

*Harvesting
Paradise*

By

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Prologue

For years, men, women, and children have wondered if Aliens truly existed. Some even claimed to have seen flying saucers. The Air Force called them Unidentified Flying Objects or UFOs.

Here's one story of such a sighting of a UFO...

It had been five years since this event had happened. This time it reoccurred was during the summer of nineteen fifty-one in Arizona.

It was eleven that night and the temperature was chilling down under the black sky filled with twinkling stars. It was a Friday night in June.

The desert northwest of Camp Verde, Arizona was peaceful. But for some strange reason, it was void of any sounds or movement of the desert critters.

But there was something unusual way off in the desert on the west side of a two-lane Finnie Flat road. Parked in the desert was an Alien spaceship. It had landed twenty minutes ago and scared all the nearby critters. They ran for a safe place to hide.

The fourteen foot tall white-colored bullet shaped Alien spaceship. The craft rested six feet above the desert with four legs that angled down to the dirt. Two highly advanced oval engine nozzles protruded four feet from the rear of the craft. It had the "Yriucni" label on the side in yellow lettering.

The door opened with a whish sound then a ramp whished down to the dirt.

Two Aliens stepped out to the top of the ramp.

These Aliens were six feet tall lanky males. They were bald without eyebrows, a forehead twice the size of a human and a large square chin. They had oval coal black eyes with lime green pupils. Their pale white skin would easily burn

under the bright light of the sun. They also had fingers that were twice the length of the average human.

The Aliens wore light blue jumpsuits with dark blue boots. A pocket in the right leg of the jumpsuit was a holster for their ray gun. This was about the size of a pistol but the barrel was three times the diameter. The ray gun had a button on the handle that served as a trigger. On the right side of the handle were purple, red, yellow, white, and green buttons that would activate the type of laser to handle different situations.

These Aliens were weak and did not have the strength as compared to the average humans. It was their highly technological advanced weapons and brainpower that gave them their strength to survive. They come from the planet called Snaicitilop that was ruled by King Chirlark.

Planet Snaicitilop was located five light-years away from Earth. Their species had visited Earth for the past twenty years collecting data about humans. Data they needed to survive.

The Aliens stood in the doorway of their craft and looked around the desert. They sniffed the air and always loved Earth for the different smells it offered. Their planet was dark and bland and a tad smaller than the size of the Moon. They had pale white skin because their planet had a layer of clouds that covered their planet seventy percent of the time.

The Aliens walked down the ramp and stepped into the dirt.

A futuristic metal stretcher floated through the doorway and down the ramp after the Aliens.

The door to the spaceship closed with a whish sound. The ramp stayed in place.

The one Alien looked at a hand held device that resembled a futuristic GPS. The device had a map of the Camp Verde area. It was actually a locator for all kinds of species. This time it was programmed for human beings.

Two Aliens looked in the direction of the Finnie Flat road. They saw a pair of headlights coming from a black 1947 Plymouth driving down the road.

The Alien looked down at his locator device and smiled at the sign of a yellow blip.

“We have a specimen approaching,” the Alien known as Quark told his partner Lumbark in English. They spoke in the native language while visiting a land. Their natural language sounded like backwards English.

Lumbark smiled while Quark walked toward the two-lane road.

Quark looked at his locator device. The blip turned green and Quark smiled.

The Plymouth drove closer down the road.

Quark shoved the locator device back in a pocket of his jumpsuit. He removed his ray gun and waved a hand over it. The gun powered up with a strange low hum. Quark aimed it at the Plymouth’s headlights and pressed the yellow button on the handle.

Inside the Plymouth was Rodney Harrison. He was a skinny young black haired twenty year-old that worked as a car mechanic in Camp Verde. He still had the grease packed under his fingernails from today’s work.

Being Friday night, Rodney was on his way to his parents home northwest of Camp Verde. They owned a small motel just off Finnie Flat road and lived in a small house behind their establishment. Rodney loved working on cars and couldn’t see a future with running a motel.

The song *Hey Good Lookin’* song by Hank Williams played on the AM radio.

“How’s about cookin’ somethin’ up with me,” Rodney sang along with Hank Williams on the radio, but he sang in a key that really didn’t exist. And while he sang, he thought about his date with Becky tomorrow night. After weeks of persistence, she finally caved in and agreed to go to the movies. He loved life.

A strange yellow light suddenly encapsulated his entire Plymouth. “Turn off your fucking high beams,” Rodney

yelled thinking it was an oncoming car. The yellow light continued to encapsulate his car.

The radio shut off. The headlights turned off. The lights on the dashboard turned off. The engine shut off. The yellow light dissipated and it was completely dark.

The Plymouth coasted to a stop.

“What the fuck?” Rodney said while he looked around the dark dashboard.

He turned the ignition key thinking the engine would start. There was nothing but a clicking sound under the hood. “I don’t need this shit tonight!” he said while he got out of the car. He looked around and was satisfied Rattlesnakes were not soaking up the heat from the road.

Rodney rushed over and popped open the hood of his car. He peeked inside but it was too dark to see any obvious engine problems. He needed a flashlight. But first he needed to relieve himself of those beers he drank after work.

Rodney walked over to side of the road and stepped into the dirt. He looked in both directions of the road to make sure no other cars were going to shine their headlights on him. The desert was quiet and peaceful.

He pulled out his member and started peeing in the dirt. It felt so good to relieve his bladder from all that beer.

Rodney was finished so he zipped up his pants.

He started to turn around and head back to his car but heard footsteps in the desert. He got curious and strained to see the two figures that approached. “Who are you?” he said the second he saw Quark and Lumbark and thought their jumpsuits were strange.

A purple light emitted from Quark’s ray gun. The purple light encapsulated Rodney’s entire body. He was paralyzed and dropped to the dirt. He landed on his back.

“Help!” Rodney tried to cry out but all he could muster up was a whisper. He was scared to death while he stared up at the twinkling stars.

Quark and Lumbark walked over to Rodney.

Rodney saw them and his gut told him they were not of his planet. “Aliens!” he whispered out in extreme fear.

Rodney could sense Quark and Lumbark lifted him up from the dirt.

After a few seconds, Rodney could sense he was floating five feet in the air. All he could see was the twinkling stars in the sky.

Quark and Lumbark escorted the floating stretcher while it floated back to their spaceship.

Rodney lay with fear in his eyes. He thought his life would be over tonight.

Quark and Lumbark walked behind the stretcher while it floated up the ramp and went inside their spaceship.

The door to the spaceship slid closed with a whish.

The ramp slid back in the spaceship with a whish.

Meanwhile, hundreds of other Yriuqni spaceships from the planet Snaicitilop rounded up other specimens in other countries while others monitored human activity on Earth.

The Aliens returned in August of nineteen seventy-five.

One of their Yriuqni spaceships landed in a clearing during the night outside Francistown, Botswana in Southern Africa.

It was two in the morning and the full Moon illuminated the countryside and the town of Francistown.

In the field, the door to the spaceship slid opened with a whish. A ramp came out to the ground with a whish.

Aliens Parpip and Abilet stepped out onto the ramp in their standard light blue jumpsuits. They walked down the ramp.

They stepped on Botswana’s soil and looked around the dark countryside.

Parpip removed his GPS locator device from a pocket. He moved it around until a yellow blip showed in the map of Francistown.

“We have a specimen,” he told Abilet.

Another futuristic stretcher floated out of the spaceship.

The stretcher floated after Parpip and Abilet while they walked toward Botswana.

The door to the spaceship slid closed with a wish.

A little while later, Parpip and Abilet walked to the rear of one of the homes in Botswana. The community was sound asleep and the two Aliens were able to sneak undetected to the rear of that home.

Parpip looked at the rear door. He touched the doorknob and instantly figured it was an opening device. He turned the knob. The door opened.

Parpip and Abilet entered the home.

The stretcher stayed outside and floated in the air.

Parpip used his locator device to guide him through the quiet and dark house.

Parpip and Abilet walked down the hallway.

Parpip looked at his locator device and the yellow blip turned green. Parpip shoved the locator back in a jumpsuit pocket.

Abilet removed his ray gun while they entered a bedroom. He pressed the purple button on the handle. Parpip aimed his ray gun at a forty-year old black man named Polo Kario that slept in his bed.

Polo was a light sleeper and heard Parpip and Abilet. His eyes lit up with fear at the sight of the Aliens in his bedroom. But before he could scream, Abilet pressed the trigger of his ray gun. It emitted a purple light that quickly encapsulated Polo's body. His body was paralyzed except for the fear in his eyes.

Polo sensed the two Aliens lifted him up off his bed. He tried to scream, but his voice was paralyzed.

All he saw was the ceiling of his home while he was carried away.

A few minutes later, Parpip and Abilet placed Polo on the floating stretcher outside his house.

Parpip and Abilet walked away and the floating stretcher followed.

Polo again tried to scream but all he could muster up was a faint whisper for help. All Polo could see was the

stars and the full Moon that illuminated the countryside while he floated on the stretcher.

A few minutes later, Parpip and Abilet entered their spaceship with Polo on the stretcher.

Polo thought tonight would be his last night in this world.

The door slid closed with a whish.

Elsewhere around the world, hundreds of other Yriyuqni spaceships rounded up specimens in other countries. Other Aliens were only monitoring human activity. Quark and Lumbark landed their Yriyuqni spaceship outside Villefort, France for their specimen.

Our visitors came back in nineteen ninety-eight.

Another one of the Yriyuqni spaceships landed in the middle of the night in a field north of Moranbah, Australia to the east of Goonyella road.

Elsewhere around the world, Aliens Quark and Lumbark landed their Yriyuqni spaceship outside a small community in Canada. Parpip and Abilet landed their Yriyuqni spaceship outside a small village in Ireland.

The door of the spaceship slid open with a whish and then the ramp whished out to the ground.

Wallark and Cillard stepped on the ramp and looked around the dark countryside. Wallark held up his GPS locator device and aimed it at the town of Moranbah. A yellow blip appeared and they looked satisfied. This time, they were seeking a certain type of specimen.

Wallark and Cillard walked down the ramp.

A floating stretcher floated out of their spaceship.

Wallark and Cillard walked through the dark field and headed to Moranbah. The stretcher floated after the two Aliens.

The door to the spaceship slid closed with a whish.

A little while later, Wallark, Cillard, and the floating stretcher went through Moranbah undetected since everybody was sound asleep.

Wallark, Cillard, and the floating stretcher arrived at the back of the small hospital in Moranbah.

Wallark opened a door and stepped inside the building with the floating stretcher trailing behind them.

It was quiet inside the hospital. The hallway had minimal lighting and a nurse at the nursing station slept in her chair.

Wallark and Cillard walked to a room and went inside with the floating stretcher.

On the bed lay Mindy Watson a middle-aged woman. Mindy was terminal with lung cancer from all those years of smoking cigarettes. She had four months to live.

Wallark and Cillard looked down at Mindy and showed an inkling of sorrow for the human.

Mindy was asleep.

She woke up when Wallark and Cillard started disconnecting all the tubes stuck inside her veins.

She didn't know these two were Aliens. She thought they were doctors taking her for more Chemo treatments.

Wallark and Cillard moved Mindy onto the stretcher.

They left her room and walked down the hallway with Mindy on the floating stretcher.

The nurse was still sound asleep at the nursing station while Wallark and Cillard with Mindy on the stretcher walked out of the back door of the hospital. The light from the corner of the hospital provided Mindy the realization Aliens were abducting her. She passed out from fear.

Wallark and Cillard walked away and headed back to their spaceship.

The stretcher floated behind them with Mindy still passed out.

Wallark and Cillard took Mindy on the stretcher inside their spaceship. The door slid closed with a whish.

Another Yriuqni spaceship was in a field outside Augusta, Georgia.

Aliens Mirlink and Tirmink had forty-year old Michael Wheatstone on a floating stretcher while they walked out of their Yriuqni spaceship.

Mirlink had a bit of a crooked nose that turned to the left. This was from an old injury when he was young and

was going through his training camp back home on Snaicitlop.

After they dumped Michael off in the field they returned to their spaceship with the floating stretcher. The door closed.

The ramp retracted back into the spaceship with a whish.

The engines fired.

The Yriuqni spaceship lifts off the ground and ascended up into the night sky.

Michael Wheatstone lay on his back in the field and stared at the sky. He was paralyzed with fear. His left arm was severed off at the shoulder. Then the feeling to his body suddenly returned. "AHHHHH!" Michael screamed at the top of his lungs.

During the next six years, the Aliens from Snaicitlop increased the number of their Yriuqni spaceships sent down to Earth for more specimen observations and monitoring.

They studied the Earthlings for some unknown reason.

Chapter 1

It was the beginning of September in two thousand and eighteen. It was a cool morning in Augusta, Georgia.

A homeless bum curled up asleep against the rear wall of an Italian restaurant. The bum used his folded up ratty Army field jacket for his pillow. His name was Marcus Paxton. He was thirty-six year old and had been living on the streets for the past four years.

Marcus had not taken a shower for a week and he got use to his body odor. He normally showered during rainstorms while he camped out in secluded woods. His chestnut brown hair had grown down to his shoulders and was normally greasy. His beard started to grow long and shaggy.

Marcus was a mess and a far cry from his Army days when his hair was cropped short and he cared about his appearance. His teeth were stained with plaque. He brushed everyday, but was in dire need of the tender loving care of a dental hygienist.

Marcus wore a worn an old flannel shirt and blue jeans with ground in dirt stains. He got the clothes from Goodwill located in Orlando last summer. His shoes were old Army combat boots he bought at an Army and Navy store in Birmingham last fall.

He cuddled a six-dollar bottle of Black Velvet Canadian whiskey like it was his baby. The bottle had three ounces left at the bottom.

Marcus had a dream...

In his dream, Marcus was in a room while he glared at an Army Colonel. "You asshole," he yelled at the Colonel then threw a hard punch to the face.

The Colonel's mouth took Marcus' fist splitting his lip. It was bloody. The Colonel flew back and landed on his ass.

Marcus ran over and grabbed the Colonel by his uniform shirt. He yanked the Colonel up on his feet. Marcus punched the Colonel hard in his face.

The Colonel's right eye took Marcus' fist. It immediately swelled up shut. The Colonel looked like a boxer losing his fight while he flew backwards and landed on his back.

Marcus now stood in front of a panel of Army Officers. There were two Majors, two Lieutenant Colonels, a Master Sergeant, and a Colonel. The six panel members were not happy with Marcus while they glared at him from behind their table.

The Colonel slammed his gavel down and it echoed in the room. "Guilty!" the Colonel yelled and that word resonated in the room.

Back to reality...

Marcus woke up from his dream. This was a reoccurring dream that had haunted him during the past four years. He hated it.

Marcus sat up against the wall. His head throbbed from all that whiskey last night. He wanted some aspirins but didn't have the cash to buy a bottle. But he was once an Army Ranger so he coped with the pain. He closed his eyes. His stomach was queasy. It was coming up and there was no stopping it. Marcus bent over and vomited on the concrete. Some splashed on his field jacket. He cared less. He opened the whiskey bottle and guzzled the rest of the booze. He burped.

Marcus tossed the bottle in the air. It shattered against an adjoining building wall.

He stood up. He stretched and yawned.

He bent down and picked up his folded field jacket. He wore his jacket then bent down and picked up his backpack.

With his backpack in hand, Marcus walked over to the dumpster located at the other end of the restaurant.

Marcus lifted up the black plastic lid. He peaked inside and saw torn up cardboard boxes that once contained food

supplies. He reached inside and rummaged through the cardboard boxes.

“Bingo,” he said while he spotted his prize.

Marcus reached farther down inside the dumpster and scooped up handful of cold Lasagna that was discarded from a customer last night. He gobbled down his breakfast.

He rummaged some more in the dumpster and his eyes widen when he found more breakfast. It was two pieces of garlic bread with a few bite marks. Marcus snatched up the bread. He shoved one of them in his mouth and chewed it with a huge bulge from his cheek. He swallowed. He shoved the other piece of garlic bread in his mouth. He chewed it with a huge bulge from his cheek.

“Get away from here you fucking bum!” a male voice yelled.

Marcus looked in the direction of the voice and saw a fat and balding cook with a dirty tomato stained apron by the rear door. The cook yielded a large butcher knife in a threatening manner. “I said, get the fuck away,” the cook yelled again and waved his knife to indicate he meant business.

Marcus let go of the dumpster lid and it slammed down.

“Sorry sir. I was hungry,” Marcus replied while he shuffled away from the dumpster.

The cook kept his eyes on Marcus to ensure he would leave the establishment.

Marcus rounded the corner and walked down the street.

The cook went back inside the kitchen to work.

With his backpack in hand, Marcus shuffled down the street. Because he had been living on the streets for so long he didn't have a clue as to the day or month.

A little while later that morning, Marcus parked his butt by a building on a busy sidewalk of Augusta.

He held up his cardboard sign that he scribbled “Need Money For Food” with a black marker.

He had his plastic cup from buying a Coke at a McDonalds last year in Jackson, Mississippi.

A man around forty years old that wore a shirt and tie walked up to Marcus. Marcus held up his sign with a smile for some cash.

The man sneered at Marcus while walked away and headed down the sidewalk.

“God bless you,” Marcus called out to the man to let him know there weren’t bad feelings.

A woman around sixty years old walked down the sidewalk.

Marcus held up his sign at her.

The woman felt sorry for Marcus so she stopped and opened up her purse. She emptied all her change into the palm of her hand that consisted of quarters, dimes, and nickels.

“Now, I don’t want you spending this all on booze,” she told Marcus in a motherly tone.

“No ma-am,” Marcus replied and looked sincere while he fibbed. He would buy booze, as food was easily obtained in dumpsters.

The woman dropped her change into Marcus’ cup.

The sound of that money clanging with the other change in the cup was music to Marcus’ ear.

“God bless you,” Marcus said to the woman with a warm smile.

The woman returned a warm smile at Marcus and she walked away down the sidewalk.

A male Army Captain walked down the sidewalk and headed toward Marcus. The Captain was in charge of the nearby Army recruiting office in Augusta.

Marcus held up his sign at the Captain.

The Captain looked down at Marcus and looked disgusted with seeing a homeless bum.

The Captain walked away.

“Asshole,” Marcus quietly muttered while he gave the Captain the finger. He hated military officers with a passion.

Four hours had passed and business today was great for Marcus. He counted thirty-five dollars and seventy-five cents in his cup.

Marcus stood up, and tucked his cardboard sign in his backpack. He shoved his money cup in his right side pocket of his field jacket. He had some shopping to do today.

Marcus shuffled off down the sidewalk.

Fifteen minutes later, Marcus approached a fellow homeless bum named Sammy Walters who sat up against a building. He was sixty years old and had been living on the streets for the past fifteen years.

Sammy held up his cardboard “Money For Food” sign he made.

“Hey Sammy, how’s business today?” Marcus asked while he stopped by his fellow homeless bum.

Sammy held up his plastic cup and shook it. No sound. “Sucks,” he said then placed his cup back on the sidewalk.

Marcus reached inside his plastic cup and removed some cash – six dollars and twenty-five cents worth. He dropped it in Sammy’s cup.

“Thanks my friend,” Sammy replied with a smile knowing he would eat and drink a little tonight.

“I’ll catch you on another street or town,” Marcus said then he shuffled his way down the sidewalk.

“Okay,” Sammy replied while he held up his cardboard sign at an approaching woman.

Marcus shuffled down the street and headed to a liquor store.

A little while later, Marcus walked out of the liquor store with a bottle of Black Velvet Canadian whiskey. He paid seven for it and with his earnings that was a lot of money. But he needed the booze to chase away his demons.

Marcus tucked the bottle in the brown paper into his left side field jacket pocket.

He shuffled on down the street.

An hour later, Marcus shuffled into a Burger King restaurant.

The patrons in the Burger King looked disgusted by the sight of Marcus.

The manager, a young female saw Marcus while she worked behind the counter. She glanced at her customers and noticed they were displeased at the sight of the bum. She looked back at Marcus while he walked over to the counter. "Sir, you can't eat here," she replied while she walked over to the counter.

"I just want a hamburger," Marcus said and removed a five dollar bill from his plastic cup. "Two Double Whoppers and I won't eat them here," he added while he looked up at the lighted menu.

The manager looked at Marcus and felt sorry for him being homeless. She turned around and got two Double Whoppers that were just made a few minutes ago. She placed them in a paper bag.

After Marcus paid her, he walked out of the store.

The customers in the eating area were glad the bum left.

An hour later, Marcus walked out of Augusta and headed north.

He finally walked to some woods nestled between Interstates 20 and 520. There he had a small tent he pitched up in the woods two days ago. The tent was his home.

Marcus walked up to the tent that had a blanket on the ground. He tossed his backpack into his tent then he sat down in the dirt.

Marcus opened up his Burger King bag and removed one of his Whoppers. He tossed the Burger King bag in the tent to save that hamburger for tomorrow.

He unwrapped the one Whopper and started munching down on his dinner.

Fifteen minutes later and Marcus was finished with his burger. He kicked back up against a tree and it felt so good to be off his feet. He opened up his bottle of Canadian whiskey and took a sip. He needed it.

Marcus spent the next hour propped up against that tree sipping on his whiskey. He was starting to feel no pain.

Marcus yawned. All the walking he did today was exhausting.

He crawled over to his tent. He reached inside and grabbed his backpack. He opened it up and removed a toothbrush. Marcus took a swig of whiskey then stuck the toothbrush in his mouth. He brushed his teeth.

When he was finished brushing, he swallowed the whiskey so he wouldn't waste it.

Marcus shoved the toothbrush back in his backpack.

He screwed the cap back on his whiskey bottle then placed it inside the tent.

Marcus looked up at the sky and saw that rain clouds were moving into the area.

A little while later, it was raining hard.

Marcus stripped naked. He removed the ankle wallet where he kept his savings – four hundred and fifty-six dollars. When Marcus went homeless because his wife kicked him out of the house, he managed to take two thousand and seven hundred dollars out of his savings.

He figured keeping that money by his ankle was a safe place since nobody would mess with his smelly feet. It was his emergency fund so he never when thirsty or hungry.

Marcus soaped up his body with a bar of soap. His hair was lathered up with shampoo.

On Marcus' right arm was an Army Ranger Tab tattoo.

Near Marcus, his flannel shirt and blue jeans hung from a small rope tied between two trees. They both were soaped up a little, as this was his way of washing his clothes.

Marcus stood under the falling raindrops while they washed away the shampoo out of his hair and the soap off his naked body.

It was a beautiful starry night and the rain stopped a little while ago. Marcus was dressed in a denim shirt and another pair of blue jeans. The rest of his clothes were drying on a that shift clothesline.

Since it was a beautiful night, Marcus dragged the blanket out from the inside of the tent. He decided a night of sleeping under the stars would be nice.

Marcus spread the blanket out in the dirt then he lay on his back. He placed his hands under his head and stared up at the twinkling stars. He wondered if other planets had homeless Aliens.

Meanwhile, a large white colored Alien spaceship moved through outer space. The spaceship was the size of a football field and approximately one hundred feet tall. It was a mothership from the planet Snaicitilop. It was labeled "Redael", as that planet had four different types of motherships.

Years ago, the Redael would park in orbit halfway between Earth and the Moon while hundreds of the Yriuqni spaceships visited Earth.

The mothership Redael was coming back and slowly moved toward Saturn and headed toward Earth.

Inside the Redael was an auditorium.

The audience consisted of around two hundred Aliens from the planet Snaicitilop. Aliens, Quark, Lumbark, Parpip, Abilet, Wallark, and Cillard were also in audience and they all wore the standard light blue jumpsuits.

Superior Commander Sandark stood behind a podium at the front of the auditorium. Since he was the Superior Commander, he wore a black jumpsuit with gold braided epaulets. Each epaulet had four black trapezoids.

Sandark briefed his fellow Aliens about the details with their upcoming mission with Earth. Behind Sandark hovered a six-foot diameter hologram of Earth that slowly rotated.

All Aliens listened to Sandark like obedient soldiers.

Inside another area of the Redael was a large hangar. This room housed two hundred spaceships. But these white-colored crafts were half the size of the Yriuqni class of spaceships that visited Earth some years back. The craft had four angled landing legs that kept the bottom of the craft three feet off the deck. One oval engine nozzle protruded out one foot from the bottom of the craft.

It had a middle oval section that was six feet high with a bullet shaped top. The glass windows at the top housed the console area for the pilot.

Each spaceship was labeled as being a “Reteerg” craft. These Reteerg spaceships had three mechanics that worked on them with futuristic tools. The mechanics worked from floating work stands.

They prepared the Reteerg spaceships for their upcoming mission with Earth.

Chapter 2

The next morning rolled around and Marcus had moss growing under his feet, so he had to get out of Augusta.

He opened his backpack and removed his toothbrush and tube of toothpaste. He opened his bottle of Canadian whiskey and carefully pour a little of booze on the bristles of his brush to moisten them. He squeezed some paste on his brush and started brushing his teeth.

A few seconds had passed and Marcus washed out the residual toothpaste with some whiskey. He spat it out in the dirt.

Fifteen minutes later, Marcus had his tent rolled up and secured to his backpack. After he slung the pack on his back, he headed out of the woods.

Twenty minutes later, Marcus walked north on Edgefield Road.

He headed down that road.

A little while later, he walked into a Phillips 66 convenience store. He went inside and bought some bottled water and ten one dollar scratch-off lottery tickets.

He left the store and went to the rear of the lot and found the garbage dumpster. He grabbed a quarter out of his pocket and started scratching off the lottery tickets. He looked depressed. He lost ten dollars. He got up and opened the lid to the dumpster. He tossed the tickets in the dumpster then peaked inside. He reached inside and grabbed a cardboard box. He tore off a piece.

Marcus sat down on the pavement and removed his black Sharpie pen from his backpack. He scribbled "Charlotte" on the cardboard.

He got up and walked through lot and headed back to Edgefield Road.

He walked north along the road and headed to Interstate 20.

A little while later, Marcus stood by the north entrance ramp of Exit 6 of Interstate 20. He held up his “Charlotte” cardboard sign.

Two hours passed and all of vehicles that drove down the ramp ignored Marcus. He was about to give up and walk to Charlotte when a rusty Ford F-150 red pickup truck with bald tires slowed down and pulled off the ramp into the grass.

The driver of the pickup was seventy-year-old Ernie Carter. He was a farmer who grew peaches northwest of Augusta. He was a trusting old soul but just in case, he always kept a loaded pistol stashed under his front seat. Also in his front seat sat his black Labrador named Deuce.

Ernie rolled down the passenger door window while Marcus rushed over to the door.

“I’m heading to Charlotte, but you’ll have to ride in the back. You might want to duck down if there are smokey bears on the road,” Ernie called out from inside the truck.

“Thank you sir,” Marcus replied then rushed to the rear of the pickup and hopped in the back.

Ernie pulled his pickup back on the ramp.

He slid the rear window open. “I’m Ernie by the way,” he called out while he drove down the ramp and headed to the Interstate. .

“I’m Marcus,” he replied.

Marcus squatted down in the bed of the truck and propped his backpack under his head. He closed his eyes and decided to use this opportunity to get some sleep.

Five minutes later, Marcus was sound asleep.

Two hours had passed and Marcus still slept in the bed of Ernie’s pickup while he drove down Interstate 77. They were now north of Columbia, South Carolina.

Ernie drove his pickup down the ramp for Exit 27.

He drove his pickup east on Blythewood Road.

He turned onto McNulty Avenue and pulled into the Wendy’s parking lot. He stopped his pickup.

Ernie slid the rear window open.

“Hungry?” he called out into the bed of his pickup.

Marcus opened up his eyes and looked a little dazed.

For a few seconds, he didn’t have a clue of his whereabouts.

“Are you hungry?” Ernie called out a little louder from the cab of the pickup.

Marcus remembered where he was and where he was headed. “You bet,” he replied then sat up and smiled when he saw the Wendy’s sign.

“Good, it’s my treat. Just sit there and I’ll hit the drive-through,” Ernie replied then moved his pickup toward the drive-through lane.

Ten minutes later, Ernie pulled his pickup into a parking space. He got out and dropped the tailgate.

He sat on it with Marcus.

Ernie munched on a Dave’s Hot and Juicy hamburger, and large fries.

They both had vanilla milk shakes.

Deuce sat in the back and munched on some hamburger patties.

Marcus munched on a Baconator, and large fries.

“What’s your story?” Ernie curiously asked while he had a mouthful of hamburger.

Marcus swallowed his hamburger. “Well, I had a good career going then lost it because of a shady person. I couldn’t find any work and started drinking heavily. Then my wife divorced me, threw me out of the house and I’ve been on the road every since,” he replied.

“Just because you didn’t find a job? That’s harsh,” Ernie replied and felt sorry for Marcus.

“Well, like I said, I was drinking heavily, got depressed and snapped at her. I kinda slapped her around a few times,” Marcus replied feeling ashamed.

Ernie sensed Marcus was ashamed of his past behavior so he didn’t reply. He munched on a few French fries while he pondered an idea. “I’ll tell you what, I have a peach orchid northwest of Augusta. My place is called Carter’s Orchid. Come in late May and I’ll put you to work. You

can help out with the people that come from all over to pick their own peaches,” he offered with a warm smile and offered his hand to seal the deal.

Marcus looked at Ernie and couldn't believe that this is the only job offer he left the Army. “Thank you Ernie. I'll be there,” he replied with a warm smile and shook Ernie's hand.

Deuce gulped down his hamburger. He rushed over and sat behind Ernie and Marcus. He gave them his saddest brown eyes for some of their hamburgers.

“So, why are you heading up to Charlotte?” Ernie asked.

“Thought I'd pay someone a visit,” Marcus replied then sucked up some milkshake through his straw. “Why are you heading to Charlotte?” he added.

“My sister has lung cancer. She lives alone and needs someone to be with her while she goes through Chemo,” Ernie replied and looked worried.

“I'm sorry to hear that,” Marcus said and then he started to crave for a drink.

“That's the risks in life,” Ernie replied but his eyes welled up a little while he thought about his younger sister.

“Well, let's get back on the road,” Ernie said then he took the last bite of his hamburger.

Marcus took his last bite of hamburger while he scooted to the other end of the pickup bed.

“Come Deuce,” Ernie commanded.

Deuce jumped out of the pickup bed.

Ernie closed the tailgate then walked over to the driver's door. Deuce tagged along his side.

Ernie got inside his pickup with Deuce and started it up.

Marcus unzipped his backpack. He discreetly removed his bottle of Canadian whiskey. He unscrewed the cap and took a quick drink. He placed the cap back on shoved the bottle back in his backpack.

Marcus lay on his back and propped the backpack under his head. He stared at the blue sky with scattered clouds while Ernie drove his pickup away.

Meanwhile, far away in outer space the Redael moved past Jupiter.

Inside the auditorium, the Aliens watch intently while Sandark continued with the final part of his briefing. All eyes were on the Earth hologram that still rotated behind Sandark. A hologram of the Redael appeared and hovered near the Earth hologram to represent being parked in orbit.

Two hundred holograms of their Reteerg spaceships flew out of the Redael hologram. The Reteerg holograms spaceships broke formation and scattered in different directions. The Reteerg's headed down to all the countries on the hologram Earth.

The inside of the hangar was void of all the Alien mechanics. The Reteerg spaceships were waiting for their upcoming missions.

Another white colored Snaicitilop mothership was way out there in outer space. This mothership was called the "Seruc" and headed toward Saturn.

Chapter 3

A couple of hours had passed, and Ernie drove his pickup down Interstate 277 in Charlotte.

He drove down the Exit 2A ramp.

A little while later, Ernie pulled his pickup into a Target parking lot and stopped. He slid open the rear cab window. "Charlotte," he called out to Marcus.

Marcus sat up in the bed of the pickup and looked around the area. He recognized that Target store from previous trips to Charlotte.

He grabbed his backpack and hopped of the pickup bed.

Marcus walked over to the driver's door where Ernie had his window rolled down.

"Thanks for the ride and hamburger," Marcus said while he stuck his hand at the door window.

"My pleasure," Ernie replied while he shook Marcus' hand. "And I'm serious about a job at my orchid. I can help you get off the streets," he added with a warm smile.

"I really appreciate that Ernie. I'll take you up on that offer," Marcus replied with a joyous smile thinking this might be his big break.

"Wait," said Ernie when an idea popped in his head. He reached in right pants pocket for a second. "Please take this," he added and handed Marcus two twenty dollar bills.

