted to play to his own tune. Which made young Peter a bit of a loner.

The pair fossicked and foraged around in the stony desert for about two hours with no discernible success when Bonnie called it a day.

'Just one more spot to search.' Peter announced, for the umpteenth time that afternoon. Now the sun began to set, and rumbles of thunder rolled out in the distance.

Peter had one last go with his battery-powered Fisher detector over a patch of sand when the device started beeping frantically. Peter put the detector aside and began digging with a small gardening trowel.

'Have you found something Pete?' Bonnie asked, now becoming excited.

Peter, too engrossed to respond, heard a dull clunk as metal hit metal. Tossing the trowel aside, Peter went to work, digging with his hands. After some jiggling and wriggling, he emerged holding a piece of shiny metal. It was about one-foot square and slightly curved. Peter grabbed a rag and wiped the artefact.

'What have you found?' Bonnie asked, wide-eyed.

'My first guess is it's from the flying saucer.'

'Let me have a look,' Bonnie said, excitedly.

He handed it to her.

'It's very light,' she commented.

'Well have to get it tested to find out what it's made of.'

'This is amazing, Pete. Well done you.' Bonnie said, her enthusiasm reignited.

Peter wished his family could see him now. They had always seen him as the loner loser who would never amount to much. His mind flashed back to his early life. He had a much stronger relationship with Philip, his older brother, than with his parents, who both worked for long hours in some government department. They were very secretive about their mysterious work and would not answer any questions about what they actually did. Philip, who was five years older than Peter, and the alpha male of the pack, took charge of his siblings.

Peter's mind snapped back to the present. He took back his find. If it were what he thought it was, he would no longer be a nobody, and he could leave all that family nonsense behind.

Commander X was rather proud of the fact that the United States was the first to open its doors to the alien race known as the Greys. He only knew of one contact in 1934, where the Greys made their presence known to the US Government, in the state of Washington. He did not know the particular details of the encounter. But somehow the shadow government knew the Greys existed and lived on Earth. Yet it was not until the Roswell landing that actual contact occurred between the aliens and the United States officials. That was the official story anyway. And even that was only known to the top insiders. Commander X and his people had been working with aliens for two years. But government scientists had worked with EBEs as far back as 1934 when the aliens were first captured and secretly taken to Dulce.

With this thought in mind, Commander X walked into a lower level room flooded with artificial light and pumped oxygen. Six other people were present, including Dimitri Kronsky.

X sat down on his Widdicomb Klismos Back Desk Chair. The others followed suit. Commander X looked at the six scientists, each of whom was expert in a specialised area. He said, 'Gentlemen since it was the small Greys involved in the Roswell crash we will concentrate on them at this time.'

Dr Pigman, the head of Dulce base R and D, said, 'I'm pleased to report that the Zetas rescued from the crash are in fine health, now that their breathing is back to normal.'

'Have you still got them isolated from the others, Dr Kronsky?'

'Yes, Commander.'

'Why?' X asked, genuinely perplexed.'

'The Zeta clones have a pecking order. We think the Roswell EBEs need more time to acclimatise before we put them in with the main population.'

'How much more time do you require, Dr Kronsky?' X pressed.

Kronsky shrugged. 'I think I need Aatakk's guidance on this.'

'Then, why have you not already done so?' X snapped.

Suitably chided, Kronsky wanted the floor to open and swallow him up. 'I will attend to it immediately, Commander.'

X stared at Kronsky. 'Then why are you still sitting here?'

Chapter 21

The Oaks, Ogden Canyon was initially built as a mountain resort in 1907. The Oaks moved up the canyon to its current location in 1933. It operated as a grocery store, becoming a secret source of moonshine during Prohibition, and a seasonal restaurant where guests could walk up and order milkshakes and hamburgers. This was the historical blurb Gus Dallas read on the front of the menu.

He looked up and around, waiting for the test pilot to show and wondering if Fred Bexton had chickened out. But a guy who flew planes faster than Mach 1 was hardly a coward. Gus got the waitress's attention and ordered his second coffee. From his table, Gus had a pleasant view of the Ogden River, which helped calm him a little.

Bexton eventually showed up. Gus thought he looked relaxed, as though he had a script ready. 'So you decided to show.'

The test pilot took a seat. Looking straight at Gus, he said, 'Why are you interested in my story, Major?'

Gus replied, 'I haven't heard it yet.'

'OK, what do you want to know?'

'What happened. What you saw and did.'

'I was testing out the Bell XS1.'

'What is that exactly?'

'A bullet-shaped plane. It was modelled after a .50 calibre machine gun bullet because the ammunition is known to remain stable at the speed of sound.'

'I've never heard of such an aircraft.'

'You won't, Major. It was never intended for production.'

'Did you take off from the base?'

'Yes, attached to the belly of a B-29 Super fortress. The four rockets that powered the plane used a helluva lot of gas, rapidly accelerating in the air before gliding back to the dry lakes below. I only had a few minutes flight time before landing back at base.'

Gus said, 'So it's an experimental rocket-powered plane designed to exceed the speed of sound?'

Flash nodded.

'And did you achieve that?'

'The gauges told me I had, but it was the booming thunderclap noise the observers on the ground heard that confirmed it.'

'Then what happened?'

'I was charged with adrenalin. I mean I'd just set an aviation record.'

Gus smiled, 'It must have been quite a moment. But something else happened, didn't it? Something unexpected?'

Fred stared at the Major. 'Yes. I was about to return home to acclaim and glory when something unexpected happened.'

Gus leant towards the test pilot. 'What happened?'

'Something was sharing the sky over the desert with me. It was shaped like a disc and was coming at me. Man, I thought I could fly fast, but this thing outmanoeuvred me and left me wondering what the hell was going on.'

'What did you do?'

'It all happened so God dam fast. I had to act quickly. My plane was unarmed except for an experimental weapon.'

Gus pressed, 'What experimental weapon?'

Fred look at Gus, 'I don't know much about it and what I do know is classified.'

'Was it some kind of pulsing weapon?'

'All I can say is it was a particle beam weapon developed by the German electronics firm Siemens during the war.'

'OK. So Your adrenalin is pumping. You're confronted by a strange craft that could be a threat. You have this odd weapon on board. What did you do?'

The test pilot muttered, 'I tried out the beam gun.'

'Did you hit this flying disc?'

'I don't know. I think the beam reached it, but I'm not sure.'

'Then what happened, Fred?'

'The disc backed off, and I returned to base, with just enough fuel to make it.' Fred turned to Gus. 'That's about it.'

'Thanks. Now I need your report for our records.'

Fred stared at Gus. 'That wasn't part of the deal.'

'I wouldn't ask if your report hadn't gone missing.'

Fred shrugged, 'That's not my problem.'

'If this was just about you and your experience you're probably right. But it's much more than that,'

'What do you mean?'

Gus eye balled the test pilot. 'What if you did hit the spacecraft and it crash landed about 70 miles from the town of Roswell?'

Fred gave Gus a suspicious look. 'The Roswell crash. I thought that was some kind of high altitude weather balloon.'

Gus shook his head, 'Afraid not. Now, what if I tell you I've seen the spacecraft and the part you hit?'

Fred looked at the Major wide-eyed. 'This is just getting too fucking weird.'

Gus met the pilot's gaze. Now can you see why I need that report?'

'Jesus, Major, I think I now know why it went missing.'

Gus tapped the side of his nose. 'This is just between you and me. OK?'

Fred nodded.

Gus smiled, 'We'll get you back in the test pilot's cockpit yet.'

'What makes you think that's what I want?'

'Because I don't see a man of your calibre being contented stocktaking plane parts.'

Fred asked, 'What happened to the crew of that saucer?'

'One died in the crash. The other two are at a top secret location.'

'Have you actually seen them?'

Gus nodded.

'That's just too fucking weird.'

Dallas nodded again.

Once Fred Bexton had gone his way. Gus went to a public phone on the wall near the restrooms. He dialled a number and waited. When he heard Foreman's voice he said, 'I have just spoken with the test pilot. He is going to write another report.'

'When you have it don't speak to anybody about it and hand it to me personally.'

'Oh, and one other thing, General. Get him reinstated as a TP.'

'That could be difficult.'

'But if he was dismissed because of what he saw and did ...'

'There were other reasons.'

'Such as?'

'The stresses involved in supersonic flight for both man and machine.'

'Are you suggesting the TP was too unstable to fly.'

'I'm suggesting nothing, Major. That's what the medical report shows.' Walther added, 'It takes a bold man to mount untrustworthy rocket-powered jets and challenge the unknown frontier of faster than sound flight.'

Gus was well aware that flying rocket-powered planes were very risky and that people like Captain Fred Flash Bexton put their lives on the line every time they strapped themselves into these experimental jets. So, maybe Fred had lost his nerve. 'Very well, General, I'll let you know when I have the report.'

Gus Dallas could not believe his ears. He was sitting quietly in his Ogden Hotel suite when he heard the interview on the radio.

'Most people aren't aware that there were actually two separate crashes at Roswell. The first one was that of high altitude balloons. But the second was a flying saucer shot down by an experimental Jet aircraft flying out of White Sands.'

The interviewer, Leonard Mathers, said, 'How do you know this to be true, Flash?'

'Because I was that pilot. And because I fired an experimental electronic pulse-type gun that messed up the saucer's controls, making it crash.'

'What happened after the crash?'

'I have it on good authority from a Military Intelligence officer that three spacemen crewed the flying disc. One was found dead, and the other two were taken away to a secret location.'

Gus sat in total shock. He realised he'd been taken. Bexton had used him to get the extra information to complete his story. Although the pilot had not mentioned Gus' name as the MI source behind the crash information, the press would not be willing to leave it like that. Bexton had played his cards well and picked the perfect time for his debut into fame through his infamy. The interview had only been broadcast on Ogden local radio. But it would not stop there. Bexton was all set to become a media personality, and that made him virtually untouchable. Gus knew he had to report it up the line before the interview became common knowledge.

Flash Bexton quickly made a name for himself. But his first mistake was that he used his own name. Already news hounds were queuing up to get his story. His second mistake was to return to Hill AFB, where Military Police were waiting.

News of the interview spread far and wide very quickly, and an Airforce spokesperson quickly rebutted Bexton's claim. Confronted by the ex-test pilot's story, Colonel John Ariston, when asked if Bexton's claims were true, replied, 'No, of course not! Captain Bexton flew untested experimental aircraft to advance aviation history. Every time he flew, he put his life at risk. This eventually took a heavy toll on his health. Flying at supersonic speed can have strange effects on a pilot's mind.'

When asked if there was a chance of a cover-up the Colonel responded, 'After a thorough investigation into the matter government officials and scientists have concluded that, while spaceships may be real, they couldn't find evidence of an official cover-up.' The Colonel did the best he could to mitigate fall out. But even he realised his explanation did not sound all that convincing.

News of the interview spread faster than the speed of sound. Walther Tindall heard about it on the news before he received a call from The Secretary of State about the interview.

Foreman asked, 'General, have you heard about the Bexton interview?'

Walther said, 'Yes, I am aware of the interview that took place.'

'Walther, what are you doing to contain this?'

'As I understand it, Colonel Ariston has already denied Bexton's version of events. Now he is trying to rein the test pilot in.'

'Yes, well I want you to nip this rumour in the bud right now.'

'Yes, I have arranged to meet up with Colonel Ariston Just as soon as I get to Hill AFB.'

With the Secretary finally out of his hair, Walther spoke into his intercom, 'Get me Major Dallas.'

'Sir, the most recent sighting we have is the Major leaving the Ogden Hotel. He hailed a cab.'

'Where was the cab headed?'

'There's no way of knowing, Sir, unless we can track down the driver.'

Walther, disappointed, said, 'Keep on looking. If you find him tell Major Dallas to contact me immediately.'

Chapter 22

Commander X met with MJ12 deep down under Dulce base. The other eleven permanent members comprised:

Dr Pigman, Chairman of the Joint Research and Development Board.

James Foreman, First US Secretary Of Defence.

Walther Tindall, Chairman of the JCoS.

General Horace Winterborn, the Air Force Chief of Staff.

Dr Kronsky: Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Atomic Energy Committee.

Dr James Sundowner, Chairman of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics.

Glen Blackland, Director of CIA's Psychological Strategy Board.

Dr Gessemer, Professor of Astrophysics, and debunker of UFOs.

Major General Boathampton: Head of the Special Weapons Project at the Atomic Energy Commission at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dr Larry Rourke: Executive Secretary of the Joint Research and Development Board. Member of the CIA-funded UFO Committee.

And Sidney Scours, Director of the CIA made up number twelve.

X addressed the secret group. 'Gentlemen, the US Government is preparing itself for ongoing contact with alien forces now that our radar system is bringing down some of their craft.'

'How do the EBEs feel about our aggression towards them?' Foreman asked.

X said, 'We are making huge strides in communication with our guests. Some tall Greys understand they are the invaders here. We have learned that the tall Greys are here to carry out experiments on a huge scale to save their race.'

'What sort of experiments are we talking about?' Rourke asked.

'I am in direct communication with a tall Grey called Aatakk. He seems to be a sort of spokesperson for his people. He knows full well that his people needed the co-operation of a powerful political body for them to experiment with the human psyche. They also need to collect DNA and tissue samples from humans and animals ...'

Foreman asked, 'Why is their race dying and what have we got that can stop that from happening?'

X said, 'That's irrelevant. What we need to work out is how to give the Greys what they want without them taking over our project.'

Blackland spoke up. 'I suggest we get the CIA to act as overseers and ...'

Scours nodded. But before he had a chance to respond to the suggestion, X said, 'Let's not get ahead of ourselves, gentlemen. First, we need to work out how to provide the tall Greys with live subjects for their experiments.'

Blackland suggested, 'Mental patients, jailbirds who want time off their sentences, homeless people. Generally the dregs of society.'

Walther couldn't believe what he was hearing. 'Are you seriously contemplating kidnapping people and handing them over to the Aliens for them to do God knows what to them. I just fought in a war to stop things like that happening here.'

X fixed Walther with his gaze. 'Have you got a better idea, General?'

'Why are we saying yes to the Grey's demands, Commander?' Pigman asked.

Commander X stared at him. 'We do not make that decision. We are here to be a liaison between the Greys, the technological masters and the human population. That's it!' X Had always given his people the impression he was running the show. This was the first time he had hinted this was not the case.

He spoke to the MJ 12 as a body. 'Gentlemen, our great nation is under threat from the Russians. While the White House manoeuvres itself around that problem, it's our job to deal with the alien threat. The best way to do that is for us to broker a deal with them.'

Foreman asked, 'Commander, who do you have in mind as a broker?'

'This liaison group, this political structure is to be called the NSA, the super-secret National Security Agency, which will contact and study the aliens as its primary purpose.' He added, 'Gentlemen our alien friends possess advanced military technology that will give us the edge over Russia. To get that we have to give the Greys what they want.' X eye balled his people. 'Your job is to come up with a workable plan acceptable to both parties.'

'How long do we have to do this?' Kronsky asked.

'We will meet with Aatakk and his committee at 1 pm. Have a plan formulated by then.'

It was quite an impressive and historical sight as the members of MJ12 on one side of the long table sat opposite 12 of the tall Greys. As chairman of the joint meeting, Commander X said, As this meeting is formal and a matter of record, our first question is, what do you like to be called? Greys,

Zetas, ETs, Aliens or what?'

Aatakk, the Grey's chief spokesperson, responded, 'We really don't mind, but please, not aliens! What we would most like to be known as is Family.'

X personally preferred the term Greys. It was clear-cut and not open to misinterpretation. 'So, Aatakk, tell us a little about yourselves.'

'We are inter-dimensional as well as extraterrestrial. We are not limited to a particular Star System but travel widely throughout the Universe. Many of us reside permanently on board the huge Discs, which are in a way, what you would call, Time Machines and inter-Dimensional Portals.'

Aatakk looked straight at the Commander, 'We think of ourselves as the Gypsies of the Universe. We refer to ourselves as many things: workers of the Angels, caretakers of energy and triers and testers of souls. We are also known as guardians.'

X said, 'How does this tie in with your request?'

Aatakk answered, 'Your human evolution that we refer to as the "Human Ladder" refers to a path or cycle of development throughout the entire universe. It is a series of ascending levels or layers of expanding mind, consciousness awareness through which you all pass, gradually moving upwards in your soul growth to increasingly higher vibrations.'

'Why are you interested in the progress of human souls?' Blackland asked.

'Conscious awareness is what human evolution is about. But for your mind to expand, all barriers and limitations caused by fear must first be brought to the surface and cleared. We are here to assist you in this. We are like cosmic mid-wives, assisting you with this difficult, challenging and frightening process.'

'Are you saying that you are only here to help us with our evolution?' Blackland asked, incredulous.

'Why is that so surprising to you?' Aatakk asked. He didn't wait for an answer. 'You can tell our age by our eye colour. Just as your hair fades to grey and white as you age do our eyes fade from black to dark blue to pale blue and then white. Our eyes wear out like your human teeth. The reason I tell you this is because on a deeper level, we must always consider things multi-dimensionally. Our eyes act as mirrors to your souls, reflecting back to us your unresolved fear issues from your present or past lives, which are buried deep in your psyche. These unresolved issues block your spiritual growth causing you to hold on to superstitions and limiting beliefs that trap you in fear or ego, arresting your spiritual development.'

The Majestic 12 looked nonplussed, but said nothing.

Aatakk paused, looked at the humans, then said, 'Contact with us can propel you into a transformative process by bringing your fear/ego issues to the surface of your awareness so they can be dealt with, healed and resolved.'

X commented, 'Aatakk. this is all entirely unexpected, The last thing we expected of you and your kind is spiritual guidance.'

'Earth is a school planet. This is the reason why you have so many choices here. Your mind/spiritual evolution is based on making free will choices of right and wrong. Because your planet has so much duality and diversity of Choice it is an ideal testing ground for Freewill. it is also the perfect planet for our species' survival.'

X looked at Aatakk. 'Your survival?'

'We are at a later stage of the evolution of your species. However, our overuse of cloning has virtually destroyed our DNAs development, driving us to the point of extinction. We need to harvest human and animal tissues to refresh our genetic makeup.'

'Will you kill the human subjects to harvest their DNA?' Kronsky asked.

'That will not be necessary.'

'What will happen to your subjects once you have your samples?' Kronsky pressed.

Aatakk remained calm. 'They will be taken back to your world. They will have no memory about what happened to them.'

Commander X said, 'We appreciate your explanation. We can now see why you want human tissue samples. I think we can accommodate your request with certain provisions.'

Aatakk stared at X. 'Commander before you outline your conditions let me say this. We are here to collect human and animal samples. We can either invade your world and take what we want, or we can work together in a mutual partnership.'

Commander X caught the subtext of Aatakk's statement. He had to assume control. 'As I was about to say, we will provide you with human subjects, but we will oversee the experiments. We will not interfere with your work, but one of our people will be present.'

Aatakk knew all about human ego. He responded, 'Why do you need to see what we do?'

X sighed heavily. He did not want to go down this road. Looking at the tall Grey, he said, 'We need to know if you torture the people we send to you.'

Aatakk stiffened. 'Commander, the procedure we use is relatively painless and does not take long. However, we will allow one of your people to see what we do. But that person must not interfere with our work. Is that agreed?'

X rose from his seat as the tall Grey rose from his. 'I believe we are in agreement.'

Aatakk said, 'I believe we are.'

'Then I will have the contract drawn up.'

So it was that in July 1947, at the secret Dulce AFB that the newly formed NSA spear headed by Commander X made the first formal agreement with the Grey alien race. The NSA was the only agency privy to the details of this contract. The sanitised version sent to the other alphabet agencies stated that in return for having access to alien technologies including anti-gravity, metals, alloys, and environmental technologies to assist the earth with free energy and medical applications, the Greys only wanted domicile on Earth to study human emotional development and behaviours.

This single act of signing a contract with an extraterrestrial race was the most significant breakthrough in human history because it launched humanity in a direction it was never intended to go. This thrust humans into a role they were not prepared for - being hosts to an alien race.

Walther Tindall found having two jobs was becoming too wearing. His role as the chairman of the JCoS was enough to cope with without being the Air Materiel Commander at Wright field as well. In his younger days, it would not have been a problem, but he was now ready for retirement. He had done his bit to help keep America safe and secure. It was now up to the younger hawks to pick up the baton. Oh to be young and fit again, he mused. But right now his main priority was to debrief Major Dallas and stop any more fall out from Bexton's controversial radio interview. He rang Colonel Trent's office. Once he heard the Colonel's voice, he said, 'General Tindall here. I want your people to find Major Dallas for me. He's on the base somewhere.'

But he was not. Gus was back at White Sands, having picked up a ride in a C-108 Flying Fortress at Hill AFB. Apart from trying to avoid the inevitable roasting from his CO, Gus was on the trail of Fred Flash Bexton. It seemed likely, to Gus, that the test pilot would have gone to ground at Hill base, hiding in the plane wrecking yard. But he was not there. A disinterested aircraft mechanic

mentioned that he had seen Flash around since the interview, but a couple of MPs had turned up and hauled his ass away. He did not know where though. Gus' guess was White Sands.

Once the C-108 touched down Major Dallas sought out the chief mechanic, who was working with two other airmen on the Bell X1. Gus approached him. 'I'm Major Dallas. Can I have a word with you?'

Mike Ferrel stared at the intruder. 'What the fuck do you want?'

'I want to know what happened to Captain Bexton?'

Ferrel put down a spanner and ushered the Major away from the plane. 'What do you want with Flash?'

Gus, unprepared for the mechanic's curtness said, 'I need to locate him.'

Ferrel glared at him. 'I had fucking MPs questioning me after Bexton opened his big fucking mouth.'

Gus shrugged, 'That's got nothing to do with me. He got me in the shit as well.' Then Gus sighed, 'Look, I've got to find Bexton.'

Ferrel glared again. 'Just fuck off because I don't know anything.'

Lieutenant Mikayla O'Connor was just about to tackle her in-tray when a corporal showed Gus into her office. She looked at the Major, amused. 'I didn't think you'd be showing your face back here again.'

The corporal left. Gus and Mikayla looked uncomfortably at each other. At length, he said, 'Do you know where Bexton is?'

She ignored the question. 'Did you know Ferrel has five kids and a wife to support?'

'What has that got to do with my question, Lieutenant?'

'He's been at White Sands for nearly ten years, Major. There's not been a blemish against his name.'

Gus stared at her. 'Drop all the drama. Ferrel has already played an Oscar-winning role.'

Mikayla, changing the subject, said, 'General Tindall is looking for you. he wants you at Wright Field, ASAP.'

'OK. But first, tell me about Captain Bexton.'

All I know is that the MPs questioned him here. They then took him away.'

'Away! Where?'

'Where all military traitors end up - Fort Leavenworth.'

Chapter 23

The US Government's code-breaking operation was based in midtown Manhattan from 1918 until 1921. This was MI-8, or Military Intelligence, Section 8, the special bureau handling all aspects of cryptology. This was where they created US codes and cyphers and where they worked to break those of other nations. It was also where Roscoe Killenhoetter found himself after being summoned by the newly formed NSA.

The Admiral sat across the table from the two men in suits. He looked at the agent in charge. 'Where's General Tindall? He was supposed to be here.'

The older of the two men said, 'He has more pressing matters to deal with.'

'But he understands my predicament.'

The older man opened a leather satchel and withdrew a folder with NSA top secret on the cover. He smiled thinly and tapped the file with a pen. 'It's all here. I have read your report, and I'm up-to-date with your case, Admiral Killenhoetter. So let's talk about your memory. Do you have anything new to add to what you have already reported?'

Roscoe's eyes darted from one man to the other. 'The General ordered me not to tell anyone about what happened.'

The younger suit, who sported a trimmed moustache, said, 'That's changed now. You will tell us what you remember.'

Roscoe stared at the men. 'And who are you?' he asked, warily.

'NSA agents, Admiral. Now can we get on with this.'

Roscoe knew the new Agency had been formed, but its function was a little vague. He said, 'You do realise I'm First Executive Secretary of the National Security Council.'

The older man tapped the file again. 'Sir, you have been deemed a security risk. As such you have been removed from your position with the NSC. Now, you must tell us all you know so we can get this breach sorted out.'

Then it dawned on Roscoe. The NSA was treating him as a spy. Tindall had been told to distance himself from the affair. Realising his predicament, he said, 'I have had new flashbacks.'

The older agent smiled again. 'Excellent, now we can get somewhere.'

'First. What's going to happen to me?'

'We are just here for your statement. So give.'

Roscoe felt trapped. He steadied his breath. 'The Rotorcraft we flew in landed on an underground runway.'

The pen-tapping agent stared at the Admiral. 'Underground runway! There is no such thing.'

'That's what I thought. I couldn't believe it.'

And where is this underground runway, Admiral?' Moustache asked.

'I can't remember.'

'Who was the pilot?' pen tapper asked.'

'I don't know. I never met the pilot.'

'He was based at Wright Field?'

'That's where we flew from.'

Pen tapper, the senior agent conducting the interview, looked at Roscoe. 'I'll have it checked out.' He then asked, Roscoe, 'What's this about some alien doing something to you?'

'It's in the report,' Roscoe said, pointing at the folder on the desk.

'Do you remember anything else about what happened while you were strapped to the trolley?' Moustache pressed.

'I now recall the man in the white suit was also present.'

'The person you say was in charge,' pen tapper qualified.

'Tell us more about him,' moustache said.

'All I know is what's in the report. The mystery man wore a white lightweight suit and bossed everyone around. I think someone may have referred to him as Commander X, but I'm not sure.'

Pen tapper picked up the folder and put it back in his satchel. He rose and smiled, 'That's all for now, Admiral.'

'Then I can go,' Roscoe said, standing up.

Moustache said, 'We have to check up on a few things first. Meanwhile, you will stay here.'

'What do you mean? Am I under arrest?'

'We do not have to charge anybody to detain them, Admiral.'

Walther Tindall was just about to have his lunch when somebody knocked on his door, then entered. The General moved his White Castle burger and fries to one side and indicated for agent Hoffman to sit. 'Well, what do you think?' Walther asked.

'He's definitely been to Dulce.'

'And seen things he was not supposed to have seen.'

Agent Hoffman tapped the table with a spoon. 'As I see it we can either give him a stronger dose of whatever the Greys gave him or we need to find a more permanent solution to keep him quiet.'

Tindall stared at the NSA agent. 'Do you mean incarceration?'

Hoffman said, 'Two possibilities as I see it. Either neutralise him or bring him into the loop.'

Walther thought about it. Killenhoetter was a high ranking officer with a good record. He had always been loyal and trustworthy. Tindall said, 'The Admiral could be a useful asset. Once he is on board, he will be totally loyal to the project.'

Hoffman nodded, 'Where do you think he'll fit in?'

'His experience as the National Security Council Secretary will stand him in good stead for a security role.'

Roscoe looked at his watch. Three hours and twenty-one minutes and they still weren't back. Now that they were treating him as a risk to national security, the Admiral re-assessed his situation. Either they did not believe his explanation about what happened to him, or they knew more about it than he did. Then it hit Roscoe like a ton of bricks. They had not wiped out enough of his memory. Bits were building up a picture. A picture he was not supposed to have known about. Pen tapper and moustache weren't out there checking on the pilot. They were out there working out what to do about him. He had to escape. The only way out was the door, which was guarded by a heavy set young agent in a cheap suit. Maybe he could bluff his way out? The guard was standing with his back to the door, so the Admiral had to get his attention. 'You have kidnapped a senior naval officer. Let me go immediately, or there will be dire consequences,' Roscoe said in a loud voice.

'Sorry sir, I have my orders to keep you here until they return. So that's what I have to do.'

'Kidnapping a Rear Admiral who is also Chief of Military Intelligence is not a smart move, son. I will have you charged with unlawful imprisonment.'

The young guard was way out of his depth. Did he have the authority to keep the Admiral locked up against his will or not? He was not sure that the Fledgling NSA had the teeth to do that. Where the hell were his superiors? He agonised over what to do. In the end, he turned and undid the door. They'll have my balls for this.'

'Don't worry young man. You're doing the right thing, and I'll stick up for you.'

The bluff worked. Roscoe gave a massive sigh of relief, left the building unchallenged and hailed a cab. But where could he go in Manhattan to be safe? There was only one place Roscoe could think of. He gave the driver the address and sat back. It was worrying though. He had never been a fugitive from the law before.

Chapter 24

From 1944 to 1947 Fort Leavenworth was a detention centre for Japanese American conscientious objectors who refused to do military service in protest of the wartime incarceration of themselves and their families. Now it housed military personnel on criminal charges. One of its latest inmates, Frederick Flash Bexton, who went from hero to zero in a brief space of time and was now awaiting Court Martial at the United States Disciplinary Barracks, commonly known as Leavenworth. The USDB, Gus discovered, was just a few blocks from the wide Missouri River. It was the US military's only maximum-security facility that housed male service members who were convicted at Court Martial. In Bexton's case, because he was deemed such a threat to national security, he was incarcerated there to await his trial. Once he was convicted, Gus had no chance of speaking to him.

Major Dallas's credentials got him past the guards on the gate. Once inside he followed a map of the large facility and entered the prison grounds and found a queue of people waiting to visit prisoners. Gus had to join the line, which seemed to be moving very slowly. Eventually, he got to the counter where a guard asked who he wanted to see. Gus told him and waited while the guard checked the visitor's list and came up with a blank. He turned to the Major. 'You're not on the list.'

'That's correct. The Captain didn't know I was coming.'

'Then you can't see him,' the guard scowled.

'Look I'm from Military Intelligence, and I need to question Captain Bexton.'

'About what, Major?'

Gus tried smiling. 'It's classified I'm afraid.'

'This is highly irregular. I'll have to get Captain Hogget to see you.'

Gus sighed heavily. Seeing the prisoner was taking far longer and was more complicated than he had envisaged.

Ten minutes later, a tall, immaculately turned out officer, approached Gus and ushered him into an empty office. 'So you want to see one of my prisoners.'

'A prisoner named Bexton.'

'Where's your authorisation, Major?'

'I'm with Military Intelligence, Captain. I can't divulge that information.' Seeing the Captain's look of disapproval, Gus added, 'I only need to ask him a couple of questions.'

