

# Chapter 1

## March 18, 2020, Control Tower

The unidentified craft sped twenty-thousand kilometers per hour directly toward the base. It became quite clear to the controller in charge that it was most definitely not one of their military drones or spy planes. This base was in a highly restricted no-fly zone for any other aircraft, except for those that belonged to the base. When visitors came to the base, they were flown on unmarked planes with the windows blackened out so they could not see from the air where they were landing. It was easy for the controller, who had been trained in identification, to determine that it was neither a commercial flight on the wrong path nor was it an enemy airplane. Whatever this was, the unidentified object was moving at a fantastic speed and would outmatch any of the airplanes housed on this top-secret base. A true UFO could be observed from a reasonable distance and perspective, defying conventional explanation. Corporal Brett Anderson watched as it made unbelievably sharp dives. With this maneuverability the craft must be using electromagnetic fields to turn on a dime. It could also shoot straight into an accelerated climb straight up for miles if the pilot of the craft so desired as Corporal Anderson observed.

Corporal Anderson oversaw military aircraft as chief controller specializing in the identification of spy aircraft. He and his team of controllers were responsible for all flight safety and the movement

of all incoming and departing aircraft, including the landing and maneuvering of all the specialized military aircraft into or out of the base from the tarmac. As the chief controller, he was well-versed on recall of all registration numbers for each of their specialized aircraft. He had graduated first in his class and was able to identify aircraft types, monitor their speeds in flight, their position in the air, and was knowledgeable about the location of their navigational aids if needed for the crafts assigned airspace.

What he identified on his screen tonight didn't resemble anything he had been specifically trained to recognize nor that he had ever seen before. However, he was aware indirectly that he worked at a facility which purportedly knew more about extraterrestrial spacecraft than anywhere else in the world. He was proud of that fact and had sworn secrecy regarding this highly classified information, though he had personally never seen any proof of alien spacecraft existence. This specific information was well above his pay grade and was considered as on a *need to know* basis. Any reports that he saw which he thought might reference possible sightings were highly redacted. The only thing he was certain of was that the base he was assigned to lay hidden forty-five stories below the surface of the mountaintop for which the base had been constructed, and he was not permitted to discuss that information off base, either. As far as his family knew he was stationed in Antarctica for the next four years, and any information he obtained while working here would need to be taken to the grave.

Unsettled with what he was witnessing on the satellite feed and the radar screen from the air traffic control tower, Corporal Anderson couldn't stay seated. He found himself pacing back and forth as far as his headset would allow without it pulling loose from his head. Staring directly at the radar trace activity, his heartbeat sped up, forcefully pounding against his chest. Sergeant Anderson spoke firmly into the phone connected to the headset, "Yes, Captain Bryant, I am aware of the time, sir." He didn't dare glance at the clock on the wall for fear he would miss capturing something vital on his screen.

Private Mark Dixon watched Corporal Anderson raise his eyebrows in frustration over the conversation with his superior. Private Dixon was

just glad he wasn't the one making the call to the commander. He had been on the other end of several conversations with Captain Bryant that hadn't gone very well, and he did not envy Corporal Anderson at this moment.

"I wouldn't have wakened you, sir, but I've never seen anything like this before, sir. I really think you should come up here right away and see this activity for yourself. I hope you don't think I'm being insubordinate by saying that, but you should come now. The sooner the better." Corporal Brett Anderson was pretty sure his captain had already hung up the phone. Hearing only silence, he himself disconnected the call and returned to the duties in front of him demanding his attention. He was certain he was following the correct handbook protocol by alerting his commander. If he was wrong, Corporal Anderson knew there would be hell to pay for dragging Captain Bryant out of bed in the middle of the night. With what he was observing, he was willing to take that risk for the sake of the highly classified base and all who were stationed here.

Captain Jamal Bryant, the Aerospace Defense Command Intercept director, shoved open the solid steel door with a forceful push. Private Dixon turned, hearing the door slam against the wall, chipping the paint and sending a white chalky powder to the floor before it bounced closed. He needed to put in a requisition for a new doorstop once this panic situation was over.

Rushing toward the radar screen, Captain Bryant was out of breath from running up three flights of stairs without waiting for the elevator due to the sense of urgency in the controller's voice. He tried not to show he was short-winded as he spoke but had to stop and take a couple of deep breaths anyway.

"Good job, men," was all he had time to spurt out in recognition. When Captain Bryant saw the radar screen, he knew exactly what he was looking at since he himself had witnessed an alien craft firsthand in the air, but he decided to withhold that information for now. Captain Bryant remembered how the spaceship flew close to the treetops at a low speed hovering near a mountainside for several seconds before it accelerated, climbing to altitudes which he couldn't follow. Captain

Bryant also remembered when he had been in pursuit of the thing. He had reported it to ground control right before he lost instrumentation and communication with the tower. Later he wondered if the alien craft was somehow responsible for the plane's malfunction. Captain Bryant had been able to capture data of the UFO on his flight recorder that day. However, when he landed the jet, its flight recorder was promptly removed. That was the day he had first believed in creatures from outer space and sought to work in the area of finding more of them. Now it appeared one was coming to play in his backyard.