Marcus was taken back by Ernie's generosity, as normally people just give him a buck or two. "Are you sure?"

"Please, I can't let a fellow human starve to death," Ernie replied with a warm smile.

"Thanks and I'll be eating good for a while," Marcus said while he took the money. "I'll work my first day for

free,” Marcus added while he shoved the money in his pants pocket.

“Take care, Marcus,” Ernie said then drove his pickup away.

Marcus walked off and headed toward the Target store and decided that this time he would spend money on food and not whiskey.

A little while later, Marcus walked down a residential street in the Elizabeth area.

He stopped and leaned up against a telephone pole. He glanced across the street and eyed a nice home down a little way to his right. The home was white with red wooden shutters. A silver Mercedes SUV was parked in the driveway.

Marcus continued to eye the white house.

Ten minutes had passed...

“What are you doing?” a male voice yelled out behind Marcus.

Marcus turned around and saw a sixty-year-old man walking down his driveway with a baseball bat in hand.

“Sorry sir, I was tired from walking. I was just taking a rest,” Marcus replied while he kept an eye on the bat for a threatening move.

“It would be best if you just keep moving,” the man replied.

“Yes sir. I don’t mean any harm. I just needed a rest,” Marcus said then he walked away down the sidewalk.

While Marcus walked down the street, he eyed the house of interest across the street.

Five minutes later, Marcus stopped and leaned up against another telephone pole. He looked to his left and eyed that same house with the Mercedes SUV.

Kathleen Winston was a beautiful thirty-three year old blonde with soft brown eyes. She walked out of the front door of the house Marcus watched. She talked into her cell phone while her five-year-old son Thomas Winston with chestnut brown hair, tagged behind her. Thomas had on a

soccer uniform that consisted of a blue shirt with black shorts.

Kathleen still gabbed on her cell phone while she walked over to her Mercedes SUV.

She opened the rear passenger door.

Thomas climbed inside, sat down and buckled his seat belt. The door closed automatically while Kathleen walked over to the driver's side.

Kathleen got behind the wheel and started her Mercedes with her cell phone still glued to her right ear.

Marcus watched while Kathleen backed her Mercedes SUV down the driveway and into the street.

He moved away from the telephone pole and walked down the sidewalk.

Kathleen drove her Mercedes down the street. She still gabbed on her cell phone so she didn't notice Marcus.

Thomas glanced out his window and saw Marcus while the SUV went past. He didn't think anything of the homeless guy.

Marcus knew where they were headed.

While Marcus walked down the sidewalk, he removed his wallet from his back pocket. He opened it up and removed the only item in where cash would be kept. It was a folded picture. He unfolded the picture and glanced at it.

It was a picture of Marcus in his Army uniform with Sergeant First Class stripes. Kathleen, his wife, was by his side. In Marcus' arms was little Thomas who was four months old at the time. This picture was taken two months before Marcus's life fell apart and went down the toilet.

He folded the picture and shoved it back in his wallet. He shoved his wallet back in his pants pocket and headed off down the sidewalk.

Twenty minutes later, Marcus walked up a soccer field that had a baseball diamond at the far end.

Marcus saw Thomas with his teammates on the soccer field. They kicked the ball around for practice.

Another team where the kids wore yellow shirts and black shorts kicked the ball around for their practice.

Marcus walked down the field and got closer to Thomas' team. He stopped and watched.

At the other end of the field, Kathleen was finally off her cell phone. She chatted with Abby a fellow mom while they sat in some portable metal bleachers. Abby's son Kenneth and Thomas were becoming best friends.

Abby glanced at her son. She saw Marcus. "That bum is back. I'm thinking he's a pedophile," she told Kathleen.

Kathleen saw Marcus and looked bothered. "That bum isn't a pedophile. He's my ex-husband. A drunken asshole," she told Abby.

"I didn't know you were married before Andrew," Abby said while she watched Marcus to make sure he didn't go after her son.

"Yeah. He was in the Army and stationed at Fort Benning in Georgia. One of those macho gung-ho Rangers until the Army kicked him out," Kathleen replied while she kept an eye on Marcus.

"Kicked out?" Abby curiously asked.

"A dishonorable discharge, which meant he couldn't get a descent paying job," Kathleen replied and the hatred in her eyes for Marcus was building up fast.

"What did he do?" Abby asked curious for some juicy details.

"I really don't want to talk about it. Too many bad memories," Kathleen responded and recalled those times when Marcus was drunk and slapper her around.

Kathleen sat on the edge of her bench seat while she kept a watchful eye on Marcus. She would spring into action if he tried to approach Thomas.

Marcus watched while Thomas and Kenneth practiced kicking the ball. The coach was Joe and he saw Marcus and became a little concerned.

Coach Joe kept one eye on the kids and another eye on Marcus. He would never allow any stranger to harm his players.

Thomas kicked the ball a little too hard and it soared at Marcus.

Marcus saw the ball soaring at him. He leaped up and caught the ball while it soared over his head.

Over in the stands, Kathleen stood the second she saw Marcus catch the ball. “No!” she cried out when she saw Thomas run over to Marcus.

She jumped out of the stands.

Thomas stopped eight feet from Marcus who had the soccer ball in his hand.

Marcus dropped the ball to the ground and gave it a light kick.

The ball rolled over to Thomas.

“Thank you, sir,” Thomas said with a polite tone while he bent down and picked up the ball.

Thomas turned around and ran back to Kenneth with the ball.

“Thank you son,” Marcus quietly replied while he watched Thomas run back to Kenneth.

Coach Joe ran over to Marcus and looked concerned.

“If you don’t have any kids practicing, I’m going to have to ask you to leave. Or I’ll call the police,” Coach Joe told Marcus with a serious tone.

Kathleen was in the field near Thomas. She glared at Marcus while she stayed within a protective range of Thomas.

Marcus took one last glance at Thomas. He turned around and his eyes welled up while he walked away.

Kathleen headed back to the stands the second she felt Marcus was leaving and not a threat.

“I take it he can’t see Thomas?” Abby asked the second Kathleen sat down keeping a watchful eye on Marcus.

“No, he got drunk one day, passed out on the back porch. I came home from my waitress’ job and found Thomas in my neighbor’s arms by my front door. He found Thomas heading to the street while a car was coming. He was a little over a year old,” Kathleen told her and her eyes welled up at the thought that she came close to losing her son that day.

Abby didn't know how to respond to that reply. "So, how's Andrew's job coming along?" she decided to ask to change the subject to a happier topic.

Kathleen continued to keep a watchful eye on Marcus. But down inside, she still had some feelings for him and truly wished he would turn his life around.

Marcus walked over to the nearest street and headed in a southwesterly direction.

Meanwhile way out in outer space, the Redael moved through space. It headed toward the Moon.

Inside the Command Center of the Redael, Sandark sat in his large chair that over looked all ten futuristic consoles. The chair had two arms and the right arm had some buttons and a small pad.

Aliens sat behind the consoles and monitored and directed the movement of the mothership through space.

Sandark was happy with his crew's performance during this mission for his planet. He glanced at the large bank of curved windows and saw the large gray Moon. He looked past the Moon and saw the beautiful blue Earth. He knew his mission would be a success.

Back down on Earth, it was nighttime in Charlotte.

Inside the Winston home, Kathleen cuddled on the couch with her husband Andrew in their TV room. They watched the *Morning Glory* movie.

Thomas was already asleep in his bed.

Kathleen wasn't going to mention Marcus' little visit to Andrew. In fact, she never mentioned her ex-husbands visits that occurred during the past four years.

In a small patch of woods located near the Eastover area, Marcus made a small clearing his home for the evening. Since he didn't feel rain was a threat tonight, he decided not to set up his tent.

Marcus lay on the ground and slept for the past three hours.

The sound of broken branches was heard.

Marcus opened his eyes and initially thought it was some type of critter.

“It’s a fucking bum,” said the quiet voice of a young redneck named Billy.

Marcus cracked open his eyes and saw Billy, Chester, and Joe while they curiously inched they way over to Marcus.

Billy, Chester, and Joe were all young rednecks with buzz haircuts. They wore their favorite NASCAR driver tee shirts, blue jeans and cowboy boots. They had been in the woods tonight to smoke some joints and enjoy some Budweiser’s. They always partied in these woods when they had some joints. It was a place of low risk with being spotted by the Charlotte police.

Marcus didn’t move but discreetly watched the three rednecks while they inched closer.

“He looks like a hairy turd,” Chester jokingly said while he and his buddies stood a foot away from Marcus.

“Fucking hippy probably has money from begging,” Billy added.

“We could use some more beer, so let’s let this piece of shit pay for it,” Joe said. He gave Chester and Billy a smirk then winked at them. Joe cocked his right leg and proceeded to kick Marcus in his stomach.

But to Joe’s surprise, Marcus sprang into action. He swiftly grabbed Joe’s boot and twisted it while he moved to stand up.

Chester and Billy heard the crack of Joe’s ankle being broken.

Joe fell flat on his ass and it took a few seconds for the pain to register that his ankle was broken. “Ahhhhh!” Joe screamed out in pain and grabbed his right cowboy boot.

Marcus glared at Billy and Chester to see who would make the next move.

“Asshole!” Billy yelled out while he lunged at Marcus.

Marcus swiftly punched Billy in his Adam apple.

Billy’s eyes were as big as baseballs when the pain registered to his brain. He dropped to his knees and painfully gasped for air.

Chester knew it was up to him to prove he wasn't a coward so he stared at Marcus and tried to figure out a move.

Marcus was quicker and he swiftly gave Chester an elbow strike to his face.

Chester dropped to the ground in pain. "You broke my nose," he cried out in a nasal tone.

Marcus glanced at Chester and saw his nose and lips were bloody. He started to get queasy over the sight of the blood.

Marcus gathered up his backpack and rushed away avoiding the sight of Chester's bloody face so he wouldn't pass out in the dirt.

Billy, Joe, and Chester lay on the ground crying in pain.

Marcus headed west so he could hopefully hitch a ride out of Charlotte. It was going to be a long night.

Meanwhile out in outer space, the other white-colored Snaicitlop mothership the Seruc moved past Jupiter.

Inside the huge auditorium of the Seruc, Junior Commander Wetlark stood behind a podium and wore his light blue jumpsuit with gold braided epaulets. Each epaulet had two black trapezoids.

Behind the podium was another six-foot diameter hologram of Earth. Orbiting around that Earth hologram was a hologram of the Redael mothership.

One thousand Aliens sat in seats and wore their standard light blue jump suits. They listened like obedient soldiers while Wetlark explained their mission.

Inside another area of the Seruc was a large hangar. This room housed four hundred white-colored spaceships. But these crafts were larger than the Reteerg class of spaceships housed on the Redael mothership. These crafts had four angled landing legs that kept the bottom of the craft eight feet off the deck. Four oval engine nozzles protruded out four feet from the bottom of the craft.

It had a middle oval section that was twelve feet tall and forty feet long with glass windows in front that was the cockpit.

These were designated the “Rexif” class of Snaicitilop spaceships and would transport strange futuristic equipment. Four Aliens manned this spaceship during a mission.

Chapter 4

The sun rose in the southeast for another beautiful day.

Marcus stood by the southbound entrance ramp for Exit 6A. He stood for four hours and held up his “Orlando” cardboard sign. He almost gave up on getting a ride and thought he would have to walk to Orlando.

At ten that morning, a Peterbilt semi-truck with trailer, dirty from a week on the road with dirty chrome trucker girl mud flaps, drove up the ramp.

The Peterbilt slowed down and stopped by Marcus. The passenger door read “Howard Bronson’s Trucking Service.”

The passenger door opened and Howard, fifty-five year old, pot bellied good old country boy, with Georgia twang accent, appeared while he leaned across the passenger seat. The country song *Take A Little Ride* by Jason Aldean just started on the truck’s radio.

“Hey buddy, I’m heading down to Charleston. I can drop you off ninety-five,” Howard offered with a friendly smile.

Marcus thought about Howard’s offer and it sounded good at the moment. “Thanks,” he said then removed his backpack off his arm.

Marcus tossed his backpack and the “Orlando” cardboard sign on the passenger floorboard. He climbed up and got in the passenger seat.

Howard shoved his truck in gear and started back up the ramp to the Interstate.

A little while later, Howard was finished with shifting gears and had his Peterbilt at seventy mph.

“Howard,” he said while he shoved out his right hand at Marcus.

“Marcus,” he replied while he shook Howard’s hand.

Howard glanced over at Marcus. "How long has the streets been your home?" he asked and appeared to be concerned.

"Four years," Marcus replied and looked ashamed.

"Don't worry, it happens to a lot of good people," Howard said then paused for a few seconds. "What happened to you? If you don't mind me asking," Howard asked and appeared to be concerned.

Marcus hesitated for a few seconds and pondered if he should tell this total stranger his life history. "Well, I had a good career going with the Army. I was a Ranger. Then I got screwed over by a Colonel that was an asshole and he got me kicked out. Then I started drinking since I couldn't find a job. Then my wife divorced me and kicked me out of our house in Columbus," Marcus explained.

Howard was quiet for a few seconds while he digested the information. He looked at Marcus and for some reason he trusted the homeless man.

"I picked up this one kid a little while back in Orlando. He was headed to Columbus, Georgia because he lost his job. Then I found out later he was wanted for bank robbery. He was a nice kid and one of those geeks. I found out later, he was set-up by some con artists to make him out as the one that robbed a bank in Orlando. It's a shame we have so many assholes in this world," he told Marcus. "What did this asshole Colonel do, if you don't mind telling me?"

Marcus glanced over at Howard and pondered if he should tell more of his life story. *What the hell.* He thought to himself.

Marcus' flashback...

It was in the middle of the night. Marcus was dressed in his fatigues and finished his duty a couple of hours ago. He partied with some buddies at the NCO Club. But Marcus as still thirsty and took a six-pack of Budweiser and decided to walk down one of the running trails in Fort Benning South. He did this quiet often since Kathleen would not allow him to drink at home.

Marcus staggered and was one-mile down the trail. He finished his second beer and dropped it off in one of the garbage cans along the trail.

He walked off the trail and headed to a nearby bush. Marcus unzipped his pants and started to relieve himself.

“Please don’t!” a female cried out from the woods.

Marcus stopped peeing on the bush to make sure he heard someone.

“No! Don’t fuck me!” the female cried out again and this time it was louder.

Marcus zipped up his fatigues and started to get concerned over that female’s voice.

He inched his way toward the direction of her voice.

He heard a loud slap when he got to a large pine tree.

“Please don’t!” the female cried out again louder.

Marcus heard another loud slap while he inched his way past that tree.

Marcus heard grunting while he inched his way through the woods.

He came across a older man around forty-five years old forcing a young female on the ground.

He was Colonel Harold Talbert who had been in the Army for twenty-three years. He was tall and lanky with a crew cut. His silk shorts were down around his ankles and his tee shirt was in the dirt.

The female was Sergeant Connie Akins a twenty-four year who had been in the Army for five years. She had her tee shirt, bra, and jogging shorts ripped off. They were tossed in the dirt. Her panties were yanked down to her running shoes.

Colonel Talbert penetrated her the second he got her on her back on the dirt.

“Please don’t fuck me!” Connie cried squirmed to get him off her.

“Shut up you fucking bitch,” Colonel Talbert yelled out in her face with a stern voice.

She shut up and accepted the pervert.

Marcus blew a gasket at this sight.

He lunged after Colonel Talbert.

Marcus and Colonel Talbert tumbled in the dirt.

Colonel Talbert was stunned, as he was so involved with raping Connie that he didn't hear or see Marcus.

Marcus jumped up and glared down at Colonel Talbert.

Sergeant Talbert discreetly gathered up her clothes and high-tailed it out of there.

"What the fuck are you doing soldier?" Colonel Talbert yelled while he pulled up his shorts.

"Kicking a pervert's ass," Marcus yelled back and was drunk and so furious over what he saw that he didn't realize it was Colonel Talbert.

Colonel Talbert stood up and glared at Marcus.

Marcus didn't miss a beat and gave the Colonel a swift elbow strike to his face.

Colonel Talbert dropped to the dirt in pain. "Stop Sergeant and that's an order," he called out in pain.

"Fucking pervert," Marcus yelled out and kicked Colonel Talbert in his crotch the second he stood up.

The Colonel bucked over in pain holding his crotch. He dropped to his knees in pain.

"If I catch you touching that girl again, you'll get the real wrath of my anger," Marcus yelled out at the Colonel.

Marcus turned around to assist Sergeant Atkins, but she vanished.

He rushed around the area in search of her.

She vanished into the woods.

Marcus walked away and headed back to the trail.

Colonel Talbert remained on his knees in pain.

Back to reality...

Howard's ears were glued to Marcus story with extreme interest.

"I drove home and an hour later, the MPs came over and arrested me for assaulting an officer," Marcus said and looked pissed while he recalled that night.

"But the asshole was raping a female?" Howard replied and looked confused with Marcus' arrest.

“She claimed she was never with the Colonel, so I’m thinking he persuaded her to keep her mouth shut. He had tons of connections with a few Generals.”

“Court Martial?” Howard asked.

“Yeah. Dishonorable discharge and hence the start of my downfall,” Marcus replied and had the craving for a drink.

“I was in the Army for two years. Motor pool. I hated those snobby shit for brains officers,” Howard added.

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to get some sleep. I’ve been up all night walking and standing by that Interstate,” Marcus said then yawned.

“Go ahead my friend. I’ll wake you the second we get to ninety-five,” Howard responded.

Marcus propped his backpack under his head and closed his eyes. Sleep would feel so good right now.

The country song *Take A Little Ride* by Jason Aldean just started ended so Howard turned down the radio to give Marcus some quiet time.

Meanwhile way up in Earth’s orbit, the International Space Station (ISS) moved through space about two hundred and eleven miles above Earth.

On the outside by one of the ISS modules, American Astronauts Kim Haden and William Moody space walked while they worked on one of the cameras that crapped out.

Haden finished removing the broken camera.

Moody started installing the replacement camera.

While Moody was doing his thing, Haden took this opportunity to gaze around the area. Something caught her eye while she glanced at the Moon. Something odd that she’s never seen before. It was a large dot that appeared to be in the middle of the Moon. “What is that?” she spoke into her helmet microphone.

“What’s what?” Moody replied from the radio net while he used the space drill to install the camera.

“Is there a problem?” Bruce Cowart from down in Houston Control asked from the radio net.

“There’s a large dot that suddenly appeared on the Moon,” Haden replied into her helmet microphone and pointed at the blob.

Moody finished installing the replacement camera. He looked where Haden pointed. “That’s weird.”

“Give us a view,” Cowart replied from the radio net.

Haden moved her camera on her spacesuit would capture the large dot that appeared on the Moon.

A few seconds passed. “It’s probably noting,” Cowart replied from the radio net.

Haden glanced back at the Moon and the black dot moved a little down and to the left. “Nothing? That dot moved to another location.”

Moody looked at the Moon. “You’re right.”

“Do you think it’s a UFO?” Haden asked and started to feel vulnerable being out in space.

“I can’t believe you believe in those things,” Cowart replied from the radio net.

“You just never know,” Haden replied and sounded a little concerned.

Moody didn’t know what to think of that dot that appeared to be moving again.

“I’m thinking we should wrap this up and head back inside. We can perform that other task tomorrow,” Haden said.

“Yeah, I’m getting a little tired myself,” Moody added.

“You’re quitting because of a dot?” Cowart asked from the radio net.

“Yeah,” Haden and Moody replied in unison.

“Okay, I’ll have that so called dot checked out,” Cowart said from the radio net.

Haden and Moody started wrapping up their work.

It’s nighttime back down on Earth in Boone, North Carolina.

James Burrows was a retired NASA scientist and worked as a science teacher at the local Junior High school. Tonight he had his Astronomy Club out to take a look at the Moon and Mars with his Schmidt-Cassegrain telescope. It

was a bright full Moon and the sky was full of twinkling stars.

“Let’s check out the Moon first,” he told his five club members that consisted of three guys and two gals. “Cindy goes first.”

Cindy looked in the telescope. She pulled away from it then looked at the Moon in the sky with her eyes. She looked back into the telescope. “I’m seeing something strange at the lower left area of the Moon,” she said while she continued to look into the telescope.

“What’s that?” James asked her while he glanced up at the Moon in the sky.

“Well, it sorta looks like a UFO,” she replied.

“A what?”

“A UFO.”

The other club member curiously glanced up at the Moon in anticipation of seeing a UFO.

James suspiciously glanced up at the Moon. He believed in UFOs based on reports he heard from some of the ex-Shuttle Astronauts. “Let me take a look,” he said while he moved closer to the telescope.

Cindy moved away and James immediately looked into the telescope. He saw it. It was the Alien mothership Redael parked in outer space twenty-five thousand miles above Earth. “It’s probably a Russian satellite,” he said and hoped the kids believed his story. He quickly repositioned the telescope. “Let’s view Mars,” he said while he focused on that planet.

The kids glanced up at the Moon and weren’t buying James’ story that it might be a Russian satellite.

“Okay, Ernie can check out Mars,” James said while he moved away from the telescope.

Ernie walked over and looked in the telescope.

James moved away from the kids and discreetly removed his iPhone from his pocket. He discreetly sent a text message to a fellow retired NASA buddy that now worked at an observatory.

In the Oval office of the White House, President Cal Westwood sat behind the desk. He a phone glued to his right ear. He read his report while he listened to the individual on the phone.

“Do you think it might be a UFO?” President Westwood asked while his eyes were still glued to his report.

“That’s a strong possibility. We’re having some more folks verifying what they see up there,” NASA Administrator Wendell Spade replied from the phone.

“I’m kidding Wendell. I don’t believe in those things. It’s probably a smudge on the face shields of those space suits,” President Westwood replied then thought for a second. “Sounds like they also got a smudge on the camera lens. After all, they were outside replacing it,” President Westwood added then turned to the next page of his report.

“We’ll continue to investigate,” Spade responded and sounded concerned.

“You do that and get back with me. And make sure nobody goes around blabbing about this. We don’t need the National Inquirer doing an article that we’re being invaded by Aliens,” President Westwood said then hung up his phone.

“UFOs by the Moon. And they’re called rocket scientists,” President Westwood said with a chuckle while his eyes were on his report.

Chapter 5

Later on that day, Howard drove his Peterbilt south on Interstate 26 in South Carolina.

He slowed down and pulled off to the shoulder when he got close to Exit 169A.

“There’s the ramp for ninety-five south,” Howard told Marcus.

Marcus extended out his hand. “Thanks for the lift.”

Howard shook Marcus’ hand. “My pleasure and think positive and one day, you’ll be off the streets.”

Marcus smiled at the comment and figured Ernie’s orchid would be his big break.

Marcus grabbed his backpack and “Orlando” cardboard sign off the passenger floor and climbed out of Howard’s truck.

Howard pulled his truck back on Interstate 26 while Marcus walked toward Exit 169A ramp.

Marcus walked down the Exit 169A ramp. He stopped and held up his “Orlando” cardboard sign.

For the next thirty minutes, all the cars, pickups, and trucks raced down the ramp and ignored Marcus

An hour had passed. Eight bikers on Harleys drove down the ramp and were called the “Slamming Hammers.” They were a bunch of construction guys from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania that loved riding on the open road for their vacations. They had the standard blue jean jackets with the sleeves cut off, tattoos and shaved heads. They tried to be bad, but in reality they were a bunch of pussycats.

The lead biker saw Marcus and waved for the rest to stop.

The Slamming Hammers pulled their Harleys over by Marcus.

“We can take you as far as Daytona,” Jake the lead biker.

Marcus could sense the guys were harmless. “Thanks.”

“Climb in Scooter’s sidecar,” Jake replied.

Marcus looked at the rear of the pack and saw Scooter with his Harley and sidecar.

He headed over.

“Marcus,” he said and extended his hand out to Scooter.

“Scooter,” he replied and shook Marcus’ hand.

Marcus sat in Scooter’s sidecar.

The Slamming Hammers drove off down the ramp and merged onto Interstate 95.

They headed south along with the other traffic.

Back in one of the Earth’s orbit, Astronauts Haden, Moody, Dmitri Novikov from Russia, and Belio Mancini from Italy nervously floated back and forth inside the ISS. All they could think about was that gray blob in a higher orbit. They also waited for word from Houston for the identification of this strange object.

“What’s taking Houston so long?” Haden said while she floated back and forth.

Way over at the Redael mothership, a large hangar door whished opened.

Two hundred Reteerg spaceships flew out of each of the hangar door.

It didn’t take long for all two hundred Reteerg spaceships to gather in orbit and formed the standard Snaicitilop formation that was shaped like a huge “S.”

The large S formation of Reteerg spaceships headed down to Earth where at this moment, the North American continent was visible.

The S formation headed down toward North America.

Inside a huge control room of the Redael spaceship, Aliens worked behind their controls. They used a joystick and maneuver their Reteerg spaceship down to their assigned country on Earth.

Aliens Quark, Lumbark, Parpip, Abilet, Wallark and Cillard worked behind some of these consoles.

It was dawn down on Earth in Colorado.

It was business as usual at the new military branch of service called the United States Space Corp. They monitored the space for any threats.

Technical Sergeant Sal Penn sat at his console. Today was boring so far so TSgt Penn was on his third cup of coffee to stay awake.

All of a sudden, two hundred blips appeared on his console. Two hundred blips that formed a large bleeping “S.”

He looked and almost spit out his coffee. He’s never had so many blips like this before. “Captain Malick! We have a situation!” he yelled out and looked at his monitor in disbelief.

Captain Russ Malick rushed over to TSgt Penn’s console. He saw the concern in TSgt Penn’s eyes while he pointed to his monitor. Captain Malick looked at the monitor and saw the two hundred blips that formed a larger bleeping “S” that moved across the screen. “Colonel Robards! Come quick!” Captain Malick yelled out.

All the surrounding personnel near TSgt Penn’s console jumped up and took a peek. They all looked bewildered at those blips. They’ve never seen anything like this before.

Colonel Mike Robards rushed over to TSgt Penn’s console. “What do you have?” he asked the second he arrived. Both TSgt Penn and Captain Malick remained quiet while they pointed at the monitor.

Colonel Robards looked at the monitor and his eyes widen and he stared in disbelief.

The on the monitor, the bleeping “S” broke up into two hundred independent blips.

“What the hell is that?” Colonel Robards asked.

“UFOs?” TSgt Penn said thinking out loud.

Colonel Robards and Captain Malick didn’t respond to his comment. They just stared at the monitor in disbelief.

The two hundred blips scattered in different directions and indicated they were going around the world.

“I better call the general,” Colonel Robards said then he ran off and looked worried.

In the Oval Office of the White House, President Westwood worked on a draft bill he was proposing. It was a bill to help cut medical costs. His red phone rang.

“Westwood,” he answered.

“Mister President, General Gibson. We have a situation that’s happening right now,” General Jake Gibson said from the red phone.

“What’s that?” President Westwood replied thinking there was a terrorist attack somewhere against our troops.

“Well sir, you won’t believe this, but our Space Corp believes we have two hundred UFOs coming down to Earth right now,” General Gibson replied.

“Two hundred UFOs?” President Westwood responded then thought about it for a few seconds. “Are you serious?” he said and started to get worried.

“Yes sir. We’re serious.”

“Where are they headed?” President Westwood asked.

“It appears all over the world and one is headed in your direction,” General Gibson replied.

“Here? One of them is coming here?” President Westwood replied and sounded concerned while he sat up in his chair.

“We believe so with high probability.”

“Put the military on full alert. Fire on these creatures the second they’re deemed a threat,” President Westwood ordered.

“Yes sir,” General Gibson replied from the phone.

President Westwood slammed down the phone then jumped up from his desk.

He rushed to one of the windows in the room. He cautiously peeked out the curtains and eyed the South Lawn.

He glanced back at his desk at the picture of his wife Lynn Westwood. He rushed over to his desk and picked up his phone. He punched in another number.

“Get in here ASAP,” he told Winston Davis on the phone.

President Westwood rushed back over to the windows where he continued to peek out the curtains.

Winston Davis, a Secret Service Agent rushed in the Oval Office from one of the door.

“Yes sir,” he said while he rushed over to the desk.

“I want Lynn at Camp David immediately with Marine guards,” he told the Agent Davis.

“Yes sir,” Agent Davis replied then turned around and rushed to the door.

President Westwood continued to peek out the curtains making sure an Alien craft wasn't going to land on the South Lawn.

In was almost midnight in Canberra, Australia.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in the Rugby League Park.

It was nighttime in Tokyo, Japan.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a clearing in the wooded area that housed the Meiji Jing Shrine.

It was nighttime in Seoul, South Korea.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a clearing where a building was once erected.

It was nighttime in Pyongyang, North Korea.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a clearing in the city.

It was nighttime in Beijing, China.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in Tiananmen Square.

It was late evening in New Delhi, India.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a grassy area in the Mughal Gardens.

It was early evening in Moscow, Russia.

One of those spaceships landed in the Manezhnaya Square.

It was late afternoon in Berlin, Germany.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in open area near the Brandenburg Gate. Tourists scattered in a panic

for their lives at the sight of this UFO. Some tourists stopped and snapped some pictures of the Alien craft.

It was the late afternoon in Stockholm, Sweden.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a soccer field. Both teams and spectators scattered in a panic in all directions fearful for their lives.

It was the late afternoon in Paris, France.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a soccer field near the Eiffel Tower. Everybody scattered in a panic in all directions fearful for their lives.

It was the late afternoon in Rome, Italy.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in Saint Peter's Square. Everybody scattered in a panic in all directions fearful for their lives.

It was the late afternoon in Cape Town, South Africa.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed on the Mowbray Golf Club.

Some of the golfers hit their balls into the sand pits while they kept an eye on the descending spacecraft. A few golfers bounced golf balls off the Alien craft.

All the golfers scattered in a panic in all directions fearful for their lives.

It was the late afternoon in Madrid, Spain.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a soccer field. Everybody scattered in a panic in all directions fearful for their lives.

It was the afternoon in London, England.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a clearing near the Ham Cross Plantation.

It was the morning in Montreal, Canada.

One of those Reteerg spaceships landed in a clearing in Rutherford Park. Everybody in the park scattered in a panic in all directions fearful for their lives.

It was morning in Washington, D.C.

Another Reteerg spaceship landed in the grass lawn between the Capitol Building and the Grant Memorial.

Traffic on Constitution Avenue, Independence Avenue, Pennsylvania Avenue and all nearby drives screeched to a halt.

People jumped out of their cars and ran for a closer view of this spaceship.

People in the streets ran for a closer view of this spaceship.

In the Oval Office of the White House, President Westwood continued to peek out the window curtains.

One of the hidden doors of the Oval Office slammed opened.

Six Secret Service Agents stormed into the office.

“Mister President, a small spaceship landed in the lawn between the Capitol Building and the Grant Memorial. We need to get you to a secured location,” the lead Secret Service Agent said while he rushed over to President Westwood.

This was another one of those moments when President Westwood wished he wasn't President while he got up from behind his desk.

The agents rushed President Westwood out of the Oval Office.

Chapter 6

Hours had passed.

The Slamming Hammers bikers pulled off the shoulder on Interstate 95 (I-95) and stopped their Harleys.

Traffic was light on Interstate 4 (I-4) for some reason and since they were in the Daytona Beach area that was even more unusual.

The exit ramp for I-4 west for up ahead.

“Thanks for the ride,” Marcus told Scooter while he got out of the sidecar with his backpack and “Orlando” sign.

“No problem and I hope you get your life turned around,” Scooter replied.

Marcus walked toward the I-4 ramp while the Slamming Hammers drove their Harleys back on Interstate 95. The Slamming Hammers were anxious a week of drinking beer and checking out the luscious beauties on the beach at Daytona.

Marcus stood by the ramp for west I-4. The vehicle flow down this ramp was slow.

A Toyota Camry raced down the ramp.

Marcus held up his “Orlando” sign when the Camry got closer.

The Camry screeched to a stop by Marcus.

He smiled at the thought he had a ride.

The old lady driver rolled down her window. “The Aliens have landed in Washington DC,” the old lady cried out in a panic then rolled up her car window. The Camry raced off down the ramp.

The old lady took Marcus by surprise.

He turned around and watched while the old lady raced her Camry down the ramp. “And they think the homeless are crazy,” he said thinking that maybe it’s good she didn’t offer him a ride.