A prison guard showed Major Dallas through to a private room where he was told to wait. Twenty minutes later Bexton, flanked by a guard on either side and hampered by ankle chains, marched as best he could into the room. He sat opposite Gus, and one of the guards locked his handcuffs to a bracket on the table.

Fred looked at Gus, 'Why are you here?'

'Why did you do it?'

Bexton shrugged.

'Why did you sabotage your chances of getting back into the cockpit by giving that fucking interview?'

Bexton stared at the Major. 'I didn't mention your name.'

'That doesn't answer my question.'

'They didn't believe what I put in my report.'

'I think the problem is that they did believe you.'

'What do you mean?'

'According to your account, you are the first American pilot to shoot down a flying saucer. They can't chance that becoming public knowledge. That's why somebody destroyed your report.'

'I never looked at it like that.'

'So they sent you quietly away to Hill AFB to let things blow over.'

Fred stopped Gus in his tracks. 'I requested the transfer.'

The major looked at Bexton wide-eyed. 'You requested the transfer?'

Bexton nodded.

'Why in hell would you do that?'

Fred was silent.

'Come on man. You could have remained the hero of White Sands. Instead, you skulk away to a god dam plane wreckers base. Why?'

Bexton fixed Gus with his gaze. 'Because I was afraid,' he said softly in a solemn voice.

'Afraid!'

'When I came face to face with that saucer I fucking freaked.'

'But you handled the situation and survived.'

'Those fucking things are real. And I'm afraid to encounter another one when I'm up there alone.'

Gus looked intently at the test pilot. 'You could have retired the great American hero. You could have left the flying saucer out of your report. But instead, you ran away and made yourself a target. Now here you are awaiting court-martial. Why?'

Bexton stared at the major. 'Life is about two things - fucking up and paying for it.'

Gus, puzzled, said, 'Is that all you have to say?'

Fred remained silent.

Then Gus said, 'Why was the ray weapon on that plane?'

'What do you mean?'

'You were not testing weapons so why was it installed on your plane?'

Bexton brightened, 'With all the shit going on I never gave it a thought. But you're right, Major. There was no need for the weapon to be there.'

'Unless somebody wanted you to test it.'

Bexton shook his head. 'No, it doesn't add up. Even if you're right how did anybody know I'd engage with a fucking flying saucer?'

'That my friend is the million dollar question.'

Bexton shrugged, 'It's all academic now. I fucked up, and that's all there is to it.'

Gus got an idea. 'Who's your lawyer, Fred?'

'Some guy the Air force provided.'

'Have you spoken to him?'

'For about five minutes, why.'

'Do you have his number?'

He gave me a card. Why do you want to know?'

'I think you were set up.'

'What do you mean?'

'If I'm right you'll have a stronger defence. But I need to run something by your lawyer.'

The cab stopped in East 56th Street. Roscoe got out and walked to a residence next to the Church of an Obscure saint called Vincent Ferrer. Father Joseph Miller met him at the door. They had known each other for many years back to the dim distant past when they fought alongside each other during the Oklahoma campaign during WWI. At the time they were both rookies at the Navy game. During the time between the wars, Roscoe served as a lieutenant, while Joseph joined the priesthood and served as a padre in the Navy. In June 1942 Rosco took command of Hawaii, a light cruiser. As fate would have it, Father Joseph Miller also served on the same ship. The Hawaii played its part in the Guadalcanal battles including Savo Island, for which Commander Killenhoetter got awarded his first Navy Cross. Roscoe got promoted to Rear Admiral and was given command of Cruiser Division 12, which played a big part in the Guam campaign. Roscoe didn't see Father Miller for three years, but they still remained close friends. So as soon as Joseph heard that Roscoe needed a temporary hideaway he instantly offered his help.

Roscoe stood at the door and rang the bell. He heard shuffling steps. Then the heavy wooden door swung open revealing an elderly woman. She looked up at the tall gentleman. 'Can I help you, sir?'

'I'm here to see Father Miller. Tell him the Admiral is here.'

'Wait inside, and I'll go and find him,' she said in a strong Irish brogue.

Joseph was all smiles when he set eyes on his good friend. 'Come in Roscoe and make your self at home.'

Roscoe entered the comfortable study with aged brown leather chairs. The study reeked of cigar smoke, with mixed with polished leather and smelled like the senior officer's club on Roosevelt Naval Base.

'It's good to see you, Ross. 'Is there anything I can do to help you.'

Ross smiled. He always felt at ease with Joe. 'Not really. I just need some time to think some things through.'

'Well, if you need anything of a domestic nature just tell Colleen. She likes to feel useful around the place.'

Rear Admiral Killenhoutter sat quietly in the chapel and pondered the direction his life since the war. Ostensibly he retired from an outstanding Naval career and had faded into the woodwork. He may have disappeared entirely if it were not for Walther Tindall who saw some use for the old warhorse in Military Intelligence. Roscoe, who had only experienced navy life, at 55, thought it was too late for an old dog like him to learn new career tricks. So he was very grateful when General Tindall contacted him with a job offer, in Military Intelligence.

During the covert interview in the Pentagon General Tindall handed Roscoe, a folder marked Paperclip.

The Admiral picked it up, 'What's this, Sir?'

'Many sources claim that by the early 1940's the Nazi's had succeeded in test-flying wingless lenticular craft. These were powered by rotary devices, rocket power, and doughnut configured jet turbine engines — rather than cylindrical. Their cabins were stabilised by gyro compressors rotating in one direction and the expansion chambers and vectored exhausts rotating in the opposite one.'

'That's incredible sir,' the Admiral said, wide-eyed.

Tindall continued, I want you to gather all the intelligence you can about this and report directly to me - no one else. Do you understand?'

Roscoe did, and his digging opened up a massive can of worms. But although they had escaped it, the worms were still confined to a larger container.

Chapter 25

Nobody can escape their past mentally and emotionally no matter how much they fool themselves that they are not affected by their actions. Dr Rosen understood this fact more and more each day. How could he, a Jew, convince himself that Nazi racial theory had been justified? Dr Rosen had worked with Doctor Manheimer, a Nazi physicist because, to do so, the Jewish prisoner had more chance of surviving the Dachau camp. Dr Manheimer believed that by being able to experiment on live bodies, he would be able to speed up the frontiers of science. Many of his victims had died as a result of trauma imposed on them. Others were murdered to facilitate post-mortem examination. Dr Manheimer escaped to South America after the war, evading prosecution as a war criminal.

Dr Rosen shared his medical records with three men who had high connections in the American Government. He received American citizenship and a medical career in the Air Force at Walker AFB. Many of the experiments that tested human extremes to their limits were deemed to be useful in pilot survival studies, where airmen were exposed to the harshest conditions. Testing human extremes were also very useful when dealing with spies. Now Dr Rosen had further justification for his actions, But the dark moments and disturbing dreams would not go away.

Dulce, an ultra-secret base under the desert was situated on the Colorado/New Mexico border. Unbeknown to Dr Rosen, it was time for the next part of his induction into Dulce's many mysteries.

Dr Kronsky met with Rosen at ground floor level.

Rosen asked, 'Where are we going?'

'Level 3. Follow me.'

'Why are we going there?'

Kronsky did not answer. Instead, he showed Rosen into a room which had a set of finely calibrated scales and a set of shelves filled with uniforms. He ordered, 'Strip off your clothes.'

Rosen said, 'Why?'

'Because you don't get past the second level until you've been weighed naked.'

Rosen resisted, puzzled.

Kronsky said. 'We're going to the third level. So do as you're told and put this on,' he said tossing a uniform at Rosen.

Rosen shrugged, then took off his clothes and stood on the scales. He had never seen scales like them. They had handlebars like those of a bike. When he took hold of them, there was an odd buzzing noise, and a small card popped out of a slot in the side. Rosen watched, bemused as Kronsky reached out and took the card. Having weighed himself, Rosen put on the off-white jumpsuit, Kronsky handed to him.

Kronsky explained, 'There are scales built under every doorway leading into a sensitive area.' He gave Dr Rosen his ID, saying, 'You place this card in a slot on the door. This ID pass must be a match with your code and weight, or the door won't open for you. Any discrepancy in your weight will trigger an alarm and security will be on you before you know it. So keep this card with you at all times.'

Rosen nodded, 'Got it. '

They took one of the elevators down to level three. Rosen found himself in a long corridor lit by Westinghouse fluorescent tubes, with locked rooms on either side. The pair kept walking until they came to a door with the words 'Genetic Laboratory' stencilled on it. It also had a symbol on it (a downward pointing triangle convex on all sides) Dr Rosen came to see this symbol on most doors below level two.

Dr Kronsky took his ID card and swiped it through a slot device mounted on the door. He turned to Rosen. 'The work that goes in here is very important and top secret. You must never breathe a word outside of this lab. Is that understood, doctor?'

'Yes. So what goes on here?'

Kronsky closed the door behind them. The room, which was empty, was set up as an office with the standard desk, filing cabinets, typewriter etc. Kronsky explained, 'Although the sign calls this a lab, it's not the case. The lab is through there, he said, indicating a windowless door at the other side of the office. 'That's their domain.'

'Who?'

'The tall Zetans. When you're prepared, we can go in. That is after we have been invited.'

Rosen thought he had heard and seen it all since his time at Dulce. 'Are you telling me the aliens call the shots down here?'

Kronsky look at him, puzzled. 'Why would that surprise you? These EBEs are brilliant scientists, far

in advance of our Earth ones. We give them what they need in equipment and space to work, and they share their technology with us. It's a perfect arrangement wouldn't you say?'

'You still haven't told me what they're working on,' Rosen pressed.

Kronsky grinned and indicated a pile of files on the desk. 'Read through that lot, and you'll never be surprised again.'

'You're kidding, right?'

'Not if you want to see what goes on behind that door.'

Roscoe and Joe drank tea and regaled each other with stories of their war years when they were apart. Roscoe felt more relaxed than he had in a long time. Then Joe's phone rang. He picked up the receiver, listened, and turned to Ross. 'It's for you.' Joe covered the receiver with his hand. Who knows you're here? The priest asked, concern showing on his face.

Ross, equally worried and perplexed, said, 'Nobody, as far as I know. I even had the cab driver drop me at the beginning of your street.'

'Well somebody knows'. The priest handed Ross the receiver. The Admiral took it. 'Who's speaking?'

'It's Walther, and the NSA are on their way to the church. I strongly suggest you get out of there now. Go to Park Avenue, where it meets East 62nd. Someone will pick you up.'

Ross turned to Joe. 'I have to go.'

'But you've only just got here.'

'They're coming here.'

'Who! Why?'

'Intelligence. Look I must go for both our sakes.'

Joe looked at him blankly. 'God speed my friend.'

'I will contact you. As soon as it's safe.'

There was a loud knock on the front door.

'Shit, they're here.'

Joe hesitated for a moment, then he said, 'Go out the back,' pointing the way.

Ross grabbed the priest's arm. 'Don't put yourself at risk. Tell them what they want to know.'

They held each other's gaze for a couple of seconds. Then Roscoe made his escape.

The incessant knocking on the door, with bursts of 'OPEN UP!' was driving Colleen mad. She went to the door, shouting, 'ALL RIGHT THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF YER NOISE. IT'S ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD! As she yanked the door open, she came face-to-face with men in suits.

'What do you lot want?' Colleen asked, brusquely.

'We want to see the priest.'

'And why is that?' Colleen pressed.

Father Miller came to the door. He smiled at Colleen. 'Thank you. I'll take over now.' Then to the agents. 'Now gentlemen, how can I help you?'

'We need you to answer some questions,' the agent with a neatly trimmed moustache said.

Joseph gave the agent a sideways glance. 'Would you be looking for answers of an ecclesiastical nature?'

'No. Personal,' moustache said, pushing the priest gently aside, as the other agents traipsed inside.

The priest said, 'Would you gentlemen like a beverage?'

Moustache ignored him and showed the priest a picture of Roscoe Killenhoutter. 'Have you seen this man?'

Joseph smiled. 'Yes. As a matter of fact, he was just here.'

The agent, not expecting it to be that easy, 'Asked where is he now?'

'I'm afraid I can't help you there. The Admiral just upped and left.'

'Why did he come to see you, Father?' Moustache asked.

'He wanted to discuss something with me. Something of a personal spiritual nature.'

'And, did you discuss this issue with him?'

'He started to tell me. Then he received a phone called and quickly left, just before you got here.'

Moustache got closer to the priest. 'Who picked up your phone?'

'I did. But the person asked for the Admiral.'

'He actually used the word, Admiral?'

'If I remember correctly he said, 'Let me speak to the Admiral.'

Moustache rubbed his chin, then stared at the priest. 'This is a matter of national security. if you withhold anything, Father, you can be in big trouble.' He handed the priest a card with the NSA eagle logo and a phone number. 'If your friend shows up again you must let us know.'

Roscoe waited at the junction of Park Avenue, where it met East 62nd, his mind in turmoil. He tried figuring out the last few hours. The only positive seemed to be that Walther had helped him avoid capture. As he attempted rationalising events, a cab pulled up nearby. The driver leant out of the window and said 'Get in. We have to be going.'

Roscoe's mind was racing. A cab! He never expected his ride to be a taxi!

'Come on man, get in. The general doesn't like to be kept waiting.'

Roscoe tentatively opened the passenger door and climbed inside.

Chapter 26

Robert Evening Sky faced the council of Hopi elders. 'Haloki told me his people are going to deal with the problem on their own.'

'That's a good thing, isn't it ?' Charlie Grey Wolf said.

'It's pointless anyway. Do you think the army is going to give a fuck?' Buck Hunting Owl said.

Robert responded, 'There are many of those among the Navajo who do not want us to hunt on treaty land. If we do not stand with them on this issue, it will bring back the memories of when we stood by while they fought to regain their reservation land.'

'So what do you suggest we do, Robert? We can't force them to accept our help,' Hunting Owl stated.

Robert said, 'We could chew this over all night and get nowhere.' He indicated the only man, not an elder, in their ranks. 'This is Alfred Simmons. He is our legal representative. We should let him tell us what options we have.'

Buck scowled, 'We do not talk about council business in front of strangers.'

Robert stared at him. 'Alfred already knows about this business and is here to help.'

'We will have to take a vote,' David White Horse suggested.

The elders nodded, and the result went in favour of letting the non-elder speak.

Alfred said, 'What Mr Hunting Owl says is probably true. If we raise a complaint against the army digging under your land a publicity officer from the Archuleta base will politely listen to your grievance, then say they are under orders and cannot stop their building project. You will object and threaten to take your case to the American Indian Bureau, and that's how things will be left.'

'So, are we supposed to take this violation of our rights laying down?' Charlie asked.

'No, of course not,' Alfred responded. 'And that brings us to our second point. The Navajo do not want your help, and that is their choice. There is nothing you can do about that. But there is nothing to stop you taking out your suit against the army, independently.'

'But is the army likely to listen to both peoples about the same grievance on the same reservation land?' Robert asked.

Alfred smiled, 'That is not really the issue here. The Navajo have a proud history of fighting their own battles, and this is no exception. They live on the reservation land, you do not. You live on top of these Mesas.'

'It's still our land.' Buck argued.

'Technically, yes,' Alfred agreed. 'But the Navajo let your people hunt there under sufferance. If you do proceed with an independent enquiry, you may muddy the waters for the Navajo.'

While the elders cogitated over this point. Alfred said, 'Although today, the Navajo and the Hopi possess tribal sovereignty over this land, your rights are legally limited by federal, state and local law. This means that the military can override any treaty agreements between the government and the landholders for any purpose considered necessary for national security.'

'So are you saying we have no legal case against the military on our land?' Buck asked.

Alfred saw the frustration on the faces of the Council. 'My best advice to you is stay out of it. If you pursue this hopeless case, it will end up costing you big time. Make your protest by all means. But do not get the Bureau of Indian Affairs involved because there is nothing they can do.'

After the meeting closed, Robert found his quiet spot outside in the moonlight, where he called upon his ancestral spirits for guidance. Robert experienced a sense of peace in the quietness of the desert night where he often communed with Maasaw, the spirit of the first Sky Warrior.

Robert said a prayer, then waited patiently, while chanting softly. He had no sense of time and after a while he felt Maasaw's energy coursing through his body. Greetings great Sky Warrior, Robert thought as the mind to mind exchange began.

I sense that something troubles you deeply, Robert Evening Sky.

Yes. I need your wise counsel.

We understand what causes your torment and we have this to say about it. You are a man of honour and integrity, and you do so much for your people. We told your ancestors to remain peaceful and to expect other races to come to your land, but not to resist or fight them, but to welcome them. You did so with the Spanish and later the white settlers. Now you need to do so with the American Army. You must not fight them. You cannot beat them.

But they desecrate our sacred lands. Are we to stand by and do nothing?

Robert Evening Sky, stay in the space of love and peace, and nobody can assail you.

Maasaw, why are they digging under our land?

There is much you do not and cannot know at this time. But I'll tell you this. Those you call the Jason Society are constructing underground tunnels for the dark government that rules humanity. That's why the army is digging tunnels under reservation land.

How do I explain that to my people?

Robert Evening Sky, you asked for my wisdom on this matter. I offer you a solution, but I cannot provide you with comfort about this. You have to find that for yourself.

Robert felt Maasaw leave and he felt very much alone.

Roscoe's cab pulled up outside EJ's Luncheonette. They served a great brunch. At least that's what the A frame sign said, outside. The restaurant was trendy and busy. But not too crowded for Roscoe to spot Walther.

The General looked up as Roscoe approached. 'Sit down.'

Roscoe did so. 'What's this meeting about?' the Admiral said.

'I was having a satisfying game of golf with other officers at the club on the base when I get this call. Do you know who it was from, Admiral?'

A waitress handed out two menus.

'Just black coffee thanks.' Walther said.

Roscoe ordered a latte. Then he said, 'No, who was the call from?'

'The NSA. And they told me they had you. Now that really spoilt my game. I had to get the flyboys to get me to this god dam city and sort out whatever mess you'd got yourself into.'

Roscoe nodded, 'The NSA boys got a little too enthusiastic about their new position.'

'Well, I was having a discussion with an Agent Hoffman, about you.'

'About me?'

'Yes. Hoffman was of a mind that you'd seen some things you shouldn't have. It caused a bit of a conundrum you see.'

'Oh.'

'Well yes. Hoffman was all for silencing you. But I suggested that you could prove useful in Project Blue Book.'

'The study and research into alien crafts.'

'But then you escaped and became the NSA's first fugitive.'

Roscoe said, 'Thanks for the heads up, General.'

'Now we have to figure out what to do with you. As I see it, I should report you to the NSA and have you hauled away. Otherwise, you have to disappear, permanently. So I propose to hide you at Dulce Base, Where you will gather information for Bluebook and only report to me.'

Roscoe stared at Walther, as he tried comprehending what the General had just said.'

'You want me to go back to Dulce and spy for you?'

'Collect intelligence. That is what you're good at Admiral. Or shall I leave you to the tender mercies of the NSA? Your choice.'

Dr Rosen sat reading the file, his eyes on stalks. According to the report, the facility was a genetics lab connected to Loss Alamos via a tube shuttle. The lab was run by the most intelligent Zeta Reticulans. They were interested in smart disposable biology. Rosen had no idea what that meant, but it did not sound good like it was a good thing. He read that the alien researchers cloned their own little humanoids to carry out the dangerous Atomic (Plutonium) Rocket and Saucer experiments. They perfected these via a process developed in the Bio-Genetic Research Centre of the World, in Los Alamos.

The next part had Rosen aghast. Now they have their own disposable slave-race the US Government clandestinely allowed the alien scientists to have females impregnated. After three months the fetus' were removed to have their growth accelerated in the Lab.

Rosen sat back and took some deep breaths before continuing. The Tall Greys then used biogenetic (DNA Manipulation) to implant the unborn babies to control their programming from a distance. Many unborn human babies had been implanted with these brain transceivers that acted as telepathic channels and telemetric brain manipulation devices.'

Rosen needed a break. He had helped with many unsavoury experiments under the Nazis but what they did paled in comparison with the horrors carried out at Dulce. What the hell have I got myself into? Rosen wondered nervously.

Peter Conrad kept his prize in a canvas shoulder bag and would not let it out of his sight for one minute. He stopped a student and asked for directions to the Geology Department of The University of New Mexico, Albuquerque - New Mexico's educational flagship. He was there to see Dr Philip Conrad, the only one of his siblings he kept in contact with. This was owing to their shared interest of metallurgy. But that is where the similarity ended. Philip, was a research scientist and tutor, with a passion for unearthing gold, silver and metal ores buried since Spanish rule. Whereas Peter was an amateur detectorist with no academic qualifications at all. But Philip was intrigued when his brother told him about the strange metal object he had found and agreed to take a look at it.

Philip's office had flat surfaces strewn with mineral samples and a massive bookcase filled mostly with books on geology. The brothers greeted each other. Then Philip said, 'OK, let's see what you've got.'

Peter proudly took the piece of metal, which was wrapped in soft cloth, out of his bag and handed it to his brother.

Philip carefully unwrapped the artefact and place it gently on his desk. It was cold and smooth to the touch and weighed very little. Philip looked up at Peter. 'It seems like an aluminium alloy, but I'll need to run it through the spectrum analyser. before I know any more.'

'What's a spectrum analyser?'

Philip grinned, 'It's a bit complicated. We take a sample of the material we're testing and vaporise it with the testing probe using an arc spark discharge. The atoms and ions contained in the atomic vapour are excited into the emission of radiation. The radiation emitted is passed to the

spectrometer optics via an optical fibre, where it is dispersed into its spectral components.'

Peter frowned, 'Yes, I sort of see what you mean. So what will this spectrometer thingy tell us?'

Peter picked up the mysterious artefact. 'Hopefully what it's made of.'

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Chapter 27

Dr Philip Conrad used the department's spectrum analyser to get his sample to absorb radiation from the spectrometer. He checked the results, then used the second method, that of getting the sample to emit its radiation. Philip then measured the effects against all known alloys, but could not find a match. What he was looking at was utterly new to him. So he varied the test by changing the typical emission spectrum to a broader dynamic. Still no match! Philip needed help from someone more specialised in rare minerals. So he went to find Dr Miriam Saylor, a geologist colleague. He found her poring over gold samples in her lab. Philip approached her. 'I can see you're busy but could you just come and look at something.'

With eyes still glued to her sample, Miriam said, 'What is it, Phil?'

'A metallic alloy sample that does not match anything in the files.'

Now he had her attention. She frowned, 'But that's impossible.'

'Nevertheless, Miriam, it's true. can you come and have a look?'

'Where did you get it?'

'It's best if I just let you see it first, without offering any details.'

'Have you expanded the spectrum?'

Phil looked at the attractive scientist thinking of grandmothers and eggs. 'Of course.'

She sighed, 'Very well, I'll take a look.'

Miriam showed amazement. She had used a wide range of spectroscopic techniques, which gave her information about a vast variety of different materials, but nothing matched. Miriam shook her head in disbelief. All atoms and molecules absorbed and emitted light at different wavelengths. It was generally known that electrons in specific orbits were linked with certain amounts of energy and they can hop from one energy level to another. Yet it seemed as though the sample played to its own rules, not those of standard physics. Miriam turned to Philip. 'Where the hell did you get that?'

'My brother found it.'

'Where?'

Phi looked his colleague in the eye. 'The Roswell crash site.'

'Holy hell, you are kidding me.'

Phil shook his head.

Miriam said, 'You mean where that weather balloon crashed?'

Phil picked up the metallic sample. 'This didn't come from any weather balloon.'

At the beginning of World War II, Waldemar Fischer was responsible for monitoring and assessing

Japan's level of threat against the USA. Months of high-level negotiations with Japan seemed to have stabilised the threatening situation in East Asia. Waldemar and other analysts could see the talks deteriorating. As an analyst with Military Intelligence, such as it was, his people broke codes and intercepted communications revealing that Tokyo was no longer interested in diplomatic relations with the United States. When Waldemar's team decoded a diplomatic message for all Japanese embassies to destroy all sensitive materials, he knew something big was about to happen. In an emergency meeting at the Pentagon, with the joint chiefs, Colonel Fischer warned of a possible attack.

Yet when the Imperial Japanese Navy attacked Pearl Harbour, the ships of the US Pacific fleet were sitting ducks. The Pentagon complained that it received the warning too late and Waldemar Fischer became the scapegoat for the misjudged threat. The main problem was that Military Intelligence was a joke. When Colonel Fischer stated this at a Pentagon meeting his comment was deeply frowned upon, and he was left to deal with the not-so-important tedious stuff like talking to a farmer who was convinced the weather balloon that crashed on his land was a flying saucer from another world.

And that was where he first met Major Gus Dallas, who also had a background in Military Intelligence. They also shared a view that their talents and time were wasted on the rancher. Waldemar thought Colonel Crockett was keeping him away from the real action surrounding Roswell. But someone else was pulling the CO's strings. He never gave it much more thought until Major Dallas contacted him.

'Major Dallas. What do you want?' Fischer said, surprised.

'I need your help with something.'

'What is it?'

'It's a sensitive matter. Can we meet?'

By 1940, over two hundred households and nine hundred people lived in the community, which became known as East Arlington and/or Queen City. Overshadowed by the massive unfinished Pentagon structure the community, although young and stable, was not particularly wealthy. By 1947 it boasted a variety of businesses, a barber shop and two Baptist churches. Gus waited at the trolley stop, the agreed to the rendezvous point. Waldemar turned up on time, and the pair went to Waldemar's favourite eatery. Gus opted for black coffee and eggs on toast from the New Sherwood's breakfast menu. Waldemar went for his usual pancakes and maple syrup with strong coffee. Once they had their order sorted, Waldemar said, 'OK, what all this about?'

Gus explained about Fred Bexton's flying saucer encounter and his subsequent interview and arrest. Fischer looked across the table at Gus. 'Fascinating but what does it have to do with me?'

'I need to find out who fitted that weapon.'

Fischer shrugged. 'Probably the chief engineer,' he said offhandedly.

'Frank Ferrel knows something, but he's too scared to speak about it.'

'So, what do you expect me to do?'

'Can you carry out a background check on him?'

'What for?'

'If you scrape the surface everyone has some kind of secret.'

'Is that all you've got? Just his name.'

'There can't be too many air force engineers at White Sands, called Frank Ferrel.'

Dr Rosen followed Kronsky into the lab. It was large, light and full of the latest scientific equipment. He saw tall Greys working at consoles, checking and cataloguing tissue samples, while the smaller Zetans did the manual labour, fetching and carrying for the scientists. Dr Rosen could see that the short Greys were subservient to the taller Greys, who monitored what they were doing. The physician had learned that the smaller Greys were clones that collectively possessed an electronically monitored and controlled social memory complex that allowed them to function effectively in a group-mind mode.

Although Rosen was unaware of it, the Greys were collecting tissue and DNA samples to help the American government create designer viruses for use in bio-warfare and other dangerous applications. 'What are they doing?' he asked.

Kronsky shushed him.

Twelve pairs of coal black eyes turned on Rosen.

Kronsky whispered, 'Don't make them break their concentration.'

One of the Aliens a good eight feet tall approached the humans. He took the pair away from the scientists conducting their experiments to an empty office and pointed to two chairs. 'Sit.'

The voice sounded electronic, which was not surprising to Rosen, as it came from a translation device, the smarter Greys developed.

Kronsky and Rosen sat down. The Grey scientist said, 'I recognise Dr Kronsky, but I do not know the other one.' Kronsky Said, 'This is Dr Rosen. He is new here.'

The alien stared at Rosen. 'My name is Keetaarg. I am the chief scientist here. Why are you here?'

Rosen found his voice. 'To learn from you.'

Kronsky corrected, 'What he means is observe your experiments.'

Keetaarg nodded in affirmation, an affectation he had copied from humans. Then he said, 'Observe in silence.'

Rosen followed Kronsky around, stopping to see what the Grey scientists were doing without disturbing them in any way. One of the tall EBEs was splicing together components of various organisms, using technology far in advance of human scientists.

After another hour or so (there were no clocks in the laboratory, and the jumpsuits had no pockets) Kronsky took Rosen back to the office. Once Kronsky locked the door, Rosen gushed out many questions.

Kronsky said, 'You must remember that nothing you saw in there is normal. Your brain is already doubting what it experienced and is desperately trying to find data to rationalise it.'

'I just want to know what the hell they are doing in there.'

'I'll explain what I know.'

'OK.'

'You just got your first taste of the US Government's "dirty science".'

'Dirty science!'

'Yes. The Government's involvement in funding the creation of designer viruses for use in bio-

warfare and other applications.'

'So, our government uses these brilliant beings to make biological weapons,'

'Does that surprise you, Dr Rosen?'

'And the Greys abduct people for this purpose?'

'That's one of the reasons, yes.'

'And our government goes along with these unethical practices?'

Kronsky sneered, 'You know all about that, don't you, Doctor?'

Rosen, feeling uncomfortable with Kronsky's barbed remark, retorted, 'You have no idea. While you were safely tucked away in the Pentagon, I was fighting for my life in one of Hitler's stinking Nazi death camps.'

Kronsky, said no more.

Chapter 28

Waldemar Fischer was in two minds about helping Gus. On the one hand, he thought he had been mistreated over the Pearl Harbour fiasco, so a little revenge against the top brass who wronged him seemed in order. On the other hand what if Major Dallas got it all wrong? What if the test pilot had imagined those things. True, Gus told him he'd seen the saucer and had run his hand over the damage caused by the beam weapon but was that enough for his commitment? Waldemar contacted Gus Dallas and told him he had tracked down a particle beam weapons manufacture, and he needed to meet with him.

They met for coffee and catch up at the coffee bar in the arcade retail corridor in Clarendon Village. Unlike New York, Clarendon boasted an idyllic kind of central business district, as those sentimentalised in Jimmy Stewart movies and Norman Rockwell masterpieces.

As they sat drinking coffee, Gus said, 'Have you contacted anybody at American Electrical yet?'

Waldemar shook his head. 'I wanted to run this by you first before I commit myself.'

'What do you mean?'