Captain Bryant began shouting orders to both soldiers in the control room. This craft was not going to get away if it landed, not with him seated in the all-glass command tower. "Sound the alarms, Private Dixon," ordered Captain Bryant.

Corporal Anderson took this as an indication his commander agreed that the objects being tracked on-screen were possible hostile crafts by the way they were comporting. Not that he had seen one for himself, but he had heard lots of stories of pilots who reported unidentified craft and had them documented on their flight recorders. These blips spreading across the screen were certainly alien-looking to him. He also recalled hearing rumors that spacecraft had the ability to affect the scientific instruments over bases in other countries. Corporal Anderson hoped this would not be the case tonight. He checked his instruments confirming there was not any malfunctioning of the radar equipment as the crafts crossed over into the restricted air zone. Corporal Anderson and Private Dixon relayed the orders to the ground crew, the soldiers on the ground, and the pilots in the air as soon as Captain Bryant issued their orders.

Alarms blared around the perimeter of the military base. Red lights flashed inside the interior hallways of the facility of the highly classified installation located deep in the Appalachian Mountains. The entire base was surrounded by a specialized nonlethal electric security fence. It was equipped with intruder detection cameras, along with state-of-the-art guard towers stationed along the perimeter lines. Yellow warning signs posted along the outside of the security fence usually stopped any ground intruders in their tracks who attempted to sneak onto the

base. If it didn't, the perimeter was also covered with ground sensors and listening devices that would detect even the smallest of intrusions. If that did not stop an intruder, the special forces team would shoot to kill, if necessary. Tonight was the first time unidentified lights in the sky became a threat from the air to the base.

Over the past fifty years unidentified flying objects were occasionally reported in other parts of the state and across the country, especially in the western states like Washington, Montana, Arizona, and New Mexico. Tonight, high-alert alarms were sounding both inside the heads of the soldiers and all along the outpost's perimeter.

Soldiers readied for an air attack by utilizing NORAD radar—a network of satellite, ground-based, and aerial radar to detect, intercept, and engage any air threats. Recently installed on the base, this system provided the controllers with vital information by detecting incoming unidentified craft through heat signature recognition and exhaust plumes. This new radar system was classified and top of the line. It was only used on this specific base due to its specialized capabilities of being able to estimate the size of the objects with amplitude radar to determine via radar echo the shape, roughness, paint color, and angle, providing a three-dimensional view with state-of-the-art design.

Captain Bryant grabbed the back of a black leather rolling seat at an empty desk, pulling up close to Corporal Anderson, he stated, “Just exactly what do you believe we have here, gentlemen, and when did this activity first begin?”

Corporal Anderson's face flushed with worry that he had not called his commander soon enough. “The satellite sensors started going crazy at approximately zero two hundred hours, sir. At first, I thought it was just one craft, but quickly the radar screen picked up more. The shape of the original craft and flight pattern didn't match up with any type of aircraft I've been trained to identify, sir. I know this sounds completely crazy, but Private Dixon and I tracked that thing going way faster than the North American X-15 with its Mach speed abilities. There were several smaller blips on there, too, but they just up and disappeared completely off the screen within . . . I'd say maybe less than ten seconds of the radar first identifying them. If I had looked down I would have

completely missed them. Do you think Russia or the Israelis have developed some new type of spy plane?”

Captain Bryant, not wanting to validate his true opinion of the spacecraft, stated, “It could be possible. I’ve heard Putin puts a lot of money in technology. I bet Pete Knight, holding the world speed record for flight, would have enjoyed flying a craft of this caliber. It’s hard to say who owns this craft until we get a closer look at one of these babies. It would be unusual for any of their aviators to bring a plane of that nature this close for fear we might force it down and steal their valuable technology. It could also be that whoever is flying doesn’t realize our capabilities for detection or that we’re here watching. There’s always a possibility they want to defect from their country and, if that’s the case, I would be more than happy to assist them in taking this magnificent technology off their hands. After seeing this unusual flight behavior on screen, I doubt this is the case, though, with what we are looking at. No, this most definitely reminds me of something I witnessed about fifteen years ago, but we shall see, men, when and if it gets closer. I have a feeling in my gut that life here on the base is about to change and eyes will be fully opened to this new reality.”

Noticing Private Dixon crossing his peripheral vision, the captain rolled his chair toward him. “Private, is that coffee hot?” Without waiting for an answer, he reached for the Styrofoam cup taking it from the soldier. He took a gulp before rolling back and setting the coffee down on the desk. With a nod of satisfaction, he stated, “Just what I needed—a jolt of java. Thank you.” Pointing to the radar screen, he continued, “Corporal Anderson, it looks like its friends are back from wherever they went.”

The blips on the screen continued to flash erratically. On a normal shift in the tower the blips just pulsed along in a slow monotonous beat, like a normal sinus rhythm from a heart monitor. What Captain Bryant observed as flashing were as many as six unidentified objects crowding the sky onscreen, quickly approaching them—the alien’s possible target. The aircraft’s correlation at this point was aimed directly toward the glass control tower. If whoever operating the craft did not change course immediately, the tower would be destroyed. He was trying to decide if