Marcus glanced down the entrance of the ramp for another opportunity. Traffic was slow on I-95.

Meanwhile, back up in Washington DC, President Westwood sat in a secret bunker. The air was tense while he sat around a large circular table with his senior military advisors that included the CIA and NASA Administrator Wendell Spade.

“So this Alien spaceship just sits in town?”

“Yes sir,” Army Lieutenant General Paul Reynolds replied.

“No Aliens have stepped out of their craft?” President Westwood asked.

“No sir. It’s been quiet and we have our troops on high alert. They’re ready to blow these creatures to smithereens if they show any signs of being threatening,” General Reynolds replied with his war face.

“The Space Corp reported similar spaceships have landed in all the capital cities all around the world,” Air Force Major General Walter Grace said.

President Westwood looked worried. “How’s Lynn doing?” he asked Marine Major General Willie Sanders.

“She’s going good. A little nervous about Aliens coming down to Earth, but still doing good,” General Sanders replied.

President Westwood nodded with a little smile he was satisfied with the General’s response but was still a little scared.

Some of the other military officers around the bunker looked a little leery of trying to attack Aliens that probably have more highly advanced weapons.

“We have pictures of their mothership taken from telescopes,” Wendell Spade added then passed over three photos to President Westwood.

President Westwood looked at three photos of the Redael mothership. His hands trembled a little wondering if these Aliens were here to alienate Earth.

It was late in the afternoon back in Florida, a lowered black Honda Civic raced down I-4 while it headed west. The Honda was doing 85 mph.

Wesley Daniels sat behind the wheel. He was your typical seventeen-year-old teenager that loved racing his car down the highway.

In the passenger seat sat Marcus. Even though he was once a tough Army Ranger, Wesley's driving made his nervous. But Marcus was happy to be getting a ride down to Orlando so he tolerated the threat of crashing.

"So you're really homeless?" Wesley curiously asked Marcus.

"Yep," Marcus replied.

"Cool. Must be nice to go anywhere you want at anytime. Sleep anytime you want. Wake up anytime you want," Wesley replied thinking that was a really cool life.

"Eating out of dumpsters when you can find them," Marcus replied thinking that would take the glamour out of this life.

"Eating out of a dumpster?" Wesley said then he thought about it for a few seconds. "Cool!"

Marcus rolled his eyes and started to believe today's generation must be short on brains.

"Mind if I turn on the radio?" Marcus asked to steer the young man away from this discussion.

"You bet man," Wesley said then he reached over and turned on his radio.

"We have breaking news," the DJ said from the radio then there was a short pause. "The United States Space Corp just confirmed that Alien spaceships have landed in the capitol cities of every country of the world. Including the Capitol Building in Washington DC," the DJ added.

Wesley and Marcus looked at each other in disbelief over that breaking news report.

"What the fuck?" Wesley said and looked intrigued.

Marcus thought about the DJ's news. His eyes widened with an idea. "They must be doing that old Orson Wells radio hoax again," he said.

“Orson Who?” Wesley responded, as he didn’t have a clue.

“Orson Wells War on the Worlds radio hoax in October nineteen thirty-eight. It was a radio broadcast about an invasion by Martians. People actually believed Earth was being invaded by the Martians,” Marcus told Wesley.

“Cool!” Wesley replied and stared at the radio for some invasion reports.

It was morning in Canberra, Australia.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in the Rugby League Park was quiet. The Australian Army was in full force with tanks while they secured a perimeter around the park. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was morning in Tokyo, Japan.

The Reteerg spaceships parked in a clearing in the wooded area that housed the Meiji Jing Shrine was quiet. The Japanese Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the area. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was morning in Seoul, South Korea.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a clearing where a building was once erected was quiet. The South Korean Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the clearing. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was morning in Pyongyang, North Korea.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a clearing in the city was quiet. The North Korean Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the clearing. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was early in Beijing, China and still dark with a hint that the sun would soon rise. The Reteerg spaceship parked in Tiananmen Square was quiet. The Chinese Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the square. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was morning in New Delhi, India and still dark.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a grassy area in the Mughal Gardens was quiet. The Indian Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the gardens. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was morning in Moscow, Russia and still dark.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in the Manezhnaya Square was quiet. The Russian Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the square. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was nighttime Berlin, Germany.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in open area near the Brandenburg Gate was quiet. The German Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the Brandenburg Gate. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was nighttime in Stockholm, Sweden.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a soccer field was quiet. The Swedish Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the field. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was nighttime in Paris, France.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a soccer field near the Eiffel Tower was quiet. The French Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the field. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was nighttime in Rome, Italy.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in Saint Peter's Square was quiet. The Italian Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the square. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was nighttime in Cape Town, South Africa.

The Reteerg spaceship parked on the Mowbray Golf Club as quiet. The South African Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the

club. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was nighttime in Madrid, Spain.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a soccer field was quiet. The Spanish Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the field. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was nighttime in London, England.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a clearing near the Ham Cross Plantation was quiet. Floodlights illuminated the spaceship. The English Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the plantation. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was early evening in Montreal, Canada.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in a clearing in Rutherford Park was quiet. The Canadian Army was in full force with tanks while they had a secured perimeter around the park. They waited for signs of Aliens.

It was early evening in Washington D.C.

The Reteerg spaceship parked in the lawn between the Capitol Building and the Grant Memorial. It was quiet. The Army was in full force with tanks and soldiers while they had a secured perimeter around the Capitol Building and Grant Memorial. They waited for signs of Aliens.

Meanwhile, back up in outer space, the Seruc mothership moved past Mars.

In the large hangar, some of the Aliens that attended Junior Commander Wetlark's briefing walked around and inspected their Rexif spaceships. There were around eight hundred Rexif spaceships in the hangar.

The Aliens were satisfied their crafts were ready for this important mission.

Chapter 7

Wesley dropped Marcus off in downtown Orlando.

Marcus walked the streets and saw the entrance to the Coalition For The Homeless of Central Florida building.

He walked away and found a garbage can down the street. Marcus unzipped his backpack and discreetly removed his bottle of Canadian whiskey. He looked at the bottle that was a quarter empty. He tossed it in the garbage can knowing the shelter wouldn't allow it inside. And he really wanted to sleep on a comfortable bed for a few days.

Marcus went inside the Coalition For The Homeless of Central Florida. He paid twenty-one dollars for seven nights of sleep that included meals.

Marcus with his backpack in hand walked into the large room that houses numerous beds. He spotted an open bed on the other side of the room, so he headed down the aisle.

"I can't believe Alien spaceships landed on Earth," one toothless homeless man with long straggly hair and beard said to his homeless buddy.

"I knew they were real, but nobody would believe me," the other homeless man with rotten teeth and a straggly beard replied.

Marcus rolled his eyes while he walked down the aisle from the two men. He believed this was some type of media hype.

Marcus walked to the empty bed. He tucked his backpack under it then plopped down. This felt so good as compared to those nights of sleeping in the woods or in some back alley.

Rodney Harrison was now an eight-one year-old janitor. He pushed a dust broom down the aisle with his left hand. His right arm was amputated off at the elbow.

Rodney spotted Marcus on his bed. “You just arrived?”

Marcus glanced up at Rodney. “Yeah.”

“Welcome,” Rodney replied then pushed his broom down the aisle.

Marcus closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

He was so tired and slept through the whole night.

The next morning arrived, and Marcus still slept in his bed.

Rodney walked over and saw Marcus. He tapped Marcus on his arm. “Wake up or you’ll miss breakfast.”

Marcus stirred a little. Rodney tapped Marcus on his arm again.

Marcus’ eyes opened and saw Rodney staring down at him.

“It’s breakfast time,” Rodney said.

Marcus sat up and yawned. “Thanks,” he said while he stood up.

“Are you hungry?” Rodney asked.

“Starved,” Marcus replied and the thought of a good meal was mouth watering.

“Then follow me,” Rodney replied and removed his baseball cap and tossed it on the bed next to Marcus’.

“That’s my bed,” he said then walked away and headed down the aisle.

Marcus walked up to Rodney. “I thought you were the janitor, so why are you sleeping here?” Marcus curiously asked.

“I do a little work around the place to earn a few bucks. They pay me under the table so it helps me survive on the streets,” Rodney replied.

“How long have you been on the streets?” Marcus curiously asked.

Rodney had to think about that question for a few seconds. “Oh, for the past twelve years,” he replied. “How about you?”

“Four years,” Marcus replied.

Rodney walked Marcus into a large dining hall with rows and rows of long tables and chairs. Breakfast consisted of scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, coffee, milk, or orange juice. They were not large portions, but it sure beat eating out of dumpster.

Rodney and Marcus waited in the food line.

A little while later, Marcus and Rodney ate their breakfast and drank their coffee with the rest of the homeless folks at the table.

A homeless woman rushed into the dining hall all excited. "There's breaking news on the TV about all those spaceships that landed on Earth," she called out to everybody then turned around and ran out of the room.

Everybody jumped up from their tables and it was a mad dash to the large doors.

Marcus and Rodney finished their eggs and drank the rest of their coffee. They got up from the table and walked to the door.

Marcus and Rodney walked into the TV room where it was packed.

All eyes were glued to the TV.

Marcus and Rodney leaned up against the wall by the door and looked over at the TV.

Sidney Carter was a news anchor for an Orlando TV station and appeared on the screen.

"We have an news update concerning the small spaceships that landed in all the capitol cities around the world," Sidney said from the TV.

"I can't believe we have Alien spaceships here on our planet," one homeless woman said.

All of the homeless people around her nodded in agreement.

"We have a report that some activity has been observed from those spaceships," Sidney said from the TV and a picture of the spaceship behind the Capitol Building appeared on the screen behind Sidney.

It was nine after ten that night in Canberra, Australia. The Reteerg spaceship hummed.

The Australian Army soldiers had their rifles aimed at the spaceship. They were ready for any threat.

A device with a curved top popped out of the top of the spaceship. Four small arms popped out and angled up at the sky. The device started spinning. Numerous colored lights shot out of the four arms. The device looked like a sprinkler watering the air with colored lights.

Some of the Army soldiers got scared and fired their rifles at the spaceship.

The bullets ricocheted off the superior metal skin of the spaceship.

“Stop firing,” an officer yelled at his troops.

The troops stopped and watched while the device spray the sky with numerous colored lights.

It was nine ten at night in Tokyo, Japan.

The device on top of that Reteerg sprayed the sky with different colored lights. Some of Japanese Army soldiers got scared and fired their guns at the spaceship.

The bullets just ricocheted off the craft.

“Stop!” a Japanese officer yelled in Japanese.

They stopped firing and just watched the light show.

It was eight eleven at night in Beijing, China.

The Chinese Army watched while the device on the top of their Reteerg spaceship sprayed colored lights into the air.

It was four twelve in the later afternoon in Moscow, Russia.

The Russian Army watched while the device on the top of their Reteerg spaceship sprayed colored lights into the air.

It was two thirteen in the afternoon in Berlin Germany.

The German Army watched while the device on the top of their Reteerg spaceship sprayed colored lights into the air.

It was two fourteen in the afternoon in Paris France.

The French Army watched while the device on the top of their Reteerg spaceship sprayed colored lights into the air.

It was eight fifteen in the morning in Ottawa, Canada.

The Canadian Army watched while the device on the top of their Reteerg spaceship sprayed colored lights into the air.

It was eight sixteen in the morning in Washington DC.

The Army watched while the device on the top of their Reteerg spaceship sprayed colored lights into the air.

A full sized hologram of Sandark appeared on the top of the spaceship. He was dressed in a white jumpsuit with gold epaulets and four black trapezoids. Sandark's hologram had a warm smile.

The Army and all the bystanders watched in awe.

“Greetings Earth. My name is Sandark and I'm from the planet Snaicitilop. I believe the standard phrase you use in your movies is – we come in piece,” Sandark's hologram said then paused with a warm smile. “I will speak in English, but our technology will provide the proper translations all around the world.”

In a home in Sidney, Australia, a young married couple cuddled on the couch and stared in awe at their TV. They saw the broadcast of Sandark's hologram from Canberra. “We've been observing your planet for over fifty years now,” Sandark's hologram said from the TV.

A subway train in Kyoto, Japan was packed with men returning home from a hard day at the office. They all have their eyes glued to the view finders of their high tech cell phones. They watched in awe the broadcast of Sandark. “We are here on Earth to improve your lives,” Sandark's hologram said in Japanese from the TV.

In a popular bar in Hong Kong, the eyes of all the patrons are glued to the large screen TV that hung from the ceiling. “We believe that improving your lives here on Earth will ensure your planet will survive,” Sandark's hologram said in Chinese from the TV.

In a home in St. Petersburg, Russia, a family had their eyes glued in disbelief to the TV in their living room. “We are a kind and loving species,” Sandark's hologram said in Russian from the TV.

In a large department store in Frankfurt, Germany, a crowd gathered around the TVs in the electronics section of the store. All eyes are glued to the numerous TVs that all showed Sandark. “We are the mercenaries of the universe,” Sandark’s hologram said in German.

In a government building in Paris France, numerous workers all gathered in a conference room and watched a TV that hung on the wall. All eyes are glued to the screen. “And we have the technology to make Earth paradise,” Sandark’s hologram said in French from the TV.

In Montreal, Canada, a Plymouth mini-van is stopped in the street. In fact, all the cars in the street stopped.

Inside the Plymouth mini-van, a mother listened to her radio in disbelief. All the drivers in all the other stopped cars in the street also listened to their radios.

“So we would like to present our plan for making Earth paradise,” Sandark’s hologram said in English from the radio.

In the secret bunker down under Washington, DC, President Westwood and his civilian and military advisors sat around the conference table with eyes glued to the TV that hung from the ceiling.

“I will speak in person at your United Nations where I want representative from all of your countries in attendance. I will choose your time at ten in the morning in New York City. I want your President Westwood to greet me,” Sandark’s hologram said from the TV.

Back in the homeless shelter in Orlando, everybody stared in awe at the TV.

“Like I stated before, we come in peace and we have the technology to destroy you if we are provoked. Good day,” Sandark’s hologram said from the TV then disappeared.

The news anchor Sidney Carter reappeared on the TV and he stared speechless at the camera.

“I can’t believe we just saw a real life Alien,” a homeless man said.

“They said they come in peace,” a homeless woman added.

Rodney started to tremble and Marcus noticed.

Rodney rushed out of the room.

Marcus looked concerned about Rodney.

It was quiet in the secret bunker under Washington, DC and you could hear a pin drop.

President Westwood and his civilian and military advisors looked at each other.

President Westwood looked really nervous. “He wants me to greet him? Me? But why me?”

“Sir, you are the leader of the free world,” General Sanders replied.

“That creature knows me by name,” President Westwood said while his hands trembled with a little fear. “Make sure our troops don’t even hurl a spit ball at these Aliens. I don’t want them to vaporize me into a pile of dust,” he ordered.

All the military advisors nodded their heads in agreement.

All of the telephones on the table rang.

President Westwood rolled his eyes. “Here comes panic from all the world’s leaders. Most of them hate us until times like this,” he said while he reached over and grabbed the phone.

Meanwhile, back up in outer space, the Seruc mothership moved closer to the Moon.

Elsewhere in outer space, a third larger white-colored Snaicitlop mothership, with the label “Reluah” moved through space and headed toward Saturn. This spaceship had a main fuselage with twelve smaller cargo types of crafts attached on the sides and bottom.

Large flames shot out of the six engine nozzles and propelled the craft faster through space.

Chapter 8

Back in Canberra, Australia, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundreds of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the awesome Alien craft.

Back in Tokyo, Japan, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundreds of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the Alien craft they thought was awesome.

Back in Beijing, China, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundreds of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the Alien craft they thought was awesome.

Back in Moscow, Russia, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundreds of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the Alien craft they thought was awesome.

Back in Berlin, German, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundreds of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the Alien craft they thought was awesome.

Back in Paris, France, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundreds of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the Alien craft they thought was awesome.

Back in Ottawa, Canada, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundred of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the Alien craft they thought was awesome.

Back in Washington, DC, the Reteerg spaceship was quiet. Hundreds of spectators camped out to keep an eye on the Alien craft they thought was awesome.

Back at the homeless shelter in Orlando, Florida, Rodney sat on a bench outside. He puffed on the last drags of a cigarette. He looked nervous while he dropped the butt to the ground. It lay along with four other butts. Rodney lit up another cigarette while he glanced up at the stars in the night sky. His hands started to tremble while something was spooking him.

Marcus stepped outside the homeless shelter to get some fresh air. He glanced around the area and saw Rodney. He walked over.

Marcus noticed Rodney was extremely troubled. "What's the matter?" Marcus asked while he walked over.

Rodney finished his cigarette and dropped it to the ground. His hand trembled while he lit up another one.

"Man something has you spooked," Marcus said while he sat down on the bench next to Rodney.

Rodney looked over at Marcus. "They're back," he said with fear in his eyes.

"Who?" Marcus replied a little confused and looked around the area for someone approaching.

"Those Aliens. I believe they came back for me," Rodney said in a shaky voice.

Marcus still looked a little confused. "What do you mean, they're coming back for you?"

"They abducted me once. The Aliens just like what was on TV," Rodney replied while his eyes welled up.

Marcus got really curious and inched closer to Rodney. "When?"

Rodney's body started to tremble while he recalled some bad memories. "A long time ago."

"Tell me about it."

Rodney looked at Marcus and pondered for a few seconds on whether he should bring up that horrible memory. "It was back in nineteen fifty-one. I was only eighteen years old and lived with my parents. They owned a small motel outside of Camp Verde, Arizona. I worked in town as a mechanic," he said then took a drag on his cigarette and exhaled the smoke.

"It was a Friday night and I had a few beers with my buddies after work. It was dark and I was driving home. All I could think about was my upcoming date with Becky. Then my car broke down and while I tried to see what was the matter, I had to take a piss. Then while I was peeing in the desert, I saw them. Two Aliens that looked just like the one we saw on TV."

Marcus looked at Rodney in disbelief. “Then what happened?”

“They had these things that looked like ray guns that shot out a purple light at me. I dropped to the dirt paralyzed. Then all of a sudden I could sense I was floating. All I could see was the tons of stars in the sky while I floated. I floated inside their spaceship,” Rodney said then took a long drag on his cigarette.

Rodney’s flashback from 1951 Arizona...

Aliens Quark and Lumbark escorted the floating stretcher while it floated back to their spaceship.

Rodney lay on the stretcher with fear in his eyes. He thought his life would be over tonight.

Quark and Lumbark escorted behind the stretcher while it floated up the ramp and went inside their spaceship.

The door to the spaceship closed with a whish.

The stretcher floated Rodney inside the spaceship and over to a metal table with overhead lights. The stretcher hovered above the table and slowly descended down on top of the table.

Rodney’s eyes were as big as baseballs as all he could see was the overhead lights.

The heads of Quark and Lumbark appeared in Rodney’s field of vision. Rodney tried to scream but all he could muster up was a silent cry.

Quark grabbed Rodney’s right hand and held up his arm.

Lumbark walks over to a nearby cabinet and removed a strange red gun looking device. He walked over to Rodney’s arm still being held up by Quark.

Lumbark squeezed the handle of the gun and a red laser beam shot out.

Fear set in Rodney’s eyes when he saw the red laser beam near his arm.

Lumbark moved the red laser beam to Rodney’s right elbow.

Quark and Lumbark had smiles on their faces when they watched the laser beam slice right through Rodney's arm like it was butter.

Quark held up Rodney's severed arm and it started to drip blood onto the floor.

Lumbark pressed another button on the gun and a green laser beam shot out. Lumbark ran the laser across the severed stump on Rodney's right arm. It was instantly healed. Lumbark ran the green laser beam at the other half of Rodney's arm that Quark held up. It was instantly healed and the blood stopped dripping.

Quark walked over to a cabinet and opened up a glass door. He opened it up and placed Rodney's severed arm inside. He closed the door and walked back to Lumbark.

Quark made an upward motion with his hands.

The stretcher floated up off the table.

Quark and Lumbark walked away and headed back to the exit.

The stretcher floated in the air and followed the two Aliens.

Rodney was still on the stretcher and his eyes still big as baseballs with fear while it floated toward the exit.

The exit door swished open.

Quark and Lumbark walked out of their spaceship and down the ramp.

The stretcher floated down the ramp following the Aliens.

Quark and Lumbark walked through the desert and headed back to Rodney's car.

The stretcher floated after the two Aliens.

Quark and Lumbark walked halfway from their spaceship to the road where Rodney's car was parked.

They stopped and the stretcher stopped and floated in the air.

Quark and Lumbark picked Rodney off the stretcher and carefully set him down in the dirt.

Quark and Lumbark turned around and walked back to their spaceship.

The stretcher floated behind them.

Rodney lay in the dirt and stared at the stars in the sky still paralyzed.

A few minutes later, Rodney heard the engines of the spaceship whine to a start. He heard the low roar of the engines while the spaceship lifted off the desert.

Rodney could see the spaceship in his field of vision while it ascended to the stars with a trail of flames from the engines.

Rodney started to have feelings in his body. He was able to move. He sat up and stared at the stars while the spaceship and the flames got smaller and smaller.

Rodney's right arm started tingling at the elbow stump. He looked down at it and it took a few seconds to realize his arm was amputated. He screamed a blood-curdling scream that spooked all the critters in the desert.

It was back to reality at the homeless shelter in Orlando, Florida...

"Becky would never date a one-armed man," he added while his eyes welled up while he rubbed his right arm stump. "I lost my mechanics job a year later since it was difficult to repair cars with my left hand. I tried working at my parent's motel for a few more years. But my parents were up in age and soon died. I sold the motel and hit the road depressed. I held a few jobs for a while until my drinking caused me to live on the streets," he said while his eyes welled up. "I really could use a drink!"

Marcus glanced over at the garbage can across the street. His eyes widen a little when he remembered arriving yesterday. "Follow me," he said while he stood up.

Marcus walked over to the street.

Rodney got curious so he got up and tagged behind Marcus.

Marcus walked across the street and headed over to the garbage can. He reached inside and rummaged around. He removed his old bottle of Canadian whiskey. He opened up the bottle and took a gulp. He handed the bottle over to Rodney.

Rodney took a huge gulp. "I don't trust those Aliens," he said while he handed the bottle back to Marcus.

Marcus took another gulp. "I'm thinking we need to find out why they really came to Earth," he said while he handed Rodney the bottle.

Rodney nodded in agreement while he took a gulp.

Way up in outer space above Earth, the ISS made another orbit.

Inside the ISS, Astronauts Haden, Moody, Novikov, and Mancini floated in the Cupola node with their faces plastered to the windows.

They craned their necks while they stared at the Redael mothership parked in a higher orbit.

"Is that another spaceship heading this way?" Haden asked while she stared in the direction of the Moon.

Moody, Novikov and Mancini glanced in the direction of the Moon and saw another large blob that headed in the direction of the Redael spaceship.

"It is," Novikov said and looked worried.

"Houston, we might have another problem," Moody talked into his microphone clipped to his shirt.

"What's that?" a female voice replied from Houston Control.

"We have a sighting of another large spaceship heading our way," Moody replied while he stared out the windows while he kept an eye on the approaching blob.

"Did you say you're seeing another Alien spaceship?" the female voice replied from Houston Control.

"Yes. We have another large blob heading this way," Moody replied.

"Okay, I'll pass on this information," the female voice said.

"We have another request," Moody said into his microphone.

"What's that?" the female's voice replied.

"We would like to come back home," Moody quickly replied with a tone that indicated he was nervous about being up in space.

“These spaceships are making us really nervous,” Haden added and looked worried while she stared at the blob.

“These Aliens claim they’re friendly and come in peace,” the female replied.

The four Astronauts still looked worried while they stared out the windows.

Inside the Redael, Sandark sat in his seat in the Command Center. He glanced at the hologram of the ISS that appeared out of the right arm of his chair.

Aadark walked up to Sandark with a plate with a slab of cooked meat. It was a small portion and only five ounces of meat. These Aliens don’t eat much and often as compared to humans.

“Is that craft a threat?” Aadark asked while he handed Sandark his plate of meat and saw the ISS hologram.

“No, it’s a extremely crude. Reminds me of the craft my great, great, great grandfather flew,” Sandark said then opened his mouth and revealed a set of teeth like human teeth. Hhe opened his mouth wider and another set of shaper teeth was visible behind the first set.

Sandark devoured his piece of meat in a few bites.

Aadark walked away and headed to his station until Sandark needed his services again.

Elsewhere in outer space, the third larger white-colored Snaicitilop mothership, the Reluah, moved through space and went past Jupiter.

Inside the Reluah, Junior Commander Oodark sat in his chair in the Command Center. He wore a light blue jumpsuit with gold epaulets. Each epaulet had two black trapezoids. He was in deep thought while he glanced at his windows while his spaceship headed past Jupiter.

Back down in the homeless shelter in Orlando, Rodney was asleep in his bed. He tossed and turned and had a nightmare reliving his time with the Aliens.

Chapter 9

It was the next morning and everybody around the world anxiously waited for the upcoming show in the United Nations.

In New York City, Air Force One landed at the LaGuardia airport.

Minutes later, the Air Force One taxied and stopped. The Presidential Motorcade waited nearby.

A few minutes later, the stair ramp was pushed up against Air Force One, the door opened, and President Westwood stepped out.

He walked down the stairs with his entourage and Secret Service agents tagging behind.

Up in outer space, the Seruc mothership arrived and parked in orbit next to the Redael mothership.

Inside the Redael mothership, Sandark was dressed in a shiner black jumpsuit with gold epaulets.

He walked down a hallway with fellow Aliens Catwark and Diplark. They were dressed in dark green jumpsuits and acted as Sandark's bodyguards when he traveled.

Sandark walked down a hallway with Catwark and Diplark marching behind.

Sandark walked up to a door and waved his hand at the small pad. The door opened and Sandark stepped inside. Catwark and Diplark stepped inside after him. The door closed.

Inside that room was a small hangar that housed another spaceship with the "Ffats" label.

Sandark walked up to the door of the spaceship and waved his hand. The door slid opened and a ramp ejected out to the floor. Sandark walked up the ramp and went inside the spaceship. Catwark and Diplark followed behind

and as soon as they were inside the spaceship, the ramp went back inside and the door slid closed.

Inside the Ffats spaceship, Catwark and Diplark sat behind the console that was full of lights, buttons, weird looking gauges, and two joysticks.

Sandark sat in his commander's seat behind his two bodyguards. He watched while Catwark and Diplark went through the motions and started up the spaceship.

In outer space, a small hangar door opened up on the Redael mothership.

The Ffats spaceship flew out of the opening.

The hangar door of the mothership closed while the Ffats spaceship zoomed down toward North America.

Inside the Seruc mothership, Wetlark sat in his large comfortable chair in his Control Center. There was a console in front of him where he could monitor the ships progress through space and other activities.

He watched while Sandark's Ffats spaceship zoomed down at North America.

He pressed a button on the arm of his chair. A two-foot by two-foot tray ejected out from his arm tray and moved to the horizontal position.

Alien Jarlink walked up to Wetlark with a tray in hand. On the tray was a weird shaped glass filled with a bright neon green fluid with floating yellow blobs. He placed the tray in front of Wetlark.

Wetlark took the drink and waved his hand for Jarlink to leave.

Jarlink walked away and headed to his station until Wetlark needed his services again.

Wetlark drank his drink while he stared at the tray waiting for the show to begin.

Down in New York City, the Army and the NYPD had all the streets that led to the United Nations blocked off. It looked like Times Square at New Years Eve with thousands of spectators.

Everybody waited and all eyes were up at the sky waiting to catch a glimpse of their first Alien spaceship.

Way up in the sky at twenty thousand feet, two Air Force F-16 jets circled over New York City. It was a false sense of security that these jets could save the big Apple.

Captain Wayne Ferrell piloted one F-16 while Captain Ronnie Knots piloted the other F-16. They were on a mission to spot the Alien spaceship while it headed to New York City.

Inside Wayne's F-16, he kept an eye at the top of his canopy while he kept a shallow right bank over New York City.

Sandark's Ffats spaceship appeared high in the sky at thirty thousand feet as a fast moving dot.

"This is watchdog one. I have the craft in sight. And it's booking at a high rate of speed," Captain Ferrell said into his microphone.

"This is watchdog two. I can confirm sighting of the craft, and it's really booking down to NYC," Captain Knots added from the radio.

Captain Ferrell kept his F-16 jet circling over New York City while he kept an eye on the Ffats spaceship while it descended down toward the big apple.

Back down in New York City, the thousands of spectators, the hundreds of Army soldiers and hundreds of NYPD police officers still had their eyes scanning the sky.

"There it is!" a female spectator yelled out while she pointed up at the sky.

Nearby spectators looked where she pointed.

"I see it!" a male spectator yelled out.

Word spread like wild fire and all the spectators saw the Ffats spaceship while it zoomed downward between the two circling F-16 jets.

Within a few minutes all thousands of eyes spotted the spaceship while it descended down toward the United Nations. For the first time ever, you could almost hear a pin drop around the United Nations and in New York City.

The Ffats' descent slowed down and hovered one hundred feet above 1st Avenue.

Four landing legs shot out of the bottom of the craft while it hovered above the street.

All eyes were on the spaceship while it slowly descended down on 1st Street. The spaceship's landing struts touched down on the street. The flames extinguished. The engines whined down and were silent.

All thousand eyes stayed glued to the spaceship.

The door of the Ffats slid opened with a whish. The ramp came out with a whish and touched the street.

Half of the spectators jumped a little and were a little scared.

It was quiet in the spaceship while everybody waited.

Catwark and Diplark walked out of the spaceship and down the ramp. They wore dark reflective sunglasses that protected their eyes from the sunlight.

The crowd stared in awe and was speechless with their first sighting of actual Aliens.

Sandark stepped into the door opening and stared at the crowd. He wore dark reflective sunglasses that protected his eyes from the sunlight.

Sandark smiled then walked down the ramp and joined Catwark and Diplark.

Sandark waved at the crowd.

The crowd started cheering.

“So far things they appeared wam and receptive,” Sandark told Catwark and Diplark.

Catwark and Diplark nodded in agreement while they glanced at the cheering crowd with a watchful eye for any signs of a threat. They also kept a watchful hand nearby their ray guns tucked away inside their jumpsuits.

Three Secret Service agents walked over from the United Nations building. They stopped six feet from Sandark, Catwark, and Diplark. It was a showdown of staring at each other wondering if the other party would make the first hostile move.

Three other Secret Service agents escorted President Westwood over to Sandark.

President Westwood looked at Sandark, Catwark, and Diplark in disbelief that he stood before some Aliens. His right leg started to tremble a bit, as the Aliens were intimidating. "I'm President Cal Westwood, President of the United States of America. Welcome to Earth," he nervously said and pondered if he should extend out his hand for a greeting. He decided it was okay.

Sandark looked at President Westwood's extended hand. He walked over and shook it.

President Westwood felt a little more at ease since Sandark's hand felt the same as any human's hand but a little cold and clammy.

"We come in peace President Westwood. Are representatives from your nations here?" Sandark asked while he looked at the United Nations building and thought it looked antique.

"Yes and anxiously waiting," President Westwood replied with a warm smile.

"Let's proceed, as I have an important message to pass on to the good people of Earth," Sandark replied with a warm smile.

It was quiet between President Westwood and Sandark while they walked to the front entrance of the United Nations building.

The six Secret Service agents, Catwark and Diplark tagged behind with watchful eyes on each other to see who makes the first threatening move.

President Westwood, Sandark, Catwark, Diplark, and the six Secret Service agents went inside the United Nations building.

Chapter 10

A little while later, all the representatives gave Sandark a standing ovation the second President Westwood escorted him down to the podium.

Sandark waved at the clapping crowd while he stood behind the podium.

President Westwood stood nearby.

Catwark, Diplark, and the six Secret Service agents stood off to the side. They kept an eye on each other to see who would make the first hostile move.

All the representatives sat down and placed their headphones over their ears.

All eyes were on Sandark and anxiously waited for his speech.

“Like I said before, I am Sandark from the planet Snaicitlop. Our planet comes to Earth in peace and only peace.”

All the nations representatives listened while Sandark’s device around his throat provided the translations through their wireless technology.

In a large office building in Atlanta, Georgia, a conference room was packed while all the office workers eyed the large plasma TV that hung on the wall. The General Assembly was on the TV and they were anxious to hear Sandark’s speech.

“We are here to make Earth paradise and not destroy it,” Sandark said from the TV.