'I was about to call somebody in the company about the gun on the plane. But once I do that I cross the line and there's no going back.'

Gus sipped his strong coffee. 'So, do you want me to do it?'

'No, but before I do so, I need some solid background on AE.'

Gus smiled, passing Waldemar a plain Manilla folder.

'What's this?'

Gus grinned, 'It was quite a rabbit warren, but I managed to track down the original research.'

'Shit! You're kidding me.'

'This stuff goes right back to Tesla. At age 86, he really stirred things up by announcing that he'd been working on a particle beam weapon that would 'bring down a fleet of 10,000 enemy aeroplanes at a distance of 250 miles.'

Fischer stared at Gus. 'Fuck! what was the reaction?'

'On the one hand, there was widespread panic in the White House as government and the industrial military scientists scrambled madly to find a means of defence against such an attack from the air. But on the other, the idea of an American particle beam weapon looked attractive to the US Government, the shadow one that is.'

'So, what was the outcome?'

Gus leant forward, 'Officials of the US State Department became concerned that Tesla would offer his plans to the League of Nations, to which America did not belong.'

'So what happened then?'

'Our government needed to gain control of the project and prevent it from falling into the hands of any other governments.' Gus paused for coffee, then he continued, 'The US ironically saw itself as a "peaceful guardian" over weapons of mass destruction.'

'I'm sure the Japanese would appreciate such irony,' Fischer said, cynically.

Gus nodded. 'But, here's the kicker. Unbeknown to the US, Tesla sold his plans for a particle beam weapon to Russia for \$25,000.'

'Holy Crap! So, did they make the weapon?'

'The plans were studied by Soviet scientists, but we don't know if they constructed and tested any prototypes? Gus paused, then added, ' We do know that around 1936 Tesla offered to sell his designs to the British government for a cool \$30 million. Correspondence between Tesla and British officials continued until 1938 when ultimately the British declined to pursue Tesla's plans any further.'

Waldemar finished his coffee. ' Maybe Tesla was a bit too greedy?'

'I don't know about that, but his place was burgled, and someone broke in and examined his papers. I'm guessing they would have recorded the plans with a Minox subminiature camera, but we don't know for sure. But Tesla had the last laugh.'

'What do you mean?'

'He kept the most important details in his head.'

Fischer stood up and took the folder. 'We still don't have anything linking AE to this.'

Gus smiled, 'Read the file. it's all in there.'

Fischer did, and he discovered that after the commencement of WW II Tesla attempted to elicit funding from the US government to build his particle beam weapon, but was denied. Needing publicity, Tesla announced a new beam weapon idea that he called teleforce. No details are given, however. Tesla died in 1943. The FBI, using the Office of Alien Property Custodian, seized the inventor's papers.

Then it really became bizarre. In 1945 Bloyce Fitzgerald, an army private contacted the FBI and asked for Tesla's papers. He claimed he was heading up a top secret research project at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio. The FBI denied any knowledge of any Tesla papers or microfilms held by it or any other government agency. Fitzgerald believed that Wright Field was used to test a version of Tesla's weapon.

Why Wright Field? Waldemar wondered. Perhaps Fitzgerald had got some of it wrong, and the real test was carried out from White Sands. But what if the test weapon was the one Bexton used to down the spacecraft?

Fischer, intrigued, read on:

'During WW II the German company Siemens produced a beam weapon for the Luftwaffe. A Professor Max Steenbeck invented it in 1935 - for X-rays, not as a weapon. The Nazis were investigating various Direct Energy Weapons (DEW) concepts at the time, the most famous being, the X-Ray Beam Weapons developed under Heinz Schmellenmeier, Richard Gans and Fritz Houtermans. They built an electron accelerator called Rheotron, which had been invented by Max Steenbeck at Siemens-Schuckert in the 1930s. American scientists called them Betatrons.' The Nazis used them to generate hard X-ray synchrotron beams for the Luftwaffe. Their intent was to pre-ionize ignition in aircraft engines and hence serve as anti-aircraft DEWs bringing allied planes down into the reach of their flak.

The Rheotron was captured by American troops in Burggrub on April 14, 1945.'

Then Fischer found the report more interesting. The Betatron, a cyclic particle generator to accelerate electrons was developed by Donald Kerry at the University of Illinois Back in 1940. Now Kerry worked for American Electric.'

'Gotcha!' he said, punching the air. With only three days to the trial, it was time to contact AE.

The US government used three levels of classification to designate how sensitive, specific information was: confidential, secret and top secret. Deciding what information was classified was subjective. Some things clearly needed to be kept secret, like the identity of covert operatives or battle plans. Other issues were not as noticeable. Lieutenant Greymouth knew that in practice when people left the government, they often engaged in media interviews, wrote books and had casual conversations. There were bound to be complications and revelations – accidental or otherwise. But Lieutenant Greymouth's defence was that the information his client divulged was not real. He needed a precedent to give his case validity. After studying many cases of that nature, the defence lawyer was convinced that if a person passed on false classified information to a reporter, although they have lied, it is not against the law.

Armed with this defence, Lieutenant Greymouth went back to Leavenworth to see his client.

Bexton sat at a table, his hands manacled and locked to an iron ring, His legal advisor sat the other side, while two prison guards looked on.

The lawyer smiled, 'I have great news, Fred. We have a defence.'

'What defence?'

'The misinformation defence. You can't be charged under the classified information disclosure act if the information you leaked is false.'

Bexton stared at his lawyer. 'But it was true. Everything I said in the interview was true.'

The Lieutenant looked at his client, puzzled. 'Do you understand what I just told you. With this defence, the military has no sound case against you.'

Bexton replied, 'I can't lie under oath.'

'You don't have to. The prosecution has to win its case. The Military has to prove that you knowingly or inadvertently disclosed classified information to the media. To do so, they have to agree that what you said is authentic.'

'That's what I want to happen,' Bexton stated.

Greymouth, exasperated, said, 'But that will land you in jail.'

Bexton fixed the lawyer with his stare. 'You just don't get it. I don't care about doing jail time. I just want them to admit the truth.'

Greymouth threw his hands up in frustration. 'I give up.'

Bexton said, 'You have to comply with my wishes.'

'Yes, I know that, but I'm very much against this course of action.'

Greymouth met with Gus in North Park and told him about Bexton's decision. 'We could win this case just like that, the lawyer said, snapping his fingers. But Bexton wants to throw it all away to prove some point. I just don't get it,' Greymouth moaned, slowly shaking his head.

Gus frowned, 'It's a good job we have a second line of defence then.'

Greymouth narrowed his eyes. 'What do you mean?'

'If Bexton's telling the truth, somebody put that pulse weapon on his plane to test it out.'

'Yes, I've looked into that. The Air Force often tests out new weaponry at White Sands. They could have asked him to test it out.'

'But don't you see, if that were the case, the test pilot would have been briefed on how to use it.'

'Maybe he was briefed, but in the excitement of breaking the sound barrier it may have slipped his mind.'

'Even so, at the last moment, as Bexton turned back to base, a target presents itself. A flying saucer no less!'

'Yes, that part is puzzling.'

Gus argued, 'Not if the target was set up to test Bexton's reaction in the spur of the moment and show the weapon's effectiveness with no prior training.'

Greymouth shook his head. 'As a defence, it's far too risky. How could anybody have known an unidentified flying disc would pop up at that time. How did the pilot react so quickly and know how to use the particle beam weapon if he did not even know it had been installed?'

'First, we have to ascertain that the pulse weapon exists. To do that we have to find the manufacturer.'

'Gus grinned, 'We're pretty convinced it is American Electric.'

'Have they admitted it's theirs?'

'I managed to speak with someone in R and D. he denied knowing anything about a beam weapon.'

Gus sighed, 'He would, wouldn't he? We need someone higher up in the company.'

'Christ, Gus, we've only got two days before the trial.'

'Look, if it's theirs they haven't committed any crime. But if AE admits it, we have a material witness to say the weapon exists.'

'Only if AE agrees to testify. If this beam weapon is all hush-hush, they may not allow the evidence at the trial.'

Gus said, 'Just do your best.'

Greymouth, feeling way out of his depth complained, 'If we prove the weapon exists it could add weight to the prosecution's case. I don't see how this can work,' he moaned.

Gus shrugged, 'It's all we've got.'

'Unless!'

'Unless what?' Gus said.

The lawyer brightened. He had an idea.

'There's something I need to do,' Greymouth said, excitedly.

Greymouth contacted AE and spoke to Alan Sparks, Head of R and D. The lawyer outlined why he was calling.

Sparks said, 'So you want to know if the alleged ray weapon came from us?'

'That would be helpful, yes.'

'If we were working on an experimental weapon we would be bound by the official secrets act.'

'Of course. So you would deny that in a Court Martial.'

'Court Martial. We don't want to be involved in ...'

'No, of course, you don't, Mr Sparks. But if you were called to give evidence and were asked by me if you knew anything about the particle beam gun, would your answer be no?'

'My answer would have to be no as any reference to such a weapon would contravene the Defence Secrets Act.'

'Indeed, Mr Sparks. I will be calling upon you as an expert witness. I will forward you your appearance instructions forthwith.'

Sparks was not sure what had just happened. He sat bemused. Had the lawyer just torpedoed his case?

The tunnelling work under Mt Archuleta, which was being carried out by the newly formed US Army Corps of Engineers was becoming a hot potato. So-much-so that Captain Mack Dyson, an army spokesperson (troubleshooter) was called in to smooth feathers. He sat facing a contingent of angry Navajo elders and their legal advisor Russell Beaver. Mack listened as Russell presented the Indians' argument.

Captain Dyson put on his solemn face. 'Gentlemen, we have no excuse for this oversight but ...'

'Oversight! Forgetting a friend's birthday is an oversight. Trespassing on and destroying sacred land is a serious crime that contravenes the articles of the 1868 Treaty,' Russell responded.

'That may not have been the most appropriate word, and I apologise for that.'

The lawyer said, 'So what is the Army going to do about it?'

Mack smiled, 'I'm here to build a report based on your testimony. I will then present it to the appropriate people who will consider various options in response. I have no idea what they will be.'

Russell produced a piece of printed paper. 'Captain, we have an extreme case to take to the Bureau of Indian Affairs. But here is a list of conditions concerning building on tribal land. The first of which is about transparency. The elders demand that the US army tells them what plans it has for reservation land. Secondly, the council of elders must be given time to study the military's proposals before coming to a decision. Thirdly, if permission is granted for military excavation on tribal lands, the elders must have the right to observe the construction taking place.' Russell paused. Then

seeing a look of anguish on the Captain's face, he said, 'There are, as you can see, many more conditions. Take this back to your people and make them realise how serious we are about this.'

Roscoe looked at Tim quizzically, 'You have no idea what goes on here, do you?'

The security chief spun on his heel, 'I know enough to do my job. And that's all I need to know.'

'If you don't have a handle on what's going on here how do you know that's all you need to know.'

Tim began sweating. He snapped. 'What I tell you is all you need to know.'

'Timothy, your attitude to this job is all I need to know.'

'What the fuck are you on about?'

'Very soon the Commander is going to ask me how I would do your job.'

Timothy turned on the Admiral. 'Bull dust, 'You're just here because some big cheese in the Pentagon wants you here.'

'So, you've done your homework. So where are you going to take me next? The lower third maybe.'

'You don't have clearance for that, Admiral.'

'Do you?'

Timothy paused and thought about what Roscoe was saying. He had been merely playing to the Commander's tune, while convincing himself that he knew enough about the secret operations to be able to do his job. He stared at the Admiral. 'OK, smart ass what do you suggest?'

Roscoe eye-balled him. 'One of us has to go to see the Commander and explain that we need full access to the facility to be able to do our job.'

'Yeah, well good luck with that.'

'Well, whoever has the guts to face Mr X with this will probably have their balls handed to them. But they will have a job.'

'What do you mean?'

The Admiral said, 'I don't want your job. I want to know what's going on here.'

Malfoy knew the legend well. It explained why he and his kind lived deep down in the bowels of the Earth. The battles with the Els, bloody and brutal, had destroyed most of the Reptoid civilisation. The survivors, Malfoy's ancestors, either left Earth in their spaceships and went back to Altair in the Aquila constellation, which is associated with evil reptilian creatures of ancient lore. Or they were forced to spend their days in the subterranean depths of massive, abyssal, caves. But soon the time would come for him and his ilk to emerge onto the surface world to take their rightful place as rulers of Earth. The Greys just had to surreptitiously pave the way.

Under cover of darkness, of which there was plenty in the caves and tunnels deep below Dulce, Malfoy waited and watched for a sign of the Three. Once they arrived, the reptilians would reclaim what was theirs and use the base as a staging post to renew their ancient conflict with the Els.

Is Tesla's particle beam weapon practical? <http://moreisdifferent.com/2015/01/13/is-teslas-particle-beam-weapon-practical/>

Chapter 29

Commander X stood with his back to the Admiral, when Roscoe first walked in. He remained silent

just long enough to make Roscoe feel uncomfortable. Then he turned and said, 'Admiral, we are all caught up in a massive game.'

Roscoe was not expecting this, and he did not know how to respond. Besides, it was a statement, not a question.

'What would you say if I told you that hundreds of years ago surface humans, some say the Illuminati, made a pact with an alien nation hidden within the Earth.'

Roscoe responded, 'What sort of pact?'

'That's good. Answer a question with a question,'

'I'm nobody's fool, Commander.'

X nodded, 'Back in 1933 the US Government agreed to trade animals and humans in exchange for high tech knowledge, and allowed aliens to remain undisturbed in underground bases, in Western USA.'

'Like this one,' Roscoe commented.

'Oh, very much like this one, Admiral Killenhoutter.' X nodded, then continued, 'The government formed a special group called ALF to deal with the alien beings, who came from inner, not outer space.' ALF is an acronym for Alien Life Form. There was a lot of flashing, moving lights in the sky activity going on in South and Central America. So this team focused on those areas. But by 1940 the covert team of specialists shifted their focus to the USA.'

Roscoe stared at X. 'Why are you telling me this stuff?'

X smiled, 'To give you a sense of the enormity we are dealing with here. You may well have General Tindall's ear, but you are very low down in the pecking order of those running this thing. And as long as you know your place and keep to it we'll get along just fine.'

Roscoe wondered what the Commander was building up to. He asked, 'What is all this tunnelling going on underground, about? What's so important about this area?'

X smiled, 'I asked the same question of an army geologist. He told me the Continental Divide is essential. It has to do with the magnetics in substrata rocks, and high plasma energy states. He told me this area has a very high concentration of lightning activity, underground water courses and cave systems, as well as fields of atmospheric ions.'

Roscoe said, 'And I'm guessing these things are important to the tall Greys.'

X said, 'You don't get it, do you?'

'Get what?'

'It's not just the Greys here. There are others, deep down in the caverns. But you will never see them. If you did, you'd wish you hadn't.'

A chill shot up Roscoe's spine causing a slight shudder. 'Who the heck are they, Commander?'

'If you're smart you'll never want to know.' Then X said, 'Your day is up. What do you have for me?'

'For security to be effective here the chief security officer needs access to the whole base.'

X fixed the Admiral with his cold gaze. 'And that's your idea for improving security?'

'It's a start, Commander.'

'Right, well let me tell you this. Nobody except myself has access below lower level three.'

'What about the army engineers?'

'They stay within the strict confines of their work area. Anybody who wanders where they should not be will be very sorry. Is that clear, Admiral?'

'Yes.'

'Very well, Providing you stay within the parameters I have outlined to you, I will make you my new head of security.'

Roscoe could not believe it. 'I don't think Colonel Costello will be pleased about this.'

'That's none of your concern, Admiral. Anyway, he had to leave to deal with personal matters.'

'He never mentioned he was leaving.'

X shrugged, 'Why would he? It's none of your business.'

'So he had to leave suddenly just as I turned up?' Roscoe said, incredulous.

'Yes, quite a coincidence,' X smiled.

The day of the court-martial at White Sands AFB arrived. Brigadier General Sanchez deemed the crime serious enough to proceed with the court-martial. Because of the classified nature of the crime, James Foreman, the Defence Secretary presided. It was his first court-martial. He addressed Captain Bexton. 'Will the prisoner please stand'.

Bexton rose to his feet.

'Captain Frederick Arthur Bexton you stand accused of disclosing classified information in that you did divulge such information in a radio interview. How do you plead?'

'Guilty, Sir.'

Foreman looked straight at the prisoner. 'Do you realise that by entering a guilty plea you are not entitled to a trial?'

'Yes, Sir.'

Greymouth rose on shaky legs. 'Your Honour, I believe this is an Alford plea.'

'And what makes you think that?'

'The defence answered, 'This is not just an open and shut case, your Honour. There are mitigating circumstances that mean the prosecution will need to present its evidence at trial.'

'What mitigating factors, counsellor?'

'The charge is that of disclosing classified intelligence, Your Honour.'

'We already know that, Councillor.'

'Yes, your Honour but for there to be a fair trial we need to examine the nature of that intelligence.'

The prosecution attorney stood up. 'Objection your Honour. An Alford plea can only be entered when the accused pleads guilty because it's in his best interest to do so, even though he believes he is not guilty.'

Foreman stared at him. 'Councillor, I do know what an Alford plea is.' He turned to Greymouth.

'Does your client know of these mitigating circumstances?'

'I have informed him, your Honour. But he refuses a defence that makes him look like a liar.'

Foreman rubbed his chin. 'Very well, I will speak with the prisoner alone.'

Greymouth knew it was a risky path to take. But that was all he had to work with.

Judge Foreman spoke to the accused in his chambers. 'Your service record shows you to be a brave and honourable man. You had just flown faster than sound. You were well respected among your peers. So why did you do the interview that's got you into this mess?'

'The CO at White Sands said I was unstable and grounded me.'

'Why did General Sanchez do that?'

'Because of my report, Sir.'

Foreman shuffled through some papers. He picked one up. 'Ah yes, The report in which you claimed to have encountered and shot down a flying saucer.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Do you feel wronged about being grounded?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Is that why you spoke about your alleged experience on the radio?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Do you regret what you did?'

'No, Sir.'

'Do you feel justified in what you did?'

Bexton fixed Foreman with his gaze. 'The air force said I was either a liar or I need a psychiatric evaluation.'

'If you feel badly treated by the air force why did you plead guilty?'

Bexton remained silent for a moment. 'Because I'm an honest man.'

Foreman said. 'Did you think that by airing your story in public you somehow got your honour restored?'

'Yes, I suppose I did, Sir.'

'Captain Bexton. I have heard enough to grant you a trial.'

' But, Sir!'

'Enough, Captain. I have made my decision.'

Roscoe stood before his security team, while Commander X introduced him to his men. Commander X, in his trademark pristine white linen suit, said, 'Admiral Killenhoutter is taking over the Colonel's duties. So meet your new boss.' He then excused himself and left the Admiral to the tender mercies of his team.

Roscoe looked at the expressions of dislike, sullenness, suspicion, worry, discomfort etc. And he knew whatever he said was not going to win them over. But he had to say something. 'I look

forward to working with you people to make this excellent base as secure as possible. I hope to catch up with you individually. If you have any questions come and see me.'

One of the officers said, 'I have a question. What happened to Tim?'

Some of the other men grunted their assent then mumbles and nods became a cacophony of noise.

Roscoe, waited for the din to die down. Then he said, 'As far as I know he had to leave to deal with some personal business.'

'Likely bloody story,' one of the men scoffed.

'He never said anything about having problems to me, a guard stated.

'Others joined in with 'Me to.'

Roscoe had to regain control. 'OK, We've still got a job to do so let's get to it. Roscoe opened a personnel folder it contained a brief bio of each of the team members. He put his finger on one of the pictures and looked around the room. 'I'd like to see Thomas Gaines in my office. The rest of you are dismissed.'

Sergeant T Gaines showed scars of battle, courtesy of a Nazi bayonet that just missed blinding him in his left eye, but left a long jagged line that ended up giving him a down turned top lip. He did the best he could to hide this disfigurement under a moustache. He had been at Dulce nearly as long as Tim, and they had been good friends for years. He glared at Roscoe, 'I don't know what you're doing here but If I find out you had anything to do with the Colonel's disappearance you'd better watch out.'

The Admiral looked him in the eye. 'I know nothing about him leaving this base. I'm as surprised as you. But if you make another threat towards a superior officer, Sergeant, I have you in the brig before your feet can touch the ground.'

'Sir, yes Sir,' Gaines parodied snapping to attention.

'Sergeant, I was not expecting this, and I don't like it any more than you do. Now, we can either make this work for both of us, or I will have you replaced. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Right, I want you to give me a guided tour and show me how things work around here.'

As Gaines showed the Admiral around, he lost some of his stiffness and began to feel more relaxed with his boss. As they took a break in the canteen, Gaines said, 'What do you know about this place?'

'What, Dulce base?'

'Yes.'

'Not much. I know that there is top secret research going on here. You've been here a lot longer than me, so you tell me what you know.'

Neither of them knew the other well enough to talk about what they knew of the EBEs. But Gaines said, 'Tommy Winterton used to be a guard here. We were mates in the Marines, and he started work here shortly after me.'

'So what happened to him?'

'He got a bit too curious.'

'About what?' Roscoe pressed.

'He told me he was doing his rounds on level three when he came across a secret passageway with steps leading down to the next level. He saw where the Army engineers had been tunnelling with the mole, drilling machine. Then he heard strange noises, screeches piercing the cool subterranean air. He described them to me as 'unearthly' and rushed back up the steps to level three. He was terrified.'

Roscoe listened while his coffee cooled. 'Have you seen this secret passage?'

Gaines shook his head. 'I checked, but there was no sign of it.'

'We need to find it.'

'Why, Sir?'

'Because it's a security breach, Sergeant.'

America's Top Secret Bases - bibliotecapleyades.net.

https://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/sociopolitica/esp_sociopol_underground07.htm

Chapter 30

Robert Evening Sky recited from the Rainbow Prophecy. 'There will come a time, when the earth is ravaged and polluted, the forests are destroyed, the birds fall from the air, the waters will be blackened, the fish are poisoned in the streams, and the trees will no longer be and mankind, as we would know it will cease to exist'

He sat looking at the boys around him. 'That time is here. So what can we do about it?' he asked.

The boys, whose ages ranged from 8 to 15, sat there with blank expressions. Then one lad said, 'Will the Sky Warriors come back and help us?'

Robert answered, 'We can't rely on that. We have to do something for ourselves first.'

'Why can't they just rescue us and take us off in one of their flying saucers?' one of the younger boys said.

'If we just wait for people to come and rescue us we're not warriors, we're victims.' He looked at the boys. 'Are you victims or warriors?'

After a few moments of silence an older boy said, 'What can we do then?'

'First, we must keep the Rainbow Prophecy alive. We must become the keepers of the legends, rituals, and other myths that will be needed when the time comes to restore health on Earth.'

'Then will they help us?' One of the boys asked.

Robert assumed a brighter disposition, 'The Sky warriors will return at the time of awakening when all people will unite and create a new world of justice, peace and freedom. They will be called the 'Warriors of the Rainbow'. They will reteach the values and the knowledge that has been lost in time, and demonstrate how to have wisdom and extra-perception. Unity, harmony and love will be the only way forward.'

One boy challenged, 'True warriors fight their enemy. They do not hide behind myth and superstition.'

Robert smiled. He had wanted to confront the army on their land. But the Sky Warrior told him

violence and confrontation was not the way. Robert heeded his advice. He said to the boy, 'They have many more soldiers than us and much better weapons. It is not wise to die when it is not necessary. We must find a peaceful means to get our enemies to listen to us.'

'And if they don't, what then?' The same boy pressed.

'They will if we approach them with questions, not threats.'

After the meeting with the boys, Robert went to a peaceful spot on the Mesa and sat down, gazing at the nearly full moon he quietened his mind. He knew the boys were much more interested in the bright lights of the big cities than in their heritage. Soon, elders like him would go to the great sky spirit, the last keepers of the Hopi traditions, myths and prophecies. It all began long ago when the Great Spirit came down and gathered the peoples of the earth together on a now sunk island. He told them 'I'm going to send you in four directions and gradually change you to four colours. You will take with you the original teachings. When you return united, you will share this knowledge so you can all live in peace on earth, as one great civilisation.

So far it had not turned out that way, But Robert lived in hope. For without faith what was there?'

James Foreman, the Secretary of Defence, as the convening authority, judged the case of Captain Bexton versus the US Air Force. Lieutenant Greymouth got his Alford plea, and Bexton got to have his day in court, but not the way he wanted.

He was furious with Greymouth for going against his wishes. Bexton, back in a holding cell, refused to see his legal advisor. 'I don't want to talk to you.' he ranted.

'You may well be angry with me Captain, but I am working in your best interest.'

Bexton glared at him. 'Yeah, well now you're fired.'

'You need a defence, and I'm it.'

'Not any longer. Get out of here!'

Greymouth turned to leave. But before he did so, he said, 'OK, it's your right to fire me. But before you do hear me out.'

The Captain sighed, 'If I must.'

'I've been trying to find a way I can defend you without you losing your integrity.'

'How's that supposed to work?'

'I think I've found a way to prove our case against the Air Force without compromising you.'

Bexton showed more interest. 'What do you mean?'

'I have found an expert witness who will testify in your favour and prove you are innocent of all charges levelled against you.'

Bexton looked straight at his lawyer. 'I'm not changing my story.'

'You don't have to.'

Bexton looked at Greymouth, his face a question mark. Then it was time to go back into court.

Both the accused and the prosecution had an opportunity to investigate the facts behind the case. This included reviewing documents and conducting depositions. Being a military trial, the investigation could continue during any part of the court-martial process. So the legal

representatives of both parties hid nothing from each other. As the trial began, Major Sandpiper said, 'May I approach the bench, your Honour?'

Foreman said, 'Very well. Will both counsels step forward.'

Sandpiper said, 'How can Alan Sparks be a witness in this case?'

Foreman turned to Greymouth. 'Your witness. You explain.'

The defence lawyer, not expecting a challenge so soon, said, 'That will become apparent when I call him.'

Sandpiper responded, 'The air force cannot be prepared for this expert witness until we know the reason for his appearance.'

Greymouth jumped up. 'Your Honour, we deem it prejudicial to our case to say anything more about it at this point.'

Foreman turned to Sandpiper. 'Objection overruled. Let's proceed with the case.'

Greymouth, relieved, sighed deeply. Then he returned to his table.

The case was not held in camera, so Gus Dallas was able to attend the hearing. Although Judge Foreman had the right to clear the court if classified information was to be aired.

Sandpiper was supremely confident as he strutted around the floor delivering his opening remarks. As far as he was concerned it was an open and shut case. His only worry was what Alan Sparks might say, but he hid it well. He explained the crime with which Captain Bexton was charged and the evidence to support those charges.

Greymouth, however, was not so self-assured. This was his first court-martial. He stood up on shaky legs. He shuffled through his notes, Then he finally said, 'The prosecution has pointed out the charges against Captain Frederick Bexton. And they claim to have the evidence to support those charges.'

The Judge interrupted, saying, 'Mr Greymouth we do not need you to repeat what the prosecution has clearly outlined. Please get on with putting your case.'

Greymouth, wanted to crawl away and hide. He cleared his throat. 'My apologies, your Honour.' Greymouth displayed a weak smile. 'The Defence does not question the prosecution's case. What we do question is the validity of the charge. We intend to show why the defendant took the action he did.' Having said that, he slumped down slowly on his seat.

The prosecution called Leonard Mathers to the witness stand. After getting sworn in Mathers answered some questions. Yes, he did interview Captain Bexton. The interview was about Roswell the alleged spaceship crash. Yes, the captain said there were two separate crashes at Roswell. The first one was that of a train of high altitude balloons. But the second was a flying saucer shot down by an experimental Jet aircraft flying out of White Sands. Yes, the test pilot attested to using a strange weapon to shoot down the flying saucer; and yes, the pilot did report that that three spacemen had crewed the flying disc. One was found dead, and the other two were taken away to a secret location.'

The judge said, 'Your witness, Mr Greymouth.'

He stood up and approached the witness. 'Mr Mathers I heard your interview on the radio, so I know what you said is true. But were you concerned as to whether the defendant's story was true or not.'

'Well Ogden radio may be small and insignificant, but we don't purposely air spurious stories.'

'But you don't necessarily fact check everything before you broadcast it, do you?'

'Of course not. It would be impossible to do so, especially at short notice, your Honour.'

Greymouth looked the witness in the eye. 'And your interview with Captain Bexton took place at very short notice, did it not?'

'Yes.'

'Two hours notice if I am correct.'

'Yes, something like that.'

Greymouth, gaining confidence, smiled. 'When the Captain phoned you and outlined his story, you must have been very excited. So much so that the interview you had planned with Father Croyden about the upcoming St Peter's fundraiser was pushed aside to make room for Captain Bexton's extraordinary Roswell disclosure.'

Sandpiper jumped up. 'Objection your honour. The Defence is leading the witness.'

Foreman agreed, 'Counsellor keep your examination to questions only. Not lengthy and boring speeches.'

'My apologies your Honour.' Then to the witness. 'Would you not say that you were so excited about the prospect of interviewing a test pilot who broke the sound barrier and shot down a flying saucer that you made no less than six announcements about the interview to entice your listeners.'

'Yes, it was fascinating.'

'As I said, I heard the interview and at no point did you challenge or ask for proof about the story. So let me ask you this. Did you believe what Captain Bexton told you and your listeners?'

'I try to have an open mind.'

'That does not answer my question.'

'Your Honour, I was just caught up in the fantastic story.'

Greymouth pressed, 'Mr Mathers tell this court did you believe Captain Bexton shot down a flying saucer?'

Mather's radio station relied a lot on local business sponsorship in advertising. His credibility was on the line. 'No, it all seems too incredible to be true.'

Greymouth, relieved went back to his seat.

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<https://www.godlikeproductions.com/forum1/message3942063/pg1>

Chapter 31

Peter looked at Philip. 'Well?' he said with bated breath, upon his return to the UNM in Albuquerque.'

'As far as we can see it's not of this earth.'

'That means it's from a flying saucer – right?' Pete exploded, hardly able to contain himself.

'Let's not jump the gun here bro. I don't know where it came from, but it wasn't from the Earth.'