“Yeah right,” an older worker around sixty years old replied in a sarcastic tone.

Down in South America, inside a large mansion filled with expensive furniture, a drug lord sat on his couch and eyed his fifty-inch HDTV. The drug lord’s entourage of

four bodyguards stood behind the couch and also eyed the TV.

“We have advanced technology to rid humans of all addictions. This will eliminate most of your crimes,” Sandark said on the TV in Spanish.

The drug lord got a smirk. “That will not happen,” he yelled at the TV.

In a hospital in Montreal, Canada, an old man around seventy years old lay in his hospital bed. He had tubes up his nose and tubes stuck into his arms. He looked depressed while he eyed his TV that hung on the wall.

“We have the technology to cure cancer and all of your diseases that cause early death with your species,” Sandark said from the TV.

The old man smiled and thought he might have some hope of being cured with his lung cancer.

In a missionary in Africa, four missionary workers, two males and two females, had their eyes glued to a TV.

“We can help you grow food on your barren lands to feed your million of hungry humans,” Sandark said from the TV in English.

“Thank you lord,” one of the female missionary workers said while she stared at the ceiling.

In a mansion in the Middle East, four Sheiks sat on an expensive couch while they watched their fifty-inch HDTV that showed the General Assembly.

“We can eliminate your dependence from oil, which is causing pollution. Our technology will provide clean sources of energy,” Sandark said from the TV in Arabic.

The four Sheiks looked concerned about the possibility of losing their source of income if this Alien was true to his words.

In a store in Indonesia, hundreds of dirt-poor people are packed in a department store. All eyes are on the ten different types of TVs that are for sale. All the TVs showed the General Assembly.

“Our economy exerts can ensure all humans have decent paying jobs,” Sandark said from the TV in Indonesian.

All the poor people in the store cheered over the thought of having decent paying jobs for once in their lives.

Back in the homeless shelter in Orlando, Florida, Marcus, Rodney and the other homeless folks watched Sandark on the TV.

“Because making Earth paradise is our mission in this universe. We want you to be healthy and happy,” Sandark said from the TV.

All the homeless people cheered and clapped.

Marcus and Rodney looked suspicious.

Back in the General Assembly hall of the United Nations, Sandark still stood behind the podium.

“We will start curing Earthlings tomorrow. I will send down my representatives and technology to numerous major cities around your Earth,” Sandark told the General Assembly then stepped back from the podium.

Back up in outer space in the Seruc mothership, Wetlark sat and stared at the two-foot by two-foot tray from the arm of his chair. On the tray was a hologram of the United Nations General Assembly hall. The hologram showed all the nations representatives clapping while President Westwood escorted Sandark away from the podium.

Wetlark waved his hand and the hologram disappeared. The tray went back inside the arm of his chair.

Wetlark looked out his window and stared at Earth where Europe and Africa was in view.

Down in New York City in front of the United Nations building, the thousands of spectators cheered and clapped when President Westwood escorted Sandark back to his spaceship.

Catwark, Diplark, and the six Secret Service agents tagged behind.

Sandark and President Westwood stopped by the ramp.

“Just remember President Westwood, we are here to help you Earthlings, so make sure your Armies don’t make any threatening moves. We have been observing you Earthlings for many years and we know how your government leaders can start wars. You don’t want to do that. Your armies will never be a match to the weapons we can unleash. Do you understand?” Sandark told President Westwood and looked dead serious.

“I understand,” President Westwood replied and felt intimidated by Sandark.

Sandark reached inside one of his pockets his jumpsuit.

President Westwood stepped away thinking he was going to produce a weapon.

His Secret Service agents reached in their pockets and placed a hand on their weapons.

Catwark and Diplark placed a hand on their weapons while they eyed the Secret Service agents.

There was a few seconds of eye contact to see who would make the first hostile move.

Sandark sensed the fear in the air. “I don’t have any weapons on me,” he said while he removed a small strange cell phone looking device. “You can contact me on this, President Westwood,” he added when handed President Westwood the device.

President Westwood was a little nervous while he held the device in his hand.

“Wave your hand over here and we can talk,” Sandark said while he pointed at a small pad on the bottom of the device. He turned away and walked up the ramp.

Catwark and Diplark walked up the ramp trailing behind Sandark.

President Westwood and his six Secret Service agents walked away and headed to the United Nations building.

The ramp of the spaceship whished inside then the door slid closed with a whish.

The spectators anxiously waited.

The engines to the Ffats spaceship started up with a low whine. The engines whined louder and then it slowly lifted off the street.

The spaceship slowly ascended to twenty feet in the air then the landing struts whished inside the craft.

Flames shot out of the engines and the spaceship ascended straight up into the air.

The spectators cheered at the sight of the spaceship while it ascended up into the sky where the two F-16 jets still circled.

Inside Captain Ferrell's F-16 jet, he scanned the area for the ascending spaceship.

Captain Ferrell watched while Sandark's Ffats spaceship raced up toward the sky at Mach 3.

"I got to get me one of those," Captain Ferrell said into his radio.

"I want one with a sporty package. You know, racing stripes," Captain Knots jokingly replied from the radio.

Captain Ferrell continued to eye the spaceship while it quickly became a dot in the sky.

It was soon gone.

Up in outer space inside the Seruc spaceship, Wetlark sat in his chair. Numerous Alien engineers sat at their consoles and monitored the systems of the spaceship.

A hologram of Sandark in his spaceship appeared at Wetlark's console.

"I want a status report later on the status of your Rexif spaceships for tomorrow's mission," Sandark's hologram said then the hologram disappeared.

"Jarlink," Wetlark yelled out in their native language.

A few seconds later, Jarlink appeared by Wetlark's chair.

"Briefing in one klipa for status report," Wetlark barked out in his native language.

Jarlink nodded that he understood then rushed off.

Jarlink looked down at Earth and smiled.

He got up out of his chair and rushed off.

The smaller hangar door opened on the Redael.

Sandark's spaceship slowly flew inside the opening of his mothership.

The hangar door closed.

Chapter 11

It was later that evening back at the homeless shelter in Orlando, Florida.

Marcus, Rodney, and the other homeless folks watched the nations news report on TV.

On the TV, Mindy Watson was now seventy years old and from Australia and sat across CNN News Anchor Vince Barber. To her side was eighty-five year old Doctor Mel Harrison also from Australia.

“Tell us what happened in Australia?” Vince asked Mindy from the TV.

“Well, back in nineteen ninety-eight, these Aliens abducted me one night from my hospital bed where I was fighting lung cancer. They took me into their spaceship where they used some device that emitted a pink light. My entire body tingled. Then they brought me back to my hospital bed,” Mindy replied with a smile from the TV.

“What happened next?” Vince asked Mindy from the TV.

“I was completely cured of my lung cancer and it never came back,” Mindy replied and her smile turned larger and her eyes sparkled on TV.

“That’s correct. I was her doctor at the time and we could not explain the overnight cure of cancer,” Doctor Harrison added.

“There you have it, proof these visitors truly want to make Earth paradise,” Vince said from the TV.

Back at the homeless shelter in Orlando, all the homeless folks were impressed with the story Mindy told on CNN.

“Wow. They can cure our diseases,” a homeless woman said with hope in her eyes then went into a coughing fit while she coughed up some phlegm.

“Don’t believe everything you see on TV,” Rodney yelled out in a scolding tone.

Rodney stormed out of the room visibly upset.

Marcus noticed and looked suspicious.

The other homeless people in the room looked confused with Rodney’s behavior.

Marcus rushed out of the room.

Outside the homeless shelter, the front door slammed open while Rodney stormed outside pissed off.

Marcus rushed out of the shelter and saw Rodney storming off down the sidewalk.

“Where are you going?” Marcus said while he rushed over to Rodney.

“A place around the corner where I can get a drink,” Rodney said while he continued to storm off down the sidewalk.

Ten minutes later, Rodney and Marcus sat behind a liquor store. They shared a bottle of Canadian whiskey that Marcus bought.

“I’m telling ya, I don’t trust those creatures,” Rodney said then he took another drink of whiskey. He handed the bottle to Marcus then looked down at his amputated right arm.

Marcus took a drink. “People don’t seem to be afraid of them,” Marcus replied then handed the bottle back to Rodney.

“We can’t trust them. Mark my word,” Rodney said then took another drink. “I had another nightmare about that day they chopped off my arm. I haven’t had those nightmares for the past fifteen years,” Rodney replied a little louder while he got madder. He handed the bottle back to Marcus. “Why did they have to cut off my arm? I didn’t do anything to them. They ruined my life,” Rodney quietly said while his eyes welled up.

Marcus took a drink and handed the bottle back to Rodney. He glanced up at the night sky and looked determined to figure out why the Aliens wanted to make Earth paradise.

Later that night, Marcus and Rodney retired for the night.

Rodney tossed and turned in his bed. He started another nightmare...

In Rodney's nightmare, he was on a stretcher inside another Alien spaceship. He was paralyzed with fear while three of those Aliens stood over him with smirks.

The three Aliens yielded ray guns. Suddenly red laser beams shot out from the guns.

The three Aliens had smirks while those three laser beams came at Rodney. He tried to scream but his voice box was paralyzed. One of the laser beams sliced off Rodney's left arm at the elbow. Another laser beam sliced off Rodney's left leg at the knee cap. The remaining laser beam sliced off Rodney's right leg at the knee cap.

The three Aliens tossed Rodney's limbs over to where a pile of other human severed arms and legs were on a pile on the other side of the room.

The three Aliens then carried the stretcher with Rodney still paralyzed with fear to the door.

The door of the spaceship opened and the Aliens tossed Rodney out into the desert like garbage.

Rodney's body plopped down on top of six dead bodies missing their arms and legs.

He opened his mouth to scream...

Back in reality, it was quiet in the room where all the homeless men slept on their beds.

Rodney tossed and turned in his bunk. He shot up and screamed bloody murder.

Everybody in the room jumped up from their beds scared to death from Rodney's scream.

A couple of Vietnam vets dropped to the floor for cover in anticipation of a mortar attack.

Marcus looked over at Rodney who looked scared.

"I had another nightmare," Rodney said while he glanced over at Marcus.

Marcus felt sorry for him. He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Rodney stared at the ceiling afraid to fall asleep and have another nightmare.

Up in outer space above Earth, four large hangar doors of the Seruc mothership opened.

Eight hundred of the Rexif spaceships started zooming out for the opened hangars.

Those eight hundred spaceships formed a formation and descended down to Earth where the Asian continent was visible.

The eight hundred spaceships broke formation and scattered like bees in all directions down to Earth.

It was late afternoon in Sidney, Australia.

One of the Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Sidney.

It was early afternoon in Singapore.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Singapore.

It was early afternoon in Bangkok, Thailand.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Bangkok.

It was early afternoon in Tientsin, China.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Tientsin.

It was late morning in Mumbai, India.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Mumbai.

It was mid-morning in St. Petersburg, Russia.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside St. Petersburg.

It was morning in Oslo, Norway.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Oslo.

It was dawn in Dublin, Ireland.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Dublin.

It was in the wee hours of the morning in Nuuk, Greenland.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Nuuk.

It was in the wee hours of the morning in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing outside Buenos.

It was in the wee hours of the morning in Orlando, Florida.

Another one of those Rexif spaceships landed in a clearing South of Orlando.

Way up in outer space, a fourth white-colored mothership that was larger than the Redael, Seruc, and Reluah motherships moved through space. It was labeled "Srecrofne."

The Srecrofne headed toward Saturn.

Inside the Srecrofne, Junior Commander Fardack stood behind a podium in a huge briefing room. He wore a black jumpsuit with gold epaulets. Each epaulet had three black diamonds. He faced three hundred of his fellow Aliens and provided the briefing for their mission to Earth.

Behind the podium was another six-foot hologram of Earth.

Chapter 12

The next morning arrived in Orlando.

Marcus got up early and after his free breakfast at the homeless shelter he took off through the Orlando streets.

Later that morning, Marcus was at the nearest library and conducted research on the Internet. He started researching sites where people claimed to be abducted by Aliens.

Marcus found an old Internet article from 1995. In this article, a thirty-year old woman from a small town in England claimed Aliens abducted her, and took her inside their spaceship. The Aliens amputated her right leg off at the knee.

Marcus found another Internet article from 2001. In this article, a fifty-eight year old man from Salem, Oregon claimed Aliens abducted him, took him inside their spaceship, and cured him of his alcoholism.

Marcus found another Internet article from 2004. In this article, a sixty-five year old man from Munich, Germany claimed Aliens abducted him, took him inside their spaceship, and cured him from his drug addiction.

Marcus glanced at the numerous links for stories of people's accounts of being abducted. "These Aliens are starting to smell like fish," he said and looked concerned while he stared at the computer monitor.

Over in the Oval Office of the White House, President Westwood slouched in his chair behind his desk. He turned around got up and headed over to the curtains.

He peeked out his windows. He was in deep thought about the Aliens, and his stomach told him there was something strange about them.

One of the doors opened and Vice President Ned Andrews rushed inside the Oval Office and he looked concerned.

President Westwood saw Vice President Andrews and knew this would be concerning news. “What’s the matter?”

“Reports are coming in that some larger Alien spaceships have landed all around the world. Including the US,” Vice President Andrews replied.

“How many?” President Westwood asked while he sat straight up.

“The Space Corp estimates eight hundred and they believe one landed in every one of our fifty states. Turn on the TV. We got word that lead Alien is going to talk to Earth again,” Vice President said then he glanced over at the TV.

President Westwood picked up his remote from the top of his desk and aimed it at a TV on a nearby stand.

Sandark appeared on the TV screen. He sat in his plush seat in the Command Center of this mothership. This was a live broadcast.

“Our hospitality spaceships have landed in numerous locations around your planet. Starting later today, my comrades will be taking Earthlings that want to be cured of cancer, diseases or addictions. I don’t need to provide you locations of our craft, as I can imagine the curiosity and gossip nature will provide the locations,” Sandark said then his broadcast disappeared.

President Westwood looked concerned. “It’s best we stay separated while these Aliens are still here on Earth,” President Westwood told Vice President Andrews.

Back in the homeless shelter in Orlando, Marcus, Rodney and most of the other homeless folks watched Sandark on the TV.

A homeless woman around busted into the room. “One of those large Alien spaceships landed in Southeast Orlando. Around the Hunter’s Creek area,” the woman blurted out all excited.

All of the homeless folks jumped up and rushed over to the door.

Marcus and Rodney remained seated and looked worried.

Back in the secret bunker, President Westwood and his civilian and military advisors, CIA and NASA Administrator around the large conference table.

“Do we know where these crafts landed on our soil?” President Westwood asked his advisors.

“The Space Corp has them landing near a major city located in the center of all the states,” Air Force Major General Walter Grace replied.

“We also got reports that people are starting to flock in droves to these spaceships,” Army Lieutenant General Paul Reynolds added.

“I just hope these Aliens are trustworthy,” President Westwood said and looked extremely skeptical.

Later that afternoon in a grassy field southeast of Orlando, a long single file of people walked to the Rexif spaceship parked in the clearing. So many of these people looked sick but they all had smiles of hope on their faces.

They walked toward the spaceship where the door was closed.

Off to the side near the spaceship were three people that protested with signs. A woman held a sign with “Go Home Aliens!” written on it. A man held a sign with “Leave Us Alone!” written on it. Another woman held a sign with “We Don’t Need You!” written on it.

North of Columbus, Georgia, another Rexif spaceship was parked in a field. Hundreds of sickly people waited in a long single file by the entrance to the spaceship.

In the middle of that long line stood Russ Paxton. He was a retired Army Command Sergeant Major from a thirty-two year career. Russ was Marcus’ father and disowned his son after he got dishonorably discharged from the Army. Russ smoked cigarettes since he was fifteen years old and was now fighting stage four lung cancer. He stood in line with the other sickly people to be cured.

It was evening in a clearing outside Brussels, Belgium, a long single file of people walked to the Rexif spaceship parked in the clearing. So many of these people looked sick but they all had smiles of hope on their faces.

They walked toward the spaceship where the door was closed.

Off to the side were six people that protested with signs.

It was evening in a clearing outside Cape Town, South Africa, a long single file of people walked to the Rexif spaceship parked in the clearing. So many of these people looked sick but they all had hope on their faces.

They walked toward the spaceship where the door was closed.

Off to the side were five people that protested with signs.

It was evening in a clearing outside Prauge, Czech Republic, a long single file of people walked to the Rexif spaceship parked in the clearing. So many of these people looked sick but they all had hope on their faces.

They walked toward the spaceship where the door was closed.

Off to the side were six people that protested with signs.

It was midnight in a clearing outside Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam, a long single file of people walked to the Rexif spaceship parked in the clearing. So many of these people looked sick but they all had hope on their faces.

They walked toward the spaceship where the door was closed.

It was later that night.

Marcus and Rodney stood in the darkness at the edge of the field clearing. They eyed the Rexif spaceship where thirty people waited in line at the entrance. Some of the people were in wheelchairs. Some of the people were in walkers. Some of the people used canes to assist with walking.

A few people exited the spaceship at the rear exit and some were dancing around all excited. Off to the side of the spaceship was a pile of disposed wheelchair, walkers and canes. These were no longer needed by the sick.

But those protesters were still camped out by the spaceship.

“The news report states people have been claimed to be cured of their cancer, and diseases,” Marcus said while he watched the line to the entrance to the spaceship shorten by three people.

Rodney looked at the spaceship with extreme hatred. “I still don't trust them. There's something wrong. I can feel it in my bones,” he said.

Marcus removed a small bottle of Canadian whiskey from his field jacket. He opened it up and took a sip then handed the bottle to Rodney.

Rodney took a quick sip then handed the bottle back to Marcus.

“I have nothing to lose, so I'm going to find out,” Rodney said then he snuck off toward the spaceship like a cat burglar.

“Get back here!” Marcus called out.

Rodney stopped, turned around and looked at Marcus. “I'll see you in the morning and tell you about my findings,” Rodney replied then turned around.

Marcus looked worried while he watched Rodney disappear into the darkness.

The next morning arrived and Marcus woke up and immediately glanced over at Rodney's bed. His bed looked like nobody slept in it. Marcus got out of bed worried.

After some breakfast, Marcus walked around the homeless shelter in search of Rodney. He was nowhere to be found.

Marcus went inside the TV room where everybody had their eyes glued to the TV. He looked around for Rodney and he was nowhere to be found.

Marcus looked over at the TV and saw news anchor Sally Campbell giving a breaking news report.

“There are additional reports coming in from all around the world. It appears our Alien visitors have been curing people of their cancers, diseases, and addictions. Doctors are baffled while many people are dancing in the streets,” Sally Campbell said from the TV.

Marcus started to worry about the whereabouts of Rodney while he walked out of the room.

Later that day in the secret bunker in Washington, DC, President Westwood sat around the conference with his civilian and military advisors.

“What has happened so far?” President Westwood asked.

“We haven't seen any signs of the Aliens being a threat,” Air Force Major General Walter Grace replied.

“Instead, reports are flooding in from all around the world of these Aliens curing people of cancers, AIDS, smoking and drug addictions. Anything that made humans sickly or on the verge of dying, the Aliens made it vanish,” Jeremy Watson a civilian advisor replied.

“I don't know what to think,” President Westwood replied while he looked at all of his civilian and military advisors. They all looked speechless.

Way up in outer space, the Reluah mothership moved through space and went past Jupiter.

The Srecrofne mothership moved through space and headed toward Jupiter.

Chapter 13

Hours had passed and it was dark in the Central Florida area.

Out in the grassy field southeast of Orlando, three people waited in line at the entrance to the Rexif spaceship.

Off near some oak trees at the edge of the field, Marcus took a quick sip from his Canadian whiskey bottle while he eyed the spaceship. He saw four different protestors that sat on the ground exhausted. Their signs lay in the grass.

He shoved the booze bottle into his left field jacket pocket. He snuck off to the spaceship like an Army Ranger.

Marcus snuck up to the spaceship where the last person waited at the top of the ramp.

Marcus peeked inside and saw two Aliens walk away from the opening.

The people that waited inside the spaceship were too excited of being cured, that they didn't notice Marcus while he snuck inside.

The inside of the Rexif spaceship was dimly lit. There was also an eerie low buzzing sound that filled the air. This came from the device the Aliens used to cure their visitors of addictions, cancers, diseases, etc.

Marcus scampered to the right of the door opening.

He scampered down a four-foot aisle between a wall and some panels that were five feet high to his left. He peeked around one of the panels and saw the device that cured everybody. It was a glass booth.

He saw an old lady. She was hunched over and used a cane to painfully enter the booth.

One of the Aliens working the booth waved a hand over a panel. A green light from inside the booth engulfed the old lady's body. The old lady twitched as if she was in

extreme pain. The twitching became severe and Marcus thought the Aliens were killing the woman. But then the old lady suddenly stood straight up and had a huge smile on her face. The green light quickly dissipated and then a pink light engulfed the old lady's body. The old lady closed her eyes. She had a huge satisfying grin. Her body shook as if she had an orgasm. The pink light dissipated. The old lady looked around the booth with a huge grin. She tap-danced inside the booth.

She stepped out of the booth with a spring in her step. "I'm cured! Thank you!" she yelled out while she rushed over to another Alien that escorted her to the exit.

Marcus still looked suspicious. He heard some footsteps. He froze and anticipated being captured. Marcus moved his hand back to his field jacket pocket to make sure his booze bottle was still there. He tucked in deeper in the pocket. The movement of Marcus' hand caused the door to slide open, which was part of their technology.

The footsteps got louder. Marcus looked at the dark cubbyhole in the panel. The footsteps got louder.

Marcus crawled into the dark cubbyhole. The door on the panel closed.

From inside the dark cubbyhole, Marcus heard footsteps just outside the panel where he hid. The footsteps stopped.

After a few seconds, the footsteps were heard again and moved away.

Marcus breathed a sigh of relief he wasn't caught. He just hid in the dark until he felt the coast was clear.

After five minutes, Marcus didn't hear anybody outside so he felt it was safe. He pushed his hands on the cabinet door. It didn't move. He felt all around the cabinet for a door handle. Nothing. Then while he moved his hand to his head to scratch it, the door slid opened.

Marcus crawled out of the cubbyhole.

He slowly stood up and peeked over the top of the cabinet. The coast was clear.

Marcus snuck down the aisle and came across another door. He looked for a door handle and couldn't find one. The while he moved his hands around the door, it slid opened. Marcus was proud that he figured out how they worked.

He stepped inside the room. The door slid closed.

The room Marcus was inside looked like a kitchen with strange cooking apparatus and a large floating table in the center. There was dried red fluid in the center of the table and Marcus didn't think anything of it.

Marcus looked around the room and saw large two glass doors that looked like some type of cooler.

Marcus walked over to the glass doors, which were a little frosted. Curiosity got the best of Marcus and he waved his hand all over one of the glass doors. It slid opened.

Marcus took a peek and then his eyes widened in shock when he saw those three protesters from yesterday hanging like sides of beef. One of the protesters was a woman and her head was severed.

He quickly moved back and slammed into the table.

He continued to stare at the three dead protesters hanging in what appeared to be a freezer. The glass door slid closed.

Marcus saw another door with a small window behind him.

He rushed over to that door and discreetly peeked through the small window.

Marcus saw that on the other side of this door was what appeared to be a dining area.

He saw four hungry Aliens around what appeared to be a floating dinner table.

Marcus' eyes widened in shock when he saw what appeared to be the left arm of a human on a plate in the center of the table. It appeared to have been cooked.

Marcus saw two of the Aliens at the end of table. In front of one of the Aliens was the head from the headless woman protester in the freezer. The top of the woman's skull was removed and her brains were exposed.

Marcus was speechless and grossed out.

He saw the other head that was in front of another Alien. His eyes welled up. It was Rodney's head on a platter with the top of his skull removed and his brains exposed.

The eyes of Rodney and the woman were wide opened in shock.

Marcus was in shock and couldn't move away from the window. He watched while the one Alien picked up a weird looking spoon and scooped out some of Rodney's brains. The Alien slurped up Rodney's brains and had a satisfied grin.

He watched while the other Alien picked up another weird looking spoon and scooped out some of the woman's brains.

Marcus started getting dry heaves but he couldn't walk away.

He watched while the one Alien used his spoon and scooped out Rodney's right eyeball. The Alien picked Rodney's eyeball off the spoon. He looked at it, smiled then popped Rodney eye into his mouth. He munched down on it like it was a treat.

Marcus couldn't take it anymore and stepped away from the door. He was stunned. He heard some footsteps coming from the dining area.

He looked for a place to hide.

He ran to the glass doors, waved his hand all over one of them and it slid opened. Marcus rushed inside.

It was freezing inside while Marcus rushed between the hanging corpses.

He rushed to the back of the freezer and cowered in the corner.

He eyed the glass doors and saw two Aliens walk past it.

Marcus glanced up at the hanging corpses. He was speechless. He glanced down and saw a frozen puddle of blood under his boots. He got queasy. He glanced up and saw Rodney's headless and armless body hanging to his right. Marcus passed out and slumped down.

The hours had passed and the sun started to peek above the horizon.

Inside the Rexif spaceship, Marcus woke up in the Alien's freezer shivering. He glanced at the glass doors and the Alien's kitchen was quiet.

Marcus stood and moved through the hanging corpses fighting off dry heaves.

He got to the glass doors. His right hand trembled with being cold while he waved it at one of the glass door. The glass door slid opened.

Marcus rushed out of the freezer and the warmth of the kitchen felt so good. He jumped around to warm up his body.

He heard human voices out in the hallway from the kitchen.

Marcus rushed to the door. His right hand trembled while he waved it across the door. The door slid opened.

Marcus stepped out of the kitchen and saw a line of people waiting to be cured by the Alien's technology.

He peeked above a console by the people. "They're eating us," he said with his frozen mouth.

The people in line looked over at Marcus.

"Theb weating weople," was what they heard Marcus blurt out when he repeated his warning.

"Get in line, they can cure you of your speech impediment," one of the people in line told Marcus.

Marcus looked frustrated that his mouth was too cold to work properly so he rushed down the aisle behind the panels.

When he got close to the entrance, he saw two Aliens guarding it. He ducked down then pondered for a few seconds on how he can get past them. His eyes widened with an idea. He reached in his field jacket pocket and removed his whiskey bottle. He stared at it and hated to waste it, but he didn't have a choice. He moved up to eye level with the top of the panel. He gave his precious whiskey bottle a good toss in the air. It crashed to the floor on the other side of the spaceship.

The two Aliens that guarded the entrance ran in the direction of the crash.

Marcus made a mad dash to the entrance.

Marcus ran down ramp of the spaceship almost knocking down the line of people.

Marcus ran away from the spaceship and headed to the oak trees by the edge of the field.

“He must have chickened out,” one of the people in line said while they watched Marcus run away through the field.

Marcus stopped by one of the trees. He bent over and vomited in the dirt.

Marcus wiped his mouth and glanced back at the spaceship and saw some of the homeless folks while they waited in line to be healed. Marcus thought about telling them what he saw but figured it was too risky.

He ran off and headed back into town.

Way up in outer space, the Reluah mothership moved through space and went past the Moon bound for Earth.

The Srecrofne mothership moved through space and headed toward Mars.

Fardack stood behind a podium at the front of a gigantic briefing room. A six-foot diameter hologram of Earth still rotated behind Fardack.

The Aliens listened intently to the end of Fardack’s briefing about Earth. They all looked interested with the mission.

Sandark sat in his chair in the Redael Command Center. He glanced down at Earth while he dabbled on a small piece of cooked meat – fresh from Earth.

Aadark rushed over.

“Sir, reports are coming in that all our crafts are still experiencing protesters down on Earth.”

Sandark looked disappointed while he glanced at Earth. He motioned for Aadark to leave.

Aadark snapped his heals, bowed then rushed away.

Sandark pressed one of the many buttons on his chair. A hologram of Wetlark appeared of him in his command chair.

“Yes, Commander Sandark.” Wetlark’s hologram replied.

“Deal with these ungrateful humans that are protesting by our ships according to procedure. Then I want spokespersons down there to put the Earthlings at ease.”

“Yes sir,” replied Wetlark’s hologram then it disappeared.

Sandark looked concerned while he glanced at Earth.

Chapter 14

The sun was dropping below the horizon in Florida leaving majestic orange and purple clouds.

In the grassy field outside Orlando, there was another long line of people waiting to be cured inside the Rexif spaceship. The line was over a mile long.

Off to the side of the spaceship, four protestors walked back and forth carrying their signs.

At the rear of the spaceship, hundreds of people milled around and jumped for joy over being cured.

It was midnight and Oslo, Norway was quiet.

In the grassy field outside the city, six dedicated protestors were the only humans near the Rexif spaceships.

Six Aliens stepped out of the Rexif spaceship and glanced at the pacing protestors.

The Aliens walked to the protestors.

The protestors yelled and threw obscenities at the approaching Aliens.

The Aliens whipped out their ray guns and aimed them at the protestors.

A purple laser beam suddenly engulfed the bodies of protestors. They dropped paralyzed to the ground.

The Aliens walked over and they each grabbed the right hand of the protestors.

The Aliens salivated at their mouths while they dragged the protestors by their right back to their spaceship.

It was past midnight and Moscow, Russia was quiet.

In the grassy field outside the city, a purple laser beam engulfed the bodies of five protestors near the Rexif spaceship.

Five Aliens dragged the five protestors by their right arms over to their spaceship. They looked anxious with eating some human meat.

Night fell upon the Florida peninsula.

In the grassy field outside Orlando, six Aliens dragged the bodies of six protestors to their Rexif spaceship. One of the Aliens stomach growled while he thought about eating some human brain later tonight.

Marcus sat up against the rear wall of a liquor store in Orlando. He had the half-empty bottle of Canadian Whiskey in hand. "I got to stop them," he mumbled to himself then took another gulp of whiskey. "I got to stop them," he mumbled again then took another gulp of whiskey. "But how?" he mumbled while he started to lean over to the ground. He slowly fell to the ground. He passed out and tipped his bottle. His precious whiskey slowly poured out of the bottle and onto his pants.

The sun rose to a clear sky across Florida hours ago. Marcus was still passed out in the field by the Rexif spaceship.

A stray cat was on the prowl in the field in search of food. He meandered over to Marcus and started sniffed at his whiskey soaked pants. The cat meowed and meandered away realizing Marcus didn't have any food.

Marcus started stirring and was soon awake. He started to get up but plopped back on his butt. He moaned and groaned while he slowly got up on his feet. He stumbled away from the field.

Thirty minutes later, Marcus slowly walked into the homeless shelter's TV room. He leaned against the wall and glanced at the small handful of homeless people watching TV.

On the TV, Ricky Stern was a news reporter from New York City. He stood in front of a happy crowd of one hundred people in Central Park. "Here in New York City, we have had thousands of additional people that have evidence they've been cured of cancers, diseases, and other addictions. As you can tell by the crowd behind me, our Aliens are winning the hearts of people around the world".

The crowd cheered behind Ricky cheered.

Marcus looked furious with the cheering crowd. "Don't you know they they're using us for food?" he yelled out.

Everybody in the room turned around for the source of that comment.

"You're just a drunk. Can't you see the news? They've been curing people of cancer," one man yelled at Marcus.

"I know of someone that was cured of his alcoholism. I'm going down today to get off drugs," a woman added.

"I know of another homeless man that was cured of his addiction to crack. I'm going down for my alcoholism and diabetes," another man yelled out.

Marcus looked like he was going to blow a fuse. "Well, I hope they use some type of Alien barbecue sauce on your ass cheeks!" he yelled then stormed out of the room.

Everybody in the room shook their heads thinking it was a shame Marcus was a stupid drunk. They returned to Ricky on the TV.

A little while later Marcus moped down a sidewalk of another Orlando street. He still fumed about the attitude with the people in the homeless shelter. "The Aliens are using for food," he barked out at a passerby. "The Aliens are eating us," he barked out at another passerby with a shaking finger.

People shied away from Marcus while he moped down the street talking to himself about Aliens eating people.

Way up in outer space, the Srecrofne mothership moved closer to the Moon. Large flames shot out of the eight oval engine nozzles and the Srecrofne mothership raced toward Earth.

In outer space above Earth, a large hangar door on the Seruc mothership opened.

Hundreds of small two seater spaceships raced out of the mothership and sounded like bees buzzing.

These small two seater spaceships had the "Ponsrepsekops" label.