'What's it made of then?' Pete asked.

'Tests show it's comprised of a cocktail of metal alloys, but we don't have anything on Earth so light and so strong.'

Peter looked at his brother. 'So what do we do about it now?'

'We need to do more testing, but we're not equipped here. So I took the initiative and contacted a colleague.'

'Colleague! What colleague?' Peter asked, his bright smile replaced by a deep frown.

'Relax brother. He works for the Technical Intelligence Division of the Air Materiel Command. They have more sophisticated technology.'

Peter stared at his brother, his eyes on stalks. 'You sent my discovery to the fucking Air Force!'

Philip took a step back. 'Only a small sample.'

'Only a small fucking sample. Let me tell you what will happen. The Feds will either get panicky and come asking you questions. Or they'll just bury it like it never happened.'

'My friend promised not to tell anyone else.'

'Who is this friend, Philip?'

'He's a CIA scientist, but ...'

'Jesus, he's a spook scientist working with the fucking Air Force. Where do you think his loyalties lie?'

Philip stood there open-mouthed. 'I just wanted to find ...'

'Where's the rest of the spaceship part?'

'I'll get it for you. But what are you going to do with it?'

'What, so you can tell your buddy?'

Philip rounded on his brother. 'That's not fair. I was only trying to help.'

'Just get me the fucking metal.'

Walther sat looking at the report. It read:

Project SIGN

Highly confidential

The emergence in 1947 of the Cold War confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union also saw the first wave of UFO sightings. The initial report of a flying saucer over the United States came on 24 June 1947, when Kenneth Arnold, a private pilot and reputable businessman, while looking for a downed plane, sighted nine disk-shaped objects near Mt. Rainier, Washington, travelling at an estimated speed of over 1,000 mph. Arnold's report was followed by a flood of additional sightings, including those from military and civilian pilots and air traffic controllers all over the United States.

General Tindall looked up from the report at the young officer in the white lab coat. Lieutenant Leftbridge. 'So you have something for me.'

Leftbridge, who was with the Technical Intelligence Division of the Air Materiel Command, having already lodged an initial report, brought his CO up to date. 'We have carried out all the chemical and electromagnetic tests, and we have not seen anything like it.'

'Could it be Soviet?'

The Russian cold war paranoia was already building. 'We conclude that it's not from Earth.'

Walther nodded. 'Send me your full report.' The General demanded, 'One more thing. Who is the source of this material?'

'A friend who works at the UNM. He came across the sample and thought I might be able to work out what it is.'

'I see, Lieutenant. And where did he find the sample?'

Leftbridge shrugged, 'I don't know, sir.'

Walther dismissed the junior officer and went back to his report:

Project SIGN officially commences its work on 23 January 1948, but to all intents and purposes, it has already begun. Walther slid a sheet of paper into his Remington streamlined portable typewriter and made some notes:

Although I was concerned that the objects might be Soviet secret weapons, I have concluded that flying saucers are real, but easily explained and not extraordinary.

I have found that almost all sightings stem from one or more of three causes: mass hysteria, hallucination and hoax. Or misinterpretation of known objects.

Nevertheless, I recommend that continued Military Intelligence controls the investigation of all sightings. This does not rule out the possibility of extraterrestrial phenomena.

Philip and his team of students were helping with a US geological survey to study the tectonic aspects of basin-border relationships between the Sandia uplift and the Albuquerque Basin. He was explaining the process, which had begun two years before. With the rise of Albuquerque as a centre of Gold during Spanish rule, the city had served as a shipping point for metal ores and timber. Philip paused in his explanation, as a Blue Hudson Commodore pulled up close by and two men wearing dark suits and sunshades climbed out.

Philip left his work group and approached them. They were either gangsters or spooks. 'Can I help you, gentlemen?' he asked with some trepidation.

'Are you Dr Conrad?'

'Yes. Who are you?'

The men proudly showed their FBI IDs. 'Dr Conrad, we need to ask you some questions.'

Philip forced a smile. 'This is really not a good time. I'm in the middle of a field study with my students.'

The Fed in charge stared at the scientist. 'Well, I'm very sorry if this inconveniences you. And I'm sure Mr Truman will put national security on hold while you play with your students, but this is urgent. So you can either help us here, or we take you back to headquarters. Your choice.'

'Very well. What do you want to know?'

'Did you carry out some unauthorised tests on a piece of metal?'

'Yes.'

'How did you get hold of it?'

Philip's sharp mind was racing. How could he sound plausible without mentioning his brother? 'I discovered it in the desert.'

The agent nodded. 'Whereabouts?'

'It's a big desert. I was just passing by when I saw it, half buried. But I don't know where exactly.'

The Fed nodded again. 'So, it was important enough for you to stop and investigate, but you didn't record where you were. I find that very hard to believe, what with you being a Geologist and all.'

Philip shrugged, 'What can I say?'

The agent took out a pair of handcuffs. 'The truth would be good. Or we'll have to interrogate you properly.'

Philip felt trapped. Each time he opened his mouth he fell deeper into a hole of his making. The Geologist was no good at lying, and couldn't stomach the prospect of torture. Why the fuck had he gotten involved with his irrational brother's crazy conjectures about aliens and spaceships? He looked at the agent. 'I haven't been entirely honest.'

The prosecution thought they had the case sewn up, so there was no need for any other witnesses. Greymouth had three witnesses. The first one, Brigadier General Sanchez, took the stand.

Greymouth began to feel heart palpitations. He steadied himself with slow deep breathing. 'Are you General Luis Sanchez, CO of White Sands Missile Base?'

Sanchez glared at the Defence attorney. To be called as a Defence witness in the court-martial was too much. He said, 'Yes.'

'General, is it your job to go through test pilot reports?'

'Sometimes, yes.'

'After Captain Bexton broke the sound barrier in a Bell X1 concept aircraft, did you ask to see his flight report?'

'Yes.'

'Why was that? General.'

'There were some anomalies in the report.'

'Anomalies. What like shooting down a flying saucer?'

A stony silence settled in the courtroom.

Sandpiper was champing at the bit, and the Judge became particularly alert.

Sanchez said 'All pilot reports are top secret, So I can't comment on that.' Sanchez determined to show that upstart lieutenant he wasn't going to get away with dragging him into court.

Greymouth, setting up his trap, said, 'General, do you have a copy of Captain Bexton's report?'

'No.'

'Is that because the file went missing and has not been found?'

'I know nothing about that. I'm not a filing clerk.'

This comment elicited a bit of mirth from the chamber.

'I will have order in this court,' Foreman firmly stated.

Greymouth said, 'For the record, the report is officially missing.' He turned to Sanchez. 'General, was the information in that report given to the Ogden Radio for public broadcast?'

'I can't comment on that.'

'No, of course, you can't' Greymouth said. He paused to build tension. 'One more thing, General. Did you think Bexton's report was invalid? In other words was there parts of the report you would deem unauthentic?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Of course, General?' So there were entries in the report that you did not believe.'

'Yes. it was brought to my notice, which is why I took a personal interest in the file.'

Greymouth grinned, 'Thank you, General. That will be all.'

Gus, in the gallery, smiled. He knew the Defence lawyer's game, and, for a rookie he was doing well.

The next witness was chief engineer Szymanski. Like the General, he was not happy being called as a Defence witness.

Greymouth, a little more confident, walked up to the witness box. 'Mr Szymanski, do you work at Wright Field air base as the chief engineer?'

'Yes.'

'Very well. Now, as chief engineer, I guess you will have worked on many different types of aircraft. Is that so?'

'Yes.'

'Now, is it also true that just after Independence day this year, you took delivery of a damaged flying disc?'

The chamber became a mixture of stunned silence and oohs and ahs.

Szymanski responded, 'No. I don't know what you're talking about.'

'Are you saying you did not show anyone the damage to the flying disc?'

'There was no flying disc, so how could I show it to anybody.'

'Thank you, Mr Szymanski.'

Szymanski stood puzzled as Greymouth backed off.

Judge Foreman asked, 'Does the prosecution wish to question this witness?'

Sandpiper rose to his feet, 'Yes, your Honour.' Looking at Szymanski, he said, 'If you did have this alleged flying disc in your hangar, would you admit to it?'

'No, Sir.'

'Why not?'

'Because it would be top secret and to do so could have me on a court-martial charge.'

Sandpiper smiled. Now the Defence could not use Szymanski's denial to bolster its case.

'So we don't know if you answered the Defence's questions truthfully or not,'

'Yes, that's right.'

Gus caught the forlorn look on Greymouth's face. It did not bode well.

The next witness, Alan Sparks, Head of R and D at American Electric took the stand.

Greymouth girded his loins and faced the witness. 'Mr Sparks, does your company make weapons for the US military?'

'We are under contract to the military, yes.'

'Under contract for making experimental weapons?'

'As such information is classified top secret I can't give any details.'

Greymouth said, 'Yes, there seems to be a lot of it about at the moment.'

His remark elicited some mirth and a sharp rebuke from the Judge.

Greymouth then said, 'Mr Sparks, if you were to give false information about your R and D work for the military would you be contravening the official secrets act?'

Alan shrugged, 'Why would I do that?'

'Just answer the question?'

'I don't really understand the question,' Sparks said, puzzled.

Sandpiper jumped up. 'Objection, irrelevant, your Honour.'

'Yes, what is the relevance, Counsellor?'

'Your Honour, We can't get to the truth while witnesses lie so as not to disclose information that could get them into trouble.'

'I take your point, Counsellor, but stay away from hypotheticals. The witness will answer the question.'

Greymouth turned to Sparks. 'Do you understand the question now?'

'Yes. If I divulged false top-secret intelligence, I don't think I could have been charged. But the situation has never arisen and ...'

'Thank you, Mr Sparks, that will be all.'

Sandpiper, seeing where his learned friend's defence was going, made an attempt to head him off at the pass. He approached the witness. 'Mr Sparks, is it true to say that you are only privy to sensitive information about the parameters of a military contract?'

'Yes.'

'So there may well be aspects of classified data you do not know about.'

'Yes.'

'So how would you know what is true and what is false about that which you do not know?'

Greymouth objected, 'Your Honour this case is becoming more and more like the Mad Hatter's tea party. 'How can the witness determine the truth about what he does not know?'

'So, your objection is?' Judge Foreman asked.

'Relevance, your Honour.'

'Sustained.' Turning to the Prosecution counsellor, Foreman said, 'Do you have any useful questions for this witness?'

'No more questions, your Honour.'

'Very well. Does the defence have any more witnesses to call?' the Judge asked.

Greymouth got up. 'I would like to question Brigadier General Sanchez again, Your Honour.'

Sanchez was not happy being brought back as a witness again. But he had to comply, He looked at Greymouth with a sour expression.

Greymouth said, 'General, is it true to say that you believe in aliens and flying saucers?'

'No, they're the fantasy of fools.'

The Defence lawyer pointed to the defendant. 'Fools like him?'

'I don't know what he believes.'

'Really, General, Didn't he say on the radio that he shot down a flying saucer?'

'So I gather - yes.'

'Isn't he standing in this courtroom today because he disclosed classified information to the general public?'

'Yes.'

'Now let me see if I have this straight. Captain Bexton stands here accused of revealing top secret classified information. Yet you don't believe what he said was true.'

Sandpiper, seeing what the Defence was up to, stood up. 'Objection, your Honour. What the General believes or does not believe is not fact and therefore is not relevant.'

Judge Foreman turned to Greymouth. 'Please stick to the facts, Counsel.'

'Yes, your Honour. Now, General, did the defendant disclose classified information by what he said on the radio?'

'Yes.'

'Was his disclosure authentic or were some of the things he said pure fantasy?'

'Some things were not completely accurate.'

'What things like shooting down flying saucers with an electromagnetic pulse weapon?'

'Yes.'

'So, if we omit all references to flying saucers, aliens, and energy pulse weapons his story is correct.'

'Possibly yes.'

'It wouldn't leave much of an interview then. The only reason the radio wanted the story is precisely because it was about what you call the made up stuff.'

'Possibly.'

So, how can my client be guilty of divulging sensitive information if he made it up?'

General Sanchez, feeling very uncomfortable, shuffled around.

Greymouth, going in for the kill, said, 'Would you like me to repeat the question?'

Sanchez shook his head. 'He is charged because of the information he disclosed that was not a lie.'

'And what would that be, General?'

'I can't tell you that.'

Judge Foreman said, 'If I clear the court will you tell us what you mean?'

Sanchez, not expecting this, retracted. 'I don't have a transcript of the interview, your Honour.'

'I can help you there, General,' Greymouth smirked. 'If we subtract the information you claim is false there is nothing left of the interview that warrants the charges made against my client. Therefore the court must find him not guilty.'

Foreman said 'The Defence makes a valid point. If there are no more witnesses, I will now retire and render my verdict. The court will rise.'

Fred Bexton left the court, exonerated. The court's judgement was in Captain Bexton's favour with a word of warning about him saying nothing else to the media. The court recommended that Captain F Bexton be reinstated as a test pilot at White Sands. Gus thought it was a great result and he told Lieutenant Greymouth so as the lawyer left the court. Greymouth was chuffed at winning his first court, Martial. Gus said, 'Very well done. You pulled it off.'

The Lawyer beamed, 'Yes, I did, but not without your help and encouragement.'

'We made a good team' Gus grinned.

'Yes, well I've got to go and see my client. And he doesn't look that pleased.'

As the euphoria of winning the case began to wear off, Gus was thrown back into the real world. The one in which he had to contact Genral Tindall and explain his absence. He found a public phone booth near the court. Gus dialled up the General's private number and waited. Then he heard the General's voice.

'Major Dallas here sir.'

'Dallas! I thought you were AWOL.'

'No sir, I've been working with the Defence lawyer on the Bexton case.'

'Well, you've been off the radar. I've got people looking for you.'

'Well, we won the case. Flash Bexton will soon be flying high again.'

'Where are you, Major?'

'Outside the courthouse at White Sands.'

'Wait there, and somebody will pick you up.'

'How long is that going to take?'

'Just stay there, near a public phone. Major.'

Peter felt safe and secure as he settled down to listen to the radio. He enjoyed his evenings at home with Bonnie, the love of his life. Her presence gave him a sense of contentment with his life at

Cedar Crest, Albuquerque.

Chapter 32

Bonnie preferred a beautiful romance, like Diana Wilding's 'Love's Vintage', her latest book. Bonnie Conrad had always been excited by the thrill of the unknown. As a romance reading teenager who wondered about the things she read, Bonnie learned a lot about kissing and swooning. The kiss was very important. It could make or break a deal. She had tried out different men searching for the one who made her toes curl and back arch. Petey much to her wonderment turned out to be the one. Kisses led quickly to heavy petting, over the clothes of course. Their clothed bodies touched timidly at first. Light exploring touches. Gripping his ass through the soft jeans that drew her eye to him, to begin with. Thinking of that early innocence and sexual exploration, Bonnie felt a familiar warmth and cuddled up to Petey on the couch. With dinner and dishes done it was time to relax. As their bodies pressed together Bonnie felt his erection making itself known. Her hand brushed against his hardness. Peter moaned at her light touch. As if in response Pete's hand slid under her shirt, firmly squeezing Bonnie's breasts through her bra. Her nipples pebbled and her back arched slightly.

'Are you okay my darling?' Pete said.

'Oh yes! Don't stop!' she gasped a choked moan escaping her lips.

He lifted her shirt for easier access and kissed her nipples while cupping her right breast. He'd always loved their fullness. Bonnie squealed and wriggled around as a sharp jolt shot down between her legs.

Peter manoeuvred his wife onto her back and moved between her legs. At that moment he heard a car pull up in their driveway. 'This can't be happening!' Bonnie panted.

But it had! And the heady atmosphere filled with sex quickly dissipated as an FBI Blue Hudson Commodore pulled up next to the old Ford Tudor Sedan. Two FBI agents got out and approached the house.

'Who the fuck can it be this time of night?' Peter cursed, startled by the knock on his door.

Bonnie said, 'Ignore them, then they'll go away.'

Peter was not so sure. It was late for callers. He crouched to look through the newly installed peephole in his front door. Two men in dark suits were standing there.

One of them knocked again. 'Open up. FBI.'

Peter nervously opened the door a little; the agents barged in, giving Bonnie a scare.

'Why are you here?' Peter demanded brusquely.

'You've got something that doesn't belong to you,' one of the agents stated.

'What are you talking about?' Peter snapped, trying to gain some control of the situation.

'The piece of metal you found in the desert,' one of the agents said.

'How do you know about that?' Peter responded, puzzled.

'Just get it for us, and we'll leave you be.' one of the agents pressed.

'It was my brother, wasn't it. He sent you here.'

The Fed ignored the question. 'If you don't hand it over immediately I'll haul you in for theft of government property.' the agent threatened.

Peter stared at him. 'Government property! That's horse shit!'

Bonnie could see things turning nasty. She already had the artefact in her hands. 'Take it and go,' she said tersely.

The agent who made the threat took it off her. He got close to Peter. 'Just because you find something son, it doesn't mean it's yours to keep. It's in your interest to remember that.'

Peter lost his sexual appetite. His heart was still beating furiously five minutes after the agents left with his prize. 'My fucking brother dobbed me in.'

'You don't know that Pete.' Bonnie said, trying to calm her husband down.

'Who else, apart from us, knew about the spaceship part?'

'If it were your brother he would probably have been as scared as you.'

'I'm not scared!' he snapped. 'I'm fucking angry.'

Luis Carrera, on the fifth floor of the Pentagon's C Ring, ran the project. It was the domain of Military Intelligence, and Luis was damned if he let the NSA muscle in and take over.

Hoyt Patterson had other ideas. He looked straight at Carrera, 'The Plutonium Metallurgy at Los Alamos stated, 'Substances recovered from the crashed saucer are made from materials, not from this earth.'

Luis shrugged, 'Nothing is staggering about that revelation. All tests carried out on the metal have revealed inexplicable properties. So why are we having this conversation?'

'No, you don't get it, Luis. This is the finding we will release to the media.'

Carrera's look showed incredulity. 'What the hell are you talking about?'

'The report will come from an anonymous caller from the Department of Defence. The source claiming to be from the Advanced Aerospace Threat Identification Programme will inform the media that we have recovered unknown alloys believed to have come from a flying saucer, made of properties unknown to science.'

'Why the fuck would you do that?'

'Distraction and the lesser of two evils.'

Hoyt, you're not making a helluva lot of sense.'

The press has been sniffing around Los Alamos. We can't have the media finding out about our Atomic Weapons programme. The flying saucer story will get their attention and distract them from our atomic bomb research.'

Carrera doubted it was a smart move. 'Yes, but for you to admit to aliens and flying saucers it will open up a huge can of worms.'

Patterson sat back and laughed. 'We're not admitting anything. Officially we will deny the whole thing.'

Malfoy had Kraak with him as they waited for Aatakk to show. The tall Grey was what could be termed a go-between the Greys and the Dracos. Any level below third was out of bounds to all

Greys, except Aatakk, who descended to level four via a hidden passageway. AAtakk had left it visible the last time he used it. That was when the security guard got as far as level three.

Once Aatakk had arrived, Malfoy quickly took him to task. 'You left the passageway unprotected the last time you came here, Aatakk and one of the Earthians nearly discovered us.'

The tall Grey bowed his head. 'I am most sorry, Malfoy. I will not let it happen again.'

The twelve-foot Reptoid leader stared down at him. 'There will not be a second chance for you. If you do forget again, you will go the way of many before you.'

'I understand and plead for your mercy, great Malfoy.'

'Very well.' He turned to Kraak. 'Kraak will outline the next part of the plan. But first, how are you going with the implants?'

Our team of scientists is making good progress. The Earthians believe we are here to carry out experiments on a colossal scale to save our race. So we are able to insert many susceptible Earthians with our brain implants. They have been programmed to help overthrow the Earthians soon.'

The Dracos only fed Aatakk with enough information for him to do his job.

Kraak said nothing about the Reptoids shapeshifting into Earthians to control the planet. He said, 'Your job is to see that the world becomes so stressed that Earthian resistance will be minimal, during the overt takeover and control of their kind.'

Aatakk bowed again. 'I understand, great Kraak.'

Kraak satisfied the takeover was going to plan, excused himself.

Malfoy took Aatakk on tour around the tunnels. He thought it strange that they did not encounter more Reptoids on the way, but he did not mention it. There was no small talk with the Reptoids. Malfoy said, 'When we first came to this planet we lived in the subterranean Aghartian colonies, below what is known as North America and Asia. At the time we had a good relationship with a race of pre-Scandinavian Nordics. They maintained a powerful and scientifically civilised society, the remains of which lie buried deep in the sands of the Gobi Desert region of Asia. As allies, we both waged war against a race of Antarctic-based Reptoids called Els. We won and successfully drove them from this planet.'

Aatakk nodded, 'Very interesting but I sense there is a reason for you telling me this.'

'They are coming back stronger and better equipped.'

Aatakk, stunned into silence, stood still, unable to think.

Malfoy continued, 'They are coming under cover of darkness to their hidden bases, to reclaim this planet, which was once theirs and to use it, and us, as a staging location, a gathering point for their vast, well equipped army.'

'Who are these Els?'

'A serpent race that wants us to believe this planet is theirs. These ELs, the so-called Elder race, come from an Earthian branch as part of Hebrew heritage. Earthians who have any knowledge of this refer to the ELs as the Anakim or Nepheli.'

'What does this have to do with us?' Aatakk asked.

Malfoy looked down at the tall grey. 'We cannot let them keep us from our goal.'

'Which is?'

'To take over the Earthian world, of course.'

Kronsky and Dr Rosen exited the elevator at level three. The lift didn't go down any further.

Kronsky turned to Rosen. 'We're going to observe the big guys at work. Now you don't say anything. But I'll tell you this before we enter their world. You'll see humans in there. They're in a kind of comatose state.'

'What's happening to them?'

'It's best not to ask those kinds of questions.'

'What if we think they're cruel to the patients? Do we just stand idly by and do nothing?'

Kronsky fixed Rosen with a cold gaze. 'How did it feel when you carrying out experiments on other Jews?'

'I was just trying to survive.' Rosen snapped.

'Isn't that what we're doing here - finding a way to be useful. Because the minute we're no longer useful,' Kronsky ran his finger across his throat for emphasis. 'So just watch, listen and stay shtum.'

Rosen knew there was some truth in what Kronsky said. But he did not want to admit it to himself. But here he was in the cold artificial light of day when it hit him. He was being kept alive at the Commander's pleasure.

Rosen, feeling very insecure, followed Kronsky into a vast laboratory that looked like a large hospital ward. A team of six tall Greys worked their way from bed to bed carrying out a quick procedure on each patient. Rosen counted around thirty beds. Some of the smaller aliens were also present in a support role. Aatakk, seeing the doctors enter the ward approached, the Earthians. He explained, 'When the subjects regain consciousness they will not know they have been here. While the subjects are unconscious our team of scientist/physicians, perform a painless procedure to reprogram their brains with false information. When the subjects regain consciousness, they will recall the false information as that gained through their life experience. There is no way they can learn the truth of their situation.'

Rosen looked at one of the patients, a man of middle years lying in quiet repose. The doctor was dying to ask questions, but he managed to keep quiet. Instead, he watched as the attending scientist used a kind of gun that looked much like a flash light, which he held against the patient's temple and pressed a button. The weird looking gun emitted a flash of blue light that lit the side of the subjects head.

Aatakk took the Earthians aside and explained, 'The flashgun instrument integrates the subject's true and false memory. They may have a sense of having been abducted but if they tell anyone they will be met with ridicule or anger. The derision levelled against them will make them doubt the experience themselves. Once the implant is in place, and the blue light has synchronised with their brains, we send them back into their world where we can influence them remotely.'

Rosen could sense a smugness in Aatakk's explanation about what was going on. But why shouldn't the Greys be smug? Look at what they had achieved with their very advanced technology, Rosen mused.

Aatakk showed the Earthians one of the flash guns. He explained, 'This is very simple to use. An Earthian infant could use it.' He showed Dr Rosen the gun's black glass conical inverted lens. Then he pointed out the three recessed knobs in three curved grooves. He explained, 'Each knob is a different size. The closer the knob is to the hand the lesser the gun's power. It's that simple. Each

knob has three strengths with automatic stops at each position.' Aatakk looked down at Rosen, 'The strongest position will vaporise anything that lives. It is so powerful it will not leave any trace.'

Rosen silently prayed it would never be used on him.

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Chapter 33

Robert Evening Sky was torn between fighting for tribal rights and heeding Maasaw's wise counsel. As a tribal elder Robert had a responsibility to look after the rights of his people. But there was a much bigger picture, one that they could not see. The Elders decided to deal with the military engineers independent of the Navajo action group. So they got an appointment with a liaison officer from Archuleta base so they could air their views. The Indians were not allowed on the base, so Captain Mack Dyson met with the Hopi warriors in their meeting hall. The Elders waited patiently while the liaison officer perused the United States Army Corps of Engineers (USACE) documentation.

At length, he looked up and removed his reading glasses. 'Gentlemen, the military apologises for not keeping you guys in our loop. But we are not doing anything wrong under the USACE Tribal Nations Programme, which implements the DoD American Indian/Alaska Native Policy.'

Alfred Simmons smiled, 'Captain the army is constructing underground tunnels on tribal land. How can that not be wrong?'

Dyson smiled, 'ACE has long recognised the sovereign status of Indian tribes.'

'But you still go ahead and do what you want, anyway,' Robert Evening Sky stated.'

Dyson sighed. He knew it was going to be tough dealing with these guys. 'The United States Constitution addresses tribal sovereignty explicitly, and by so doing classes Indian treaties among the supreme law of the land.'

'If that's the case,' Alfred interrupted, 'why don't your actions match your fine words?'

Dyson smiled and continued, 'The relationship between the US Government and tribal affairs is a unique focus of Federal concern. Principles outlined in the Constitution and agreements, as well as those created by Federal laws, regulations and Executive Orders, continue to guide our national policy towards Tribal Nations.'

Robert said, 'Fine words do not make something right, Captain.'

Mack took a deep breath. 'Having said that the Tribal Nations Programme states that in matters of National Security the military takes precedence over provisions made in the treaty.' Captain Dyson looked at the Hopi Elder. 'That's the way the law stands on this issue.'

'And where does burrowing under our land constitute National Defence?' Robert taunted.

'The work the ACE is doing is classified so I couldn't tell you even if I wanted to.'

'So where does that leave the Hopi people?' Alfred said.'

Dyson smiled, 'What do your people want out this meeting?'

'What we want is for the American Government to honour and respect our ancient lands by ensuring that no new projects are to be undertaken without the Hopi Elders giving them the tick.'

'That will depend on the level of security required.'

'You could use that excuse every time you want to do something on tribal land.'

Dyson said, 'We have to have a bit of trust here, or it's not going to work.'

Robert said, 'We trusted the Army and look where that got us.'

Gentlemen,' Dyson smiled, 'The past is the past. We need to draw a line right now and start over. We will let you know of any proposed work we are undertaken, providing it's not of a secret nature.'

Alfred said, 'This deal will only work if you inform the Hopi Council of any work you plan to do. And where possible include at least two of the elders in the decision-making process.'

Captain Dyson stood up and extended his hand, 'I reckon we can live with that.'

Robert, knowing it was the best solution the Hopi could expect, shook hands with Dyson. 'Then providing the US military keeps its end of the bargain we have a deal.'

Alfred said, 'Draw up a contract to this effect, and we will sign it.'

The Captain said, 'You can draw up the contract Mr Simmons, based on what we have agreed to here today.'

Roscoe Killenhoutter phoned the private number. Then he heard Walther Tindall's voice. 'I am now head of security, and I'm interested in finding out what happened to Tim Costello.'

'Tim Costello?'

'Yes. My predecessor. He left abruptly after my arrival here.'

'Why do you want to know?'

'Isn't it obvious, Sir? I don't want to be the next one to disappear.'

'What makes you think that's likely, Admiral?'

'The mysterious Commander X is taking me into his confidence about secret things going on at the base.'

'And that's a bad thing?'

'It could be, if he's testing me.'

'OK. Play along, and I'll contact you once the NSA business is sorted out.'

'That sounds all very good, but I think the only way the Commander is going to let me out of here is in a body bag.'

The Admiral paused, then said, 'See what you can find out about the Commander.' Roscoe heard footsteps coming his way and whispered 'I've got to go now. Somebody is coming.'

Roscoe put down his phone as Thomas Gaines entered his office and closed the door.'

Roscoe looked up. 'Yes?'

'We have a problem.'

'Oh. What problem?'

'I think we have a mole.'

'Sit down and explain yourself.'

Gaines rubbed his scar. It always itched when he felt uneasy. 'Someone is passing classified stuff to the CIA.'

'How do you know this?'

'I know someone in the Agency. He told me he found a document somebody had left in the Xerox machine.'

'What did the document say?'

'Not say. Show.'

'What did it show then?'

'A map of Dulce base.'

Roscoe stared at Gaines. 'Where is this map. Do you have it?'

'No, Sir, Gaines responded. 'My friend has it.'

Roscoe rubbed his chin. 'Have you seen it?'

'No, Sir.'

'Can you get it off him?'

'I can try. But we need to find who's passing this information.'

The Admiral eye-balled Gaines. 'Have you told anyone else about this?'

'Only Tim.'

'Tim Costello knew about it?'

Roscoe was silent for a few moments while he thought things through. 'OK, you concentrate on the CIA end of things, and I'll find our spy.'

The Hillcrest Country Club had an exclusively Jewish membership. All the great film moguls from Hollywood were members, as were many of the actors and entertainers of the 40s. But the country club was not so well known for the clandestine meetings of the Secret Hand Society, one of which was taking place at that time. The Secret Hand only met on rare occasions and never at the same location twice. They had no headquarters, no archaic rules or rituals, their only goal was world domination. Members kept a low profile, never expressed political or religious opinions and were obscenely wealthy. They all wore identical white masks and only met when there was a dire need.

In this instance, Commander X called the meeting to procure more funding for the Dulce project.

The twelve members in the room had already invested heavily in Dulce and were willing to give more if they were shown value for their money.

The Secret Hand member presiding said, 'I have a set of questions we have compiled for you, Commander.'

X was expecting as much. 'Would you like to read them out?'

The president began, 'According to your reports the Dulce Base is host to [other] aliens that live in level five. Is that true?'

X answered, 'Yes.'

'Have you seen these aliens, Commander?'

'Not up close,' He added, 'Let me explain. 'We have not been able to deal directly with the reptoids. Some of the big Zeta Reticulans act as a go-between.'

The president said, 'I see. So what happens if humans and Zetas accidentally meet one-to-one in the halls? Is there some kind of protocol to be observed?'

X smiled, 'Gentlemen, there is protocol in place and every time you come across an alien, whether from the working caste to the visiting aliens, to the ruling caste, there is a never-ending check-list of rules, law, and strict protocol.'

'Does that include the fifth level?'

'No, because nobody wanders around the fifth level. The alien accommodation area is off limits to any human. The Hub is surrounded by guards from the military and the NSA section.'

'So how much funding do you need and what is it for?'

'Now that Russia is very close to having Synthetic aperture radar the Grey scientists are developing a technology to put an invisible shield around our aircraft and possibly our ships. The first stage will require around \$10 million.'

One of the Secret Hand members said, 'How in the hell can we make our planes invisible to Russky radar, which they don't even have yet?'

'Yes, Commander, you do seem to be jumping the gun here,' a member agreed.

The Commander explained, 'The Soviet Union will have their SAR system up and running in less than five years. We have to be ready with our defensive weapon, gentlemen. It's no good waiting until the last minute.'

The president nodded, 'We take your point, Commander.'

Commander X added weight to his argument, saying, 'We'll be able to see our enemy, but they won't be able to see us. It will give us a huge advantage.'

The president smiled 'Very well, Commander, we will give you a boost to move things along.' He paused, then said, 'There is one thing you can do for us. A number of us would like the Dulce grand tour.'

'I can only accommodate two of you, so you decide who's going and I will have the arrangements sent to them.'

'Excellent Commander. I will most certainly be one of the chosen,' the president of the Secret Hand said.'

Commander X was delighted with the way the meeting went. He had secured his \$10 million without having to divulge too much. But he was not looking forward to entertaining civilians, no matter how rich and well connected they were. In fact, the wealthy ones were the worst because they thought their privilege in society allowed them to bend the rules. One such visitor had requested having his photo taken with one of the Greys.

Dr Rosen was most disturbed by what went on on level three. Most of the work, which was repetitive and required little thought was performed by the immature looking Greys. They kept human specimens in liquid-filled capsules. Taller scientist Greys would come in and take samples of DNA. The small greys kept the animal and human blood for their sustenance.

Dr Rosen knew he would have to come to grips with what he saw. But he was having bad dreams about it. In the nightmares, the victims were branded with a six-pointed star. Many times he awoke in the dead of night with a palpitating heart and cold, clammy skin. Watching the aliens working on

strangers was disturbing enough, but he was totally shocked when he witnessed a male in his mid-forties being dissected. Rosen had only seen him a couple of times, but he knew he was looking at the body of Timothy Costello, the previous Director of Dulce security.

Chapter 34

Roscoe reread the typed letter.

Timothy wrote:

I have decided not to censor or dilute any information or claims concerning the Dulce enigma and related scenarios. The reason for this painful decision is that underground or earth-based anomalies are always there for anyone who is interested or daring enough to probe and investigate. Whereas flying saucer phenomenon often seems to move in and out of existence, along with the evidence, once the object or objects move away. However underground earth-based anomalies can't disappear at will. Because of this, they are far more likely to being exposed as authentic or not. Throughout this expos'e, my opinions and perspectives are based on circumstantial evidence. I have formed my opinions based on my own perceptions of the overall data.

Whether you think this data follows science fact, science fiction or perhaps a little of both, it should not detract from the fact that I have collated this material from many different sources, which I have condensed into this single document, which will make fascinating reading at the very least.'

Timothy Costello, Director of Security at Dulce base August 20 1947

There was more to read, but Tim Costello's name froze Roscoe to his seat. He had written it on the day he had shown Roscoe around the facility. Had it got anything to do with his disappearance?' And why had he written the disclosure?' The document, which Roscoe found by chance, was in an envelope taped to the underside of the desk. If the Admiral had not bent down to pick up a pen, he had dropped he may never have seen it. Now he wished he hadn't. What if the Commander found out about Tim's expose of events at Dulce. It did not bear thinking about.

The Navajo elder Haloki looked at Robert Evening Sky as they sat on the tray of the 1940 Ford pick up. Despite being from different tribes, they had been friends for a long time. They sat looking at the desert night sky on the Colorado/ New Mexico border, where they talked and drank from a bottle of Wolf Creek Rye. Haloki turned to Robert, 'The spirits have told us for centuries that we must always live within the four sacred mountains.' He spread his hands to indicate this. 'All the land within is also sacred to us. And we will fight if we have to, to stop the army desecrating our sacred ground.'

Robert was used to Haloki showing off his bravado after a few nips of Rye.

The Navajo Elder ranted on. 'The Treaty rebuilt our nation to some 350,000 Navajo today—up from about 10,000 in 1868.'

Robert took a sip and stretched his long legs, 'I guess that makes you a strong force.'

Yes, Robert, but it's not about numbers. Our ancestors were at one with the canyons, the desert, the rocks and the air. We have no agreement with Fort Archuleta. The Army is defacing our sacred land. We have to use the 1868 treaty - Naal Tsoos Sani in our language as a weapon to right their wrong.'

'We are dealing with the intrusion in our own way.' Robert said.

Haloki said, 'Well, we decided to fight this on our own because Cochise County is our territory, no one else's.'

Robert felt an argument brewing. And arguments and rye whiskey were a dangerous combination. He tried lightening the situation with, 'Not even us, Hopi.'

'You live on top of the Mesas, not in Cochise County. It was our ancestors, not yours, who got back this land.'

'Then, old friend, you have to do what you must to keep it that way.'

Haloki took another swig. 'You see that fence along the border?' the elder said, pointing.

'The one with no trespassing signs along its length?'

'It's not possible to cross our reservation without special permission from Tribal headquarters. Anyone caught on this land without authority is liable for a heavy fine or jail.'

'Robert sighed, 'It's no good torturing yourself over this horse shit,'

Another mouthful of Rye. 'There's now a road leading to the Archuleta area through our reservation. It's patrolled by the Indian Forest Service.'

Robert sat there in silence allowing his friend to get it off his chest.

Then he spotted an intensely bright light coming from the northwest, fast. It appeared to be boomerang shaped; shining a bright light that alternated white, blue, green from its centre. Robert and Haloki watched in awe as the object slowed down and seemed to reverse direction, finally stopping, emitting firework-like sparks from each end of the boomerang. It then moved forwards again at very high speed. It all took place in just 10 to 15 seconds. Robert attempted to photograph the object but was unsuccessful.

The Hopi elder stared at his friend. 'What the fuck was that?'

Haloki drank more whiskey. He needed to.

Robert slid off the back of the tray. 'Let's go to Mt. Archuleta.'

It took around three hours to reach the canyon that gave a clear view of the mountain, in the moonlight. The Indians waited in near silence for around another two hours. Then they saw something extraordinary indeed. A strange craft, shaped something like the boomerang, appeared to be leaving an opening in the steep mountainside.

From their lookout, Robert and Haloki saw intensely bright lights on the sheer mountain wall in the exact location of the base opening. The lights shone for a while, then diminished until they were no longer seen. The pair also heard muffled voices coming from radio transmissions.

Robert turned to Haloki, who had rapidly sobered up, 'They're doing a lot more than building fucking tunnels.'

Robert was stunned by the experience. The mountain base needed further investigation. With Haloki, he took a party of Hopi elders up to the cliff top above the canyon, in the dead of night. They sat on the cliff edge for around three hours with no repeat performance from the boomerang and the secret base. It was as though some advanced intelligence at the station knew the Indians were present.

Robert urged his people back against the canyon. Charlie Grey Wolf turned to Robert, 'How long do you figure we're going to stay up here?'

'Do you guys mind giving it just another thirty minutes?'

Buck Hunting Owl said, 'I bet you and Haloki were on the hooch up here when you saw the bright lights.'

'Yeah,' Charlie scoffed. 'You guys were so fucking high you could have seen ...'

Then they saw it!

A boomerang-shaped craft zoomed overhead and headed straight for the, now lit up base. But the plane seemed to lose control. It came in too low, and one of its long wings clipped off a large tree. It spun off like a ball ricocheting off a buffer on a pinball machine and glanced off another tree. It then regained altitude and shot back overhead. Colliding with yet another tree north of the peak. The elders stood dumbstruck as the craft disappeared in the distance before erupting in a massive fireball.

Robert, awestruck, said, 'Let's go down there and investigate.'

Charlie commented, 'It's not going anywhere. Let's get some rest and come back later.'

But they were pre-empted by new activities coming from the secret base. Human voices and truck engine noise came from the opening in the mountainside. The Indians heard a whirring noise as a Sikorsky, with a powerful spotlight attached, took to the air and headed over the canyon.

Robert urged, 'Get back against the rock. We don't want those bastards seeing us.'

Buck said, 'They're going to clean up the crash site. They'll be nothing there when we come back.'

Bonnie agonised over making her decision. Peter was not doing anything about it. Philip was the only sibling he still communicated with. And now they weren't talking. Sure, her husband was really angry with his brother, but somebody had to be adult about it, and it did not look like being the men. So Bonnie made her decision and went to Albuquerque to meet Philip alone. He was surprised by her phone call and even more so when she suggested that they meet.

Philip had never had much to do with Bonnie. All he knew about her was she was married to his brother and that she wore old fashioned horn-rimmed spectacles. Philip had no idea she was raised in a fancy Los Angeles neighbourhood. After leaving school, she skipped college and went off by herself on some kind of spiritual quest in the desert. She was a nice enough person but definitely not his type.

They met in Albuquerque at the Liberty Cafe where they had lunch. They both felt uneasy about the reason for the meeting and were halfway through their dinner before Philip said, 'I feel bad about what happened to you guys.'

'Yes, well it was terrifying when the FBI agents turned up at our door.'

Philip tentatively touched Bonnie's hand. 'I'm really sorry about that.'

Bonnie said, 'Tell me what happened to you.'

Philip sighed, 'Well, they questioned me while I was on a fieldtrip with my students. They wanted to know about the artefact you and Peter found.'

'How did they get to know about it?'

Philip shook his head slowly. 'I don't know. I never told anyone,' he lied.

'What about the woman who helped you with the tests?'

'Miriam?' No, she wouldn't have ...'

'Have you asked her?'

'No, but I told her what happened.'

Bonnie said, 'I think you need to confront her directly.'

Philip cut off a piece of fish and ate it. 'What good would that do?'

They ate silently for a minute, then Bonnie said, edgily, 'You don't know what finding that piece of space ship metal meant to Pete. He was devastated when the Feds took it off him. he hasn't been the same since.'

Philip searched Bonnie's eyes. 'I'm truly sorry what happened, but there was nothing I could do about it.'

'Philip. why did you tell them?'

They threatened to give me a polygraph if I didn't tell the truth. So there was nothing I could do.' he mumbled, 'I was stupid to get involved in the first place.'

'Well, now I've got a depressed man at home who's not interested in anything.'

Philip forced a smile, 'I think we need something stronger than coffee.'

Bonnie looked at Philip. She could see traits of Peter in him. 'I'm sorry to be boring, but I think I need to rest after the long drive here.'

'We could do both. I've got some wine back at my place. You could rest there.'

For the first time since they met Bonnie smiled. 'Are you sure I won't be putting you out?'

'Not at all. You need to rest, and I need a drink.'

'Maybe one glass of wine before I relax?' Bonnie grinned.

The more Philip listened to Bonnie the more he grew to like her. There was much more to her than met his eye. As they sat on the couch together, she opened up about her life.

Bonnie explained, 'My father worked as a scriptwriter for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I mention this not to big note myself in any way. But it will help you understand what happened to me and why.'

Phil looked at her, his brow furrowed. 'What happened to you?'

I was a bright kid at school, and my parents wanted me to go to university. I love adventures, so I decided to travel to out of the way places.'

Philip grinned, 'I can relate to that. He raised his glass 'To adventure.'

Bonnie followed suit. Then she yawned, feeling floaty. Stretching her arms, she said, 'I think I'm ready for the nap now.'

Philip said, 'I think I'll join you.'

She flashed him a what are you after, look?

Picking up on it, Philip said, 'No hanky panky. Honest. I'm just enjoying our new closeness.'

'Me too,' she smiled. 'So as long as you're a gentleman it will be OK.'

Bonnie was feeling lonely and welcomed Philip's company. It has been a long time since a man had doted on her every word and she was rather enjoying it.

As Bonnie closed her eyes, she felt Philip gently spoon up against her back. It felt secure and comforting. As Bonnie lay there with eyes closed her senses kicked into a hypersensitive mode. She listened to Philip's breath so close to her ear. Bonnie smelt the masculine soap from his shower. She sensed his left arm snake softly around her waist as his legs tucked into the back of hers. Bonnie felt

his chest rising and falling against her back. But she also felt his hard penis pressing against her ass. She was a goner. It had been a while since Peter had done that. He'd become paranoid about making love since the FBI broke in on their intimate moment. Bonnie could not deny it the pressure of Philip's half-erect penis felt very pleasant. Instinctively she scooted back, pressing harder against him.

'Keep still,' Philip growled in her ear. You're my sister-in-law, for Christ's sake.'

Only moments before Bonnie was tired and nearly fell asleep on her feet but now she was now full of butterflies and dirty thoughts. Her brain whirled as she tried to stay still.

Philip mumbled. We're both tired after our busy day so let's go to sleep before things get out of control.'

'I can't stop my mind. It's urging me to reach back and take you in my hand. To stroke your cock until you thrust inside me.'

'Damn it no! Stop thinking that shit! Go to sleep.'

How the hell could he lay so still, breathing calmly while she was losing her mind? Was that a twitch? Did his cock move? Bonnie wanted him to get his sleep. But she wanted, even more, to have him fuck her senseless. Either he did not find her attractive, or he had the self-discipline of the Pope. Either way, it looked like she was missing out on good illicit sex. Bonnie got up and headed to the bathroom. She would just have to finish it off herself.

It seemed inevitable that Roscoe would meet Dr Rosen at some unplanned juncture. And it happened as they both reached the third-floor elevator together. 'Dr Rosen, I believe,' the Admiral smiled as they began to ascend.

'How are you, Doctor?'

'I'm being treated well. How about you, Admiral? I was concerned when you disappeared. So, where have you been all this time?'

As they stepped out of the lift, Roscoe said, 'You're looking at the new head of security.'

Rosen's mind went back to the dead director on the bed. He grimaced at the thought.

Roscoe, sensing something was up, said, 'Are you all right Doctor?'

'Yes, Director, but I think we should talk in private.'

'Oh.' You'd better come to my office then. But I need to get a coffee first.'

As the Admiral drank his coffee, Rosen said, 'I have seen some of the most incredible things since I've been here. I've also seen the most disturbing things, and the worse thing is they are one and the same.'

'Yes, I know what you mean. Is that what you wanted to speak with me about?'

'I am leading up to it, but I am sworn not to mention anything that I see or hear in the alien laboratories, so it makes me telling you even more awkward. But as head of security, you have a right to know.'

'Know what?' Roscoe snapped.

Rosen hesitated, then said, 'The other day I was in the big lab when I saw a dead body of a man on a bed, A pair of tall Greys were sampling him. Something made me draw closer to him. And it was then that I recognised him.'

'Recognised who?'

'Timothy Costello.'

Roscoe's jaw dropped. He just sat staring at Rosen for what seemed an eternity. He finally found his voice. 'You saw Tim Costello, and he was dead, mauled over by darned aliens?'

Rosen nodded.

Roscoe stood and grabbed the doctor's arm. 'Show me where it happened.'

Rosen froze. 'I can't do that. They'll know I told you.'

Roscoe stared at the doctor. 'This is much bigger than all that. A senior officer has been murdered on this base, and it's my job to find out who did it.'

'But I can't be involved. Besides, there's probably nothing left of Costello. He's bio-waste by now or even incinerated. You won't be able to prove a damn thing.'

Roscoe knew the doctor was right. 'Then why the hell did you tell me?'

'I just thought you ought to know.'

Roscoe did not even acknowledge Rosen leaving his office. He could not see what it would have profited the Doctor by him lying. But he could see how Rosen was putting himself at risk by telling him about Costello. So, now he knew what would he do about it? Maybe there was a clue in the document he left for Roscoe to find. The Admiral locked his door and took the file out of his draw. And read:

The Draco Reptoids have used the caverns and tunnels for centuries. Since the thirties, the Rand Corporation and ACE have increasingly enlarged this subterranean system. The original natural construction included ice caves and sulfur springs, which the aliens found suited their needs. The key to understanding this lies in the secret tunnels.

Roscoe sat back. Is there another way in? He wondered.

He read the next part: 'Various electromagnetically-controlled air or spacecraft leave from and arrive at Mt Archuleta. It is manned by human and alien entities.'

But Archuleta Mesa was a small area. So most of the crafts were stored in four larger areas: one south East of Dulce, one near Durango; and one at Taos. But the main fleet was stored at Los Alamos.

Nothing leapt out at him. Roscoe tossed the file aside in frustration. Maybe reference to Mt Archuleta was a clue? Possibly the Archuleta caves and tunnels were connected to those under Dulce? Even if there were a connection, he would have to leave the base to go and investigate, and that was almost impossible. Also, the Director of Security would need a plausible reason to get past the base guards.

Roscoe realised he had to pass it up the line. He phoned Walther's private number. Once he heard the General's voice, Roscoe said, 'Sir, we have a major problem.'

'What's that?'

'There's been a murder at this base.'

'Aren't you there to deal with such incidences?'

'It's my predecessor, Tim Costello.'

'I still don't know what you expect me to do about it.'

'He turned up in the lab for sectioning. That's how my source discovered him.' Getting no response, the Admiral said, 'Dulce base is a darned crime scene, and I can't do anything about it.'

'Have you laid eyes on the body?'

'No. Tim will be burnt bio-waste by now.'

'Then it didn't happen?'

'What?'

'If you can't prove it happened, then it never happened. Surely you understand that, Roscoe.'

Once Walther had finished with Roscoe, he made a phone call.

Commander X picked up. Who's speaking?'

General Tindall here. I just received a phone call from Admiral Killenhoetter. He knows that Tim Costello did not leave the base.'

'How did he find out?'

'Somebody at the base saw Costello's body in the hospital lab.'

'Did he say who?'

'No.'

'Did you press him for a name?'

'No Commander. I thought it best to show him he had no evidence to back up his claim and it was best for him if it had never happened.'

'Very well, General, leave it with me.'

Chapter 35

Bonnie left while Philip slept. During the long drive home in the old Ford, she thought long and hard about what had happened and what had nearly happened between her and Philip. Bonnie was relieved that Philip remained asleep as she grabbed her things. She felt like a thief in the night. Had he woken up it would have been embarrassing for both of them. Maybe he wasn't really asleep? Perhaps he just wanted her gone without having to engage in conversation? Bonnie didn't even leave a note. What was she going to write? Thanks for a great time! She did not think so.

Bonnie Conrad arrived home to an empty house. It was 11 o'clock at night. So where was Peter? Her husband seldom went out at night. On the rare occasion they had gone out for a meal or to see a movie, but her husband never went out by himself at night, especially since the Feds had taken away his prize. Then something caught her eye. A flyer promoting a flying saucer enthusiast gathering at a place called Giant Rock in the Mohave Desert. Maybe he had left it in a prominent place to let her know where he had gone? It made sense. He wanted to be with like-minded people to help him strengthen his will. He had a few local friends into the flying saucer thing, so he had probably gone with them. Bonnie, having convinced herself Peter was safe and with friends, felt much more relaxed. But she did not feel any easier about her outrageous behaviour with Philip.

Since marrying Peter, she had always been liberated about sex. And a girl also had her needs. But she had never behaved that way before. To erase the picture of her and Philip together, she needed some chemical help. She took a barbiturate and soon fell into a deep sleep.

After a ten-hour journey in Denis Sander's Cadillac Series 90, Peter and Sandy took a rest stop in Flagstaff at the L Motel and continued their epic journey at 6 am the next morning. Putting Flagstaff in the rear-view mirror, the Caddy was soon kicking out 185 horses, as the intrepid pair headed west towards California on Route 66, a highway recently immortalised by Nat King Cole's song of the same name.

After a few hours, Sandy turned off Route 66 and headed west to the Mojave Desert.

The pair finally arrived at Giant Rock, where the Flying Saucer Convention was under way. Allegedly the world's most massive rock, and most certainly the biggest in America, Giant Rock, a free-standing boulder about seven stories high, covered some 58,000 square feet in area. But Peter, Sandy and all the fans they had not yet met were not there for the geology. They had gathered there because of the boulder's alleged connection with a race of beings from outer space.

Exhausted after their epic journey, Sandy parked the Caddy next to 100 or so other vehicles and crashed on the bench seats, instead of joining all the other space cadets in tent city.

The following morning, after a freezing night, Peter and Sandy ventured out into the early morning sunshine. There was a fenced off area near the rock, with a sign on a gate saying Flying Saucer Convention this way. A crudely painted arrow indicated the direction. There were already 100 or so spaceship lovers congregated near a two storey high White Dome building, where George Van Lasset lived with his family. The aviation tradesman from Ohio bought the land around Giant Rock from the Bureau of Land Management in 1945 and, in 1947, moved, his wife, Eva and three daughters from Los Angeles to their new desert home. But he was not the first person to live there.

Giant Rock, as Peter soon found out, was the largest of many huge boulders scattered around a swath of extremely arid government land. It was not inhabited until the 1930s when Frank Kritznier turned up. It's a mystery and a wonder how he found the rock, but Kritznier was the first settler. Actually, he was a squatter, but he certainly lived in a cave he dug out from under the rock. Kritznier even made a runway for small private planes and carved out 33 miles of dirt road leading to the nearest blacktop. He died In 1942, during a visit by police, when an old box of dynamite exploded. '

With Frank Kritznier gone the Giant Rock only became more mysterious, and Van Lasset became its first legitimate resident.

There was a buzz in the air as George Van Lasset emerged from his dome. He was solidly built with a round sunny face. He had already gained recognition as an authority on all things to do with aliens and spaceships from the fledgeling but growing base of fans. For many attendees, it was their first real contact with the great man. Peter's goal was to show Mr Van Lasset the remaining tiny piece of spaceship metal. But that would have to wait.

Van Lasset developed a following after publishing 'I Rode a Flying Saucer', in which he described meeting tanned space creatures, who transmitted knowledge to him through telepathy. He claimed that Solganda, the aliens' leader ultimately instructed him on how to build a time machine that would heal and strengthen humanity. Which is why he created his White Dome, the Integratron, three miles south of Giant Rock.

George Van Lasset, dressed in a metallic suit to address his worshipful followers. After greeting the now two hundred or so crowd, he went on to explain, 'My machine's design came from a 17-page Alien equation. Solganda told me to look at the research of George Lakhovsky, a Russian scientist, whose theories included the idea that human bodies were electrical conductors and that cancer could be cured by his Multiple Wave Oscillator. My Integratron time machine is a variation on these ideas. '

Somebody asked, 'How does the Integratron work?'

Van Lasset answered, 'It works like an automatic car wash. My Integratron is an amalgam of architecture and machine. Its purpose is not to transport a fixed body to a different time, as time machines typically do, but to eliminate time's effect on a body. He paused for effect, then said, 'My machine produces time, rather than sucking it away.'

Peter was confused by the answer. He was more interested in aliens coming into the present time. But he continued to listen.

Van Lasset said, 'To raise money to develop my machine I intend to hold flying saucer conventions around Giant rock. Attendees will pay a small fee to be part of the gathering. I will be calling these gatherings UFO meetings. UFO means Unidentified Flying Objects. I think this is a much more accurate description as not all our sightings of alien craft show a disc-shaped phenomenon.'

George Van Lasset, a self-confessed abductee encouraged his people to share their strange experiences and different people's theories on extraterrestrial life.

Later in the day Peter Conrad got his wish and told George about his find.

George looked at the tiny piece of metal. Passing it back to Peter, he said, 'It doesn't matter how big or small this piece is. What matters is that it is not of this Earth.'

Peter smiled, George had a way of explaining things in simple terms. 'I've never heard the term UFO before.'

'Sulganda told me. I intend to write a book about it.'

'I look forward to reading it.'

Peter caught up with Sandy, who was sitting on a blanket talking to a couple of young girls.

Sandy grinned widely. 'So how was it, man?'

Peter sat down. He smiled at the two girls who could have been sisters. They both had fashionable victory roll hairstyles, and they both wore loose floral pants and broad-brimmed straw hats.

Betty said, 'Sandy says you have a piece of a flying saucer.'

He took out a handkerchief and unwrapped it. 'I use to have a much bigger piece, but the spooks took it off me.'

Carole was in awe of the tiny shiny piece of metal, said, 'Where did you find it?'

'Out near Roswell, where that UFO came down.'

'Where what came down?' Sandy queried.

'George talked about it earlier. He calls flying saucers UFOs. That means Unidentified Flying Objects,' he said proudly with an air of authority.

'Killer-Diller,' Betty commented,

'So that's George's brainchild,' Sandy said.

Carole piped up. 'Hey, let's go to Roswell and see what we can find.'

Sandy beamed, 'That's a top idea. I'm in.'

Peter said, 'It's best to find a new site. Roswell's been done to death. I was lucky to find something the army missed. But now they got it anyway.'

Olivier Robert sat nearby, listening to the conversation between the four ET enthusiasts. The NSA undercover agent secretly jotted down the key points. Later he would phone his superior and tell him what he knew. That he had encountered a cell of terrorists led by Peter Conrad, a person of interest to the FBI.

Chapter 36

Robert Evening Sky walked into the milk bar, where he found Owen Oaks playing Bally Hoo on a pinball machine. Milk bars had evolved over the last few years. Not only did they sell groceries but were also gathering places where young people could buy ready-made food and non-alcoholic drinks. Although not to his liking, Robert agreed to meet the military scientist there. Owen never acknowledged The Hopi elder before he finished his game. Robert ordered two cokes with ice cream, and they sat opposite each other in a corner booth.

'So what have you got?'

Owen, who had some Hopi blood, sympathised with the elder about the desecration of Archuleta and offered him highly classified information about the Mt Archuleta flying wing incident. He passed over a copy of the report and explained, 'The first tree trunk was about 40 inches in diameter. It was hit about 30 feet off the ground. There was no fire. I have taken samples of this tree for analysis.'

Robert said, 'And the other trees?'

'The other two trees were smaller with trunks approximately 12 to 20 inches in diameter. There was evidence of fire with these. I have also taken samples from those trees. But, between the second tree and the third tree, we found large pieces of what appeared to be part of the first tree.'

'How come, Owen?'

'Well, one piece was burnt while next to it was one that had not been burned. I also took samples of these. The alleged crash site showed a large semi-circular area with new vegetation. We also took samples of the soil from this area.'

'You said alleged crash site. Did you see what crashed?'

Owen shook his head. 'No. It had all been cleared by the time we got there.'

'OK, I get that. But why all that business with the trees? And how the hell were you able to find the trees in the first place?'

'Robert, you would not believe the technology we have these days. The control tower was able to track the craft's course and pinpoint its points of collision. Don't ask me how it works, but it's fucking brilliant.'

Robert shook his head, 'It still seems an awful lot of effort for something that has no relevance to the reason for the crash.'

Owen said, 'I just follow orders.' He pointed at the report copy. 'You asked for this, but I don't see what good it will do you.'

Robert grinned, 'It shows we're not mad.'

Roscoe set up security meetings with Dulce base management on a weekly basis. Commander X thought it a good initiative but refused to have any Grey scientists present. He gave no explanation for his decision, but Roscoe figured that not everybody in management, whether civilian or military, knew of the ET existence at the base. After one such meeting, shortly after the Admiral's discovery about the missing Tim Costello, X wanted to speak with him privately.

Once the other personnel had left, X looked at Roscoe, 'It's come to my notice that Tim Costello did not leave to follow up personal business.'

Taken by surprise by X's words, Roscoe muttered, 'What makes you think that?'

'Because the person who told me, in the strictest confidence said our friends, the alien scientists, cut him up for samples and dispatched his corpse to the incinerator.'

Roscoe felt like a chicken when the axe was about to drop.

'So, I want you to find out what happened to him. Only you, mind. We don't want this becoming common knowledge. So can I trust you to keep this under your hat?'

Roscoe was not expecting this. He said, 'Commander, I can only do so if it's an open brief.'

X replied, 'I want you to put this unfortunate business to bed as quickly and quietly as possible.'

'Even if it means talking to Aatakk and involve him in the investigation?'

The Commander said, 'I have already told him you will be asking questions. He will help you all he can.'

Roscoe, wondering why the Commander gave him such leeway, said, 'OK I'll do it.'

'And you report directly to me and only to me.'

'Got it, sir.'

Chapter 36

The agent picked up the receiver of the newly installed Bell MRT (Mobile Radio Telephone) and dialled the number that was written on the piece of paper he held. When he heard Gus Dallas' voice, he said, 'Blue Plymouth out front. get out here now.'

Gus left the phone booth and went outside. As he walked to the 1946 Plymouth deluxe, a back door opened. Gus climbed in, and the car drove off. He turned to face his straight-faced companion.

'Who are you guys?'

The man in the grey suit remained stony-faced and said, 'As long as you keep quiet and don't ask any questions we'll get along just fine.'

So that was how it was going to be. Gus turned away and looked out of the window. He tried figuring out who these two men were. It was evident that General Foreman was not happy, but this was an extreme way for him to teach a lesson. The bulge under the agent's jacket told Gus he carried a concealed handgun. The driver probably had one as well, he figured.

After what seemed to be an interminably long drive they came to a timber cabin along a dirt track in Woodbridge Terrace, a rural area an hour from White Sands. The car stopped near the wooden deck close to the front door. The driver opened Gus' door and ushered him into the cabin.

'Why have you brought me here?' Gus demanded.