The hundreds of Ponsrepsekops spaceships formed a large formation and zoomed toward Earth.

The ISS was in a lower orbit.

Inside the Cupola Node of the station, Astronauts Haden, Moody, Mancini and Novikov floated while they stared out the windows. They stared at the Redael and Seruc motherships visible were off in space.

“I can imagine those spaceships are massive in size,” Haden said and looked intimidated.

They saw the hundreds of Ponsrepsekops spaceships zoom toward Earth.

“Those small spaceships look like a bunch of bees,” Mancini said.

“Bees can be extremely dangerous,” Moody added while he remembered being stung by bees as a kid.

Haden, Mancini, and Novikov nodded in agreement while they continued to glance out the windows.

“Do you think they’ll attack Earth?” Novikov fearfully asked.

Haden, Moody and Mancini started to get really nervous.

Moody’s eyes widened. “What’s that over there?” he said while he pointed.

Haden, Novikov, and Mancini looked where Moody pointed and saw a larger white blob heading toward the Redael and Seruc motherships.

“Can it be a third spaceship?” Novikov replied and looked a little concerned.

Haden, Mancini, and Moody looked harder at the gray blob that was the Reluah mothership.

“Ah, Houston, please get us down from here!” Moody pleaded into his microphone clipped to his shirt.

“That’s in work,” a male from Houston Control replied from the radio net.

All four Astronauts looked scared while the ISS moved farther away in their orbit from those spaceships.

Inside the secret bunker, President Westwood sat around the conference table with his civilian and military advisors. The cell phone device Sandark gave the President was on the table. They were in the middle of lunch.

“What's the latest with these Aliens?” President Westwood asked while he glanced at his advisors.

“So far they haven't made any threatening moves,” a General Sanders replied.

“We have sightings from the space station Astronauts saw a third huge spaceship heading our way. They're getting nervous and want to come home,” NASA Administrator Spade said.

President Westwood looked around the table. “This doesn't concern any of you?”

“We have reports of thousands and thousands of peoples all over the world being cured of cancer, diseases and other addictions. So maybe they are here to help us,” Jeremy added.

President Westwood pondered their responses for a few seconds. “I hope everybody is correct with their assessment on these creatures being friendly.”

“What worries me is that if they do become violent, I'm don't think our weapons would be a match against their technology,” Navy Admiral Ricky Benson said.

The other military officers nodded in agreement.

“Well, I'm not going to hide down here much longer. I'm heading back to the White House. As far as the Astronauts go, bring them home ASAP. Have one of the commercial vendors use their capsule,” President Westwood said.

“We better let the Aliens know our intentions with sending a rocket to the ISS. We don't want them to perceive it as a threat,” General Grace added.

Everybody around the table nodded in agreement.

President Westwood snatched up the Sandark's cell phone device. He got up from the table and rushed to the door. Four Secret Service agents trailed behind him.

All the civilian and military advisors got up from their seats and walked over to the door.

Chapter 15

It was nighttime in Columbia.

Outside Bogotá, a beautiful stone mansion sat perched on the top of a small mountain. The back courtyard of the mansion offered a beautiful view of the city of Bogota.

Inside the mansion, four drug lords sat in the huge living room. They smoked Cuban cigars and drank Camus Cognac. The drug lord's in attendance of this important meeting were Jose, Juan, Carlos, and Luis. And they looked pissed while they puffed on their cigars.

At the other end of the large room were eight thugs there for protection.

"I had a twenty percent reduction in my cash flow," said Jose in Spanish then he sipped some of his Cognac.

"I had a twenty-five percent reduction," Carlos replied in Spanish.

"Thirty," Luis said in Spanish.

"Fifteen," Juan added in Spanish.

"And do we know why? Of course we do. Those Aliens are curing our customers of their additions," Jose said in a raised voice.

"I say we stop these Aliens!" Carlos yelled out in a raised voice.

"How?" Luis curiously asked.

The four drug lords thought for a few seconds.

Juan's eyes had an evil squint when he had an idea.

"We send our guys in and show these Aliens we don't want them here."

Carlos, Luis and Jose thought about Juan's proposal.

"Who can we get?" Carlos asked then puffed on his cigar.

"I'm thinking I could send my guys from LA," Juan replied.

“I can send my guys from Miami,” Carlos said.

“I heard those Aliens landed in all fifty states. Carlos can start with Florida and head north. Juan can start in California and head north,” Jose said.

“I can get with my New York contacts. They can start in that region,” Luis added.

“Good. Then I want everybody to make their way to the center of America. We have to make sure we cover all forty-eight states,” Juan said with a smile knowing he’ll get things turned around.

“What about Hawaii and Alaska?” Carlos asked then puffed on his cigar.

“Don’t worry about them. Not much of a cash flow anyway,” Juan replied then puffed on his cigar with a smirk.

Luis, Carlos, and Jose all puffed on their cigars with a smirk and nodded in agreement with Juan

Juan got up off the couch. “Let me make a call,” he said while he headed out of the living room.

Luis, Carlos, and Jose remained puffing on their cigars.

Later that night in a back room of an Italian restaurant in New York City, three old mafia Don’s sat around a table. They had empty plates and a bowl of steaming spaghetti and meatballs sat in the center of the table. The Don’s were Carmine, Dino, and Dominick.

“Where’s Salvador? He called this dinner meeting. I’m hungry,” Carmine asked while he stared at the bowl of spaghetti.

“He should be here any second,” Dino replied while he stared at the bowl of spaghetti.

Salvador entered the room.

“It’s about time,” Carmine called out.

“My apologies,” Salvador said while he sat down at the table.

“Can we eat now?” Dominick asked while he his stomach growled.

“Let’s eat,” Salvador answered.

The four Don's started shoving heaps of spaghetti and meatballs on their plates. Then the red wine started pouring into their glasses.

After a few minutes of the Don's stuffing their faces with spaghetti, Dominick got curious. "What's this urgent business you want to talk about, Salvador?"

Salvador swallowed his spaghetti then took a sip of wine. "You know I hate those Columbians."

Dominick, Carmine, and Dino nodded in agreement while they ate some spaghetti.

"Juan called me from Bogota. They've also been having diminishing cash flows," Salvador said.

"Those fucking Aliens," Dominick yelled out and sprayed a little spaghetti sauce across the table.

Carmine and Dino nodded in agreement while they ate some spaghetti.

"We cannot tolerate any more of these Aliens curing our customers from their addictions," Salvador said.

Carmine, Dino, and Dominick looked pissed for losing so much money after the Aliens arrived.

"So why did Juan call you?" Carmine asked then took a drink of wine.

"He wants us to help take out the Aliens so we can restore our businesses," Salvador replied then he drank some wine.

Dominick, Carmine, and Dino looked at Salvador.

"If we don't, our business will dry up in a few months," Salvador replied and looked dead serious.

Dominick, Carmine, and Dino thought about Salvador's comment.

"How do we do this?" Dominick curiously asked.

"There's one of those spaceships in each of the states. We send some guys in and take out the Aliens. Then we work our way north and west. It will be a coordinated effort with Juan," Salvador replied then he slurped some spaghetti.

"I know of some guys I've used in the past. They're out West," Carmine said.

“I have a call to make. I hate this son of a bitch, but we’re all in the same boat,” Salvador said then he took a drink of wine.

Cammine, Dominick, and Dino all smiled liking the plan to save their business.

It was in the middle of the night at a strip club in Chicago.

In the dancing room, a sexy brunette danced naked to three guys to a disco song. Business had been so terrible for the past three weeks.

In the back room, three Russian Mafia leaders sat around a table drinking vodka.

Vlad, Andrei, and Lev sat around the table.

Radko paced at the other side of the room talking into his cell phone. He looked serious while he listened to his caller.

Radko stopped pacing and walked back to the table and looked surprised.

“You never guess who just called me,” he said while he sat down.

“Who?” Andrei asked then took a drink of Vodka.

“Salvador from New York.”

“Why?” Lev asked and looked concerned.

“They have same problem we have. Aliens going to make us poor,” Radko replied.

“He call just to say that?” Vlad asked.

“No. He call for solution. He and Columbians plan to eliminate the Aliens so our business don’t go away,” Radko answered.

Andrei, Vlad, and Lev thought about Radko’s comment.

“We have no choice but to fight,” Vlad said.

Andrei and Lev nodded in agreement then took another drink of vodka.

“What plan?” Lev curiously asked.

“We take out Aliens starting here and the central states. I coordinate with Salvador,” Radko replied.

Andrei, Lev, and Vlad all smiled thinking they had a fighting chance with saving their business.

“We get started soon,” Radko said then he took a huge gulp of vodka.

It was in the wee hours of the morning in Florida.

Marcus sat against one of the oak trees by the edge of the grassy field. He sipped on another bottle of Canadian Whiskey while he eyed the Rexif spaceship with hatred.

“They eat people,” he slurred out his words then took another gulp of whiskey.

Marcus saw a light up in the night sky. He took his final gulp of whiskey finishing off the bottle. He squinted his eyes to focus on the light.

He realized another Alien spaceship was descending down to Earth. He tossed his bottle off into the field while he kept an eye on the spaceship. It was one of those Ponsrepsekops spaceships.

“I have to stop them,” Marcus slurred out his words while he watched the spaceship get closer to land. He tossed his empty whiskey bottle away.

The Ponsrepsekops spaceship descended and was fifty feet off the ground.

Two Aliens named Harlock and Gwark stepped out of the Rexif spaceship.

They walk over and stood by the side of their spaceship. They waited while the Ponsrepsekops spaceship landed in the field fifteen feet away.

The engine whined down and shut off. The door of the Ponsrepsekops spaceship opened and an Alien named Barlark stepped out.

Barlark looked around, as this was his first visit to Earth. He loved the new land.

Harlock and Gwark walked over to Barlark. The three Aliens greeted each other with their traditional salute. It looked like a one handed Tarzan yell.

Marcus looked pissed while he peeked from around an oak tree.

Harlock and Gwark escorted Barlark to the Rexif spaceship. They went inside and the door slid closed.

Thirty minutes later Marcus was passed out up against the oak tree.

The door to the Rexif spaceship slid opened.

Harlock and Gwark escorted Barlark out of the Rexif spaceship.

"I'll think you'll find these Earthling to be very friendly," Harlock told Barlark in their native language.

"And extremely gullible," Gwark added with a little smile.

Barlark looked the area over. He saw something by the oak trees that sparked his interest. He headed in that direction. Gwark and Harlock followed.

Barlark, Gwark, and Harlock found Marcus passed out by the oak tree.

"One of your humans?" Barlark asked while he looked interested in Marcus.

Harlock and Gwark nodded their heads in agreement.

"What is he doing?"

"They call it sleeping," Gwark replied while they stared down at Marcus.

"What is he doing here?"

"High probably he wanted to be first in line to be cured of some disease," Harlock said.

Barlark salivated at the sight of Marcus. "He looks delicious. Mind if I take just a nibble."

"It would not be wise until he goes through our curing process," Gwark replied.

"Can't I please have just a tiny nibble?" Barlark asked again as he had a strong desire to try raw human meat.

"You could be extremely ill if he has some disease," Harlock said and looked serious.

Barlark knelt down. He got inches from Marcus' face. He ran his tongue up and down Marcus' cheek then he stood up. "I want him for my first meal."

Harlock and Gwark nodded in agreement.

The three Aliens walked back to the Rexif spaceship.

Marcus lay by the tree unaware of the Aliens visit.

Chapter 16

The next morning arrived.

Sandark had previously sent a hologram message about one of his spokespersons talking to the media today. He demanded that only one media person per landing spot.

Nine that morning arrived.

An Orlando TV News truck pulled up into the grassy field. It was Channel 9 News.

People from all over Orlando started to arrive in the field to be cured.

Five protestors were near the spaceship with their signs.

Female news reporter Sandy Kerran got out of the news van. She stared in awe at the sight of the Rexif and Ponsrepsekops spaceships.

Her cameraman jumped out from behind the wheel of their van. He walked around to the rear and proceeded to get out his camera.

A crowd of people started to gather behind Sandy.

The door to the Rexif spaceship opened and Barlark stepped outside. He saw Sandy and her cameraman and walked over in their direction.

The cameraman had his camera ready and Sandy was in position with her microphone. She had the line of people waiting to get inside the spaceship in camera view behind her.

The crowd watched in awe while Barlark walked up to Sandy. This was their very first Alien.

“I’m Barlark,” he said with a fake warm smile.

“I’m Sandy Kerran. I’m going to let you provide your speech to our viewers,” she replied while she shook hands with the Alien.

Barlark glanced down at her hand. Hungry thoughts about using her for a meal ran through his mind. He started salivating.

The cameraman nodded at Sandy that he was ready to go live.

Sandy faced her cameraman. "I'm Sandy Kerran with channel nine news. I'm here with one of our friendly visitors. He would like to talk about their visit to our land," she said then motioned for Barlark to look at the camera.

"I'm Barlark. Since we came to your beautiful planet, we have cured almost one million of Earthlings from addictions, cancers, diseases and other serious health issues," he said.

The people in line at the Rexif spaceship started clapping and cheering.

Barlark smiled then he looked concerned. "We have had many Earthlings protest our presence on your planet. We do not understand this protest since we are only here to help you."

The crowd turned around and booed at the protestors.

Marcus pushed his way through the crowd. "They're eating humans!"

The crowd looked at Marcus like he was nuts.

"They're eating humans," Sandy heard Marcus yell out behind her.

She and the cameraman looked in the direction of Marcus'.

"They're eating humans!" Marcus yelled while he walked up to Sandy. He swayed while he glared at Barlark.

"What did you say sir?" Sandy asked Marcus.

"They eat humans," he yelled out. "We're their dinner!"

The crowd behind Sandy chuckled.

Marcus staggered over to Barlark. "They're eating humans!" he yelled while he jabbed Barlark's chest with an index finger.

The crowd erupted into laughter.

Marcus threw a punch and smacked Barlark in his jaw.

Barlark gave out a little girlish cry while he took the punch. He just stared at Marcus to give the pain some time to subside. "We are here to help you. But we will not tolerate any threats against us. We know your species can be violent. But be advised that your weapons is no match against our weapons," Barlark said in a raised threatening tone. He turned around and marched off to the spaceship. The crowd parted giving Barlark a clear path to the spaceship.

The cameraman pointed his camera at Marcus.

The crowd started booing Marcus.

Marcus looked at the people in line at the Rexif spaceship. They booed him. "You won't be laughing when they're sprinkling salt and pepper on your cooked rumps!" he yelled back at the people.

The cameraman still filmed Marcus while he staggered away.

Marcus staggered out of the field and headed to Orlando. He was furious nobody would believe him.

It was early evening in Columbus, Georgia.

Russ Paxton and his wife Julie sat in separate Lazy Boy chairs in their den. They ate dinner from a TV stand while they watched the national news.

On the one wall hung numerous framed pictures of Russ' thirty-two year career with the Army.

Russ fumed while he stared at the national news.

The TV showed the recording of Marcus while looked at the people in line at the Rexif spaceship. They booed him. "You won't be laughing when they're sprinkling salt and pepper on your cooked rumps!" he yelled back at the people.

Russ fumed while he stared at the TV.

Julie looked worried.

Russ jumped up from his Lazy Boy chair and almost knocked over his dinner. He paced back and forth. "There's our son. A fucking drunk making an ass out of himself. No wonder he got a dishonorable discharge."

Julie remained quiet while she stared at the TV.

“Those Aliens cured me of my lung cancer!” Russ cried out while he patted his chest. “And now he's making this bullshit story about these Aliens eating us?” Russ paced back and forth pissed.

“I'm glad I disowned him!” he yelled while he stormed out of the den.

Julie's eyes welled up while she glanced at a picture of Marcus on the wall. It was a picture when he was ten years old and on an Army base with Russ.

Over in Charlotte, Kathleen and Thomas watched Marcus' episode on her TV in their living room.

“Why did that man say that about the Aliens? They're friendly,” Thomas asked Kathleen.

She still believed it was in Thomas' best interest not to learn about Marcus. “I guess he's just a bad man,” she replied and couldn't believe Marcus made an ass out of himself on the national news.

“Those Aliens made Joey's grandfather feel better. I like those Aliens,” Thomas replied.

“I know honey. Those Aliens are helping sick people all around the world,” she said while she grabbed her remote. She turned to the Disney channel to avoid thinking about Marcus.

Thomas started watching a Disney cartoon and forgot about Marcus' episode on the TV.

Kathleen got up and headed to the kitchen to start dinner.

Meanwhile, back in Florida, an American Rocket Company rocket lifted off one of the launch pads at Cape Canaveral Space Station (formally the Cape Canaveral Air Force Station). The Eagle capsule was destined to dock with the ISS.

In Orlando, Marcus walked down one of the streets.

“I need some help. I need some help,” Marcus mumbled to himself while he looked to be on a mission.

People moved away from Marcus when some of them recognized him from the Channel 9 news report.

Up in space, Commander Sandark sat in his chair in the Command Center of his Redael mothership. He stared at a hologram recording that emitted from the front of his chair. It was a recording of Barlark's meeting with Marcus in Orlando. Sandark looked pissed.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark. "Sir, one of the Earthlings launched one of their spacecrafts."

"Dismissed," he told Aadark then turned off the hologram.

Aadark snapped his heals and rushed off.

Sandark pressed a button on his chair. A hologram of Wetlark appeared.

"Yes Commander Sandark," Wetlark's hologram said.

"The Earthlings launched one their crude spacecrafts. It's heading to their orbiting craft. Send out some Ponsrepsekops' and verify they won't be a threat," Sandark said.

"As you wish," Wetlark's hologram replied.

"I'll see you soon."

"Yes sir," Wetlark's hologram replied then disappeared.

Sandark continued to stare at Earth from his windows.

A few minutes later, a small hangar door on the Seruc mothership opened. Four Ponsrepsekops' spaceships zoomed out of the hangar.

They flew in formation toward Earth.

A little while later, the American Rocket Company Eagle capsule orbited Earth.

The four Ponsrepsekops' spaceships raced down at the Eagle capsule. They soon escorted the Eagle capsule while it raced to meet up with the ISS.

Back in a briefing room inside the Redael mothership, Commanders Sandark, Wetlark, and Oodark sat around a hovering table.

"Please provide status on the Earthlings," Sandark ordered.

"We estimate the entire population on Earth will be healthy in four yarplings," Wetlark replied.

“Excellent. Commander Fardack will be here soon. Then we'll start enforcing law and order on Earth,” said Sandark.

“With the incident with Barlark, we need it,” Oodark responded.

“I'll give those Earthlings a friendly warning, but if anybody else does that again, make sure we can discreetly dispose of them. Per procedure,” Sandark ordered.

Wetlark and Oodark nodded in agreement with a smirk.

“When will we start sending crops back home?” Wetlark asked.

“In about thirteen yarplings,” Sandark replied.

“When can we start replenishing our food supplies? I'm starting to run low,” asked Oodark.

“We can start in three dipylings,” Sandark replied.

Wetlark and Oodark looked satisfied with that answer.

Inside the ISS, the Astronauts frantically packed their belongings. This was the first time the Astronauts couldn't wait to get out of the space station. It would be abandoned because none of the other Astronauts wanted to come up to the station.

An hour later, four Ponsrepsekops' spaceships hovered in space near the ISS. The American Eagle capsule just finished docking to the station.

Two hours later, the American Eagle capsule undocked from the ISS.

The Eagle capsule started moving away with the four escort Ponsrepsekops spaceships.

Inside the Eagle capsule, the Astronauts were nervous while they eyed the four escorting Ponsrepsekops spaceships.

Chapter 17

The next morning arrived and more people around the globe were elated with being cured from cancer, and all other diseases and addictions. Doctor's offices around the world were feeling drastic drops in patients. Hospitals were seeing fewer patients also. Layoffs were starting in the medical field around the world.

In Florida, Marcus was still hell bent of finding someone to believe him.

Marcus stood by the eastbound ramp for Interstate I4. He held up a cardboard sign with "Columbus, GA" scribbled on it. He decided he had to get out of Orlando if he was going to get some help.

The cars raced up the ramp and ignored Marcus. He started to get pissed so he took a swig of whiskey.

The afternoon rolled around and Marcus thought he might have to walk all the way to Columbus.

The sound of air brakes caught Marcus' attention. He looked down the ramp and saw a Peterbuilt truck heading in his direction. Marcus was glad when the truck stopped. The passenger door opened. Marcus saw Jack a good ole boy truck driver wearing a red plain flannel shirt and jeans. "I'm heading to Columbus," Jack called out from the truck in a Georgia twang.

"Thanks," Marcus replied while he climbed up inside the truck.

Jack drove his Peterbuilt up the ramp and headed north on Interstate I75.

"Name is Jack Wallace," he said while he stuck his hand out.

"Marcus," he replied while they shook hands.

"How long have you been on the streets?"

Marcus had to think about it for a few seconds. “Four years. It’s hard to get a job.”

“I know what you mean. My son was laid-off for fifteen months before he found a job up in Kansas. Keep a positive attitude.”

Marcus thought about Howard’s comment but remembered the Aliens. “Yeah, a positive attitude.”

In Washington, D.C., President Westwood sat in deep thought at his desk in the Oval Office. He stared at a picture of Lynn wife on his desk. He missed her but was glad she was at Camp David with heavy Secret Service and Marine protection. He glanced at the cell phone device given to him by Sandark. He glanced at a stack of briefings on his desk. He picked one up and started reading.

The cell phone device given by Sandark started a strange buzz on the desk. President Westwood got startled. He cautiously looked at the device. It did another stranger buzzing sound.

The TV in the Oval Office suddenly turned on even though President Westwood didn’t hit the remote.

Sandark appeared on the TV sitting in his Command Center chair about his mothership.

The cell phone device continued to buzz.

President Westwood looked intimidated.

“President Westwood,” Sandark said from the TV
“Sandark.”

“We had one of your Earthlings confronted one of my spokespersons in that area you call Florida. It was in a threatening manner,” Sandark said and he looked mad.

“I heard about that and I’m so sorry.”

“President Westwood. I want to remind you that we are here on friendly terms. If some of your Earthlings do this again, we will be forced to handle it according to our procedures,” said Sandark. “And you will not like our procedures,” Sandark added in a raised tone.

“I understand Sandark and I’ll do my best to get the word out.”

Sandark just gave a little nod accepted the President's promise. He disappeared and the TV went blank.

The cell phone stopped buzzing.

"Some yahoo is going to get us all vaporized," President Westwood said while picked up his phone and punched in a number. "Get in here now. I need a speech written ASAP. And then I need it broadcasted across all available media sources." He hung up the phone.

President Westwood looked worried.

It was the afternoon in Ithaca, New York.

One of the Rexif spaceships was parked in a grassy field outside town.

A long line of people led to the spaceship. Everybody talked how later today they would be all be cured.

Way off to one side of the field, two black Cadillac XTS Sedans drove through the grass and parked.

Inside the STS sedans, ten Italian looking thugs dressed in expensive Italian suits glanced at the Rexif spaceships. They waited with determination in their eyes. They had the determination of paid assassins ready to fulfill their highly priced contracts.

Another Rexif spaceship was parked in a field outside Bogota, Columbia.

A long line of people led to the spaceship. Everybody was excited about being cured.

Sixteen Columbian thugs waited inside three Cadillac Escalades while they kept an eye on the spaceship. They looked angry.

It was in the afternoon in Springfield, Illinois.

Fifteen bikers from the Snake Charmers motorcycle gang pulled up to the edge of a grassy field on their Harleys.

They parked and turned off their Harleys. They eyed the long line of people that waited to be cured by the Aliens inside the Rexif spaceship. Some lit up cigarettes. Some lit up a joint. While some of the others opened up a bottle of Budweiser. They looked determined to complete their mission.

In was morning in Phoenix, Arizona.

Twenty bikers from the Devil's Cowboys motorcycle gang waited on their Harleys in the desert. They all had their knives, pistols, and brass knuckles ready for a fight. They eyed the long line of people that waited to be cured inside the Rexif spaceship.

It was nighttime in Russia.

Fifteen Russian thugs were at the end of the line for entrance into the Rexif spaceship. They all wore orange shirts under their black jackets and looked ready for a fight.

It was evening back in Georgia and the sun was slowly sinking below the horizon.

Jack drove his truck north on Interstate 75. He kept to the speed limit, as he decided it was better to keep his money in his savings account verses giving it to some state government.

Jack sang along with Craig Morgan's *This Ole Boy* country song while he drove. Marcus stared out his door window. His mind was occupied about the Aliens so Jack's singing went in one ear and out the other. He was more concerned with how could he get people to believe him that we were nothing but a food supply.

A DJ from the radio station interrupted the song. "I'm sorry to interrupt Craig Morgan's song, but we have an important message from President Westwood," he said and then there was a few seconds of dead air.

"Good evening America. I have an important message to pass from our Alien visitors. It appears that someone was ungrateful for all that these Aliens have done for the world. This person attacked one of their spokespersons in Orlando, Florida. Our visitors are here for friendly reasons. I'm afraid if any more attacks occur, it could get violent. And we might not have the weapons to fight against their technology. So please greet our visitors with open arms, as they are here to help us. Thank you America," President Westwood said in a sincere voice.

Craig Morgan's *This Ole Boy* song returned on the radio.

"Be nice he said. Then afterward they'll eat your brains," Marcus muttered quietly to himself.

Jack looked bothered over the President's message. "I can't believe some bozo tried to attack these Aliens. My wife was cured of her brain tumor," he said then wiped away some tears.

Marcus glanced over at Jack. He wanted to tell the truth, but knew it would fall upon death ears. "I'm happy for you," Marcus said then glanced back out his door window. He felt miserably alone.

"Those Aliens are our friends," Jack added.

Marcus just nodded in agreement. He figured if he told Jack the truth, he might get mad and kick him out of the truck.

It was a quiet drive Jack continued to head west on Miami Valley Road. Marcus closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep.

Chapter 18

It was in the middle of the night and the fifteen Russian thugs were the last ones to enter the Rexif spaceship outside Moscow.

Four Aliens stood near the thugs.

“This way,” Ssirdark told the thugs while he motioned to the entrance of their curing device.

The thugs glanced at the device. They glanced at each other. The leader nodded with a smirk. All fifteen thugs whipped out their Type 85 sub-machine guns that were tucked under their jackets. They sprayed the inside of the spaceship with bullets.

Ssirdark and his three buddies just stood where they were while bullets bounced off everything.

The fifteen thugs stopped firing in awe when they saw that their bullets were useless.

“Shit,” one of the thugs cried out in Russian when he realized they were inferior against the Aliens.

Ssirdark and his buddies whipped out their ray guns and aimed them at the thugs.

The thugs bolted to the door.

The door slammed shut.

The thugs were bunched up at the closed door. They looked at the Aliens the second they fired their ray guns.

A purple light engulfed the thugs. They dropped to the floor stunned. They tried to move. They were paralyzed. They tried to scream. All they could muster up was a soft whimper.

Ssirdark and his buddies walked over to the thugs.

Ssirdark opened his mouth.

The fifteen thugs were scared to death at the sight of Ssirdark’s teeth.

Ssirdark reached down and grabbed one of the thugs by his right arm. He dragged the thug across the floor.

While Ssirdark dragged the thug away, three of the other Aliens each grabbed another thug by their right arms. They dragged the thugs across the floor.

Five minutes later, Ssirdark and his three buddies had the fifteen thugs on the floor of their kitchen area.

Ssirdark and another Alien picked up one of the thugs. They plopped the thug down on the hovering table in the middle of the room. Ssirdark removed his ray gun and pressed the green button on the handle. He aimed it at the thug and pressed the trigger button. A green light engulfed the thug's body.

"Who sent you here?" Ssirdark asked the thug.

"Radko from Chicago," the thug replied, as the green light forced him to tell the truth.

Ssirdark turned off his ray gun.

The thug lay paralyzed on the floating table.

One of the other Aliens walked over with his ray gun. He waved a hand over the gun and it turned on with a low hum. He pressed the red button on the handle. He squeezed the button trigger. A small red laser beam shot out. He ran the laser beam across the top of the thug's right thigh.

The other fourteen thugs watched in horror while their comrade's right leg dropped to the floor. They knew their fate while they stared at the bloody stump. They heard his left leg drop to the floor from the other side of the table.

One of the Aliens walked over and picked up their comrade's right leg. He lifted it up and had the severed end over his head. He opened his mouth and the opening was around eight inches in diameter. He squeezed the thigh muscle.

The remaining thugs watched while the blood from their comrade's thigh dipped into the hungry Alien's mouth. They tried to scream. All they could muster up was another soft whimper.

Over in Ithaca, New York, the four Italian thugs stood in shock when they realized their 9mm Glocks were useless against the Aliens.

The four Aliens led by Usirlark fired their ray gun at the Italian thugs. They dropped paralyzed to the floor.

The four Aliens walked over to the thugs. They each grabbed a right hand of the thug.

They dragged the thugs across the floor to the kitchen area.

A few minutes later inside the kitchen, it was a red laser beam light show while the Aliens severed the arms and legs off the thugs. The thugs were dead within minutes.

Inside the Rexif spaceship in a field outside Bogota, Columbia, the bodies of fifteen thugs were hung in the freezer in the kitchen area. Their arms and legs were severed and stored in another freezer. Their heads were also severed and placed in the same freezer with the arms and legs.

In the Rexif spaceship outside Springfield, Illinois, the remaining five Snake Charmers bikers watched in horror while one of their buddies just had his tattooed head severed. Two of the Snake Charmers peed their jeans.

In the Rexif spaceship in the desert outside Las Vegas, the last alive Devil's Cowboys biker lay on the floating table. He stared in horror at the freezer where his headless, armless, and legless buddies hung like meat in the freezer. He peed his pants when the one Alien walked up to him with his red ray gun. The guy was no longer the rough and tough biker. He tried to scream while the red laser beam severed off his right arm. All he could do was muster up a quiet whimper.

In the Redael mothership, Sandark sat in his chair while he glanced down at Earth that showed Europe and Africa.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark's chair.

"Sir, numerous Rexif crafts were attacked. We subdued the threats without any witnesses," Aadark snapped out.

Sandark looked pissed. “Did they learn who ordered these acts of violence?” Sandark asked while he glanced down at Earth.

“They have names and locations,” Aadark replied.

“I want those traitors up here. I’m getting hungry for human,” Sandark ordered.

Aadark snapped his heels that he understood his order.

He rushed away.

Sandark returned to glancing out his windows and stared at Earth.

He noticed the empty ISS while it moved past the mothership in a lower orbit. Sandark had an evil idea. He pressed a button on his chair. A hologram of Pirkdark appeared. “I want one two Reyortsed ships ready for a quick mission,” he ordered Pirkdark.

“Yes sir,” Pirkdark’s hologram replied then disappeared.

Sandark watched while the ISS flew away in its lower orbit. A smirk grew on his face.

A little while later in outer space, a small hangar door opened on the Redael mothership, five Yriyuqni spaceships zoomed out of the hangar area.

Two Reyortsed spaceships, which looked like two-seater fighters, zoomed out of the hanger.

The hangar door closed.

The five Yriyuqni spaceships zoomed down to Earth.

The two Reyortsed spaceships zoomed off into a lower orbit.

Later in Chicago, Radko lay asleep in his bed. He cuddled naked with one of his strippers from his club. He was exhausted from his ten minutes of grunting and moaning on top of her.

Aliens Tirwark and Ffirdark crept into Radko’s bedroom.

They crept over to Radko’s bed and glanced down at him. They salivated at the mouth at the sight of the food in bed.

Radko was a light sleeper and he woke up. He looked sleepy eyed up at the two Aliens. It took a few seconds but then his eyes widened in fear when it dawned on him that Aliens were present.

Radko shot up and reached for his pistol on the bedside table.

The stripper woke up. Her eyes widened in fear when she saw the Aliens. “AHHHH!” she screamed out in horror.

Ffirdark whipped out his ray gun and aimed it at Radko.

Tirwark whipped out his ray gun and aimed it at the stripper.

Purple light engulfed the bodies of Radko and the stripper. They were paralyzed with fear. The stripper’s mouth was wide opened from being in the middle of a scream.

Tirwark and Ffirdark reached down and grabbed Radko and the stripper by their right arms.

They dragged them out of the bedroom.

Elsewhere in Chicago, the same thing happened to Vlad, Andrei, and Lev and all of their family members.