'The same rules apply here, Major,' the sour-faced agent, said.

The driver patted the weapon under his jacket. 'Just do as we tell you and there won't be a problem.'

Gus found the uncomfortable silence unbearable. He turned to the driver, who looked as agitated as Gus felt. 'I need a drink. Is there any coffee in this joint?'

The driver put his fingers to his lips and patted his gun. Then he got his offside's attention. 'See if you can rustle up some coffee?'

'How long before the General gets here?'

The driver pulled out his gun and pointed it at Gus.

'What the fuck are you going to do with that? Shoot me?'

'I told you to keep your mouth shut.'

'If you were going to shoot me you'd have done it before now. Besides, whatever James Foreman has in store for me he wants me alive.'

'I don't have to shoot you to shut you up.' He tossed Gus a roll of gaffer tape and a pair of scissors. 'Put a strip over your mouth.'

'You must be fucking joking.'

Agent number two emerged from the kitchen with three mugs of instant coffee.

The driver turned to him. 'Put that down and stick some tape over the Major's mouth.'

Gus could not speak, could not drink but he could still think. His captors had not shown him any form of identity. They seemed like agency people but which ones? Tindall didn't have any hold over the FBI or the CIA, so Gus put his money on the NSA. They were getting a reputation from those in the know as a disreputable organisation willing to use any dirty tricks to achieve their goal. Besides, the NSA did not officially exist.

Roscoe searched for the secret door. It was on level three somewhere. And it was the only way Roscoe could get down to level four undetected. But unbeknown to the Director surveillance cameras picked up his every move. One of the small Greys, who was monitoring the bank of screens, alerted a supervising Grey to an intruder on level three.

Aatakk discovered the Director shining a torchlight on the wall while he rubbed the surface with his free hand. 'What are you doing?' Aatakk said.

Roscoe, shocked by the metallic voice, jumped, his heart pumping overtime. Recognising the tall Grey, he said, 'Oh, you scared me.'

'Why are you here, Director?' Aatakk asked.

'I'm still investigating Timothy Costello's death.'

'That does not answer my question.'

Roscoe had to take control. 'Aatakk, as Director of Security I can go where I want on this base without your permission.'

Aatakk unfazed, said, 'You seem to be looking for something. Perhaps I can help?'

He looked up at the tall Grey. 'I need to go to the storage area where they keep the corpses. I believe it's on level four.'

'You can't get there from here. You will have to use the elevator.'

'But it only goes as far as this level.'

The Grey said, 'And that's as far as you go.'

'What do you mean?'

'Who else knows about or cares about what happened to Timothy Costello?'

'Apart from you, the Commander.'

'I know, but I don't care.'

'Then the Commander and I.'

'Does the Commander care.'

Roscoe answered, 'He gave me the assignment.'

'An assignment that will not take you anywhere.'

The Director looked up at the Grey. 'What's all this to you?'

'If by sheer chance you did happen to get down to level four, you would be causing problems you have no control over.'

Roscoe looked at the Grey, confused.

Aatakk said, 'Have you heard of Pandora's Box?'

'Yes.'

'That is what you will open, and that will be bad for everyone.' He paused a moment, 'Go back to your level, and I will forget seeing you here.'

'Why would it be bad?'

'Ask your Commander. Now, leave.'

The crimson sun rose and climbed into the sky shedding its redness. But Gus could not go outside to enjoy it. He rose from a fitful sleep, made worse by the tape across his mouth. The agent who applied the tape also bound Gus' ankles to the legs of his chair, so he had to sleep sitting up. Consequently, Gus was tired and cranky. The Major looked around the cabin but could not see or hear his captors. He figured they may have gone out for breakfast, leaving him bound and starving. Then he corrected his thinking. What if Tindall showed up while they were gone? They wouldn't both have gone away leaving him alone.

Then Gus heard voices, and his captors came in with James Foreman. The Defence Secretary took one look at Gus and snapped, 'Get that tape off him, now!'

One of the agent's jumped to it.

Foreman said, 'Now, get out and leave me with him.' With the agents gone, James said, 'You hungry, Major?'

'Yeah, and I'd kill for a coffee.'

The General went to the door and summoned his men. 'One of you go and get burgers and coffee. I saw a diner five miles up the road.'

Gus said, 'I've been kidnapped, held at gunpoint, gagged with tape, and I'm still waiting for someone to tell me what this is all about.'

Walther fixed Gus with his gaze. 'I will tell you exactly what this is about. I give you a simple brief to follow, which was to deal with the Roswell thing once and for all and put it to bed. You were supposed to go about this task quietly and without a fuss. Instead, you turn it into a fucking media circus and a court-martial trial.'

'Sir, you told me to find out all I could about the Roswell affair.' In doing so, I came across new evidence involving Captain Bexton and ...'

'If you'd answered my calls I could have told you to back off. But no, you knew better, and we end up with our dirty washing on public display. And if that wasn't bad enough, you get Captain Bexton a court-martial trial.'

'Sir, I didn't know anything about Captain Bexton's radio interview until I heard it.'

'Major Dallas, you encouraged him to tell his story. In fact, you even helped to fill in the blanks.'

'Sir, with respect Captain Bexton is an American hero. He should not have been treated in such a shoddy way.'

'Major you have no fucking idea of the flak that's been flying about because of you.'

'I don't understand, Sir. I was only doing my ...'

'Let me spell it out for you.' We had an arrangement for Bexton to keep quiet. But you spoilt all that. He would never have told his story to the media without your encouragement. Then, when he told you he wanted to plead guilty, you wouldn't listen. So we had to get a rookie lawyer who was happy to go along with the plaintiff's guilty plea to defend him. There was supposed to be a guilty plea, and that was that. But no! You encourage Lieutenant Greymouth and tell him he can win the case ...'

'Which he did, and brilliantly so.'

'Gus, I don't give a flying fuck how brilliant you think he was. It wasn't supposed to happen that way. The next thing I know is that American Electric, Bell Corp and Brigadier General Sanchez are yelling at me for involving them as witnesses in that dog's breakfast of a trial.' And all this because you decided to ignore my phone calls.'

Gus stared at Foreman. 'I guess I read it wrong.'

'So what am I supposed to do with you now?'

Gus eye balled James Foreman 'Is that why you've brought me out here, to kill me?'

'I could have you hauled before an internal tribunal. Hell, I could even have you court-martialed. I could have you washing government cars for the rest of your career. But all these are going to reflect badly on me for sending you on an operation that you were clueless about.'

The agents arrived with breakfast.

Between mouthfuls of food, Gus said, 'Sir, I can quietly resign from the army and disappear; and not breath a word to the press.'

Foreman said, 'Do you really think that would work?'

'Oh, yes sir. I'll go back to the family farm in Iowa, and you won't hear from me again.'

The General nodded, 'I think that might work.'

Gus, feeling the noose lift from his neck. Breathed a massive sigh of relief. 'Thank you, Sir. I won't let you down again.'

General Foreman knew that. But Gus Dallas had been working in Military Intelligence since 1940, and he had seen and heard too much. And Gus had already shown he was a loose cannon on a reeling ship. 'Gus, I'll give you a ride to the airport.'

'Thank you, Sir.'

As Gus walked towards the General's Hertz car rental a shot rang out, but Major Dallas never heard it. Neither did he feel the fatal head wound.

'So, how are you progressing with your investigation into Mr Costello's death?' The Commander asked, at his and Roscoe's weekly meeting.

'I've hit a brick wall.'

'Well, I'm not surprised.' X smiled. 'Let's not waste any more time on it.'

Roscoe nodded. 'I'd come to the same conclusion.'

'Yes, well there's something else I want you to do.'

'What's that Commander?'

'Report to Aatakk.'

'Aatakk! Why?'

'It's time he brought you up to date on a few things.'

It sounded intriguing but out of character for X to divulge any more than he absolutely had to.

'Right Sir. I'll go and see him then.'

Aatakk was waiting for the Director when Roscoe alighted from the lift on level three.

The Director looked at the tall Grey. 'The Commander told me you have something to say to me.'

'We are genetic engineers. That term will not mean anything to your scientists yet. But they will work with us, and we will teach them.'

'When is that going to happen?'

'It all depends on when Earthian scientists are ready. But we are not the only ones who know about genetics.'

What do you mean?'

'Most of the aliens from off this planet are also genetic engineers.'

'Why is that so important to you?'

Aatakk answered, 'We value life forms as opposed to gold and silver. To us, understanding genetic material is our wealth.'

'Roscoe believed there was no such thing as a free lunch. The aliens were providing the American Government with advanced military technology, and soon humanity would have to pay the bill. But for now, Roscoe listened avidly to what Aatakk told him.

The Tall Grey scientist continued, 'We create DNA and pure genetic stock from which we make new physical life forms capable of regenerating and birthing depleted races. We are most interested in female genetic stock because all family lineages follow the female line.'

Roscoe was surprised at Aatakk's openness. But he still wondered what was missing in the subtext?

The tall Grey said, 'Follow me, Director. I want to show you something.'

Roscoe followed the alien to an empty laboratory.

Pointing at the sophisticated equipment Aatakk said, 'This is where we keep the DNA samples. For us, it is like your money banks. So it has to be kept very secure.'

Now Roscoe finally got it. 'So, some of your samples have gone missing?'

'You are very perceptive, Director. We need you to investigate this.'

The Director looked up at Aatakk. 'I'll need a list of everyone who has access to this room.'

Aatakk handed Roscoe a piece of paper.

Twenty people were listed. He turned to Aatakk, 'I notice there are no Greys on this list.'

'The other members of my family who have access to our DNA stocks would not rob their brother's and sisters.'

'With respect Aatakk, I have to question everyone who has access.'

'What you propose will be seen as an insult to them. I will have to speak with the Greys first. I will let you know if they agree.'

Roscoe sighed, 'They have to agree, Aatakk. Otherwise, I can't help you.'

Dr Larry Burke, Executive Secretary of the Joint Research and Development Board, was also a member of the CIA-funded Aliens Committee. His job was to collect and collate everything that was happening on the flying saucer front. General Tindall, who was at Burke's briefing on these matters, was present to throw a few crumbs in the CIA's direction. The others attending the closed meeting were General Horace Winterborn, the air force chief of staff, General Tindall and Dr Gessemer, Professor of Astrophysics, and debunker of many spaceship theories.

Burke cut straight to the chase. 'Gentlemen, since our military aircraft downed one of the alien's crafts the US government is, unofficially preparing itself for ongoing alien contact.'

'If it was an alien craft,' Dr Gessemer challenged.

Burke, taken aback, said, 'What else could it be?'

'There were too many coincidences associated with the incident. First, the Bell X1 just happens to encounter a flying disc. Secondly, the test plane just happens to have an experimental weapon on board that shoots down the saucer,' the astrophysicist explained.

Burke responded, 'Dr Gessemer, what exactly are you suggesting?'

'To put it plainly the disc that was shot down may well have been one of ours set up as a target for the ray weapon.'

Winterborn argued, 'That's pure speculation. We don't know all the details, but we do know the Bell X1 concept aircraft, piloted by Captain Bexton, shot down the alien saucer over the desert near Roswell.'

'Yes, well let's not get bogged down by that. We're here to discuss something far more serious.' Burke stated. He paused for effect, then continued, 'As I understand it the Greys need to use our skies to carry out their work.'

'What work would that be?' Tindall asked, fishing to see what the CIA knew. 'Protecting their species.' Without giving away any more detail, partly because he was not privy to such detail, he said, 'To do so Greys know that to perform their experiments on a large scale, to save their race, they need the cooperation of the US Government. Our job, gentlemen is to liaise between the Greys, the technological geniuses and humanity.'

Winterborn spoke up. 'We have many special bases where the airforce is cooperating with the aliens, in return for classified technological developments.'

Gessemer said, 'I have yet to see one of these alleged aliens. So let me visit them at one of your bases, General.'

Tindall said, 'I thought that contacting and studying these aliens was the NSA's remit.'urke countered, 'That was its original purpose. But the Joint Research and Development Board has taken over.'

'It's difficult to know who's in charge of what these days. Too many cooks in the kitchen, I reckon,' Winterborn commented. He added, 'The Air Force and the government have made a formal agreement with the Grey alien race. They will provide us with advanced technologies such as anti-gravity, metals, alloys, and planetary engineering to assist our world with free energy and medical applications.'

Burke, not wanting to be left out, said, 'The Greys are being allowed to study human development, both in the emotional consciousness make up, and to help them reside here on earth. The signing of this contract is the most significant act in human history, gentlemen because it has launched us in a direction we were never intended to go and it thrust us into a role that we were not prepared for either. Being hosts to an alien race.'

Gessemer said, 'What do you mean, studying human development?'

Again Burke lacked the details. He tried bluffing, 'I think it's a variety of things.'

'Such as?' Gessemer pressed.

Tindall could have helped Burke out, but he liked to see the CIA man squirm. Burke was all right on script, but he was useless thinking for himself.

Burke ventured, 'Non-invasive examination of human subjects.'

Gessemer sneered, 'Perhaps I should be speaking with the person who told you what to say.'

Burke stared daggers at the doctor, 'I resent the inference that I don't know what is going on.'

Tindall considered it an excellent time to throw in a few crumbs. 'Gentlemen, we're all on the same side here. And there is another problem looming we have not dealt with yet.'

'What problem?' Burke asked.

'This wondrous contract between the Greys and the American government has created its own problems.'

'Such as?' Winterborn said.

Walther explained, 'Essentially, this contract has handcuffed the Andromedan council and those benevolent extraterrestrial races from being able to take a more active role in the earth's evolution.'

'What the hell is the Andromedan Council, General Tindall?'

'The Andromeda Council is an intergalactic, interstellar, inter dimensional governance concerned with the development of aligned benevolent star systems and planets of sentient intelligent life.'

'And where do they hold their council?' Gessemer pressed.

'I don't know. And it's totally irrelevant to what we are doing here. The point I would like to make is this contract has placed the burdens squarely on the shoulders of humanity to enlighten itself of the

facts and to consciously create ascension on an individual basis. Because this particular treaty was agreed upon between the aliens and the ULTRA unit in the NSA, which is rapidly becoming a governing force answerable only to itself, they have in effect turned away help from outside benevolent races that would have been helpful to human development.'

Burke, taken aback, snapped, 'Are you suggesting the contract is a bad thing?'

Walther eye-balled Burke. 'Well, let me put it this way. Unless you somehow factor in the Andromedan Council, it will be.' Tindall continued, 'While we're on this subject how much do you actually know about these Greys?'

Gessemer interrupted, 'That they're not from space at all. They are the result of an out of control genetic experiment on humans.'

Burke thought back to his notes. These Greys, as they are called by us, are the progeny of Zeta Reticulans who haven't been home to Zeta Reticuli 1 or 2 in thousands of years. Many are actually just biological clones.'

Tindall, disgusted with Burke's textbook recital, said, 'The original Zeta Reticulans from the binary star system Reticuli never affiliated with the Draco Reptilians, nor the Orion Greys, Those noble beings willingly shared all they had learned. Due to their humbleness & humility, the Andromeda Council intervened, stepped in and helped relocate them to a completely different star system. These people, The original Zeta Reticulans, no longer live in the Zeta Reticuli star system. So, before you go spouting off about these Zeta Reticulans find out a bit about who they really are.'

'Why is that important?' Winterborn asked.

Tindall said, 'You have no idea, do you.' He sighed, 'The Andromeda Council is very soon going to be dealing with renegade Greys causing trouble on Earth. These guys mean business. They're going to remove these renegade Greys from their underground and undersea hidey holes on this planet. The Draco reptilians are in on it too.'

Burke stared at Tindall. 'Just what are you trying to prove, General?'

'I'm just pointing out that there is a much bigger agenda at play than the one you are aware of.'

Gessemer interrupted, 'Do you really think I'm going to swallow this horse shit about fucking aliens playing out their squabbles on Earth?'

'Quite honestly I don't care what you believe, Doctor. Or any of you. But if you go off half-cocked with your contract, the Greys will have you right where they want you.'

'Which is?' Winterborn said.

'They plan our evolutionary future.'

Roscoe met up with Aatakk in the large laboratory. The tall Grey said, 'You will ask me your questions. I will translate them to my family members.'

The security director looked up at the tall Grey. 'I would rather hear their responses myself.'

'Why?'

'Because things can get lost in translation.'

'That won't happen,' Aatakk said.

'How do you know that?'

'I just know it. Besides, the Dracos trust me, but they don't trust you.'

Roscoe, realising he was on a losing wicket, said, 'Very well, I want to know how Mr Costello ended up here on a bed.'

Aatakk announced, 'This Earthian is head of security at this base. The Director of Security before him has been killed, and his body was in this laboratory. Who brought him here for sampling?'

One of the tall Greys said something to Aatakk, who looked down at Roscoe. 'There are only two small Greys who bring in the subjects. Their names are Gampa and Tryan.'

'Where can I find them?'

'That is already handled. The Greys will be here shortly, Director.'

Sure enough, within five minutes the two Grey clones arrived. Aatakk said something to them, and they responded, turning bluish grey as they spoke. Then the tall Grey said, 'They collect the cadavers from a pick-up point on level two. They don't have names or other personal details of the Earthians.'

This would have been a week ago, 'Does anybody keep records?'

Aatakk relayed the question and only got blank looks from the Greys.

That made sense. To the Greys dead humans were no more than cattle carcasses. 'Ask them who books in the bodies; who brings them to the storage area?'

This time the translator said, 'They come from hospitals in ambulances to the above ground Dulce base.'

Roscoe thought it highly unlikely. From what he had seen the Grey scientists liked to work with fresh corpses. But he thought it best not to challenge Aatakk about it. Aatakk was helpful, so Roscoe did not want to spoil it. He said, 'I want to see this body storage area.'

Walther focussed his attention on the report that was marked eyes only. It was from Security Director Roscoe Killenhoutter at Dulce AFB:

'General Tindall, please pay close attention, because this is the first time I've ever mentioned this. There's much more to Dulce than meets the eye. There is a section on the fourth or fifth level referred to as Blue Planet. But you can't enter it from Dulce.' You enter it from Archuleta Mesa. Actually, humans don't enter it at all. Unless invited and that does not happen often. Now, this secret facility houses its own energy generator where human scientists are working on Tesla free energy devices, using alien technology. Here, much of the alien technology has been reconstructed and sent via a connecting tunnel to Los Alamos and an area located underneath Dulce base. This facility is twenty-nine thousand square feet in size. There are also laboratories equipped to study light, thought and pure energy there. This facility is also used as a jail for aliens captured by the black (shadow) government.'

Walther did not know what to make of it. He knew weird shit went on under Dulce, but not in such detail. It seemed fascinating but non-threatening.

Then he read the next bit.

'This contract between the Grey aliens and the US Government is ambiguous and gives the aliens carte blanche to infringe on the necessary human rights of American people. In other words, it makes the aliens exempt from breaking any laws and hurting anybody here. There is also a massive amount of private money being used by the NSA to build the alien technology, which is designed to keep humanity under alien control. Walther, even the CIA doesn't know much about the Ultra or

Blue Moon units of the NSA. These are the two highest units the NSA has that deals directly with alien technology and information.'

OK, it was troubling but what could he do about it? The Jason Group, which had superceded MJ12 had signed off on the contract. Which was not surprising as each member was set to do well out of the deal.

Roscoe was no closer to find out what happened to Tim Costello. And there seemed little hope of him solving the crime. His suspicious mind said, What if the Commander had given him the case, because it was a wild goose chase, or to distract him away from something far more important?

The Commander had not pressured Roscoe or asked him how he was progressing with the case, which was odd in itself. But it did give the Security Director the time to follow up another lead. But it required him to go to Fort Archuleta. Trying to leave the base by the front gate was out of the question. The only other option which was to find a way down to level four and follow the newly built tunnel, which, according to intelligence gleaned from an ACE sergeant, connected with Archuleta Mesa. But first Roscoe had to find the secret stairway on level three.

Chapter 38

In the broad scope of things, Thrux played a small part. Like the other big-headed Greys, it performed abduction and examination work for the large Grey scientists. It had the big black eyes and tiny nose and mouth typical of the Greys that abductees see most of the time. But Thrux was different from those in certain ways. Ways that it kept quiet about. Thrux was a Grey clone. Or that was what he wanted them to think. Thrux assisted the scientists with their biological work. Which necessitated the extinction of various species from the surface of the Earth, which were not governed or protected under the treaty made with the US Government. Little did humans know that only underground installations were guaranteed sovereignty under the agreement. Whereas Grey clones went about their tasks ordered by the superior scientist Greys, only Thrux had a sense of the horrors that were to befall the surface world.

So Thrux was different. It may have had something to do with being the progeny of a Zeta Reticulan female and the sperm from a male abductee. But that was long ago. More recently Thrux piloted a flying disc that got hit with a deadly beam and crashed in the desert near Roswell.

Doctor Rosen went about his daily duties in the hospital lab, as he referred to the human research facility. None of the operating tables had any people lying on them. Apparently, the tall Greys were waiting for the next intake. Rosen joined in with some small Greys who were busy sterilising instruments and preparing the ward for the next influx of subjects. One of the large-headed Greys, Thrux was present. As there was no masters around, it was a good time for Thrux to make contact with the Earthian doctor.

None of the large-headed aliens had ever made contact with Rosen, so he was somewhat taken aback when one of them reached up and touched his arm. Startled, he looked down at the Grey. 'What do you want?' he asked, puzzled.

'I need to speak with you.'

Rosen could not have been more surprised. Of all the stupefying things he had experienced at Dulce, this was the most off-putting. The Grey, who held one of the language translation devices, seemed to want him to follow it somewhere.

Thrux got Rosen away the other Greys. He looked up at the Earthian. 'I have to warn you about something. And you must tell this to your people.'

Rosen stood there open-mouthed. 'This has never happened to me before.'

'I am not like the others.'

'I can see that. So, what is this warning?' Rosen asked warily.

'The Earthians who have been given brain implants are being programmed remotely to help overthrow Earth kind.'

Roscoe stared at the little alien. 'As I understand it the implants are to help your scientists to monitor human development.'

'Although that is partially true there is this other agenda. What you Earthians do not know is that deep down under this base some Reptoids have learned how to transform themselves into beings with Earthian looks and characteristics.'

Roscoe was incredulous. 'I knew something top secret was going on down there but I ...'

'These Reptoids are among your kind, to use our programmed humans to help destabilise your society.'

'Why would they do that?' Rosen asked.

'So that when the time comes for the Reptoids to take over your planet Earthian resistance will be minimal.'

Rosen, gob-smacked, uttered, 'Why are you telling me this?'

'Because your kind is in mortal danger.'

Rosen looked into the Grey's large black eyes. 'No. What I mean is why are you warning us?'

The small alien said, 'Doctor, you showed me great kindness and even saved my life.'

'When? How?'

'My name is Thrux, You took my brother and myself to the caves to help us breathe easier.'

'That was you!' Rosen muttered.

'Now do you understand, Doctor?'

Rosen frowned. 'What can I do? I can't leave this base. And even if I could who is going to listen to me?'

Thrux answered, 'I can not help you with that. I can only tell you what I know.'

Thrux left the doctor and went back to work. Rosen was left alone and in a quandary. Was what Thrux had said, correct? If so how could he get a message to somebody outside the base? And who could he tell that would listen?

Roscoe looked at the document again. There had to be some reason for Tim to have written that statement just before he died. Roscoe reread:

'There are chambers a few hundred feet below the very town of Dulce itself that are part of level one of the facility. (This close proximity may explain why it has usually been described as the "Dulce Base".)'

Roscoe concluded from this that even with his high-security clearance, Timothy Costello was only familiar with one part of the overall mega-complex underlying the vast area. Whatever amount of activity was taking place there, different sources indicated that the town of Dulce lay over a major

crossroads, convergence or "intersection" area of alien activity with the people living above totally unaware of the multi-alien species living below. Just then a knock on his door broke the Director's concentration. He quickly taped the letter back under his desk.

Dr Rosen knocked again, then entered.

'Ah, Dr Rosen. What brings you here?'

'A strange experience. One of those big head Greys started talking to me in English.'

'OK. But I don't see what it has to do with security.'

'It's what he told me that really got my attention.'

'Oh.'

Rosen explained about Thrux and the Reptoids plan to rule the world.

Roscoe listened intently, wondering how Rosen believed such a fantasy. 'So what you're saying is this Thrux character says these Reptoids, which you haven't actually seen are mind controlling humans the Greys abducted and...'

'I know it sounds fantastic, but think about it, Roscoe. The little Greys are subservient to the tall guys. But the scientists are minions for something else. What if this something else is these Reptoids?'

'I'd have to see one of them in the flesh before I believe this story.'

Rosen thought about it. 'Then we'd better find a way to get down to their level.'

Roscoe thought back to his experience with Aatakk. There's no way to get down there without entering through Archuleta Mesa.'

Rosen said, 'If what Thrux says is true, maybe the Reptoids can come up to the top floors looking like humans.'

'Even if that is true how does it help us? Besides, how would we recognise them?'

'What if they can't fully control the change?'

'What if this? What if that? I need something solid to work with.'

'Maybe Thrux can help.'

'Help in what way? Back up his story?'

'What if he's right and we ignore it at our peril?'

'So, what am I supposed to do with this?'

'You're head of security. And this is a security matter.'

Roscoe rubbed his chin, as he cogitated over the problem.

'OK. You set up a meeting with this Thrux, and I'll listen to what he has to say.'

In 1719, Thomas Lee purchased an almost 3,000-acre tract from the sixth Lord Fairfax and named it Langley after his family's estate in England. During the Civil War, Langley's proximity to Chain Bridge made it a critical Union Army position.

Even before the National Security Act of 1947 created the Central Intelligence Agency, Admirals from the Department of Navy, Harry Vandenberg and Roscoe Hillenkoetter pressed for a single,

permanent, fireproof building in Washington to house the agency's precursor, the Central Intelligence Group. At the time The then CIG was in urgent need as it then occupied 10 different buildings.

Glen Blackland worked in one of these buildings. As a member of the top-secret Jason Group, he was one of the few insiders who knew something about the goings on at Dulce AFB. As Director of the CIA's psychological Strategy Board, he took a keen interest in the psychology of the Greys. They came up with the idea of the Treaty, not the American Government, which meant it worked well in their favour. This contract, which was signed off by the American Government gave the Greys a lot more freedom than those assigned to American citizens.

Some of the more hidden rights of the alien under the contract were:

The right to gather human and animal biological products including cloning, DNA enrichment and cross-breeding with human beings.

The right to abduct human females temporarily and also permanently using them for cross-breeding to produce a new hybrid species that does not have the inherent genetic weaknesses of the Grey species.

The right to maintain the technology to create clones and implant memory from another source into the clones.

(Implantation technology, a trademark of Orion-based species, was routinely used as a method of social control.)

The United States government agencies like the CIA and the NSA, had undertaken to develop parallel technology which is a direct result of cooperation and interaction with extraterrestrial biological entities.

The motivation for the genetic work with humans is about the survival of the Grey species, which is genetically damaged.

All this left Blackland horrified. He wondered, had anybody actually read the small print before voting in favour of the contract? But it was too late. There was no going back - not without breaking the treaty before the ink was dry. No, the cunning Greys had got just what they wanted, and nobody was safe from them and their experiments.

Glen was wondering what could be done when there was a knock on his office door and Walther Tindall marched in.

Glen did not like surprise visits and having Walther looking at him was one hell of a surprise. 'General, this is an unexpected pleasure. How can I help?'

'What do you think about the agreement our Government has covertly made with a species described as the tall Greys, in which we have agreed not to interfere with alien operational plans in trade for advanced military technology?'

'I'm not sure why you are asking me this, General.'

'Because it's hiding an alleged more far-reaching alien plot.'

'What do you mean?'

'It has come to my notice that a species of alien, called Reptoids, are using the tall Greys and their treaty with us to take control of this nation,'

'Whoa General! Who the hell are these Reptoids? Have you ever seen one?'

'No, because they supposedly inhabit the lower levels at the Dulce base.'

'Jesus. Yet another Dulce myth,' Glen sneered.

Tindall smiled. 'Could just be. But can we afford to take the chance?' Then he said, 'I have somebody at Dulce. I'll get him onto it.'

Secretly Glen Blackland wondered if General Tindall had got it right. The tall Greys did use the big-headed Greys to perform abduction and examination work. These Greys were the ones that abductees saw most of the time. The shadow government - the Jasons - had given the aliens a free pass to perform vital work which necessitated the termination of various species on the surface of the Earth not governed or protected under the treaty. If there were some kind of world domination plan by these alleged Reptoids, the controversial agreement would be the perfect distraction. Glen decided to send this intelligence back to the source and find out what Commander X knew about it.

The Greys - bibliotecapleyades.net.

https://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/vida_alien/esp_vida_alien_18za.htm

A Dulce Base Security Officer Speaks Out.

https://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/branton/esp_dulcebook11.htm

The CIA Campus: The Story of Original Headquarters Building. <https://www.cia.gov/news-information/featured-story-archive/2008-featured-story-archive/original-headquarters-building.html>

Chapter 39

A new batch of dead and abducted subjects had arrived, and the tall Greys were busy dealing with them in the ward and the laboratory. This batch was twice as large as that dictated by Kraak, a Draco leader. Aatakk had not asked the Draco why the increase in numbers, but he felt the pressure mounting. The constant presence of the alien scientists and the busy routine in the ward made it impossible for Dr Rosen and Thrux to meet and talk. The situation was doubly tricky because Thrux had to play the dumb Grey clone carrying out the tall scientist's orders. Doctor Rosen was only present as an observer. He had never had to step in because of unacceptable medical practices. How could he differentiate between acceptable and unacceptable practices though when the whole process was distasteful? Thrux did manage to pass Dr Rosen a note to meet him after his shift, as they briefly crossed paths.

Commander X listened to what Glen Blackland said, on the phone. 'He responded, 'And my Director of Security told you this story?'

'No, Commander, General Tindall told me.'

How did General Tindall find out about this?'

'I believed Director Killenhoutter informed him.'

'And who told the Director.'

'I don't know, Commander.'

'You didn't ask?'

'Yes, but he wouldn't tell me.'

'I see. Well, thank you for keeping me informed.'

The Commander replaced the receiver. Then he picked it up and dialled the Director's number.

Dr Rosen waited in his private accommodation on level two. Thrux duly turned up, and Rosen let him in.

Rosen said, 'They don't believe me. They need evidence that these Reptoids exist.'

Thrux said, 'Only Aatakk communicates with them. They are the ones behind the extensive research on the human brain and its capabilities as well as studying the human soul.'

'The human soul! I didn't know anything about that.'

'There is a hidden laboratory that only the tall scientists can enter. Understand, doctor, that this research has been going on in your world for hundreds of years. It is not new. It is to you because Earthians like yourself have just discovered it.'

'For hundreds of years !'

'Doctor there is also something else that is important for you to know. Many Earth subjects who have been implanted by the tall Greys, have an awareness of the fact. I do not mean they remember being experimented on. But they are given a sense of being shown and trained to do something.'

'What are they trained to do, Thrux?'

'They are to become important people in your society, people that you Earthians look up to and respect. Once they are in strategic positions, The Reptoids activate their brain inserts to do their bidding.'

Rosen became pale. 'That's terrible. That means our trusted leaders will be the tools of these Reptoids!'

'These Reptoids are actually called Dracos.'

'Dracos?'

'Yes. Now, according to another star being race, the Andromedans, the Greys are training other Earthians to fight their war against the Draconians.'

'Wait a minute, Thrux, I'm confused. You said the Dracos control the Greys. Yet now you are saying the Greys are using their human slaves to fight the Dracos. I don't get it.'

Thrux looked up at Dr Rosen. 'The tall Greys hate being controlled by the Dracos but they cannot stand directly against them.'

'So they're using humans soldiers to fight the Dracos for them while controlling everything from behind the scenes?'

'Yes, it is like when your military sends in the infantry and marines, those implanted will be the first ones on the beach. You must understand, Doctor, that the Dracos have chosen your world to be their battleground.'

Rosen slowly shook his head. The human plight was much worse than he had thought. 'Is there any way I can show our leaders that the Dracos exist?'

Thrux looked straight at the doctor. 'But I have told you they exist.'

'In our world, people tell lies for personal gain. Without proof of the Dracos existence, they will not believe me.'

But that proof came from another unexpected quarter.

Kostya Hanski, an explosives engineer who worked for the US government, with high-level security clearance, was going about his work in the usual way. When he saw something that turned his blood cold. He could not believe it at first and thought his mind was playing tricks on him. But what he saw was real, and the sixty dead ACE personnel left behind was a testament to that.

Kostya had just drilled the holes in the hard rock face and inserted the sticks of dynamite ready to excavate the cave wall, to extend the tunnel. Then, having connected the explosives to his detonator, he gave the ACE personnel, who were prepared with picks and shovels, the hand sign to take cover. Kostya retreated to a safe spot, and yelled, 'FIRE IN THE HOLE!' And pressed the plunger. The explosive was deafening in the confined space. It scattered vast chunks of rock and filled the tunnel with dust. As the dust settled Kostya saw a hole caused by the explosion - and something else!

There shouldn't be a hole, Kostya's puzzled mind said. There also shouldn't be ... Jesus! What was it?

But it was not an 'it' It was them!

Kostya, a Roman Catholic, crossed himself, as giant lizard-like monsters, growling and hissing, came through the hole, armed with formidable weapons, unlike anything Kostya had seen before.

Kostya huddled behind a rock as the Reptile-like beings, used their ray guns and quickly dispatched the army engineers, who stood no chance against them, armed as they were with only picks and shovels. As thin blue beams of light shot over his head, he heard the cries of pain, but Kostya's eyes were tightly closed like a child, so he could not see the evil things in the tunnel.

Then it went quiet, deathly quiet and Kostya opened his eyes. And immediately wished he had not! Strewn around on the fallen rocks were the army engineers - all dead, with open mouths, and pained expressions on their faces, as though they had all been electrocuted. Kostya crossed himself again and thanked God for sparing him. The monsters were no longer there. Kostya figured they must have gone back through the hole. The opening that should not have been there.

The explosives man eventually gathered his wits and went to check on the fallen soldiers. Whatever weapon the lizard monsters had used there was no blood. The sixty victims, all dead, lay strewn over the rocks. Kostya could not do anything for them, so he made his way on shaky legs to the tunnel entrance, where he staggered into the daylight and collapsed.

He was spotted by a guard, who rushed over to him. He looked down at the huddled shaking man. 'Are you all right?' the soldier asked leaning over Kostya.

Kostya looked up at the soldier, his face a ghostly white. 'It's terrible. It's terrible.'

'What's terrible?' the soldier asked.

'It's terrible. It's terrible,' Kostya repeated.

'Are you hurt at all?' the soldier asked.

'It's terrible. Just terrible.' Kostya kept repeating like a cracked record.

Kostya, a mumbling mess with shot nerves, kept muttering the same words over and over again.

The soldier, unable to offer assistance, contacted his CO. 'Sir we have a situation at the entrance of the new tunnel, over.'

'What sort of situation? over.'

'I'm not sure sir but only one man came out of the tunnel, and he's in a terrible state, over.'

'It sounds like a cave in. I'll have a team over there ASAP, over.'

'You'd better send an ambulance for the guy who came out. I can't make any sense out of him. Over.'

'Roger that. Over and out.'

The ACE CO contacted the Director of Security. We have a security problem that warrants your attention.'

Roscoe, taken aback, said, 'What problem?'

Ignoring the question, the ACE Commanding Officer said, 'I'll come to your office. I'll be there in ten minutes.'

'Where are you, Commander?'

'Near the new Archuleta tunnel.'

'I'll come out to you.'

'OK.'

Roscoe saw this as a legitimate opportunity for him to leave the base. He quickly contacted Commander X, apprised him of the situation, and got permission to leave the base. Then,

Director Killenhutter drove to the tunnel and arrived just as the hastily organised rescue team also arrived.

'What the heck is going on,' Roscoe asked, striding up to and confronting the CO.

The ACE Commander said, 'I'm Colonel Mason.' He paused then said, 'There's been an incident in the tunnel.'

'Incident! What kind of incident?'

'My money's on a cave in. We're sending in a rescue team. Then we'll know more.'

'So why involve me?' Roscoe asked, puzzled.

'Because I could be wrong about the cave-in.'

'Has anyone gone in there yet?' Roscoe said, pointing at the tunnel.

'No, Director, they've been waiting for you.'

Roscoe detected a slight barb in the Colonel's voice. 'OK, Colonel, then we'd better take a look inside.'

Each member of the Rescue team wore helmets with flash lights attached and respirators. Some carried lightweight stretchers and other items to help the victims. The first stretch of the Tunnel was comfortable, going with ceiling lights to show the way. A mile or so in the terrain got rougher, and they had to use their headlights. Soon they came to the pile of fractured boulders with bodies strewn among them. Roscoe did an inventory and found 60 bodies, each looking as though they had suffered substantial electric shocks. There was no dried blood near the corpses so whatever had killed them was not a conventional weapon. There was also no signs of a cave-in.

The head of the rescue team said to Roscoe. 'No blood huh! I guess that they got caught by the blast.'

Roscoe looked at the Captain. 'No that's not it. If they got caught when the explosives went off, they would have been crushed by flying boulders and loose rocks. Every one of the men is lying on top of the rocks, which suggests they were attacked after the explosion by some overwhelming unknown force that uses unconventional weapons.'

The Captain looked at the Director. 'Well, you can be the one to tell Colonel Mason that story.'

'Well, Captain, in the light of what I have just told you how would you explain sixty dead soldiers whose faces show signs of great terror.'

By the time the rescue team had reached the entrance of the tunnel with bodies on stretchers, Commander X had arrived, wearing his trademark white suit. He decided against going into the tube. Dirty, dusty underground construction sites did not go with crisp, clean, white clothes. Instead, he asked the Rescue team Captain what had happened?

The Captain said 'We came across 60 dead bodies on a pile of fallen rocks.'

'And what do you infer from that?'

'There must have been something wrong with the explosive charge, and the men did not get away in time. Then he added, 'But the Director of Security has another theory.'

The Commander smiled, 'Oh I don't think we need any more theories. Your one will do just fine.'

Roscoe did not say anything. There was no point. Kostya Hanski would take the fall and life in the weird and wonderful world of Dulce would go on as usual. But Roscoe did learn from Colonel Mason that Kostya Hanski had been taken to the base hospital.'

The base hospital was in the human staff housing section, level two above ground. The Director approached the reception desk. 'I'm here to see a Kostya Hanski. The nurse on duty looked at her admissions sheet. 'There's nobody here of that name, Director.'

He looked at her blankly, 'I was told he'd been taken to the hospital.'

She shrugged, 'All I know is that he's not here.'

Roscoe, puzzled, mumbled 'Thanks,' and left. As far as the Director knew the explosives expert had not been harmed as a result of the blast. This in itself was odd because he would have been closest to the explosion. But the guard who found him said he seemed terrified and kept mumbling about terrible monsters. The base hospital had no psychiatric ward so the ambulance may have taken him another hospital, But there was one other possibility, and it was too horrible to contemplate. However, it was an avenue he had to check.

The ambulance bay was attached to the medical centre. Both Ambulances were parked in the garage. Roscoe saw two Ambulance officers sitting in a separate room playing poker. He knocked and slid open a glass door.

One of them saw his tag. 'Director, what do you want?'

'I want to speak with the ambulance driver who brought Kostya Hanski here.'

'The guy from the explosion?'

'Yes. Is the driver here?' The Director pressed.

'That was us,' the officer said, indicating his colleague.'

'Where did you take him?'

The driver stared at Roscoe. 'The hospital of course. Where do you think?'

'The hospital - here?'

'Yes. Why?' The driver asked, puzzled.

Roscoe smiled, 'Oh, no particular reason. Thank you, gentlemen.'

The ambulance men were happy to get back to their game. And Roscoe's worse fears were realised.

He went to his office and pulled out a contractors file. The explosives expert was listed as Kostya Hanski, and there was a headshot photograph to go with his Bio. He put the photo in his pocket and headed off to the elevator.

Commander X met up with Aatakk in secret on level four. 'Have you found out what happened?'

'Commander, it appears that your explosives man blew a hole in the tunnel wall that damaged a Draco stronghold. It was like an Earthian accidentally kicking a hornets' nest.'

'Yes, I get the analogy. And the Dracos came out into the tunnel and killed 60 soldiers?'

'Yes, Commander.'

'So the Dracos were sitting by their side of the wall armed and waiting.'

'It seems the most logical scenario, Commander.'

'I need to speak with Malfoy. Arrange it, Aatakk.'

'Malfoy will only deal with me.'

X looked up at the tall grey. 'I have just lost 60 good men and Malfoy had better have a damned good explanation. We also want him to hand over the Dracos involved.'

'Commander, we are not in a position to demand anything.'

'Tell Malfoy I want to meet him because his people have put the Treaty in Jeopardy.'

'I will try Commander.'

Roscoe descended to level three and walked into the hospital laboratory, where he was challenged by two Greys. As they were not expecting a visit from the Director, they were not prepared with translation devices.

'I have to see Aatakk.'

The Grey understood the word Aatakk but nothing else.

Hearing a human voice, Dr Rosen went to investigate. He nudged the small Grey gently aside. 'Director, what the hell are you doing here. You can't just pop in without prior authorisation.'

'Thank God you're here Doc. Have you heard about what happened in the tunnel?'

'Yes, when I took my lunch break.'

Yes, well the explosives expert was taken to a hospital. It's not the base hospital, so it has to be here.'

Rosen stared at Roscoe. 'Why would he be brought here?'

Roscoe sidled closer, 'Because he saw something horrific in that tunnel and X denies it.'

'OK, so why here?'

'Are you kidding. What better place for Hanski to forget what he saw?'

Rosen hesitated, then said, 'Don't say a word but follow me.'

Roscoe did so, and they came to a bed occupied by Kostya Hanski. The Director recognised him from the personnel photo, and he very nearly blurted out the man's name but managed to stay silent. As they moved away from the bed Rosen saw Thrux, He took the small Grey aside where nobody could hear them. Rosen saw that Thrux was wearing a translation device. He took Hanski's picture and gave it to Thrux. 'Find out what you can about what is happening to this man.' Thrux took the photo and went over to the bed, where a tall grey was looking into the patient's eyes with a tiny but powerful light.

Roscoe looked at Rosen, puzzled. 'How come you and that little guy are buddies?'

Before Rosen had time to answer, Thrux was back with information.

Rosen said, 'What did you find out?'

'The patient was in a state of shock. The doctor has sedated him to calm him down.'

'Have they done anything else?'

'No, Doctor.'

'What are they planning to do with him?' Roscoe asked.

'When he is calm they will erase the part of his memory that is troubling him.'

Roscoe knew all about that and the horrible sense of blanks in his memory. He looked down at Thrux. 'No they will not. At least not until I have spoken with him.'

'I have no power to tell our masters what to do.'

Rosen urged, 'Thrux, they must not mess with his memory. This is a matter of national security. Tell the doctor in charge that I wish to speak with his patient.'

Thrux went off again but feeling very uncomfortable about his mission.

Whatever he said, worked because one of the tall Greys followed him to where The Director and the Doctor awaited.

'What do you want?' The scientist asked in a surly manner.

Roscoe showed him the picture. 'This man is over there on a bed. He has been sedated. It is of national importance that I speak with him before you erase any part of his memory.'

The tall Grey scientist looked down at the Director.

'Do you have a directive from Commander X. Because he left instructions that nobody was to talk to the patient.'

Shit, X was already onto it. It was time for a bluff. 'That order does not apply to me. This is a matter of security, and I am the Security Director. If you stop my carrying out my duty, there will be dire consequences. Do you understand?'

The Grey stood there nonplussed. 'To cover myself I will have to run your request by the Commander and...'

'You don't have to do that. I have the authority to bring my forces here and contain this lab and everyone in it. Is that what you want?'

'Very well, you can stay.'

'How long before the sedative wears off, 'Roscoe asked.

Rosen answered 6 - 8 hours.

'Then I guess we're here for the long haul.'

But they were not!

Shortly after Roscoe settled in, Commander X showed up with a contingent of armed guards. Armaments were not allowed in the labs, so the guards had to stay at the door. X marched in and up to the Director.

Damn it the bluff had failed.

'Director, what exactly are you doing here?'

'I'm waiting for Kostya Hanski to regain consciousness.'

'And why are you doing that?'

'To get a statement from him about what happened in the tunnel.'

'I left strict instructions about this patient, Director.'

'But it's my job as head of security to ...'

'Before you say another word, come with me.'

Roscoe had no choice but to follow.

Outside in the corridor X said, 'Director, everything I do and every rule I make is to protect this base from prying eyes. So I do not issue orders lightly.'

'But something terrifying took place in that tunnel, and it wasn't just ...'

X stared at the Director. 'I know exactly what happened in that tunnel and I know why. But we can't let the true story be known. And the only person who knows it is, as you say, Kostya Hanski.'

'So what's going to happen to him?'

Director, I don't think you need to ask me that question. Getting him to forget what happened is the kindest thing we can do for him.'

'That does not help with the clear and present threat that looms in those tunnels.'

X fixed Roscoe with his gaze. 'Do you know what would happen if this got out?'

'The public would know what is really going on here.'

'There will be widespread panic the like of which the world has not experienced! Is that what you want?'

'No, of course not, but ...'

'Then let me do my job, and you get on with yours,' He added, 'While you still have one.'

Roscoe knew what the Commander said, made logical sense, but he was still troubled. 'What's our response to the Attack, Commander?'

'You will be informed when and if you need to know.'

Chapter 40

Aatakk knew that the Commander always called the shots at Dulce Base. He also knew that bullying would not work with Malfoy. Worried about how X was going to approach the Draco leader, Aatakk stated, 'You must not make any threats or demands, Commander. You can ask for his assistance and his advice on how to proceed with this delicate matter. But you are not in a strong position to issue orders.'

X looked up at the tall Grey. 'Aatakk, this is much more serious than a breach of protocol. Many of my men were slaughtered in the attack, and those Reptoids responsible have to pay.'

Aatakk said, 'He is aware of that, which is why he is breaking Draco protocol and will speak with you directly.'

X felt very nervous waiting for Malfoy to walk through the hole into the tunnel. On this rare occasion, X wore military fatigues with the three-star general insignia. Apart from not messing up his white suit, Commander X thought it more fitting for the confrontation. The Commander, like most people, had never seen a Draco. But unlike most folks, he was about to. He felt apprehensive - scared even. When the figure emerged from the darkness into the artificially lit tunnel, X was aghast.

During World War II, the Germans yearned for any advantage over their opponents. Whether it was technological, intelligence or brute strength, they wanted to be the best of the best. So when Deiter Weber, a young German nationalist, stepped forward to share his remarkable natural gifts (he received messages from extraterrestrials) Nazi high command regarded him as a secret weapon and kept him hidden away where Nazi scientists tested his remarkable ability.

Deiter was a space being medium who became the leader of Vril, a Nazi secret society. The Vril society became established after Weber communicated with extraterrestrials who had once been gods in Sumeria, but who eventually departed Earth for the Aldebaran solar system. Vril came from the Sumerian Vri-Il, meaning God-like.

Deiter gathered about him a membership comprising attractive young women with hair all the way down past their hips, which was uncharacteristic at the time. The logic for their hair being long centred around their belief that human hair acted as an antenna to make contact with extraterrestrials. They believed that they could use their telepathic abilities to communicate with these otherworldly beings and give the Nazis some sort of advantage over their opponents.

Deiter was kept busy transcribing the channelled information in both a secret Templar German language and that of Thule, a German occult group. But Deiter knew the words came from ancient Sumeria, where the extraterrestrials once thrived as gods among Men. Once Deiter had translated the information into German, he discovered the ETs had provided him with the details to construct a flying saucer. This led to Nazi experiments with creating futuristic flying discs, such as the fabled Foo Fighters which flew among allied squadrons, scrambling their enemy's communications.

Then, with no warning, the Vril society suddenly disappeared without a trace. The young women were never found. Deiter was also missing. The Gestapo who searched the Vril headquarters found a note which read:

'Niemand bleibt hier,' or in English 'no one is staying here.' Deiter had not stayed there. Unbeknownst to his Nazi handlers, he had passage aboard a U-boat heading for South America.

The fearsome creature had a scaly body and stood, by X's reckoning, at least 12 feet tall. It looked like it had stepped out from the depths of hell. By shapeshifting, the subterranean Dragos looked like humanoids who had learned to walk on two legs. Even so, they were still terrifying with their lizard-like faces and small horns protruding from the top of their heads.

Aatakk, who was fluent in many alien languages, including Draconian, said, 'Oh great Malfoy this is Commander X.'

'I do not like you bringing Earthians to our domain.'

The tall Grey changed it to. 'He welcomes you, Commander.'

The Commander noticed two more shadowy Draco's flanking Malfoy. Looking up at the Saurian apparition, he said, 'We need to discuss what happened in the tunnel.'

Aatakk translated, and Malfoy said, 'I don't need to discuss anything with him.'

The tall grey said, 'He says it was all an unfortunate misunderstanding.'

'A misunderstanding that cost sixty of my men their lives.'

Aatakk translated and Malfoy hissed, 'They should not have been in our area.'

'He apologises for what happened but does not understand why you want to see him.'

'There has to be some restitution.'

Malfoy responded, 'He will not touch any of my Draco.'

Aatakk changed it to 'My Dracos thought they were under attack. They responded to defend themselves. As I have said, it was all a misunderstanding. He turned to X. 'You must inform him where you are going to dig.'

X, fed up with the Draco calling the shots, said, 'If this is not settled in a manner that satisfies us, we will have to reconsider our joint treaty.'

What Aatakk said was. 'The Commander apologises, and he needs a map of your territory down here so that his people will avoid you in future.'

'I will give you a map, not an Earthian.'

'Then it is done.'

'Don't bring him down here again.'

Aatakk said, 'Malfoy apologises and will make sure it never happens again.'

The Commander watched as the Dracos went back through the hole. He turned to Aatakk, 'I'm not sure if we achieved anything there.'

Aatakk said, 'It's better than I expected and the best we will get.'

General Tindall took the Commander's call. The Dulce base Commander only used his private number when it was absolutely necessary. So he knew it was important. 'Commander, how can I help you?

'We've had an incident at the base. Or under the base to be precise.'

'Oh, what's happened?'

'The army engineers were blasting in the tunnel when they got attacked by Reptilians.'

Walther could not believe what he was hearing. 'Attacked by the Draco!'

'Yes.'

'My good God! What's the collateral damage, Commander?'

'They wiped out all our people, except the explosives contractor.'

'How many are we talking here?'

'Sixty Engineer Corps personnel.'

'Jesus H Christ! Have you told anyone, apart from me?'

'No General. We have a story for the press though.'

'Which is?'

'The deaths were caused by a blasting accident in the tunnel.'

'It sounds logical but will it stand up?'

'As long as all the witnesses stick to the same story.'

'How many witnesses are we talking here?'

'Well, there's the members of the rescue team who brought out the bodies, and a couple of guards.'

'What about the contractor. I believe you said he survived.'

'That's all in hand, General.'

'Are you sure no flak can come back from this?'

'I assure you none of my men will break ranks.'

Walther knew from experience that even the best-prepared cover-up could miss important details.

'Commander, is there anything at all that could make your cover story fall apart?'

'Not as long as everybody ...'

'You have not answered my question.'

'The dead soldiers had no physical injuries.'

'What do you mean?'

'The Reptilians used some kind of ray gun.'

'Fuck! How are you going to handle the press about the attack?'

'General, I'm not answering any questions. I'll present our statement, and that's it.'

'Do you really think that will wash? You have sixty dead soldiers killed in a tunnel under a highly sensitive military facility.'

'I'm fully aware of that, General. And I'm dealing with it.'

'Very well. But keep me advised every step of the way.'

Walther put down the receiver, slumped back in his chair, removed his reading glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose. He knew it fell to him to prepare a report for the JCoS about the incident. The more people he could keep out of the loop the less complicated things would become. It would not have been so bad if some of the Greys revolted - but the Dracos! The public had some inkling that the little aliens existed, mostly from the glut of science fiction movies and books about the Earth being invaded by visitors from space. But the Reptilians, that was a whole different ball game, especially as nobody outside Dulce base knew of their existence. Hardly any base personnel knew about them, let alone members of the public. And that was the way it had to stay. So the

incident had to be contained with no fallout. Walther knew the Commander was brilliant, efficient and kept his people in line, even though he had to manage many different intelligent species. But the massacre by the Dracos fell into the National Security basket and, as such could not rest with him.

Walther dialled a number and waited.

'This is the White House. can I help you?'

'General Tindall here. Get me James Foreman.'

Walther waited, tapping a pen on his desk to help ease the tension. Then he heard James' voice. 'Mr State Secretary, General Tindall here. Can you come to the Pentagon? I have something urgent to discuss with you.'

'Walther, I'd rather you come to the White House. I have a small window at 4 pm. I'll fit you in then.'

Tindall looked at the wall clock. 'He had thirty-two minutes to make it. He spoke into his interoffice phone. 'Sally, get me a staff car now please.'

Vril Society's Secret Alien Communication - Where Did They <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3udiwFc2KVw>

Chapter 41

It was after the end of World War II and just before nuclear weapons cast their long shadow. Truth-telling was not a priority, and there were remarkably unusual events underscoring the situation at hand. It was time for Deiter Weber to come out of hiding in Argentina. He felt the extraordinary gift that allowed him to communicate with Extraterrestrials would be very useful in the United States. Although publicly and mention of little Grey men and flying saucers was ridiculed within MJ12, later, with the Jason Group, it was a very different story. Even so, the ET angle was not as saleable as Deiter being a rocket scientist (he still had his plans for building a flying disc).

Everywhere Deiter looked in 1946, the global, social and political chessboard was being re-divided. The Soviet Union began to claim East European nations for itself in a new post-war vacuum. The Voice of America began broadcasting in Russian to the eastern bloc, peddling the principles of American Democracy. The US sent V2 rockets carrying payloads of corn seeds and fruit flies into outer space. The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists set the Doomsday Clock ticking, and the Marshall Plan was in the making to rebuild war-torn Europe. Small wonder that in the heat of summer that year, flying saucers became all the rage.

Yes, Deiter Weber waited for the right time to make his move. He leapt on an opportunity when Navy Seaman Harold Dennis claimed to have seen six unidentified flying objects in the sky near Maury Island in Washington state's Puget Sound.

Deiter arranged and met up with the sailor, who talked about his bizarre experience. The German knew he had to exploit Dennis' story to the hilt, to get noticed. He did and received a visit from the brand new NSA, the shape of two agents wearing black suits. They interrogated him. During the questioning Deiter let it slip that he was the leader of Vril and he had the plans for building a spaceship. One of the agents blanked out, having decided the German was a nut case, But the other had heard something about the Vril and figured he might be useful.

Dr James Sundowner, Chairman of the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, interviewed Deiter Weber and saw a microfilm file of his spaceship design. But he was even more impressed

with the German's ability to communicate with extraterrestrials. Dr Sundowner knew the very place Deiter Weber could be put to work. And Commander X was born.

During the Depression and war years of the Franklin Roosevelt administration, the White House's annual repair budget was neglected. Roosevelt got Congress to approve the funding for significant additions to the West and East Wings. But the West wing was still not big enough to house the office of the president and organisations that answered directly to him. The West Wing still remained overcrowded and lacked a cafeteria and a press theatre.

When Harry Truman was elected U S President in 1945, he had Lorenzo Winslow draw up detailed plans for an addition on the south side of the West Wing that would satisfy his needs. Although earthworks had begun and the necessary funds had been appropriated by Congress, concerns on Capitol Hill had the funding recalled and withheld. This was a big blow to Truman, and the West Wing became even more crowded. One of those affected with his cramped office in the West Wing was James Foreman The US Secretary of State.

General Tindall arrived at the White House with five minutes to spare. After negotiating roped off foundation work and idle, ugly deserted scaffolding Walther entered the West Wing. Having been vetted by two United States Marines in dress uniform, he got directed to the Defence Secretary's office.

James Foreman welcomed Walther, saying ' So what is this you're all so fired up about?'

Walther sat down and explained what had happened at Dulce.

James listened, his face increasingly displaying shock. At length, he took a deep breath and expounded 'Jesus! what the hell are we going to do about that?'

'The Commander says he has it under control.'

James thought for a moment, then he asked, 'On which level did the attack take place?'

'Level four. That's where they're building the tunnel.'

James leant forward and fixed Walther with his gaze. 'What the hell were the Reptilians doing on level four. Wasn't there some agreement that they could live below Dulce if they kept on level five?'

Walther stared at the Defence Secretary. 'Yes, I believe there is.'

'Which means we have another problem. The Draco are not keeping to the arrangement.'

Walther paled. 'What the Reptilians have done is tantamount to an act of war.'

Foreman froze. 'My God! How are we going to deal with this?'

'I don't want to involve the Joint Chiefs unless it's essential. But we have to deploy a battalion of troops From Camp Deming to Dulce AFB post haste.'

Foreman reached for his phone. 'Get me the Commander at Dulce immediately.'

Commander X swallowed a sizeable double shot. Dulce was the prototype military based that worked with beings from other worlds. In the two years, he'd been in charge of Dulce, Deiter using his unique communication skills, had developed a good working relationship with the various types of Greys. But it was the first time he had had direct contact with Dracos. And it had not been a pleasant experience. There was no rule book about how to deal with Reptoids. Unbeknown to Malfoy and Aatakk the Commander understood what the Draco said, but he did not let on. From the Draco's arrogant responses X figured that the Reptilians had an inflated opinion of themselves. X was thinking about this when his phone rang. He grabbed the receiver, 'Yes.'

'It's the Secretary of State here. Just to let you know, I have been apprised of the situation down there, and we are sending an infantry battalion and an armoured division to your base.'

X taken aback said, 'There is no need for that Mr Secretary I have the situation under control.'

'This decision has not been taken lightly, but now the Dracos have started a war we have no choice but to ...'

'War! What do you mean? It was all terrible misunderstanding.'

'From what I understand, Commander, the Dracos attacked unarmed army engineers on level four.'

'Yes, but ...'

'By entering level four, they are in breach of the agreement. And murdering American personnel on level four is a declaration of war.'

X argued, 'Mr Secretary I think you are blowing this out of proportion. I am already in negotiation with Malfoy to get this business sorted peacefully.'

'Who the hell is Malfoy?'

'He's the leader of the Dracos down here.'

Foreman said, 'OK I'll give you 12 hours to get those reptilians to go back to level five. In the meantime, our forces will stand in readiness around the tunnel entrance under the Archuleta Mesa. If the aliens do not comply with this ruling, I will send in the troops and remove them by force.'

'Bold words, Mr Secretary. But you have you ever seen these Reptoids and felt the blast of their devastating ray guns?'

'Never the less the troops will be ready and heavily armed this time.'

'Believe me when I say it is not a level playing field down there. It's their territory, and they know it very well.'

James, fed up with jousting, said, 'Your twelve hours start now.'

Roscoe's mind was busy joining the dots as he finished reading the 1937 Draco Human agreement. The Reptoids and the soldiers would not have clashed if the aliens had stayed below level four. It was written clear as day in the deal that the Draco could remain in the vast caverns under Dulce as long as they adhered to the provisions laid out in 1937. By occupying part of level four, they had violated the rules set out in the contract.

Just then one of the security guards entered Roscoe's office in a state of agitation.

Roscoe looked up. 'What's the matter with you?'

'Have you seen what's happening?'

What do you mean?'

'The military build up around Archuleta Mesa.'

Roscoe stared at his officer. 'What military build up?'

'Come and look, Sir.'

The Archuleta Tunnel was technically a part of Dulce, so, for the second time that day he procured a Jeep and had a driver take him over the rough, dusty terrain to Archeleta. Once he had arrived, Roscoe scanned the area with his field glasses. He picked out half-tracks with 105mm howitzers

mounted and Sherman tanks with their guns trained on the Tunnel entrance. Extra to M3 Lees and Shermans a battalion of infantrymen were also primed for action. 'What the heck?' Roscoe uttered.