In New York City, Carmine was sound asleep with his wife.

Aliens Dirlark and Iirlark entered the bedroom.

They walked up to the bed.

Dirlark tapped Carmine his shoulder.

Carmine just rolled over to his other side.

Dirlark slapped Carmine upside his head.

“What the fuck?” Carmine yelled while he bolted up in bed. Then Carmine saw the two Aliens. He peed in his pajamas.

“What’s the matter honey?” Carmine’s wife asked when she rolled over to check on her husband. “AHHHH!” She screamed out in bloody murder.

Dirlark and Iirlark aimed their ray guns at Carmine and his wife. The purple light that engulfed their body soon paralyzed them.

Dirlark and Iirlark grabbed Carmine and his wife by their right arm.

They dragged them out of the bedroom.

Outside Carmine's house, a small device on Dirlark's belt made a strange buzz while they dragged their catch down the driveway. He removed it and looked at the viewfinder. He saw a video of the ISS up in space. "It's about time," he told Iirlark while he pointed at the ISS and clipped his device back on his belt.

Iirlark and Dirlark stopped and they both looked up at the sky.

They saw the ISS move across the sky as a small moving star. The small moving star suddenly tripled in its intensity. The star disappeared.

Dirlark and Iirlark walked away with smirks while they dragged Carmine and his wife down the driveway to their Yriugni spaceship that waited in the middle of the street.

Elsewhere in New York City, the same thing happened to Dino, Dominick and their wives. The other Aliens also witnessed the ISS moving star up in the night sky disappear.

Down in Columbia, the same thing happened to Jose, Juan, Carlos, and Luis.

Chapter 19

Back up in outer space, the five Yriugni spaceships zoomed up away from Earth and headed back to the Redael mothership.

Elsewhere, the two Reyortsed crafts zoomed away to a higher orbit and raced back to the Redael mothership.

It was still in the middle of the night back in Washington, DC.

Back in his bedroom of the White House, President Westwood read a newspaper article. He couldn't sleep so he opened reading would help.

The article reported how hospitals across the country were laying off doctors and other medical staff. These lay offs were due to the sharp decline in people seeking medical assistance. He also got word that this happened everywhere across the planet.

The cell phone device from Sandark buzzed on the bedside table. President Westwood got startled. He stared at the device while strange color emitted from it. The TV in the room turned on by itself.

On the TV, President Westwood saw Sandark sitting in his chair inside the Redael spaceship.

"How may I help you Sandark?" President Westwood asked while he pretended to be brave, but he trembled inside.

Sandark hesitated responding for a few seconds. "Well President Westwood, it appears some of your Earthlings did not pay attention to your message. Some of our Rexif spaceships were attacked," Sandark replied and looked serious from the TV.

"I'm sorry. I broadcasted to everybody that you were our friends," President Westwood replied and started to shake a little while he wondered about Sandark's next move.

“Well Mister President, I want to show you what could happen if we wanted to unleash our weapons,” Sandark replied from the TV.

President Westwood stared at the TV and saw the ISS being broadcasted from one of the Alien spaceships. Then from the TV, four red laser beams shot out and hit the space station. The ISS exploded into a million pieces.

President Westwood watched in horror while tiny pieces of the ISS floated away in space.

“I will make sure my message is broadcasted across your planet. We are not violent, as I knew your so-called Astronauts had vacated your floating spacecraft. Now, as you Earthlings say, have a nice day,” Sandark said with a smirk on his face.

The TV turned off and went blank.

President Westwood just stared at the blank TV. He peed his pajamas and soaked the bed sheets.

In Columbus, Georgia, Jack pulled his truck into the parking lot of the National Civil War Naval Museum off Victory Drive.

“Here you are my friend,” Jack said while the truck came to a stop.

Marcus extended out his hand. “Thanks for the lift.”

“My pleasure and I hope you get your life turned around,” Jack said while he shook Marcus’ hand.

“Me too,” Marcus said then opened the door and got out.

Marcus stood in the parking lot of the museum and looked the area over.

Jack tooted his horn while he drove his truck off through the parking lot.

Marcus walked to the parking lot and headed toward Victory Drive.

Marcus headed east on Victory Drive and memories of this road came back. It was memories of happier times.

Later that day, the USS Abraham Lincoln waited way out in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of California Baja.

The sailors stood on the deck of the aircraft carrier and all eyes were on the sky.

They all pointed when the parachutes of the descending American Rocket Company Eagle capsule was spotted high in the sky.

Two Blackhawk helicopters started up their engines and their blades started spinning. Navy divers were inside waiting the copters.

Up inside the Abraham Lincoln, Captain Russ Sterling sat in his Boss' Chair. He looked worried, as he was just informed that the ISS was blown to smithereens. For the first time, he knew America faced a potential enemy they could never defeat.

From his chair, Captain Sterling watched while the Eagle capsule landed in the water through his binoculars. Then he glanced over and watched while the two Blackhawk helicopters took off the deck.

He silently prayed the Astronauts were not blown up.

The two Blackhawks hovered near the floating Eagle capsule. Four divers jumped out of the Blackhawks and landed in the water.

A little while later, the divers had two life rafts inflated and the hatch to the Eagle capsule opened.

They assisted Astronauts Haden, Moody, Novikov and Mancini out of the hatch and into the life rafts. They had no idea their former home was now a million pieces floating in space.

The Blackhawk helicopters hovered above the life rafts. They lowered lines down to the water. The divers connected the lines to two of the Astronauts. They were soon raised up to the hovering helicopters.

Thirty minutes later, the four Astronauts were back on board the USS Abraham Lincoln.

Captain Sterling soon provided them a briefing about the fate of the ISS. The Astronauts eyes welled up over the thought of losing their precious ISS.

Back in Columbus, Georgia, Marcus made his way to the northern part of the city.

He stopped by a telephone pole. He looked across the street at the third house down to the left. It was his parent's house.

Marcus' eyes widened when the garage door of his parents house opened. He saw Russ and Julie walk out of the garage. They headed over to his Dodge Ram pickup.

Marcus wanted so much to run over to his parents. He longed to give his mom a hug. But he knew his father disowned him.

The garage door closed while Russ and Julie got inside the pickup.

Marcus watched while Russ' pickup truck backed down the driveway then drove off in the opposite direction.

Marcus moped away down the street ashamed of how his life revolved.

Hours later, Marcus made his way down South Lumpkin Road and eventually arrived at his old neighborhood.

Fifteen minutes later, he stood in front of his old house off of Dotty Avenue. He reminisced when he had some good times in that house with Kathleen after they were first married. This was their first home.

He walked away.

Fifteen minutes later, Marcus headed north on South Lumpkin Road in search of a bar.

Up in outer space by the Moon, the fourth larger Srecofne mothership moved past the Moon. The large flames from the eight oval engine nozzles disappeared. The craft slowed down and headed to Earth.

Inside the Redael mothership, Sandark sat in his chair and stared at Earth from his windows. North America was now in view while Sandark rehearsed his speech in his head.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark's chair.

"Sir, everything is in place," he said the second he arrived by Sandark's side.

Sandark motioned with his right hand dismissing Aadark.

Aadark snapped his heals and rushed away.

Sandark continued to stare down at Earth.

Inside a conference room of a large corporation in Vancouver, Canada, twenty people sat around a table. The topic of the morning meeting was the quarterly sales report. Smiles were all around the table while they eyed the PowerPoint presentation on the large plasma TV that hung on the wall.

The plasma TV flickered. The screen was suddenly filled with static. The TV flickered again and then Sandark suddenly appeared sitting in his chair from the Redael mothership.

“What the hell is this?” Robert Crewson the CEO of the corporation said while he stared at Sandark.

“I believe it’s the leader of those Aliens,” Margret Collins replied.

“Greeting Earthlings,” Sandark said with a serious look.

“I don’t trust that creature?” James Short the CFO asked and looked concerned, as he never trusted the Aliens.

Eight people around the table nodded in agreement with James.

“I do, they cured my father from lung cancer,” Margret replied.

Twelve other people nodded in agreement with Margret, as they also knew of loved ones or friends that were cured by the Aliens.

“I don’t care, I still don’t trust them,” James replied while he kept an eye on the TV.

Inside the kitchen of Air Force Captain Kenny James was a F-16 pilot. He sat at his kitchen table in his flight suit. He drank his morning cup of coffee and read the newspaper before reporting to duty at Eielson, Air Force Base in Alaska.

“Honey, you have to come see this,” Elaine his beautiful wife called out the second she stepped foot inside the kitchen.

“I want to finish my coffee,” Kenny replied while he held up his cup.

“That Alien leader is back on the TV,” she replied.

Kenny jumped up from his chair and rushed out of the kitchen with his cup of coffee in hand.

Kenny and Elaine stood in front of their TV and watched Sandark.

“It has been brought to my attention that some of you made attempts to kill some of us,” Sandark said while he looked pissed.

“To bad they failed,” Kenny said then took a sip of coffee.

“I don’t know honey, Laura down the street claims the Aliens cured her brother from Leukemia.”

“I’m telling you, those creatures are up to something. And I’m thinking it’s evil,” Kenny replied. “I have to get to the base,” he added then walked away.

Elaine was disappointed in her husband’s attitude towards the Aliens.

She walked over and sat down on the couch to watch the rest of Sandark’s speech.

It was nighttime in a bar in Kiev. The patrons sat around the bar, drank beer and stared at Sandark on the TV that hung behind the bar. They were pissed since the Aliens appearance on the TV interrupted their game. They’re team was just about to score when Sandark appeared.

“This is totally unacceptable and will no longer be tolerated. I hate to act in this capacity, but you give me now choice,” Sandark said from the TV and looked serious.

“There’s something about those creatures I don’t trust,” one man said while he stared at the screen.

Four of the men around the bar nodded in agreement that the Aliens were bad.

“I don’t know, I got cured of my diabetes,” another man replied.

Six other men around the bar nodded in agreement that the Aliens were good.

Over in Europe, people were shopping in a department store in Madrid, Spain.

A crowd of thirty people gathered by the wall of TVs for sale. All eyes were Sandark that appeared on all the screens large and small.

“We are here in peace on your beautiful planet. We just want to improve the lives of all Earthlings,” Sandark said.

“He’s eyes are telling me something different,” one man said. Some people around him nodded in agreement.

“My sister was cured of her asthma,” one man added. Some people around him nodded in agreement as they knew people who were cured of diseases or cancers.

In a living room in Reykjavik, Iceland a family of four watch Sandark from their TV.

“We have estimated that we cured over one million Earthlings from cancers, diseases, and other ailments,” Sandark from the TV.

The family smiled in agreement with Sandark and they loved the so-called friendly Aliens.

It was a sunny cloudless day in Bogotá.

Inside that beautiful stone mansion sat perched on the top of a small mountain, six thugs that once protected Jose, Juan, Carlos and Luis watched TV.

They watched Sandark on the screen and pondered if he had anything to do with the disappearance of Juan, Carlos, Jose, and Luis.

“Like I stated before. We are peaceful but till not TOLERATE...being attacked. Don’t you Earthlings understand that we have weapons far superior to anything you have made?” Sandark said in a raised voice.

“We need to find a way to kill these filthy creatures,” one of the thugs said while he eyed the screen.

The other five thugs nodded in agreement while they stared at the screen.

“Here’s a taste,” Sandark said then pressed a button on the right arm of his chair.

In Columbus, Georgia, Marcus sat in a seedy bar off Victory Drive drinking his third Budweiser. He and the

other eight drunks watched Sandark on the flat screen TV that hung from the ceiling behind the bar.

“Watch. I believe some of your military call this...a shot over the bow,” Sandark said with a smirk.

Marcus and the drunks watched a recording taken from one of the Reyortsed crafts. The recording showed the ISS in outer space. Then four red laser beams shot out of the Reyortsed crafts and hit the space station. They couldn't believe their eyes while the ISS exploded into a million pieces.

“The bastards killed our Astronauts,” one man called out in a drunken slur.

“Don't worry. We are compassionate. We waited until your so-called Astronauts left this crude spacecraft and were headed back to your planet. This is your last warning. Any more attacks against us will result in more catastrophic results. So I will end this message with a saying you Earthlings have often used – Have a nice day,” Sandark said with a warm smile and then the TV went back to its normal broadcast.

The bar was quiet while everybody came to grips with what they just witnessed on the TV.

“I don't fucking believe it. The bastards may not be that friendly,” one drunk slurred out then gulped down the rest of his beer.

“I don't want those fucking creepy creatures curing me of anything. I like by booze,” another drunk called out then motioned to the bartender that he wanted another whiskey and water.

Marcus had a little smile hearing that drunk. He thought that maybe he wasn't the only one that distrusted these Aliens.

Marcus placed some bucks on the bar to pay for his beer. He got off his stool and headed to the door. He wasn't going to let the destruction of the ISS to stop him from doing what he felt needed to be done.

Marcus stepped out of the bar and scanned the area. He headed off down the street.

Elsewhere around the world, news reports repeated the recorded of the destruction of the ISS for people that were just waking up. That recording started to change the minds of some people and they felt the Aliens must leave. But numerous others were intimidated and decided it would be in their best interest to leave the Aliens alone.

Up in outer space, the Srecrofne mothership was parked in orbit next to the Redael, Seruc, and Reluah motherships.

Chapter 20

Back down in Columbus, Georgia, Marcus paced up and down Victory Drive. His pacing was by “The Ground Pounders” bar. This was a local hangout for the enlisted soldiers from Fort Benning. This also was the hangout frequented by Marcus on many Friday and Saturday nights. Nights where he left Kathleen home alone while he got drunk.

Marcus walked up to The Ground Pounders bar. He stopped and stared at the door filled with stickers of Army unit patches from Fort Benning. He saw his old 75th Ranger Regiment sticker while he reached for the door handle. He pulled his hand back. He pondered for a few seconds while he stared at the 75th Ranger Regiment sticker.

He walked away while those ashamed feelings of his dishonorable discharge. “I should have let that asshole rape that bitch,” he mumbled while he walked away down the sidewalk.

Marcus walked a little way down the sidewalk. He stopped by a city bus bench and sat down. He glanced down the sidewalk at The Ground Pounders bar. He watched while soldiers entered and exited the bar in civilian clothes.

After ten minutes of eying The Ground Pounder’s front door, Marcus’ eyes lit up when he saw three familiar faces enter the bar. He slowly got up off the bench then sat back down. He pondered for a few seconds while he stared at the entrance of the bar. *Should I go?* He thought. Then he recalled seeing Rodney’s head on the platter in the Alien’s spaceship.

Marcus shot off the bench and looked determined while he rushed over to the bar.

Marcus walked up the door of The Ground Pounders bar. He rushed inside before he would chicken out.

Marcus stood by the door. He glanced around at the numerous Army Airborne, Infantry, and Ranger memorabilia splattered all over the walls. The bar was full of enlisted Airborne, Infantry, and Rangers drinking to relieve stress. The bar brought back memories of a better life.

Marcus spotted those three familiar faces. They were Sergeant First Class Jake Morris, Master Sergeant Henry Tyler, and Sergeant First Class Dale Terizon. All men were around Marcus' age and he had fond memories drinking in this bar with his old buddies.

Marcus hesitated for a few seconds while he stared at his old buddies. He took a deep breath of courage then headed over to his friends table.

Some of the other soldiers looked suspicious of Marcus while he walked past their table.

"So Henry, what's your initial plans after you retire next month?" Dale asked the second Marcus walked up to the table near Dale.

Henry glanced up while he took a sip of his Budweiser and spotted Marcus. He nudged Dale to look at Marcus. Dale saw Marcus then nudged Jake to look. Jake glanced up and saw Marcus.

"I'm sorry, I don't have any spare change," Jake said then went back to drinking his beer.

"Hit the streets bum. This place is for men who want to serve this country. Not mooch off of it," Dale said then took a drink of his beer.

Henry sniffed the air. It stunk. "This bum probably hasn't bathed in years."

Marcus sat down in the empty chair between Dale and Jake. They looked taken back with Marcus inviting himself to their table.

"Excuse me? We didn't offer you to join us," Jake said in a raised voice.

Marcus looked around the table at the guys for a few seconds. "It's me, Marcus."

Jake, Henry, and Dale all studied Marcus for a few seconds.

"Marcus?" Jake asked a little unsure this bum was their old friend.

Marcus nodded his head in agreement.

"What the fuck happened to you?" Dale asked as he remembered Marcus always having his hair cropped short.

Marcus looked ashamed. "Court-martialed, divorced, and then homeless."

"That's what you get for getting drunk and beating the shit out of a Colonel," Henry added and didn't show an ounce of sympathy.

Dale and Jake nodded in agreement.

"I'm telling you, that asshole raped that girl," Marcus said in a raised tone to indicate he was serious.

"I heard that female Sergeant claimed to be somewhere else that night," Jake said and looked disgusted with Marcus' presence.

"I'm not here to rehash that bad memory," Marcus replied while he inched closer over the table.

"Then why the fuck are you here?" Henry asked and looked irritated.

"I need your help," Marcus asked with pleading eyes.

Henry, Jake, and Dale sipped their Budweiser's while they glanced at Marcus with suspicious eyes.

"I'm sorry, but we really can't associate with a dishonorable discharged bum," Jake said.

Henry and Dale nodded in agreement while they took sips of their Budweisers.

"It's about those Aliens," Marcus blurted out.

"What about them?" said Dale.

Marcus looked over his shoulder then leaned closer when he felt other ears were not listening.

"I discovered their true reason for being here."

Henry, Dale, and Jake looked at each other.

“You discovered that they're here to cure mankind of cancer, diseases, and other ailments?” Jake asked Marcus.

“Did you realize that after you polished off another whiskey bottle?” Dale asked Marcus.

Marcus looked dead serious. “No.” He said then looked over his shoulder and made sure the coast was clear. “No. They're using us for their food supply.”

Henry, Dale, and Jake glanced at each other. They glanced back at Marcus' serious look. They busted out in laughter.

“I'm serious. The Aliens want us as a food supply,” Marcus said a little louder that caught the attention of some soldiers at a nearby table.

“You're crazy from all that booze,” Jake said between laughs.

Marcus shot up from his chair. “I'm serious! The Aliens are eating us!” he yelled.

The bar was quiet while all eyes were on Marcus. Then bar erupted in a roar of laughter. One soldier didn't laugh. He looked concerned.

“T'M FUCKING SERIOUS!” Marcus yelled all red faced.

“Let's get this drunk out of here,” Dale told his buddies.

Henry and Jake nodded in agreement. They stood up. Dale and Jake each grabbed one of Marcus' arms.

Henry rushed to the door ahead of Henry and Tyler.

“T'M SERIOUS! THE ALIENS ARE EATING US!” Marcus yelled out while Dale and Henry rushed him to the door.

The bar continued to laugh at the show.

Henry opened the door. Dale and Jake tossed Marcus out on his ear to the sidewalk.

Henry closed the door.

Marcus hit the sidewalk hard.

Two soldiers headed to the door of The Ground Pounders. They saw Marcus on the sidewalk.

“Fucking bums,” one of the soldiers said while his buddy opened up the door to the bar.

Marcus watched while the two soldiers went inside.

Marcus painfully got up off the sidewalk.

He moped down the sidewalk and headed toward Victory Drive.

Ten minutes later, Marcus moped east on Victory Drive. He spotted a liquor store across the street.

Marcus walked out in front of traffic and headed to the liquor store.

Cars screeched to a stop to avoid hitting Marcus.

Car horns blew.

“Get the fuck out of the street you fucking bum,” one of the car drivers yelled after missing the car in front of his by inches.

Marcus could care less he pissed off all these drivers. All he cared about was getting to the liquor store.

A little while later, Marcus walked out of the liquor store with a bottle of Canadian Whiskey.

He moped down the sidewalk while he headed east on Victory Drive.

Thirty minutes later, Marcus found a small patch of woods off Victory Drive.

He plopped down and leaned up against a tree he started gulping down his whiskey.

Up in outer space above Earth, a hangar door on the Srecofne mothership opened.

Thousands of small satellite type of spaceships raced out of the hangar. It sounded like millions of bees.

The small satellites raced down to Earth at hypersonic speeds.

The satellites spread out while they raced down to Earth.

A little while later, those thousands of satellites were parked in a lower orbit above Earth. They were spaced out far enough to cover all Internet, cell phone, social media, etc., activities from all corners of the world.

Inside a large control room of the Srecofne mothership, hundreds of Aliens sat at their consoles. This was their Security Center where the Aliens started to monitor all Internet, cell phone, social media, etc., activity picked up by those small satellites. The mission was to identify any Earthlings that could be a potential threat.

Back down in Columbus, Georgia, Marcus was passed out in the dirt in the woods.

Back at The Ground Pounders bar, Henry was in the bathroom getting rid of his last three bottles of beer. His cell phone rang. He flushed the urinal then removed his cell phone off his belt. "Yeah," he answered the call, as he knew it was his wife.

"When are you coming home?" Janet his wife of ten years replied from the cell phone.

"Soon," Henry replied while he walked out of the bathroom.

"Well hurry home. I hate being alone with Allan while we have those filthy creatures outside of town," Janet said and sounded nervous.

"Honey, they won't bother you. Trust me," Henry replied while he walked back to the table.

"I wish you Rangers would do one of your secret missions and kill the bastards," Janet added.

"They're no threat. I'll be home soon," Henry said then disconnected the call.

Henry sat down with a smile.

"What's funny?" Dale asked.

"Janet thinks the Rangers should go on a secret mission and kill the Aliens," Henry answered with a chuckle.

"You saw what they did to the space station," Jake added and looked concerned.

"They were just warning us not to get stupid and attack them," Henry said then finished the rest of his beer. "You guys ready for another round?" he said while he set his bottle down.

"Fucking yeah," Dale replied while he gulped down the rest of his beer.

Jake nodded in agreement while he gulped down the rest of his beer.

Henry got up and headed to the bar for another round of Budweisers.

Back up in the Security Center of the Srecrofne mothership, one of the Aliens saw a message of an Earthling being a potential threat. The name was Janet Tyler, at 1287 Yorkie Avenue in Columbus, Georgia.

He pressed a button on his console to forward that information to another room to be handled per procedure.

The Alien then looked at a picture of a naked woman in bed just taken by her boyfriend. The Alien wasn't interested and moved to the next message.

Up in outer space, a hangar door opened up on the Reluah mothership.

One hundred and twenty Pukcip spaceships zoomed out of the hangar. These crafts were larger than the Rexif spaceship. They each housed five Elibomria spaceships. The Elibomria looked like a futuristic ski mobile that flew in the air. Each Elibomria had four Retnuh Aliens on them. Two Retnuh's sat side-by-side at the front and the Retnuh on the left was the driver. The other two sat in the rear seat.

They also wore protective helmets that had a large laser rifle type of weapon slung around their shoulders.

A long trailer trailed behind the Elibomria. The trailer could hold forty human bodies.

Only two Elibomria's and eight Retnuh's were on this mission.

The Pukcip spaceships zoomed down to Earth in different directions.

Forty minutes later, the one hundred and twenty Pukcip spaceship landed next to all the Rexif spaceships all around the world.

In Columbus, Georgia, one Pukcip spaceship landed near the Rexif spaceship in the field.

The engines whined down.

The door opened and two Elibomria's zoomed out with eight Retnuh's onboard.

The two Elibomria's zoomed off toward Columbus in different directions.

Chapter 21

It was eleven that night and quiet in the Tyler home. Henry was still out with his friends at The Ground Pounders bar. After fifteen years of being married to an Army lifer, she was normally used to his weekly drinking binge with his fellow Rangers. She figured it was his way of relieving stress. But tonight she was scared to death of the Aliens that had their Rexif spaceship parked in a field north of Warm Springs Road.

Janet finally fell asleep twenty minutes ago.

There was the sound of the garage door opening.

The sound of someone entering the kitchen from the garage was heard.

Since Janet was a light sleeper, she woke up. She looked relieved and believed Henry finally came home.

In his bedroom, Allan, Henry's eight-year old son was in bed playing with his handheld Gameboy. His eyes widened with joy when heard the door at the rear of the house open. He waited up to tell Henry his good news on making three goals in today's soccer game.

The sound of four footsteps was heard approaching down the hallway.

Janet got out of bed and rushed to the bedroom door.

Aliens Firlark and Zaalark met Janet at the door. Her eyes widen in fright at the sight of the two Aliens who just glared.

"AHHHH!" Janet screamed out in bloody murder while she moved back to the bed.

Firlark and Zaalark stepped inside her room.

Janet passed out and dropped to the floor.

"An easy one," Firlark told Zaalark while they looked down at Janet.

“We better make sure,” Zaalark replied then removed his ray gun.

A purple laser shot out of his gun and the light engulfed Janet’s body.

Back down the hallway, Allan poked his head out his bedroom doorway. His eyes widened in fright at the sight of the two Aliens inside his parent’s bedroom. He looked for a place to hide in his room. *They’ll search for me here.* He thought to himself while his legs started to shake in fear.

He made a command decision and crept out into the hallway.

Allan crept into the kitchen. He looked for a place to hide. He rushed to the cabinet under the kitchen sink.

Firlark and Zaalark dragged Janet down the hallway by her arms

She woke up to discover she was paralyzed. She tried to scream but could only muster up a whimper.

Allan cracked open the cabinet door and peeked out into the kitchen. He saw Firlark and Zaalark drag his mom through the kitchen.

Firlark and Zaalark exited to the garage from the kitchen. They left the door wide open.

Allan shook in fright under the kitchen sink. The gravity of his mom being kidnapped by Aliens was too much for the young boy. He started sobbing.

Outside in Tyler’s driveway was the hovering Elibomria craft with hovering trailer. The other two Retnuh’s waited in the rear seat.

Firlark and Zaalark dragged Janet down the driveway.

They both picked her up and tossed into the trailer.

Firlark removed a small cell phone looking device. He aimed it at the garage. The garage door closed.

They got on the Elibomria. Firlark sat at the controls and Zaalark sat behind him.

Firlark zoomed the Elibomria away.

Back at The Ground Pounders bar, Henry pulled his Ford pickup truck out of the parking lot.

He drove his pickup truck down the street.

Twenty minutes later Henry pulled his pickup truck into garage.

The garage door closed.

Henry entered the kitchen from the garage.

He headed toward the hallway.

Allan started crying from the cabinet under the sink.

He was scared thinking the Aliens came back to kidnap him.

Henry heard the crying. He stopped the second he entered the hallway and turned around. He listened and heard Allan crying again.

“Whose here?” he asked in a stern voice.

The cabinet door creaked open and Allan poked his head out. He saw Henry standing in the doorway.

“The Aliens took mom!” Allan called out between sobs while he got out from under the sink.

Henry thought about Allan’s comment for a few seconds. He looked a little baffled. “What?”

“Aliens took mom,” Allan repeated between sobs.

Henry stared at Allan for a few seconds to take in what he said. It hit Henry and his blood boiled.

He bolted out of the kitchen.

Allan stood there and continued to sob.

A few minutes later, Henry rushed back into the kitchen. He had a 9mm Glock in one hand and a 22-caliber pistol in his other.

“Remember what I thought you. If one of those slimy creatures come after you, shoot them in the head,” Henry said while he handed Allan the 22-caliber pistol. “Hide back under the sink. I’ll be back with mom,” he added then bolted to the door.

Allan crawled back under the kitchen sink and closed the cabinet door. It was eerie quiet for Allan, as all he could think about was the Aliens coming to kill him.

A few minutes later, Henry raced his pickup down South Lumpkin Road. He weaved in around the traffic while he headed north.

A little while later, Henry parked his pickup off Warm Springs Road.

He got out of his pickup with his Glock tucked away inside his pants.

He snuck across the road toward the field.

Henry saw the Rexif spaceships where a line of people was gone. He also saw the Pukcip spaceship with the opened door.

Henry made his way to the Rexif spaceship.

When he got five feet from the craft, he hid in the grass. He waited. He eyed four protesters that marched back and forth in a line with signs demanding the Aliens go home.

Marcus was at the other edge of the field. He peeked around a tree and spied on the Rexif spaceship. Marcus' eyes widened with disbelief. "What the fuck is he doing?" he quietly said while he saw Henry sneak to the ramp of the Rexif spaceship.

Marcus waited and watched. "Dumbass," he quietly said while he watched Henry sneak inside the spaceship.

Marcus waited and spied around the tree.

Henry was able to sneak undetected inside the spaceship. "This is so fucking easy," he quietly said to himself while he peeked over a console. He smiled when he saw the area was clear of any threat of Aliens.

Henry moved away from the console and headed toward a door. He tried to open it. It was locked.

Henry moved down to another door. He tried to open it. It was locked.

Henry looked the area over. He spotted another door across the way. He rushed over to that door. He tried to open it. It was locked. He noticed what looked like a touch pad by the door. He touched it. Nothing happened. He waived his hand over the pad and the door whished open. Henry smiled while he stepped inside the room.

Inside the room, Henry could sense it was some type of kitchen. He saw a floating table in the center of the room. He looked around then his eyes widened when he saw the

glass doors of the large freezer. He looked a little bewildered when he thought he saw a human hanging inside the freezer like a slab of beef.

He rushed over to the freezer and quickly opened the door. "Fuck," he muttered to himself when he saw the body of man around forty years old hanging like a slab of beef. The man's arms and legs were missing "What the fuck?" Marcus said a little louder. Marcus' stomach churned. He stepped inside the freezer.

He saw the body of a woman around thirty years old hanging like a slab of beef missing her arms and legs.

He started shivering while he saw the body of a man around forty years old with his arms and legs missing. His name was Les Mahoney.

He saw the body of a young woman in her early twenties. Her name was Melissa Winters.

He saw a woman around his age with her arms and legs missing. His eyes widened in shock. "FUCK!" he screamed out the second he realized it was Janet. He got sick and vomited on the freezer floor. It was frozen in seconds.

Henry raced out of the freezer.

"FUCKING BASTARDS!" Henry screamed out while he raced out of the kitchen.

"YOU FUCKING BASTARDS!" he screamed out at the top of his lungs. "COME FEEL THE WRATH OF A RANGER YOU SLIMEY CREATURES!" Henry screamed out while he fired off two rounds from his Glock into the ceiling. The bullets ricocheted around the area.

Aliens Slimdark and Oowurk walked into the area. They saw Henry with his Glock aimed at them.

"YOU BASTARDS KILLED MY WIFE!"

Slimdark and Oowurk both whipped out their ray guns off their belts. They were faster than Henry and engulfed his body with a paralyzing purple ray.

Henry strained to fire his Glock. He couldn't. His eyes widened with fear the second he realized he was paralyzed. He dropped to the floor.

Slimdark and Oowurk placed their ray guns back on their belts while they walked to Henry.

Henry tried to scream when Slimdark and Oowurk walked over to him, but all he could muster was a whimper.

Henry tried to run but his legs wouldn't move.

Slimdark and Oowurk each grabbed one of Henry's arms and dragged him to the kitchen door.

Slimdark waved his hand over the pad by the door and it whished open. They dragged Henry inside the kitchen.

While Henry was being dragged into the kitchen he regretted he didn't believe Marcus. His mind then drifted off to his son Allan and what would happen to him..

Once they got inside the kitchen, Slimdark and Oodark immediately lifted Henry and slammed him on his back onto the table.

Henry used all his strength to move off the table. He was still paralyzed. Henry was scared for the first time in thirty-five years.

Slimdark removed a ray gun from his belt. He had a smirk while he looked down at Henry large scared eyes. He picked up Henry's right hand. A red laser beam shot out of his gun and he swiftly cut off Henry's right hand. He held up the severed right hand over Henry's chest.

Henry saw the hand while blood dripped out onto his chest. It took him a few seconds to realize that was his hand. He tried to scream but could only muster up a whimper.

Oowurk laughed and picked up Henry's left hand. A red laser beam shot out of his ray gun and cut off Henry's left hand. He held the hand over Henry's chest so he could see the blood that dripped onto this chest.

Henry passed out.

Slimdark and Oowurk continued to cut off Henry's arms and legs.

Henry died after a few seconds of his body twitching.

Slimdark and Oowurk picked up Henry's body and walked it to the freezer.

A few minutes later, Henry's dead body hung next to Janet's dead body and the dead bodies of four protesters. The Aliens were happy these threats were going to be future meals.

Outside at the edge of the field, Marcus still spied on the Rexif spaceship from around the tree trunk. He felt the worst had happened to Henry.

He heard the whine of an engine.

He looked around and saw an Elibomria while it returned to the field.

Marcus watched while the Elibomria landed near the Rexif spaceship.

Firlark, Zaalark, and the other two Retnuh's got off the hovering Elibomria. They walked to the hovering trailer and opened up the back.

Firlark reached inside the trailer and he dragged out a paralyzed man by his arms.

Zaalark reached inside the trailer and he dragged out a paralyzed woman by her arms.

The other two Retnuh's reached inside the trailer and they dragged out two men by their arms.

Firlark and Zaalark dragged the man and women over then up the ramp of the Rexif spaceship. They dragged their catch inside the spaceship.

The other two Retnuh's dragged their men over then up the ramp of the Rexif spaceship. They dragged their catch inside the spaceship.

Marcus heard another whine of an engine.

He watched while the other Elibomria spaceship zoomed down to the field with four other Retnuh's onboard.

Marcus was pissed, as he knew they were stocking their freezer with fresh human meat.

Back at the Tyler home, Allan still hid under the sink. He had the 22-caliber pistol ready to shoot at any Alien that came back into the kitchen.

Up in outer space, Sandark sat in his chair in the Command Center. He nibbled on a small piece of thigh meat from a twenty-two year old woman protester.

Aadark rushed into the room.

“Sir, reports are satisfactory that all perceived threats have been dealt with according to procedure,” Aadark said the second he arrived at Sandark’s chair.

“Very good,” Sandark said then waved Aadark off.

Aadark snapped his heals then rushed away.

Sandark took another nibble of meat while he watched Earth down below. He was satisfied with the progress of the mission.

Chapter 22

Morning arrived and Marcus left the field. He waited all night for Henry to come out of the spaceship and knew he was dead.

He also noticed that the Pukcip spaceship was long done.

Marcus got up and headed toward the road.

A little while later, Marcus wondered the streets.

He eventually wandered into the neighborhood where he last lived. This was neighborhood where Kathleen threw him out of his home, which was their second home.

Marcus walked down Jumper Avenue like he was on a mission.

He stopped and stared at the house across the street where a Chevy pickup truck was parked in the driveway. He waited by the telephone pole on the sidewalk.

Ten minutes later, Jake walked out of his front door. He wore his Army Combat Uniform (ACU) uniform and headed for his pickup.

Marcus darted across the street and headed to Jake's driveway.

"The Aliens killed Henry," Marcus blurted out the second he met Jake at the driver's door of the pickup.

"What?" Jake asked a little irritated Marcus was bugging him so early in the morning.

"I saw Henry sneak into the Alien spaceship outside of town last night. He never came out," Marcus replied and looked serious.

"Listen," Jake said while he opened his pickup door. "I don't have time to listen to the hallucinations of a drunk," Jake said while he got inside his pickup then slammed the door.

Jake started up his pickup.

“I’m telling you the truth!” Marcus yelled out while Jake backed his pickup and came an inch away from running over Marcus’ feet.

Jake backed his pickup onto the street and stopped. He rolled down his window. “Get the fuck off my property,” he called out then rolled up his window.

Marcus looked frustrated while he walked to the sidewalk. He headed off down the street.

Jake drove away once he was satisfied Marcus left.

An hour later, Jake sat behind his desk and reviewed some training reports in his office at Fort Benning.

Captain Ernie Noles entered Jake’s office. Captain Noles was a career officer that went by the book. Most of the enlisted men disliked him and feared he could not be trusted in battle.

“Where’s Sergeant Tyler?” Captain Noles asked Jake the second he arrived at his desk.

“He should be in his office, sir,” Jake answered while he glanced up from his paperwork.

“Well he’s not. And if he doesn’t show up in one hour, I’m considering him AWOL,” Captain Noles snapped back and sounded serious.

“Yes sir. I’ll track him down,” Jake replied then took a sip of his coffee to irritate Captain Noles.

Captain Noles turned around and headed to the door.

Jake picked up his cell phone and punched in Jake’s cell phone number.

Inside the freezer in the Rexif spaceship outside Columbus, Georgia, Henry’s cell phone rang from inside his pants pocket. It rang and rang.

Back at Fort Benning, Jake hung up his phone. He was a little concerned Henry didn’t answer his call. He picked up his phone and made another call.

“Sergeant Terizon,” Dale answered the call.

“Have you seen or heard from Henry?”

“Not since last night. Why?” Dale replied.

“Captain Nole Nuts came looking for him. Henry didn’t show up for duty. And if he doesn’t within the hour, dipshit is talking AWOL.”

“That’s not like Henry. He only has a few weeks until retirement,” Dale replied from the phone.

“Also, Marcus showed up at my house this morning. He claimed he saw Henry sneak into the Alien spaceship last night and never came out. I thought the drunk was hallucinating.”

There was a few seconds of silence on the phone. “I’m not buying would Henry sneak into the Alien spaceship. He’s probably woke up a little hung over,” Dale replied.

Jake thought about Dale’s answer for a few seconds. “I’m heading out to Henry’s place to save his ass from being AWOL,” Jake said.

“Pick me up,” Dale replied.

Jake hung up his phone. He grabbed his hat off the top of his desk and rushed over to the door.

Twenty minutes later, Jake pulled his pickup into Henry’s driveway where the garage door was opened. Janet’s Toyota Sienna van was in the garage. Henry’s pickup truck was gone.

“This is weird,” Jake told Dale while they looked at the opened garage door.

“Tell me about it, Henry was a fanatic on closing his garage when he went somewhere,” Dale replied.

Jake and Dale got out of the pickup and headed into the garage.

Once they went inside the garage, Jake and Tyler walked to the door that led into Henry’s kitchen.

Jake noticed the door was cracked open. “This doesn’t look good.”

Dale nodded in agreement and mentally prepared himself for any hand to hand combat his might have to use on an intruder.

Jake and Dale cautiously entered Henry’s kitchen.

Jake and Dale looked around the kitchen and they noticed the house was quiet.

“Henry!” Jake called out.

“Janet!” Dale called out.

The house remained quiet.

Jake and Dale didn’t notice the cabinet door under the sink while it slowly creaked open. Allan peeked out from under the sink. He felt relieved it was Jake and Dale in the kitchen and not the Aliens.

Jake and Dale spotted Allan while he crawled out from under the sink with the 22-caliber pistol in his right hand.

“What are you doing under there, Allan?” Jake asked.

Allan rushed over to Jake and Dale. The boy looked dog-tired as he didn’t sleep the whole night.

“What’s with the pistol?” Dale asked and started to get worried.

Allan dropped to his knees and started sobbing.

Jake dropped to his knees and removed the pistol out of Allan’s hand. “What happened?” he asked and looked worried.

“Two Aliens came in last night and took mom away,” Allan replied between sobs.

“What?” Dale asked while he dropped to his knees.

“Two Aliens came in last night and took mom away,” Allan replied between sobs.

“Aliens?” Jake asked.

Allan nodded in agreement.

“Where’s your dad?” Dale asked.

“He grabbed a gun and went to get mom back from the Aliens,” Allan replied and his sobbing started to slow down.

Jake and Dale looked at each other.

“Maybe Marcus was right after all,” Jake said.

Dale looked at Allan who looked so scared and alone. He nodded in agreement.

“Let’s take Allan to my house,” Dale said while he stood up.

Jake nodded in agreement while he stood up.

“Let’s get some clothes. You’re staying at my house,” Dale told Allan while he stood him up.

Jake picked up the 22-caliber pistol while Dale walked Allan out of the kitchen.

Jake couldn't get Marcus' early morning comment out of his head.

Fifteen minutes later, Jake and Dale had Allan at Dale's house where he was sound asleep. Dale's wife Nancy kept an eye on the young boy.

A few minutes later, Jake and Dale drove around town in Jake's pickup. They headed down all the streets that had liquor stores.

"He's not at the liquor stores, I wonder where Marcus could be?" Dale asked while he looked around the street.

Jake thought for a few seconds. "I believe I know where he might be," he said then made a quick u-turn in the street in front of traffic. A few cars screeched to a stop to avoid a collision and blew their horns.

Jake raced his pickup down the street.

A little while later, Jake pulled his pickup off Warm Springs Road. He parked behind Henry's pickup.

"This isn't good," Jake said while he looked at the rear of Henry's pickup.

Dale nodded in agreement while he stared at the rear of Henry's pickup.

They got out of the truck and headed across the road to the trees by the edge of the field.

After ten minutes of maneuvering around the edge of the field, Jake and Dale found Marcus. He was propped up against a tree asleep. The half empty bottle of Canadian Whiskey was tucked in Marcus' arms like a baby.

"Figures," Dale said while he looked disappointed at Marcus.

"I sure remember those days when he was one of our top notch Rangers," Jake said.

Dale nodded in agreement.

Jake leaned down and shook Marcus.

Marcus woke up and glanced up at Jake and Dale. "Hello," he said then he looked concerned. Marcus quickly got on his hands and knees and vomited into the dirt.

Jake and Dale rolled their eyes at the sight of Marcus.

“What do you guys want?” Marcus asked while he sat back up against the tree and cuddled his whiskey bottle.

“We need to talk,” Dale replied.

“But first, we need you fucking sober,” Jake added while he reached down and snatched the whiskey bottle out of Marcus’ arms.

“I need that!” Marcus cried out in a panic while he reached up after Jake’s hands.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” Dale said while he spotted the Rexif spaceship out in the field where a long line of people formed to be cured today.

Jake nodded in agreement while he tossed Marcus’ whiskey bottle into the field.

Jake and Dale each grabbed one of Marcus’ arms and lifted him up to his feet.

They escorted Marcus over to Jake’s pickup where they plopped him in the bed.

“Sleep it off,” Jake told Marcus while he and Dale got inside the cab.

Jake started up his pickup and drove off down Warm Springs Road. Marcus fell fast asleep in the bed of the truck.

Later that afternoon, Jake and Dale had Marcus in Jake’s kitchen. They sat around the kitchen table while Marcus drank coffee. Marcus just finished telling his story of how he snuck into one of the Rexif spaceships down in Orlando.

“I’m finding it a little odd that these Aliens are eating us,” Dale said.

“Me too,” Jake added.

“Well, it’s true,” Marcus said and sounded sincere.

“Then again, we can’t explain what happened to Henry and Janet. And Allan claims the Aliens took her away for some reason,” Jake said while he started looking suspicious.

“Let’s do some recon work later tonight,” said Marcus.

Dale and Jake looked at Marcus.

“We better get back to Benning before Nole Nuts gets us for being AWOL,” Dale told Jake.

Jake nodded in agreement then looked at Marcus. "You can stay here. But you have to promise you won't get drunk," Jake told Marcus.

"I promise," Marcus replied and loved the idea of staying in a home for once. Then he thought of something. "Won't Tori mind?"

"No. We divorced three years ago. She moved back to her parents home in Ohio," Jake replied and looked like he missed his ex-wife.

"We'll have to try and come up with a way to get rid of these creatures. After all, we're Rangers," Dale while he got up from the table.

"Rangers who are up against the most advanced enemy in the universe," Jake added while he got up from the table.

"Let me show you your room," Jake told Marcus.

Marcus got up from the table and followed Jake out of the kitchen.

"And while we're gone, please take a shower and wash your clothes," Jake added while they walked down the hallway.

Marcus nodded in agreement and really looked forward for another hot shower and clean clothes.

Dale followed and looked worried about the fate of mankind.

Thirty minutes later, Jake and Dale were back at their office in Fort Benning.

Jake had to listen to Captain Noles rant and rave about Henry going AWOL. He started on the paperwork to document Henry not showing up for duty.

Jake could care less since all odds were on Henry being killed by the Aliens. Then he had an idea. He called Dale on the phone and gave him his proposal. Dale agreed.

Jake got up from his desk and marched into Captain Noles office. He requested thirty days of leave effective immediately. At first Captain Noles objected but Jake reminded him that he hasn't taken any leave in two years. Captain Noles signed Jake's leave papers.

Dale went to his superior Captain Jacobs and he also got his thirty days of leave approved.

The day ended and Jake and Dale left Fort Benning for the start of their leave.

Back at the Rexif spaceship outside Columbus, Georgia, two Aliens Birlark and Eelark removed Henry's armless and legless body from the freezer in the kitchen area. They set his body on the table in the middle of the area. Eelark removed a red laser gun and a red beam shot out. He ran the beam across Henry's throat cutting off his head.

Chapter 23

The rest of the evening was uneventful for Jake, Dale, and Marcus while they brainstormed around the kitchen table.

“Should we chance it and try to sneak inside that spaceship?” Dale asked Jake and Marcus.

“I did it and came out alive,” Marcus replied.

Jake and Dale looked at each other and for the first time, they were apprehensive about performing such a dangerous task.

“Let’s do some recon work and then decide if it’s too risky,” Jake said.

Dale nodded in agreement along with Marcus.

Up in outer space, a large hangar door opened on the Reluah mothership.

One hundred and twenty Ograc spaceships raced out of the open hangar.

The Ograc spaceships zoomed down to Earth in different directions.

The Ograc had the cargo capability of storing three hundred humans.

It was 11:50 at night down at Columbus, Georgia.

Jake, Dale, and Marcus were positioned behind some pine trees at the edge of the field. They used some night goggles to spy on the Rexif craft and the line of people waiting to be cured.

Ten minutes had passed.

Jake, Dale and Marcus watched while two Aliens came out of the Rexif craft and shoed away the people that waited in line.

The people walked away disappointed but knew they could come first thing in the morning.

Jake, Dale, and Marcus continued to spy on the Rexif craft with their night goggles strapped to their heads.

An hour had passed and Jake, Dale, and Marcus were still on their recon mission.

Something caught Marcus's eyes and he glanced up at the night sky. "Something's coming our way," he whispered over to Jake and Dale while he glanced up at the sky.

Jake and Dale looked upward and saw the lights of another spaceship about 300 feet up in the air. It was one of those Ograc spaceships that descended down to the field.

A few minutes had passed and that Ograc spaceship landed in the field near the Rexif spaceship.

The door of the Ograc craft opened and a ramp extended to the field.

Two Aliens Pirlark and Hadark walked out of the door and down the ramp.

They rushed over to the Rexif craft.

Inside the Rexif spaceship, Aliens Firlark, Zaalark, Slimdark, and Oowurk were in the kitchen. They finished hanging the packaged frozen humans onto a rack. The package consisted of a special plastic that was shrink-wrapped the entire body of the humans. All their heads, arms, and legs were severed and separately shrink-wrapped. It looked like a grocery store packaging for the meat department.

Henry and Janet's body was one of the packages of fresh meat. Their shrink-wrapped heads were on a tray on top of the rack.

Pirlark and Hadark entered the kitchen. They looked satisfied with the packaged food supply.

"Sandark will be extremely happy with this procedure," Pirlark said.

Firlark, Zaalark, Slimdark, and Oowurk smiled knowing they did a great job.

Pirlark and Hadark turned around and headed to the door.

The rack of hanging meat hovered in the air then moved after the two Aliens.

In Washington DC, President Westwood was on the phone in the Oval Office.

“Did you say two thousand?” President Westwood asked the individual on the other end of the phone.

“Ya, two thousand people missing. They all protested the Aliens being here in Deutschland,” Chancellor Helmond Herrmann replied from the phone.

“Prime Minister Chapman is claiming they have nine hundred missing protesters,” President Westwood replied.

“Something is wrong with these beings,” Chancellor Herrmann replied and sounded worried.

“We can’t attack. You saw what they did to the space station,” President Westwood replied.

“Ya. We wait and hopefully this is nothing,” Chancellor Herrmann said.

“We can only wait. Don’t hesitate to call if something else develops over there.”

“I will,” Chancellor Herrmann replied then disconnected his end of the call.

President Westwood hung up his phone and went into deep thought about the Alien situation. His phone rang. He picked up the receiver and listened. “Yes President Delgado,” he said into the call then listened to the President of Spain.

Up in outer space, Sandark sat in his chair in the Command Center of his Redael mothership.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark’s chair. “Sir, monitoring picked up phone calls between President Westwood and other leaders,” Aadark blurted out the second he arrived at Sandark’s chair.

“Any potential threats?”

“No sir. They talked about missing protesters. They sounded scared,” Aadark replied.

“Good. That’s right were we want them,” Sandark replied then motioned Aadark to leave.

Aadark snapped his heals, turned around, and rushed away.

Sandark glanced at the windows and saw the United States down below. A satisfying smile grew on his face knowing his plan was proceeding according to plan.

Back down in Columbus, Georgia, Pirlark and Hadark walked through the field to their Ograc craft. The rack of hanging packaged human meat floated after them.

From the edge of the field, Jake and Dale stared in disbelief.

“I don’t fucking believe it. I just don’t fucking believe it,” Jake said while he removed his digital camera from his jeans pocket. He placed it on the setting for night pictures.

“Me neither,” Dale added.

Marcus had a bit of a smile knowing people finally started to believe him.

Jake snapped three pictures of the dead packaged humans on the floating rack. He snapped two pictures of the packaged heads, arms and legs on the top of the rack.

Jake’s eyes welled up while he placed the camera back in his pocket.

Pirlark and Hadark walked up the ramp and headed into their Ograc craft. The floating rack trailed behind them.

The Aliens and the floating rack went inside the Ograc craft. The ramp retracted and the door closed.

The engines of the Ograc craft started and it lifted off the ground.

The Ograc craft zoomed up into the night sky.

At the edge of the field, Jake and Dale stared at the ascending Ograc craft in disbelief.

“I still don’t fucking believe it,” Dale muttered while he stared at the ascending craft.

“I saw Henry and Janet on that rack. Those fucking Aliens cut off their heads, arms, and legs,” Jake added while he stared up at the sky.

Jake and Dale had fire in their eye knowing the fate of Henry and Janet. They were now determined to kill these Aliens.

“Let’s get the fuckers,” Jake muttered while he stared at the small white light that was the exhaust of the craft while it ascended toward outer space.

Dale nodded in agreement.

The three quietly got up and headed to Warm Springs Road.

The same event happened all round the world with the other Ograc spaceships.

Back in Columbus, Georgia, Jake drove his pickup truck with Dale and Marcus in the cab.

“Poor Allan,” Jake said while his eyes started to well up.

Dale nodded in agreement then his eyes widened with an idea. “I think Henry has a brother in Boone, North Carolina. We’ll have to contact him and have Nancy drive Allan up there to live. It’s secluded. I’m thinking a lesser chance of the Aliens trying to kidnap them.”

“We can’t tell him they were eaten by Aliens,” Marcus added.

“We’ll have to tell Allan his parents died in a car crash,” Jake replied.

Marcus and Dale nodded in agreement with that suggestion.

Jake thought about Marcus’ story for a few seconds. “It’s now making sense why those Aliens want to make Earth paradise and cure of from all diseases and stuff. They can’t afford to have an unhealthy food supply.”

Dale nodded in agreement with Jake’s comment.

“We must get rid of these creatures,” Jake added.

“Didn’t you see the recording of those bastards blowing up the ISS?” Marcus asked and looked pissed.

“They do have weapons far superior to anything we have,” Dale said then thought for a few seconds. “They’ll probably start killing us off by the thousands if we try to kill them,” he added.

“And they’ll have one huge feast at our expense,” Jake added.

Marcus and Dale nodded in agreement.

“Drop me off at my house so I can talk to Nancy,” Dale said.

It was quiet during the rest of the drive to Dale’s home. Morning arrived across America.

In Washington, DC, President Westwood called an emergency meeting with his civilian and military advisors in a conference room in the White House.

“What’s going on out there?” President Westwood asked while he looked at the faces around the table.

“Well, we were informed that about forty-five percent of the doctors, nurses and other hospital staff have been laid off due to a sharp decrease in their business,” Jeremy answered.

“Forty-five percent?” President Westwood asked not sure he heard correctly.

“Yes, forty-five percent.”

“We also got reports that the major pharmaceutical companies are also having massive layoffs since their drugs are no longer in high demand,” Gerry Samson another civilian advisor said.

“I also heard the CDC is laying off some of their chemists and other employees. The need to cure diseases has ceased,” Jeremy added.

“That figures,” President Westwood replied.

“Anything other updates?”

“Yes sir, we’ve had reports of people going missing,” Jeremy replied.

“How many people are we talking about?” President Westwood asked while he looked at the faces around the table.

“As of an hour ago, reports from around the world tally the number to be around eight thousand,” Jeremy answered.

“Eight thousand,” President Westwood muttered quietly and looked worried.

“We also believe some were protesters that protested near the Alien crafts,” Jeremy added.

“Fuck!” President Westwood called out and sounded pissed. Hearing this cuss word took everybody by surprise since they’ve never heard President Westwood utter one cuss word while in office. But they all felt the word was appropriate at the moment.

“What are we going to do if more people show up missing?” General Sanders asked while he looked around the table.

“After seeing what they did to the space station, we can’t attack them,” General Reynolds said.

The men around the table were quiet while they pondered how to handle these Aliens.

“I don’t trust those creatures. They’re up to something and it’s not in our favor,” General Grace said while he looked around the table.

Everybody around the table thought about General Grace’s comment. They all nodded in agreement.

“But we still have millions of people around the world that love these Aliens. Because they were cured of cancer, alcohol and drug additions and other ailments,” President Westwood said.

Everybody around the table thought about and agreed with the President’s comment.

“Then why would they kill a few people and cure millions? That doesn’t make sense,” General Sanders asked.

Everybody around the table thought about his question for a few seconds. Nobody could come up with a viable answer.

“I better not say anything to Sandark. That’s one creature I don’t want to piss off,” President Westwood commented.

Everybody around the table nodded in agreement.

Back in Columbus, Georgia, Jake and Marcus finished eating breakfast at the table when Dale entered the room.

“Nancy and Allan left for Boone a little while ago. Henry’s brother said he’ll take care of Allan and Nancy’s welcomed to stay as long as she wants,” Dale said while he made a beeline to the coffee pot.

“Good,” Jake said.

“So, what’s the plan for today?” Dale said while he headed to the table with a cup of coffee in hand.

“For starters, we’re going to get Marcus cleaned up,” Jake said.

Marcus ran his fingers through his long hair and the thought of getting it cut sounded appealing.

“Then what?” Dale asked then took a sip of coffee.

“Don’t know,” Jake replied while he got up and headed to the coffee pot for his third cup of coffee.

Dale looked a little concerned while he thought about Nancy, but knew she would be safer up in the mountains than around a heavily populated area.

An hour later, Jake and Dale took Marcus to Gus’s Barber Shop after shopping for some new blue jeans and shirts. Gus was a retired Master Sergeant who saw action in the Korean War. His father owned this shop and Gus took it over after he retired from the Army in 1972.

Gus cringed at the sight of Marcus’s long and greasy hair and matted beard.

“Make him look like a Ranger,” Jake told Gus.

“Gonna cost extra,” Gus said while he got up out of one of the barber chairs.

“I got it covered,” Jake replied.

Marcus walked over and sat down in the chair.

Gus looked at Marcus’ hair and was ready for the challenge. He grabbed some scissors and started cutting off locks of Marcus’ greasy hair.

Twenty minutes later, Marcus was clean-shaven and looked like a Ranger again.

Gus spun Marcus’ chair around so he could see himself in the mirror.

Gus’ eyes widened when he remembered that familiar face. “Marcus? That was you under all that hair?”

Marcus nodded in agreement while he stared at his old Ranger look.

“What the fuck happen to cause your hair get that long and dirty?” said Gus.

“Well, it’s a long story but I think I’m going to be doing fine now,” Marcus said.

“I hope so,” Gus said while he got Marcus cleaned up.

A little while later, Jake, Dale, and Marcus walked out of Gus’ Barber Shop.

“I’m starving,” Jake said while they walked down the sidewalk.

Dale looked down the street. “There’s a Burger King.”

“My treat,” Jake replied.

“I’m also thirsty,” Marcus said then saw the frowns on Jake and Dale’s faces. “For a coke,” he added with a smile.

“Let’s make one promise. No booze until we figure out how to get rid of these Aliens,” said Jake.

“Good idea. We need to keep our heads clear,” Dale replied.

Marcus nodded but wondered how long he could survive without any booze.

They headed across the street to the Burger King.

A few seconds later, Jake, Marcus, and Dale entered the Burger King.

On the sidewalk, Karen Mahoney, was a beautiful thirty-five year old married woman. She had long brown hair with soft brown eyes. She was a tad chubby yet still sexy. She looked worried while she stapled a missing poster for Les Mahoney her husband. The poster stated his last known location was the field off of Warm Springs Road. After she taped the poster on a light pole, she headed off down the sidewalk.

Thirty minutes later, Marcus, Dale, and Jake walked out of the Burger King.

They headed down the sidewalk and Marcus spotted the missing poster for Les. He stopped and checked it out. Jake and Dale checked out the missing poster.

“More heads are better than one,” Marcus said while he tore off one of the hanging tabs with Karen’s cell phone number.

“What do you mean?” Jake asked Marcus.

“I’ll bet this Les guy was one of those protesters that hung out by those Alien crafts.”

“So?” Dale replied no sure of why Marcus wanted to contact this person.

“We don’t have any information about a missing protester,” Jake added.

“No we don’t. But this Karen chick could be a potential supporter of our cause. And we’ll need some help with trying to figure out how to get rid of these creatures,” Marcus answered.

Jake and Dale glanced at each other.

“Maybe someone else might have a suggestion,” Jake said.

“Or know someone else that might have a suggestion,” Dale added.

“My thoughts exactly. Now, can I use one of your cell phones?” Marcus said.

Jake reached in his pocket and handed Marcus his iPhone.

Marcus punched in Karen’s cell phone number into the Jake’s cell phone.

“Hello,” Karen answered the call.

“Miss Mahoney, my name is Marcus Paxton. I saw your missing poster outside a Burger King on Macon Road,” Marcus said into the cell phone.

“You know where Les is?” Karen replied excitedly.

“I believe I do,” Marcus replied then paused for a second while he hated to tell her his belief. “My name is Marcus, can we meet somewhere? Somewhere public but private?” he added.

There was a few seconds of silence from the cell phone. Marcus thought Karen might hang up any second.

“I’m near the Chattahoochee Valley Library down the street. We can meet in one of their study rooms,” Karen replied from the cell phone.

“We’re on our way. Meet us out front,” Marcus replied then handed Jake his cell phone. “Chattahoochee Valley Library down the street,” he told Jake and Dale.

They rushed off down the street in the direction of the library.

Ten minutes later, Marcus, Dale, and Jake saw a woman that paced by the front entrance of the Chattahoochee Valley Library.

“Karen?” Marcus called out while he walked over to her with Jake and Dale trailing.

Karen looked at the three men that approached with hopeful eyes they would help her find her husband.

“Where’s my husband?”

“I’m Marcus. We better go inside and find a quiet place to talk,” Marcus told her then headed to the door with Jake and Dale.

Karen followed the three guys into the library.

A few minutes had passed and Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Karen found a small study room for privacy. They sat around a small wooden table.

“Where’s my husband?” Karen asked Marcus with hopeful eyes.

“Was your husband one of the protesters by those Alien spaceships?” said Marcus.

“Yes. I told him to let them alone but he didn’t trust them or wanted to believe me,” said Karen.

Marcus looked at Karen then looked at Jake and Dale. He figured that in high probability what had happened to her husband. But how could he tell her? He hesitated for a few seconds while he stared in her hopeful eyes. “I hate to be the one to tell you, but you need to know the truth. Your husband was probably killed by the Aliens.”

Karen stared at Marcus in disbelief. “What? No! I don’t believe you.”

“It’s true. We have evidence,” Dale added.

Jake and Marcus gave Dale dirty looks for mentioning that fact.

Karen’s eyes welled up. “What proof? I want to see!” she demanded. Her eyes welled up believing it could be true.

Jake, Marcus, and Dale all looked at each other to see if she should see the proof.

“She has to know,” Marcus said.

Dale nodded in agreement.

“Well, like I said, this is hard to believe, but these filthy creatures are using us as food,” Marcus said.

Karen looked at Marcus with disbelief while she looked at Jake and Dale.

“It’s true. We saw it with our own eyes,” Jake said and sounded sincere.

Dale nodded in agreement.

Jake removed his camera. He turned it on then showed her one of the five photos he snapped.

She glanced at the photo. She did a double take. It took a few seconds, but it finally sunk in what probably had happened to her husband. Her eyes widened.

Jake showed her the next photo. He showed her the next photo.

She started having dry heaves. She vomited on the table. Marcus, Jake, and Dale jumped up out of the way from the splatter.

Karen dropped to her knees and started sobbing.

Fifteen minutes passed and Marcus, Jake, and Dale had the vomit cleaned up off the table.

Karen settled down and was pissed with the thought of the Aliens killing and possibility eating her husband. “We have to kill these fucking creatures,” she said with anger in her eyes.

“We don’t know how,” said Marcus.

“Maybe there’s other people around the country with missing loved ones or friends?” said Dale.

“There has to be someone that might have a solution to get rid of these creatures,” Jake added.

Karen removed her iPhone from her purse. She accessed the Internet then accessed her Twitter account. “I’ll see if I can locate some other people with missing loved ones,” she said while she typed on her iPhone.

Chapter 24

Back up in outer space, the Ograc spaceships all flew back into the open hangar of the Reluah mothership. One of the Ograc spaceships deviated and flew into an open hangar of the Redael mothership.

Inside the Reluah, it took thirty minutes for the Aliens to offload all the packaged humans and place into one of the two hundred and fifty large freezers. The other two hundred and forty-nine freezers were empty and were slated for future packaged humans for transfer back to their Snaicitilop planet.

Twenty minutes later, Commanders Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack flew in their personal two-seater crafts to the Redael mothership. They had a meeting with Sandark.

The meeting took place in the Commanders Conference Place. Sandark, Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack all sat around a floating conference table.

On the center of the table were the packaged bodies of Henry, Janet, Les, and three man and three women. Alongside the armless bodies were the packaged arms and legs of Henry, Janet, Les, and the six other humans. Then at right end of the table were the severed and packaged heads of Henry, Janet, Les, and the six other humans.

Off along the walls stood Aadark, Jarlink, Virlark the servant to Commander Oodark, and Nnarlirk the servant to Commander Fardack.

Sandark looked at the packaged meat with a smile.

“This is perfect,” Sandark said while he continued to look the packaged humans over. “Perfect.”

“When do you plan on stocking my craft for home?” Oodark the Commander of the Reluah mothership asked while he checked out Henry’s packaged right arm.

“I’m thinking we can start in a couple of yads,” Sandark replied while he looked at the packaged heads. His mouth started to water with hunger.

“What human will be our first harvest?” Wetlark asked while he glanced at Jane’s packaged right leg. His mouth started to water with hunger.

Sandark thought for a few seconds. “We’ll start with the criminal element on Earth. That way, we’ll keep on winning the hearts of the Earthlings when their rate of crime diminishes.”

“My Retnuh’s will be ready,” Oodark replied while he looked at Les’ right arm. His mouth started to water with hunger.

“We’ll hit the heavily populated areas first,” Sandark said while his mouth water even more at the thought of munching on some humans.

Sandark, Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack all snapped their fingers.

Aadark, Jarlink, Virlark, and Nnarlirk all rushed over to their Commanders.

“Have some meals prepared for us,” Sandark told Aadark while he looked at the packaged meat. “I’ll have that head,” he said while he pointed at Henry’s head.

Aadark snapped his heals indicating he understood.

“I’ll have some of that one,” Wetlark told Jarlink while he pointed at Janet’s right thigh.

“That one looks delicious,” Oodark told Virlark while he pointed at Les’ right arm. His mouth watered with hunger.

“And I’ll have some of that,” Fardack told Nnarlirk while he pointed at Henry’s right arm.

“Let’s head to the eating area for some drinks while they’re cooking our meal,” Sandark told the other Commanders while he stood up.

Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack got up from the table and followed Sandark to the door.

Aadark, Jarlink, Virlark, and Nnarlirk picked up the packaged meat and heads for their Commanders.

The four servants carried the packages to another door that led to the kitchen area.

Forty minutes later, Sandark, Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack sat around a floating table in the Commander's eating area. It sounded like a feeding frenzy while they all devoured their meals.

The rest of the meat went out to the crew of the Redael.

Outside the Reluah mothership, two large hangar doors opened.

Two hundred Pukcip spaceships zoomed out of one of the opened hangar door.

Two hundred Ograc spaceships zoomed out of another opened hangar door.

One Pukcip craft paired up with an Ograc craft once they flew out into outer space.