'Jesus! it looks like they're declaring war on the Reptoids, the driver said.'

'I think this is our response to the Draco's declaration of war,' Roscoe mumbled, under his breath.

Apart from the military build up resulting from the incident at Archuleta Mesa, the area was rife with military convoys driving through Albuquerque and Dulce. Mr Kearney of Los Alamos was flying his Piper J5A Club over the Archuleta canyon when he saw tanks and other heavy artillery, along with many soldiers positioned in an arc around the mesa. He had flown over the area many times before but had never seen anything like it. A military spokesperson from Dulce base explained that the troops and armaments build-up was merely a military exercise. When asked why manoeuvres were taking place where the tragedy that took the lives of many soldiers occurred the spokesperson said it was just a coincidence. Mr Kearney, in a radio interview in Albuquerque, disagreed. He had fought in the US army in WWII, and he refuted the military explanation, pointing out that no manoeuvres were taking place. The Army just seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

Commander X did not like having to face up to Malfoy again, especially as he had to give the Dracos an ultimatum, just being near the Reptoids made his skin creep. But that was not his biggest problem. He sought out Aatakk on Level three and said, 'I need to see Malfoy again.'

The tall Grey looked at X. 'I do not think that is a good idea, Commander.'

'I don't care what you think about it. Just organise it. And do so quickly.'

Aatakk responded, 'I was not entirely accurate in my translation, Commander.'

'I know. And we can deal with that later.'

'The Draco has no respect for you. It will be very dangerous for you to go there again.'

X sighed deeply. 'Then give him a message from me. Tell him to take his Dracos back to level 5. If he does not do so, we will have to use force.'

Aatakk did not want to convey that message. 'I cannot do that, Commander. It is far too dangerous for me to make threats against the Draco.'

'Tell him we have a large heavily armed battalion poised to invade. If he harms you in any way, we will immediately unleash the might of the US Army against the Draco.'

Aatakk said, 'I want heavily armed men with me.'

'Very well. I will organise it immediately.'

Thrux had something on his mind, something he needed to share with Dr Rosen.

But Dr Rosen had been summoned to the base hospital. There was a bit of a flap on, and the medical staff had to be ready for a massive influx of patients. So it was to be all hands on deck and preparations were under way. That's all Rosen knew about the events unfolding at Archuleta. There had been rumours of a cave-in killing army engineers, but as there were no injuries, the medical staff gave it little thought and got on with their regular duties.

Director Killenhoutter was busy trying to increase security forces around Dulce base when he received a radio message. 'I'm busy. What do you want?'

'This is Thrux. I cannot find out where Dr Rosen is.'

'Why ask me?'

'Because there is something important I have to tell him.'

'What is this about?'

'When our craft crashed in your desert.'

Roscoe recalled Dr Rosen telling him something about it. 'Look, I don't have time for this right now.'

'There were four of us.'

'Four! what do you mean?'

'One of our brothers escaped into the desert. I am concerned that he may not have survived.'

'Just what do you expect me to do about it?'

'I just thought you ought to know.'

After searching the crash area to no avail, for over five hours sunset was upon them. The desert night was encroaching on the artefact hunters and it was too dark for them to carry on with their search. Then they heard Betty cry out, 'Over here!'

Peter, Sandy, Betty and Carole all stood staring at the thing she had discovered. It was lying half buried by windblown sand. Peter gently brushed away the sand, revealing what looked like the body of a child.

Carole, filled with revulsion, quickly stepped back from the corpse. Betty, a little bolder than her friend, stooped to get a closer look. 'My God! What sort of horrible person would bury a child out here?'

Peter poked around the corpse. 'It's not a child, Carole. Unless this kid has only three fingers on each hand.'

Sandy said, 'It's proportions don't fit that of a dwarf.'

'But it may well fit the proportions of a visitor from space.'

Betty looked at Peter. 'Surely you don't mean ...'

'It's an alien from the crash,' Sandy said, completing the sentence.

'If it is,' Peter stated, 'We'll be able to write our own meal ticket.'

'Jeez, man, we'll be the first people to have a genuine dead alien.'

Carole, having recovered, said, 'What are we going to do with it?'

Just then they heard a thrumming sound, getting closer and louder.

Betty, startled, uttered, 'Who the hell is that?'

The question hung in the air, as did a Sikorsky rotorcraft, as it flew overhead, its powerful searchlight raking the ground.

Peter quickly covered up the alien corpse.

Then they heard vehicles approaching. Then a voice booming through a megaphone. 'STOP WHERE YOU ARE AND RAISE YOUR HANDS!'

The four Ufologists did as they were told, as the first Jeep's headlights illuminated them where they stood.

The Rotorcraft touched down on the desert surface, and Special Agent Olivier Robert alighted and walked up to the group. He said nothing and just observed the proceedings.

As the flying saucer hunters were patted down, Betty snapped, 'What's all this about. We haven't done anything wrong.'

An army Major marched up to the prisoners. 'Just what the hell do you kids think you're up to out here? People go missing in the desert at night, or get eaten by wolves?'

Peter Conrad spoke up. 'We're just out here fossicking.'

'Not any more. You're all coming with us.'

'Where are you taking us?' Sandy asked.

Major Ovington, answered, 'To Walker Air Force Base.'

Sandy pleaded, 'I can't just leave my car out here.'

The officer took a flash light off one of the soldiers shone it around. The beam picked out the Cadillac that was parked some forty yards away. The Major turned to his Sergeant. 'Get someone to drive that car back to base. We'll search it back there.'

'Search it for what?' Sandy said, perplexed.

The Major was interrupted by one of his soldiers.

Getting his CO's attention, he said, 'You gotta come and see this.'

Ovington followed, and they came to the alien corpse. Ovington stared down at the small dried out body. 'Just what the hell have we got here?'

'It looks like a kid with an oddly shaped skull.'

'What, with only three fingers on each hand?' another soldier commented.

The major said, 'Bag it, tag it and get it to the base hospital.'

Peter, seeing another Roswell prize slipping through his fingers, groaned. 'Fuck it! Not again.'

Aatakk and a contingent of tall armed Greys Waited on level 4 for Malfoy, the Draco leader. The tall Grey leader waited patiently for the Dracos to finish playing their power game. After around twenty minutes Kraak and a handful of Reptoids approached. 'What are you doing here?'

'The Earthian Commander gave me a message to give to Malfoy.'

'You can give it to me.'

'Very well. You and your kind are to evacuate this level and return to level five.'

Kraak looked down on The Tall Grey. 'And what will happen if we refuse?'

'The Earthian leader has an army ready to move you all by force.'

Kraak stared at the Grey scientist and made a hissy chuckling sound, Which Aatakk took for a reptilian laugh. 'Does your leader seriously think he can threaten us? We are much stronger and have far superior weapons. Let him send in his inferior soldiers, and we will move into and take over every level.'

Aatakk had done his job. He had delivered the message and was anxious to return to level three.

Kraak said, 'Where is the white leader? Why have you come instead?'

'Where is Malfoy. I was supposed to give this message to him?'

Kraak nodded, 'Very well, I will tell him. And you Greys will stay here until I return with his response.'

Aatakk, already regretting his challenge, looked nervously at the Draco guards, who cradled ray weapons in the crook of their thick arms.

Truman Reconstruction - White House Museum.

<http://www.whitehousemuseum.org/special/renovation-1948.htm>

Chapter 43

Malfoy listened to what Kraak had to say, his expression getting fiercer by the minute. Once he had heard the Commander's ultimatum, he said, 'Let them come with their primitive weapons. They are no match for us. Tell the stupid Earthian Commander we will not leave level four.'

Kraak bowed and left with the message.

Malfoy waited until the tall Grey had left, then he contacted the mother ship and reported what had happened.

Drax, the Mother ship Commander, said, 'Malfoy, we are not ready for a confrontation yet.'

'But the Earthians are attacking soon. We have to defend ourselves.'

'What you are doing is but a small part of our takeover plan. All parts have to come together at the same time. 'You must do as the Earthian Commander asks.'

'For us to back down will show weakness.'

'When the time is right we will show our strength. But for now, you must back down. Is that understood, Malfoy?'

'Yes, Lord Drax.'

Malfoy did not take the directive well. The thought of losing face to the inferior Earthians was almost too much to bear. He regretted informing the mother ship commander about the Dracos' situation, but it was too late. He now had to comply and remove his forces from level four. Then he remembered the message he had given to Kraak. Malfoy was about to get one of his reptoids to race after the messenger and intercept him before Aatakk reported back to the Earthian Commander. Then he hesitated. He would wait just a little longer before sending the updated instructions.

Aatakk and his Greys had waited a full three hours before Kraak returned. The Tall Grey was not surprised. Malfoy had disregarded the ultimatum and had thrown down the gauntlet. Kraak relayed the Draco message, which, roughly translated, was 'If that's the way the Earthians wanted to play, there will be war.'

Commander X paced around his office. It had been nearly four hours since he had heard from Aatakk. Why was it taking so long? He wondered. Then his phone rang. The call was from a rattled James Foreman. 'Commander, all hell has broken loose in the White House. Tindall reported our military strategy to the Chief of Staff, who has countermanded the orders.'

X could not believe it. 'Shit! Why has he done that?'

'That's neither here nor there. You have to pull back the troops.'

'We can't. I've already issued our ultimatum. If we back down now, we'll look like a bunch of pussies.'

'My hands are tied, Commander.'

'If we let the Dracos get away with this, God knows what boundaries they'll push next.'

'Commander, I have delivered the order. The next move is up to you.'

'Yes, it's a real pity you couldn't contact me.'

'Commander, I urge you to find a diplomatic solution to this.'

X slammed down the phone. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck!'

Then he got another phone call. Aatakk wanted to meet him in the laboratory on level three.

Peter Conrad and his friends were driven to Walker AFB for questioning. On the way, Carole said, 'Well, this is a fine state of affairs, I must say!'

'How the fuck did they just happen to turn up in full force just as we discovered the body? Hell, even we did not know it was there,' Sandy said.

Peter said, 'They weren't looking for a fucking alien. That Major was as surprised as us when he saw it.'

'Betty said, 'Well it hardly matters now that they have it.'

Carole said, 'We all have to get our story straight, so what do we say?'

Peter responded, 'Tell them the truth. We've done nothing wrong.'

Peter felt the truck lurch to a halt. He peeked through a gap in the truck's canvas cover. 'Looks like we've arrived. I can see the boom gate going up.' He turned to face his friends. 'They'll probably interrogate us separately so just keep it true and simple.'

It was nearly midnight when the truck arrived at the hospital. Dr O'Connor yawned heavily.

The driver approached the Doctor, 'Doc, we've got a package for your slab. It's pretty damn weird.'

O'Connor said, 'What do you mean?'

'I'll leave you to discover that for yourself.'

Puzzled, the tired doctor signed the chit and received the package, which when he had it on his table, gave him the shock of his life. The thing did not appear to be human! At a loss as to how to proceed, Dr O'Connor contacted the base CO.

Colonel William Crockett groggily grabbed for the phone near his bed.

'Who is it?' his wife mumbled from the other side of the bed.

'Nothing, go back to sleep.'

Dr O'Connor, thinking the CO meant him, said, 'Go to sleep. I can't go to sleep with this thing in my hospital.'

'Not you. I was talking to ... Never mind. What thing are you talking about?'

'Come and see for yourself.'

'What thing?' Tell me over the phone.'

'If I didn't know better I'd say it is an alien.'

'Doctor, have you been drinking?'

'No, but I wish I had been.'

William grabbed his pants. 'OK Doc, stay there, and I'll be right over.'

Special Agent Olivier Robert sat across from Peter Conrad in the amenities hall, which served many purposes on the base. In this instance it was used for interrogation.' he tutted, 'This isn't the first you've run afoul of the FBI.'

'And it's not the first time I've been ripped off by the FBI.' Peter stated vehemently.

'What were you going to do with that kid's body?'

'It wasn't a child. How many kids do you know who have three fingers on each hand?'

Olivier said, 'It could have been a mutation.'

Peter shrugged, 'Think what you like. it's no skin off my nose.'

Olivier's eyes narrowed, 'Just answer my question?'

'We hadn't figured out things that far ahead. hell, you guys got the jump on us as soon as we come across it.'

'Are you saying you just happened upon it?'

'That's exactly what I'm saying.'

Olivier stared at Peter. 'Well, I don't buy that horse shit for one moment. You deliberately drove out to the crash site.'

'Sure, that much is true.'

'Why?'

'I was hoping to find another bit of that spaceship. But that alien's body was a huge surprise.'

'You've been watching too many science fiction movies.'

Peter sighed, 'Are you going to charge my friends and me with anything or are you going to let us go?'

Peter Conrad was becoming a thorn in the FBI's side, but Agent Robert realised he didn't really have anything on him or his friends. He leant forwards. 'I'll let you go this time, but if you go near that site again, I'll nail your ass.'

Peter got up and said, 'Well, I can't say it's been a pleasure.'

After his suspect left, Special Agent Robert picked up the phone and dialled. He waited for a response, then said, 'Dark blue Cadillac series 90' Suspects armed and dangerous. use what force you have to stop them.'

Dr O'Connor did not know what he had on the table, but he was sure it was not a dead child. Whatever was it appeared to have died from extreme dehydration? He looked at Colonel Crockett. 'I don't know what to make of it,' he shrugged.

Crockett was still in shock. His mouth moved, but no sound came out.

The Doctor said, 'Are you OK, sir?'

'Me. Oh yes, I think so.'

'Well let me explain. This thing appears to be human in many ways, but it is not.'

Crockett stifled a yawn. 'How can you be certain of that?'

'Look at the skull. It's elongated at the back. I've never, in all my years as a doctor, seen anything like it.'

'Could it have been misshapen through injury?'

'There is no trauma to the skull. So, no.'

'Then what have we got here?'

'God knows.'

'Doctor, could we be looking at a creature from another world?'

Dr O'Connor stared at the Colonel. 'You mean an extraterrestrial?'

'Is it possible that it survived the crash?'

'And then died in the scorching desert. Yes, it is.'

Crockett said, 'Thank you, Doctor. Put it in the freezer, and I'll organise transport to Walter Reed tomorrow.'

'As you wish, Colonel.'

'What the hell was all that about?' Sandy said as they drove along the road to Roswell.'

'How come they knew exactly where we were?' Carole asked, not expecting an answer.

Peter said, 'There was something about the Fed that seemed familiar. I've been wracking my brain about where I've seen him before. Then it just twigged. I'm sure I saw him at the Giant Rock Convention.'

'She -it,' Sandy expounded. 'Then that sneaky bastard was planted there to spy.'

Just then the caddy's headlights picked up a vehicle blocking the road ahead. Sandy instinctively slowed down. Then he saw a person frantically waving for him to stop.

Peter said, 'I have a horrible feeling about this, so let me do the talking.'

The car stopped about twenty yards from the waving man, who no longer waving, held a .38 Special.

'Fuck! Who are those guys?' Sandy cursed.

'My guess is more fucking G-men,' Peter said becoming agitated.

'Step out of your vehicle with your hands up,' The G-man barked.

All four doors opened, and the four friends stepped out into the cold desert night.

'What's this all about, sir?' Peter asked.

The G-man had been warned that the fugitives were armed and dangerous. He was not going to take any chances. 'Get rid of your weapons then raise your arms again.'

'We don't have any weapons,' Peter stated, puzzled and a bit scared.

Two other men in suits, also brandishing handguns joined the first G-man. He snarled, 'I won't ask you again, so drop your weapons.'

Sandy said, 'Come and search us if you don't believe it.'

The Fed was unsure. He did not want to get too close to these dangerous villains. He turned to a colleague. 'Go and frisk them while I hold a gun on them in case they try anything stupid.'

The G-man had them put their hands on the car while he patted them down. He turned to the Fed watching his back. 'They're right. They're not carrying.'

That could not be right. The G-man in charge had been warned that the suspects were armed. The Fed, confused, ordered, 'Search their car. They must have hidden the guns when they saw us.'

'Peter, exasperated, said, 'Jesus, we don't have any fucking guns.'

Peter, dead tired and frustrated, said, 'How long is this going to go on for? It's fucking freezing here!'

'Well lookee what we have here, the Fed said holding up a Smith and Wesson pistol.'

Sandy said, 'You bastards must have planted it because I've never seen it before.'

The G-man holding the S and W gripped Sandy's jacket collar and thrust him hard against the side of the Caddy. 'Don't you go accusing me, you little shit.'

Satisfied There were no other weapons, the G-man in charge demanded. 'Whose gun is it then?'

There was no response.

'OK, we do it the hard way.' He grabbed Peter. 'On your knees.'

Peter stared at the fed, unbelieving.

'I said kneel down,' the agent said shoving Peter to the ground.

Peter raised himself to a kneeling position.

The G-man pushed the barrel of his gun against the back of Peter's head. 'OK, now who's gun is it?' he demanded, his finger tightening on the trigger.

Betty blurbed out, 'It's my gun. Please don't shoot him.'

Peter felt his bladder loosen.

One of the agents grabbed Betty roughly around her waist. 'Any more weapons, bitch.'

She shook her head tearfully.

'I guess we'd better find out. Get undressed bitch,' and agent snapped.

Peter, jumping to Betty's defence, leapt at the agent. 'Stop that you bastards!'

Then it all went crazy!

'You, shut the fuck up.' the head agent snarled, firing his gun.

Peter's expression was a mixture of shock and surprise as he crumpled to the ground.

Time froze for everyone there at that point.

The head G-man knew they couldn't leave any loose ends. There were three more shots, then dead silence.

At length one of the G-men found his voice. 'How are we going to explain this?'

The agent in charge wiped the Smith and Wesson and placed it in Peter's lifeless hand. Looking at his shocked men, he said. 'Looks like they had a falling out.'

Chapter 44

The Commander was in a bind. He had not ordered military support at Archuleta Mesa, but he was being held responsible for it. The White House Chief of Staff demanded a diplomatic solution to the problem, but, as far as the Commander knew, the Draco had no interest in a peaceful outcome. X sighed heavily. He needed Aatakk's help as a go-between again. X located the tall Grey in the hospital lab on level three and explained the situation.

The Grey scientist said, 'I don't think Malfoy wants to listen to reason, Commander. This is a long-awaited opportunity for The Draco leader to assert himself.'

'Nevertheless, I have to try before all hell breaks loose.'

'Commander, you will have to offer something to appease him.'

'Such as?'

'Come to a compromise about his occupation on level four.'

X shook his head. 'I can't do that.'

'Then, why should he listen to you. You have to give me something to work with.'

X looked up at Aatakk. 'All right, We'll work out a solution about level four. But if Malfoy interferes with our projects all bets are off. Make sure he understands that.'

Aatakk took six tall Greys with him, to level four, which was as far as his access to the Draco allowed. He went ahead of his brothers in arms and located a Draco guard.

The Draco on duty stared down at Aatakk. 'Who are you and what do you want?'

The translator, the tall Grey wore, allowed communication to take place.

'I am Aatakk, and I wish to speak with Malfoy.'

'Is he expecting you?'

'We have been communicating.'

The Draco spoke into an intercom device on his scaly wrist.

Much to the tall Grey's surprise, Malfoy duly arrived.

The Draco leader scoffed, 'So your master is afraid to face me again.'

'Great Lord Malfoy, the Commander wants to offer a peaceful solution.'

'What solution?'

'He is prepared to offer you some space on this level. He wants you to work out the details with him.'

Malfoy did not show surprise. But such a compromise with the Earthians would solve his problem with the mothership commander's directive.

X was equally amazed when the tall Grey reported that Malfoy was ready to talk. The Commander, not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, accepted Malfoy's conditions and met him on level four.

The Draco leader, looking as fearsome as ever, said 'What does the pathetic Earthian want now?'

Aatakk was about to translate when X said, 'The pathetic Earthian wants a peaceful solution to this impasse.'

Both Malfoy and Aartakk both stood there, stunned. Malfoy could not believe it. The Earthian Commander could speak Draconian. How did you learn our language, Commander?' He asked, with more respect for the Earthian.

X just smiled, 'Let us sit down and talk about your occupation on level four.'

Malfoy was secretly pleased because he could agree to a peaceful outcome thus complying with his master without losing face. For the first time, both parties wanted the same thing. After some to-ing and fro-ing, it was agreed that owing to overcrowding on the fifth level a limited number of Draco's would be allowed to live in a section of level four. A division would be designated as would the number of Dracos allowed.

But not all Dracos had peace on their mind.

Kraak addressed the Dracos who had killed the engineers. 'The Earthians are gathered outside the tunnel ready to invade and destroy us. We cannot let them in here. We must get to the tunnel entrance and take them by surprise.'

One of the Reptoids said, 'I heard that Malfoy and the Earthian Commander have worked out a deal.'

Kraak said, 'And do you know what that deal entails?'

'Not exactly.' One of the Draco answered.

'Well let me tell you. As part of this deal, Malfoy has agreed to hand you all over to the Earthians for killing their people.'

They all stared at Kraak. One of the Reptoids argued, 'Malfoy would never do that.'

Kraak said, 'Malfoy takes his orders from the Draco Lord on the mother ship. And you are all to be sacrificed for protecting us from the Earthian invasion.'

One of the Reptilians stated. 'I for one would rather be killed in battle than being murdered for doing my duty.'

The other Dracos nodded in agreement.

Kraak said, 'Excellent. Now let us take them by surprise and strike them down.'

Lieutenant Crosswell happened to be looking through his field glasses at the entrance to the Archuleta tunnel when a slight movement caught his eye. He increased the magnification and sharpened the image. He thought his eyes must be deceiving him. They looked like giant lizards that stood on two legs. Speculation about what kind of beast they would be facing in combat was rife the night before. But this was not speculation. This was real! And more terrifying than any of the Lieutenant's imaginings.

Lieutenant Crosswell had been as relieved as any of his comrades when they received news that a diplomatic solution was in the offing. But if that were so, what were the Reptoids doing coming out of the tunnel?

Kraak organised his band of rebels in a two-part formation. He knew that if his group got caught in the narrow space of the tunnel entrance, they would have little chance of survival. Especially with half a dozen Shermans with their barrels pointed in their direction. So his strategy was to get his forces out of the tunnel as soon as he could, under the covering fire of two armour piercing beam weapons.

The American troops had no idea what was happening at first. Those looking towards the Mesa saw what looked like a silent blue beam glow bathing the tanks in an eerie light. Then, as the rays intensified, two Shermans exploded in massive fireballs, with their ammo exploding in deafening blasts. Bewildered troops stared in disbelief as the truck-mounted howitzers retaliated, lobbing 105 mm shells at the tunnel. The first shells fell wide of the mark but the second rounds soon turned the entrance to rock and rubble. But not before Kraak and his twelve rebel Draco got away from the tunnel.

They spread themselves out, as the remaining Shermans, other armoured vehicles and a battalion of infantrymen headed straight at them. Vastly outnumbered and unable to retreat into the now blocked tunnel the Draco charged at the oncoming army, their ray guns blazing. The infantrymen seeing scaly giants with devastating weapons running madly at them took a heavy toll. However, the tide of battle soon turned. With tank and Howitzer shells bursting around them, the Draco looked desperately for protective cover on the flat desert plain.

At first Commander X thought his intervention had worked. Malfoy was as good as his word and began pulling some of the Draco out of the fourth level. Pleased with his achievement, X asked his secretary to put him through to the Defence Secretary. While X waited for a response Director, Killenhoutter burst into his office. 'Have you seen what's going on out there, Commander?'

'What are you on about?'

'The battle of Archuleta with Draco's against our army.'

X stared at Roscoe as though he had just grown a second head. 'But we had an agreement.'

'Commander I think you should come with me.'

X heard a voice on the phone. 'Putting you through to Mr Foreman now Sir. X dropped the receiver as if it had suddenly become red hot.'

Kraak and two remaining Draco hunkered down behind some rocks as shells burst around them. Their ray weapons had less than a twenty per cent charge left, and heavily armed American troops were bearing down on them. Soon they would be like targets in a duck shoot. Kraak eyed the terrain and thought he saw a way out, but they would have to travel some two hundred yards to reach the relative safety of the canyon without being spotted. But it was difficult to keep a low profile when you were twelve feet tall. Although their enormous size had been intimidating before it now worked against the Draco.

Kraak lined up a howitzer in his sights and fired a weakened blue burst at it as the two Dracos broke cover. Although the truck-mounted gun was bathed in pale blue light and the crew were electrified, the vehicle remained intact. Kraak stared at the gun in disbelief. Now he had given his position away he had to move fast. Which was not difficult for the reptilians who could accelerate from a standing start to maximum speed in one second. But on that occasion on unfamiliar terrain, it took him 2.4 secs. Which although slower was still blindingly fast.

With machine gun fire rattling in what passed for their ears, the Draco headed down the canyon until they reached a rocky plateau. Kraak realised the canyon side was too steep for them to descend any further. And soldiers were waiting at the top. They were trapped!

The sight that met the Commander's eyes was sheer carnage; bodies were strewn around from both sides, with burning armoured vehicles among them. X sat in the Jeep his eyes on stalks. 'What the fuck happened here?' he mumbled, horrified.

Roscoe said, 'Let's find out who is in charge.'

That turned out to be Lieutenant Crosswell, the most senior officer left. Commander X approached him. 'Lieutenant, as soon as the shooting finishes I want this whole area cordoned off.' He then turned to Roscoe. 'I want security guards around this whole perimeter. Nobody is allowed in unless they are from our emergency services. He turned back to Crosswell. Indicating the terrible destruction, he said, 'Get this mess cleared up. I want this area contained ASAP.'

Crosswell said, 'Yes Sir. But three of those giant monsters escaped. They're trapped in the canyon.'

Roscoe said, 'We'd better get over there.'

'You stay and concentrate on your job, Director. I'll head over to the canyon.' X headed off to their Jeep. Then he turned around. 'This never happened.'

'Of course not, Commander.'

The End.

Epilogue

But it had happened, as testified to by Robert Evening Sky and the small group of Hopi Elders who witnessed the whole affair from the cover of trees across from Archuleta Mesa. Robert could not believe his eyes. He stared through field glasses at the raging battle between the American military and Aliens, who looked like giant lizards. Despite having superior numbers and fire-power the American tanks and big guns mounted on trucks proved no match for the handful of Aliens and their blue light weapons.

Buck Hunting Owl said, 'We could tell this story to the paper, but it's just our word.'

Charlie Grey Wolf, who had taken photos with his Kodak camera, turned to Robert, 'When I get these pictures developed we'll have proof of this.'

Robert said, 'We're too far away for your pictures to show anything.'

'If we go to the papers with this the army is just gonna say we've been on the hooch up here and we imagined all this in our drunkenness,' Buck Hunting Owl stated.

Robert said, 'We don't need to go to the paper. I have another idea, but we have to stay hidden until the army has gone.'

'If we wait for that the army will have cleaned up the battlefield. They'll be nothing left as evidence when we go down there,' Buck complained.

Robert said. 'They're going to clean up this mess as fast as they can. In their hurry, the army might miss a few things. So we stay here and wait.'

For every cat that escapes from its sack, somebody had to put it in there in the first place. The Commander's cat was the remaining three Dracos trapped on the rocky shelf. And getting them back inside the base was just as tricky as getting kitties back in their sacks. The first problem was

about communication. Commander X had to drive back to the station to use the army radio to request a Sikorsky Rotorcraft to pick the Dracos up from the ledge. This proved harder than expected as the rotary plane was not designed for 12-foot tall creatures. In the end, the three Dracos had to wait on the shelf until a Flying saucer from Archuleta AFB picked them up under cover of darkness.

While this was going on, Roscoe Killenhoetter finished off his report to Walther Tindall. A statement that would not see the light of day. Still, the Admiral had done his job. It was time to go back to his family and dust off the fishing poles. While the Commander was busy rescuing the Dracos, Roscoe made his move. He'd had enough of the alien hierarchy and alphabet agency politics and intrigue. His final function as Director of Security was to get a Jeep from the carpool and head out into the desert night.

The American army had done a massive clean up of the battle site, but they did not get everything. Lieutenant Crosswell did a thorough job, but he knew army artefacts may well have been behind. He also knew the desert would soon bury whatever was left behind. So, with this in mind, the survivors of the 'Battle of Archuleta' decamped and left the area.

The Hopi elders camped overnight and got started at sun up the next morning. It was a painstaking task to search the vast area of conflict. But they were buoyed every now and again when they picked up a shell case, or perhaps or burnt out vehicle part. But they really hit pay dirt when Charlie came across something partially buried in the sandy earth. It was one of the weird blue light guns the aliens used. Robert could not believe their luck. Now he had the bargaining tool to fulfil his plan.

The Navajo Indians could not understand why the army had packed up and left Archuleta quietly and without any explanation for doing so. Haloki put it down to the effectiveness of their legal battle over misuse of their tribal land. But Robert Evening Sky knew different. Once the military publicity officer listened to the Hopi elders witness statement of the fight that never happened, and saw the Kodak images of the alien weapon used in that non-existent conflict, the army became much more conciliatory and complied with the Hopi demands.

But Dulce base still kept its secrets.

And the truth was still down there.

Books by Chris Deggs

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Stealth book 1 – the silent invaders

Termination – the eugenics agenda
Vincent – a quantime experience 1
Ziggurat – the real agenda in Iraq

About Deggs

Chris Deggs was born in 1948 in Bury St. Edmunds, England. For many years he has lived in Australia. He is now happily retired and lives in the Tweed Valley in Northern New South Wales, Australia. He writes contemporary works of fiction: mysteries, adventure, crime, ethics, conspiracy, global domination etc., as well as reference books for the betterment of the human condition. He has published a number of articles on the Academia Website reflecting ethics and Human Survival. Chris has written 19 books to date. Writing and painting are Chris' two main passions in life in which he is always looking for new ways to express himself.

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Outernet

If you are in the area you can catch up with Chris and say G'day at local art and craft markets in Tweed Shire, New South Wales, Australia.

First Sunday of Month Tweed Heads Men's Shed Markets

Second Sunday Chillingham Markets

Third Saturday M/Arts Precinct makers market Murwillumbah

Fourth Sunday Murwillumbah Showground Markets