The Pukcip and Ograc crafts zoomed down to Earth in pairs.

Down at the United States Space Corp, personnel tracked the movement of the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships while they headed down to the United States.

Back down in Columbus, Georgia, Marcus, Jake, and Dale hung around Jake's living room.

"What if this Karen chick fails at making some more contacts? Then what?" Dale asked.

Marcus' hands shook while he looked over at Dale. He moved his hands under his thighs to stop the shaking.

"We'll have to cross that bridge if it comes," Jake replied. "Any suggestions Marcus?"

Marcus cringed in pain while he looked over at Dale. "Not at the moment," Marcus replied while he cringed in more pain. "Jake, do you have any aspirin?"

"In the medicine cabinet."

Marcus rose up from his chair. He rushed to the doorway.

His hands still shook while he left the room.

Marcus rushed over to the medicine cabinet in the bathroom. He opened it and found a bottle of Excedrin Migraine and a bottle of plain aspirin.

Marcus removed the Excedrin Migraine bottle. His hand shook while he tried to twist the lid off. He was in pain. He failed to open it. He tried to open it again. He failed. He tried again to open the bottle. He succeeded. He quickly swallowed four pills. He placed the bottle back in the cabinet.

He walked out of the bathroom.

Hours had passed and it was now nighttime across America.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in a field located in Central Park in New York City.

The engines of the twelve spaceships stopped and were quiet. The door whished opened on all of the Pukcip crafts.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out of the opened door.

The thirty Elibomria's flew off in different directions of New York City.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in the Phoenix II Park area toward Atlanta, Georgia.

The engines of the twelve spaceships stopped and were quiet. A large door whished open on all of the Pukcip crafts.

On all of the Pukcip crafts, a door whished open. From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard.

The thirty Elibomria's flew away in different directions towards the city toward Atlanta.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed Adams Park in Chicago, Illinois.

The engines of the twelve spaceships stopped and were quiet. A large door whished open on all of the Pukcip crafts.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria's flew off in different directions toward Chicago.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in the Palm Lane Park in Anaheim, California.

The engines of the twelve spaceships stopped and were quiet. A large door whished open on all of the Pukcip crafts.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria's flew off in different directions toward the Los Angeles area.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships land in the field outside Bogota, Columbia.

The engines of the twelve spaceships stopped and were quiet. A large door whished open on all of the Pukcip crafts.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria's flew off in different directions. Twenty flew off toward the city of Bogota while the remaining ten flew off toward the countryside.

Back in New York City, four Retnuh's rode their Elibomria down a rough and seedy looking neighborhood. There are run-down buildings on both side of the streets. It's one of those neighborhood where you would be risking your life if caught there.

The Retnuh driver stopped his Elibomria by a run-down building where loud rap music blared. The four Retnuh's got off the Elibomria. It hovered above the street.

The Retnuh's walked to the building and showed no fear.

Inside a large room in that run-down building, thirty African-American men and ten African-American and five Caucasian women partied. Some of the men danced to the rap music with the women. This was the official headquarters of the NYC Lords gang. They dealt drugs to kids and also indulged in prostitution and murder.

The four Retnuh's busted down the two doors to the room.

The NYC Lords didn't hear the door being busted down because of the loud music.

Baron took a puff on his joint. While doing so, he glanced at the doors and spotted the four Retnuh's. "What the fuck is that at the door?" he said while he handed the joint to his buddy Darnell.

Darnell looked at the door. "Some star wars geeks?" he replied then looked over to his right. "Hey Goldwin, we have some star war geeks at the door," he yelled out.

Goldwin had been the leader of the NYC Lords for the past five years. He sat in his chair with sexy Alicia on his lap. He looked and saw the two Retnuh's that stood in the doorway. He motioned to Estefan to turn down the music. Estefan did.

"Who the fuck invited you?" Goldwin said while he got up from his chair and caused Alicia to fall flat on her ass. Goldwin had his Glock aimed at the Retnuh's while he walked to the door.

The other gang members all whipped out their pistols and had them aimed at the Retnuh's.

The Retnuh's remained quiet with their laser rifles ready.

"Get the fuck out of our abode!" Goldwin yelled while he walked closer to the door.

The Retnuh's remain still and quiet with their laser rifles charged.

Goldwin fired off a round at the Retnuh's. The bullet ricocheted off one of the suits of the Aliens.

The rest of the Lords fired their pistols at the Retnuh's.

The bullets ricocheted off the Retnuh's suits and helmets.

The Lords continued to fire off rounds but the bullets kept on ricocheting off the Aliens.

After a few seconds, all that was heard in the room was the click, click, click sound of the Lords trying to fire their pistols.

“Just like fucking Superman,” Goldwin said while he started to get scared for the first time in his life.

The laser rifles from the Retnuh’s made a strange whine sound while they went to full charge. Then red laser beams shot out of their rifles like machine gun fire.

A few seconds later, all thirty NYC Lord member and associated female groupies were on the floor dead.

The Retnuh’s slung their weapons around their shoulders while they walked over to the dead gang members.

The Retnuh’s each grabbed a right hand of one of the dead Lord members.

They dragged the dead members to the door.

In a rough and seedy area of Atlanta, four other Retnuh’s each dragged a dead Rotten Peaches gang member by their arms out of a run-down building.

Another Elibomria’s hovered in the parking area behind Galileo’s Italian Restaurant in downtown Chicago. The restaurant was closed to the public but was a meeting place for some other people of interest to the Retnuh’s.

Inside Galileo’s the meeting of eight Mafia leaders, and sixteen bodyguards were interrupted when the four Retnuh’s entered the area.

The bodyguards fired their revolvers at the Aliens. But the bullets ricocheted off the Alien’s jumpsuits.

The Mafia leaders sat at their tables stunned that the bullets their bodyguards’ bounced off the Retnuh’s. A few of the Mafia leaders peed their pants in fear.

The four Retnuh’s had their laser rifles charged. They fired red laser beams like a machine gun at the Mafia leaders and bodyguards. They were dead in a matter of seconds.

In a rough and seedy area of eastern Los Angeles, four other Retnuh’s dragged dead Crazy Chicano gang members by their arms to the rear of their trailer off the Elibomria.

Two picked up a dead body and plopped it on top of four other dead Crazy Chicano bodies.

The four Retnuh’s walked back to the run-down building.

In the field outside Bogota, four Retnuh's each dragged two dead members of a local drug cartel by their arms to from their Elibomria trailer to the parked Ograc spaceship.

Back in Columbus, Georgia, Marcus tossed and turned in bed with the sweats an shakes from having alcohol withdrawal symptoms.

In the kitchen, Jake stood at the sink and poured the whiskey of a Jack Daniels bottle down the drain. On the counter by the sink as an empty Vodka and scotch bottle. He was determined to keep Marcus off the booze while they pursue their mission.

Back in Central Park in New York City, two Retnuh's tossed a dead body of a Mafia wiseguy on top of the dead bodies of other Mafia wiseguys inside one of the Ograc spaceships. There were twenty dead Mafia family members in the trailer area of the Ograc craft.

The door to the cargo area of the Ograc closed.

The Retnuh's walked away and headed back to his Elibomria where the other two Retnuh's waited.

The Retnuh's flew their Elibomria's back into one of the Pukcip spaceships.

Back in Adams Park in Chicago, the engines of the six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships started to whine.

In Palm Lane Park in Anaheim, the six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships fired their engines and started to lift off the ground.

It was quiet in the field outside Bogota.

The six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships were one hundred feet off the ground and continued to ascend into the night sky.

Chapter 25

The sun rose across the East Coast of America.

Jake, Dale, and Marcus sat around the table drinking coffee, ate scrambled eggs and toast in his kitchen.

Marcus looked rough and Jake noticed.

“You okay?” Jake asked Marcus.

“Yeah, I had a bit of a rough night,” Marcus replied while his thoughts went to a good stiff drink of whiskey.

Jake knew what Marcus was going through. “Well, don’t look around here for anything.”

“I could use just one little drink to get rid of the shakes,” Marcus replied while his hand shook when holding his cup of coffee.

“Sorry buddy. But that’s not going to happen,” Jake said and looked serious.

Marcus wanted to scream.

Jake’s cell phone rang from the table. He looked at the viewfinder. “Jake,” he answered the call.

“Hi, it’s Karen from the library. Can we meet in two hours at the library? I have some people that want to talk with you.”

“We’ll be there,” Jake replied with a smile.

Jake disconnected the call.

“That lady from the library wants to meet with us in two hours. She said she has some people that want to meet with us,” Jake told Dale and Marcus.

Dale looked hopeful while he drank his coffee.

Marcus had a drink of whiskey on his mind while he drank his coffee.

“I’ll shower first,” Jake said while he got up from the table.

Jake walked out of the kitchen.

Dale's cell phone rang. He looked at the viewfinder and smiled. "Hey baby. Are you settled in?" he answered the call.

"Yeah, Henry has a nice cabin in the mountains with a breath taking view," Nancy replied from Dale's cell phone.

"How's Allan?"

"He's doing better. He cried a few times during the drive up here, but he's accepted the fact that his parents are dead," she replied.

"Good."

"Now, don't do anything stupid. I know how pumped then you go on one of your training missions," she said in a motherly tone.

"I won't," Dale replied.

"I hope not. So call me in a few days."

"I will and I love you," Dale replied.

"Love you also," Nancy said then disconnected her end of the call.

Dale shoved his cell phone into his pocket and for the first time, he felt he was up against an enemy that he couldn't beat.

"Is Nancy and Allan in Boone?" Marcus asked.

"Yeah," Dale replied and then he started to feel a little concerned about Nancy's safety. But he still felt it would be safer for her up in the mountains.

Meanwhile up in outer space two large hangar doors of the Reluah mothership opened.

All the two hundred Ograc spaceships zoomed up from Earth.

While in an organized traffic pattern, the Ograc spaceships flew into one of the opened hangar of the Reluah mothership.

All of the two hundred Pukcip spaceships zoomed up from Earth.

While in an organized traffic pattern, the two hundred spaceships flew into the other opened hangar doors of the Reluah mothership.

Inside the hangar, the Ograc spaceships landed in their assigned parking spaces.

After the Ograc's landed and shut down their engines, Aliens rushed over with floating tables.

The doors of the landed Ograc and the Aliens rushed inside with the floating tables.

More Ograc's flew into the hangar and landed in their assigned parking spot. More Aliens rushed over to those landed crafts with floating tables.

In the other hangar, the two hundred Pukcip spaceships landed one by one in their assigned parking spaces.

A few seconds later, the Aliens walked out of the Ograc spaceships with the floating tables. These tables had twenty dead bodies stacked on them.

The Aliens walked to a door with the floating table and went inside the mothership.

Inside the Reluah mothership was a large Processing Room that contained ten large floating conveyer belts were in a row. The belts started at the entrance door and ended near another door at the end of the room.

The Aliens would bring the floating tables with dead bodies into this room after removing them from the Elibomria spaceships.

The Aliens brought the floating tables to the beginning of the conveyer belt. They placed the dead bodies on the belt.

On one floating table were twenty dead bodies of members of the Devil's Cowboys motorcycle gang. The Aliens started removing the dead bodies and placed them on one of the conveyer belts.

Four Aliens walked into the room with their floating tables. One of these tables contained the dead bodies of the rest of the Snake Charmers motorcycle gang.

The Devil's Cowboys and Snake Charmers gangs now officially ceased to exist.

These Aliens started to place the dead bodies of the Snake Charmers on another conveyer belt.

After the tables were offloaded, the Aliens walked the tables to the other end of the conveyer belt and waited.

The dead bodies and body parts of the Devil Cowboy's moved down the conveyer belt.

They went through a semi-enclosed glassed area where a bright pink light moved its way across the body part. The body parts then moved out of the glassed area purified from any diseases or cancers.

The dead bodies then moved down the conveyer belt to another enclosed glass area. Once the body entered this area, red laser beams went into action and swiftly severed off the head, arms and legs in seconds. A device at the end of this glassed area segregated the arms, legs, body, and heads on the belt.

The body parts then moved down the conveyer belt to another area where another device quickly packaged the body parts like supermarket meats.

The packaged body parts moved down the conveyor belt to the end.

The Aliens picked up the packaged body parts off the belt and placed them on the floating table.

The Aliens walked the floating table out of the processing room.

The Aliens walked the floating table down a large hallway and entered another large room.

Inside this room were about two hundred large walk-in freezers.

The Aliens walked the floating table to the next available freezer. Then they proceeded to store the purified packaged body parts for transport back to their home planet.

Inside the freezer was where the Aliens stored the body parts of the Devil's Cowboys motorcycle gang with the dead bodies of the entire Snake Charmers motorcycle gang. Storage in the same freezer was the final destiny of the two gangs that often fought and killed each other.

Back in the large hangar of the Reluah mothership, fifty Ograc spaceships that were just off-loaded lifted up into the air from their assigned parking ships.

The fifty Ograc spaceships flew in a row to the opened hangar door.

They flew out of the hangar.

Out in outer space, the fifty Ograc spaceships paired up with the fifty Pukcip spaceships that just flew out of the other hangar of the Reluah mothership.

The Ograc and Pukcip spaceships zoomed back down to Earth to round up some more criminal elements in the areas of Earth that saw darkness.

Back down in the library in Columbus, Georgia, Marcus, Jake and Dale sat in a larger study room with Karen and twenty other people. The room was packed.

“I believe everybody in this room feels the same way we do about these Aliens?” Marcus asked everybody.

All twenty people nodded in agreement with Marcus’ question.

“I don't know why, but I don't trust them,” Judy said.

“Me too, I mean, how can anybody trust an Alien that comes down to our planet?” Raymond added.

The other eighteen people nodded in agreement with Judy and Raymond’s comments.

Karen looked at everybody and wondered how they would react to the real reason the Aliens are down here on Earth.

“Why do you guys want to get rid of these Aliens?” Kenneth asked Marcus, Jake, and Dale.

Jake and Dale glanced over at Marcus who hesitated for a few seconds. “And you shouldn't trust them,” he said then hesitated for a few seconds while he looked at Jake and Dale who nodded in agreement. “You shouldn’t trust them because I've discovered that these creatures are harvesting us for food. That's why they want us cured of all disease and what not.”

All twenty people stared at Marcus in disbelief yet a little curious.

“How do you know this?” Lisa curiously asked.

Jake looked at Marcus and Dale for approval. They nodded agreeing. Jake removed five folded pieces of paper

from his jeans pocket. He unfolded them and placed them on the table in plain view.

All twenty people gathered around the table and looked at the pictures. Karen turned around and faced the wall. Her eyes welled up thinking about Les.

All eyes on the twenty people widened in shock at the sight of human bodies being packaged like supermarket meat.

“That is so sick!” Laurie said while she covered her mouth because she started feeling sick to her stomach.

Nine of the people started feeling sick to their stomach at the sight of the photos. The remaining eleven started getting pissed

“We have to kill these slimy creatures!” said Rick while his blood boiled while he thought about his missing daughter.

The other nineteen people nod in agreement while their eyes welled up knowing that their loved ones were probably Alien food.

Sandy ran over to the garbage can and vomited.

Amy ran over with her hands covering her mouth. She snatched the garbage can out of Sandy’s hands when Sandy was finished. Amy vomited into the can.

The rest of the women started sobbing. Some of the men also started sobbing.

Jake, Marcus, and Dale waited until everybody calmed down.

In a conference room of the White House, President Westwood called another meeting.

All of the civilian and military advisors stood up the second President Westwood entered the room.

“Okay, what’s the urgent news?” President Westwood said the second he sat down at the conference table.

“Sir, we have reports from police departments all across the country that numerous criminal elements are missing,” said Jeremy.

“Now we have numerous criminal elements missing,” President Westwood said then thought about Walter’s news. “How many? And what kind of element?”

“Estimates are around five thousand. We have some street gangs from New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Phoenix, Los Angeles,” Jeremy replied.

“We also have reports of entire motorcycle gangs going missing,” Robert Henson another civilian advisor chimed in to the briefing.

“Let’s don’t forget that we have reports of missing Mafia family members from New York and Chicago,” Jeremy added.

President Westwood soaked in the information for a few seconds. “Five thousand. Street gangs. Motorcycle gangs. Mafia types,” he said. He thought for a few more seconds. “Any reports from overseas?”

“We picked up traffic that some mafia types in Eastern Europe are missing. The estimated count is fifteen hundred,” Russell Wernick the Director of the CIA added.

President Westwood thought about the information for a few more seconds. “And I can only imagine this is the work of our Alien friends?”

“We also picked up information that witnesses across the country claimed they saw our so called Alien friends dragging bodies to their crafts in the middle of the night,” Russell replied.

President Westwood had a hint of a smile on his face while he thought about this information. “Sounds like our Aliens friends are trying to make this place more like paradise by making our streets safer.”

“I still don’t trust them,” General Sanders said and looked concerned.

All the other military advisors nodded in agreement with General Sanders.

“But they are getting rid of our criminal element, which is good,” said President Westwood then paused for a few seconds. “Is that all?”

“One more thing,” said Jeremy.

“What now?” President Westwood asked and wasn’t in the mood for more bad news.

“It appears there was an updated public poll conducted asking if an Alien should be President, and if the entire Senate and House should be comprised of these Aliens,” Jeremy said.

“And the results?” President Westwood said and looked worried over the answer.

“Seventy-eight percent in favor. Twelve percent undecided and ten percent disapproved,” Jeremy said.

“An Alien for President? That’s just fucking great thinking one of those creatures could take my job,” President Westwood jokingly said while he got up from his chair. But deep inside, he felt these Aliens were a threat.

All the civilian and military advisors stood up while President Westwood rushed out of the room.

Back at the library study room in Columbus, Georgia, everybody calmed down and the vomiting ceased.

“How can we get rid of them?” Jerry asked while he looked around the room.

“You all saw what they did to the space station,” Jackie said.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

“That’s the sixty four thousand dollar question that we need to find an answer,” Marcus responded.

“Any weapons we have will be inferior to what they have,” said Jake.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

“We’re thinking we should net work out with other people. Then hopefully we can find someone smart to figure out how,” Dale added.

“Maybe a doctor or scientist?” Marcus said.

“Why a doctor or scientist?” Lisa asked.

“Maybe there’s something biological we could use,” Jake replied.

“I can imagine that’s why they want us so clean as food. There’s has to be something that would cause them harm,” Marcus said.

“I’m thinking we could all reach out to anybody we might know that feels the same we do,” Karen said.

“There has to be other people across the country that feel the same way we do about these Aliens,” Marcus added.

“I’ll be the point of contact. My number is 555-1800,” Jake said.

All twenty people punched in Jake’s number into their cell phones.

Back up in outer space, Sandark sat in his chair in his Command Center. He munched on an eight-ounce piece of meat from a female forearm while he glanced out his windows and saw the Pacific Ocean area.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark.

“Sir, we have some good news,” Aadark said the second he arrived by Sandark’s side.

Sandark had a mouthful of meat so he motioned for Aadark to tell him the news.

“The Earthling in that area called the United States of America did what they call a poll. The vast majority of the Earthlings would want Aliens to be their government,” Aadark said.

Sandark smiled over hearing that bit of news. “President Sandark,” he jokingly said then munched on some more meat. While he chewed he motioned for Aadark to leave.

Aadark snapped his heals and rushed off.

Sandark was happy with the progress of his Earth mission.

Chapter 26

It was nighttime across Europe.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Moscow, Russia.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip spaceships opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria flew off toward Moscow.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Kiev, Ukraine.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria flew off toward Kiev.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Paris, France.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria flew off toward Paris.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Madrid, Spain.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria flew off toward Madrid.

Six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside London, England.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The thirty Elibomria flew off toward London.

Over in Columbus, Georgia, Sandy sat in her den and thought about the meeting in the library with Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Karen. She glanced at the pictures of her missing husband Joey that hung on the wall. Her German Shepherd named Rebel was curled up on the floor by her chair.

"Why did you have to always protest against things?" she asked a picture of Joey taken on a street in front of the White House.

She looked at her iPhone and opened up her Twitter account. Because Sandy was thirty years old and hot, she had six thousand followers. But Sandy wasn't very bright.

"I'm looking for anybody who has missing loved ones. I hooked up with a group that wants to find a way to kill these Aliens. These Aliens want to use us for food," she typed in her Twitter account while her eyes welled up thinking about Joey.

Elsewhere in Columbus, Georgia, Paul Winters was a sixty-year-old widower. His wife died eight years ago. His daughter Melissa was a twenty-two year old who wanted to rid the world of all its corruption. She was also one of the protestors that went missing and Paul now believes she's a meal for one of the Aliens. His blood boiled every time he thought about some Alien munching on his little girl's body.

Paul walked into his den with a fresh bottle of Coors beer. This was his third bottle within the hour. He grabbed his Smartphone while he sat down in his lazy boy chair. He opened up his Facebook account.

"Looking for people who might want to get rid of these Aliens. I'm looking for a scientist that can figure out how to kill these slimy creatures," he typed on his Facebook account.

Paul placed his Smartphone on the arm of his chair and went back to drinking his beer.

In a seedy area of Moscow, four Retnuh's walked down the street. They dragged the dead bodies of some Russian Mafia leaders by their arms to their hovering Elibombria craft with trailer.

In a seedy area of Kiev, four Retnuh's placed the four dead bodies of criminals, that were engaged with banking scams, into the trailer of their Elibombria craft.

Inside the trailer were six other dead bodies of criminals also engaged with the banking scam ran out of Kiev.

In a seedy area of Paris, four Retnuh's finished loading their trailer to their Elibombria craft with dead bodies of a street gang.

The Retnuh's got on their Elibombria.

After the lead Retnuh started up the Elibombria, they flew off down the street.

In the field outside Madrid, four Retnuh's each dragged a dead body of criminals by their arms to the Ograc spaceship.

Inside the Ograc craft was stored twenty dead bodies of other criminals.

In the field outside London, the six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships lifted off the ground.

The six Pukcip and six Ograc spaceships ascended in the night sky fully loaded with dead criminals from London's seedy areas.

Up in the Security Center of the Srecrofne mothership, Aliens were on duty monitoring all Internet, cell phone, and social media traffic.

On Rhirdark's console, two beeps started on the map of America. He pressed a button and zoomed in closer on the beeps. The screen zoomed in closer to the State of Georgia. The screen then zoomed in closer to Columbus, Georgia and showed the locations of the two beeps.

Rhirdark pressed on one of the beeps.

Sandy's "I'm looking for anybody who has missing loved ones. I hooked up with a group that wants to find a

way to kill these Aliens. These Aliens want to use us for food,” message appeared on the screen.

Rhirdark pressed a red button on his console. This button automatically provided Sandy’s location and contact information to fellow Aliens in another room.

Rhirdark pressed on the other beep.

Paul’s “Looking for people who might want to get rid of these Aliens. I’m looking for a scientist that can figure out how to kill these slimy creatures,” message appeared on the screen.

Rhirdark pressed that red button again. He pressed a white button and the screen zoomed out to America again. He noticed some beeps in the eastern part State of Georgia. He repeated the process on checking out the beeps.

Over at the Reluah mothership the two large hangar doors of the Reluah mothership opened.

All the two hundred Ograc spaceships zoomed up from Earth.

While in an organized traffic pattern, the Ograc spaceships flew into one of the opened hangars of the Reluah mothership.

All of the two hundred Pukcip spaceships zoomed up from Earth.

While in an organized traffic pattern, the two hundred spaceships flew into the other opened hangar doors of the Reluah mothership.

The hangar doors closed.

Fifteen minutes passed and the two hangar doors of the Reluah mothership opened.

Fifty Pukcip and fifty Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the hangers in single file.

A Pukcip and Ograc spaceship paired up and zoomed down to Earth.

The remaining forty-nine Pukcip and Ograc spaceships paired up and zoomed off in different directions down to Earth.

Down at the United States Space Corp, personnel tracked the movement of the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships while they headed down to the United States.

Later that night down in Columbus, Georgia, Sandy sat in her den and watched the Morning Glory romantic comedy DVD.

Rebel her German Shepherd was curled up by her chair. Rebel's ears perked up. He jumped to his paws and ran out of the den.

Sandy didn't think anything of Rebel's behavior while she continued to watch the movie.

Rebel barked from the living room.

Sandy ignored him.

Rebel barked and barked from the living room.

Sandy got curious so she got up and walked out of the den.

Sandy walked into the living room where Rebel continued to bark at the living room windows.

Sandy peeked out the curtains and saw two Retnuh's walking toward her front door. "What the fuck are they doing here?" she said while she started to shake.

Sandy ran out of the living room.

Rebel continued to bark at the living room window.

Sandy ran into her bedroom.

She grabbed her iPhone and hid under her bed.

She looked at her contacts on her iPhone. She made a call.

"Hello, is this Jake?"

"Yeah," Jake replied from her iPhone.

"Two Aliens are coming to my house to eat me!" she replied in a quiet panic.

"Who are you?"

"Sandy. I was at the library earlier today. Two Aliens are coming to my house!" she blurted out really fast.

"Did you provoke them at all?" Jake curiously asked.

"No. I came home after the library and posted on my Twitter account that we're looking for people to help us kill these Aliens," she answered really fast and scared.

Sandy heard Rebel's yelp from the living room. She knew the Aliens were inside her home.

"Help me!" she pleaded into her iPhone while her eyes welled up and her lips quivered with fear.

She heard footsteps enter her bedroom.

She started to quietly cry. Then she couldn't help it and started to cry a little louder.

Suddenly, red laser beams penetrated her bed like machine gun fire. Sandy screamed while some of the laser beams went through her body. She was dead in a matter of seconds.

One of the Retnuh's reached under the bed and dragged Sandy's dead body out from under her bed.

The other Retnuh grabbed Sandy's right hand and dragged her out from under her bed.

The other Retnuh saw Sandy's iPhone on the floor that slid out with Sandy's body. He picked it up. "Crude device," he said while he showed it to his partner then shoved it in one of his pockets of his jump suit.

"Amazingly crude," the other Retnuh replied with a smirk while he grabbed Sandy's left hand

The two Retnuh's walked out of her bedroom while they dragged her out of the bedroom.

The two Retnuh's dragged Sandy through the living room where Rebel lay on the floor. He wasn't dead just paralyzed, as these Aliens didn't kill or eat animals from Earth. They felt these creatures were nasty tasting meat.

The two Retnuh's dragged Sandy to their Elibomria spaceship and trailer where two other Retnuh's waited.

The one Retnuh opened the rear door of the trailer.

The two Retnuh's picked up Sandy and plopped her dead body on top of Paul Winter's dead body. Paul's body was on top of George Winston's dead body. George also was in attendance of the library meeting and used his Facebook account to drum up some more supporters.

Back at Jake's home, he sat in the kitchen with Marcus and Dale. They could not sleep and stayed up the whole night talking about these Aliens.

“What happened?” Marcus asked then sipped some of his coffee.

Jake started to look scared. “The Aliens broke into a home and took one of the ladies from the library meeting,” he replied.

“What?” Dale asked not sure he heard correctly.

“The Aliens took one of the ladies that attended our library meeting.”

“Why?” Marcus asked.

“She apparently tweeted for supporters to help kill the Aliens,” Jake answered and looked worried.

Marcus and Dale thought about Jake’s response for a few seconds.

“Fuck!” Marcus said a little loud.

“What?” Dale asked.

“Those Aliens are monitoring all transmissions we do from the Internet, or from cell phones,” Marcus answered.

Jake and Dale thought about Marcus’ response.

Jake’s eyes widened and he looked scared. “We better get the fuck out of here,” he said.

“Why?” Dale asked.

“Because I can imagine those Aliens know Sandy talked to me, which means, their coming after me,” Jake said while he started to nervously pace around the kitchen.

“Where can we go?” Marcus asked.

“The mountains,” Jake replied and felt good about that proposal.

“Well, looks like it’s back on the streets for me,” Marcus jokingly said.

“Dale, grab all the food we’ll need from the kitchen.

Marcus and I will grab my camping gear from the garage.

Let’s be out of here in fifteen,” Jake said while he rushed out of the kitchen.

“I have some stuff at my house,” Dale said while he headed to the cabinets.

Marcus rushed out of the kitchen to help Jake.

Fifteen minutes later, Marcus had his truck loaded with all his camping gear, food, three plastic five-gallon gas cans, and all the cash he had in his house.

Jake raced his pickup truck to Dale's house.

Fifteen minutes, Jake, Marcus, and Dale were at Dale's house. They grabbed some more camping gear, food, and all the cash from Dale's home.

Ten minutes later, Jake stood at a payphone at a drugstore. He made a call.

"This is Jake, meet me in twenty minutes at the parking lot of the Civil War Naval museum off Victory," he blurted into the cell phone.

"Why?" Karen's groggy voice replied from the cell phone.

"I can't explain. But it's important. Bring lots of cash, some food, a sleeping bag if you have one, and some extra clothing," Jake replied with a serious voice.

"What's going on?" Karen replied and sounded a little more awake.

"I'll explain later. Just meet me there if you want to live," he replied then hung up the phone. "I hope she comes," Jake told Marcus and Dale.

Twenty minutes later, two Retnuh's broke into Jake's house. Their Elibomria with trailer hovered in Jake's driveway where two other Retnuh's waited.

Meanwhile, in the parking lot of the Civil War Navel Museum, Jake waited in his pickup with Marcus and Dale.

A Toyota Prius pulled into the parking lot and drove over to Jake's pickup.

After the Prius parked, Karen got out and rushed over to Jake's door.

Jake rolled down his window.

"What's wrong?" Karen asked with her hair still messed up from sleeping.

"I got a call from one of the girls that attended the library meeting. Her name was Sandy," Jake replied.

Karen thought for a few seconds. "I remember her. Does Sandy have a good contact to help us?"

“No, Sandy was taken by the Aliens. We believe they picked up on her Twitter transmission that we’re looking for a way to kill these Aliens. They’re probably going to come after us.”

“Damn!” Karen replied and looked scared.

“We’re going to the mountains in north Georgia to hide until we can figure things out,” Jake told her.

Karen thought for a few seconds. “I’m with you.”

“Good. Follow me and don’t call my cell number,” Jake told her.

“Call mine. My number is five, five, five, four, nine, six, one,” Dale called out.

“Maybe someone can ride along with me? I could use the company,” Karen asked.

“I’ll ride with you,” Marcus told her while he got out of the pickup.

Karen and Marcus got in her Prius.

Jake drove his pickup through the parking lot.

Karen drove her Prius after Jake’s pickup.

Twenty minutes later, Jake and Karen had their vehicles and all the gas cans full of gas. He also stopped at numerous ATMs where he, Karen, and Dale withdrew as much money that the ATM’s allowed.

Jake drove his pickup north on Interstate 85 toward Atlanta.

Karen followed in her Prius with Marcus in the passenger seat.

Chapter 27

Morning arrived across America and everybody went about his or her normal daily business.

Up in the northern part of Georgia, Jake drove his pickup north on Route 515. He just passed the Pickens County Airport.

Marcus drove Karen's Prius so she could rest from the long drive. They were right behind Jake's pickup.

Back down in Washington, DC, President Westwood sat behind his desk in the Oval Office of the White House. He reviewed some FBI reports about the sharp decline in crimes across the country within the last couple of weeks. He was happy yet a little skeptical about this sudden decline.

The TV in the Oval Office magically powered up on its own.

"Greeting Earthlings," Sandark appeared on the TV screen. He sat in his chair in his Command Center.

President Westwood placed the FBI on the report and glanced over at the TV. "Now what?" he muttered under his breath and continued to glance at the TV.

Inside a diner in Memphis, Tennessee, all eyes are on the flat screen TVs that hung around the dining area.

"I would like to provide you with some good news," Sandark said from the screen and had a smile on his face.

Some of the people in the diner looked skeptical while they looked at the nearest TV.

Inside a conference room of a large corporation in Chicago, the meeting was interrupted when Sandark took control of the TV that hung on the wall. All eyes around the conference room table were on Sandark.

"We have been keeping true to my words on making Earth a paradise," Sandark said from the TV.

Inside a home on a ranch in Montana, the family sat down for some breakfast. The teenage daughter couldn't keep off her iPad.

"Can't you put that down long enough to eat?" her father said to her in a stern voice.

"But that Alien dude is talking," the daughter said while she showed them her iPad.

The mother and father got up from their seats and rushed over to their daughter. All eyes were on her iPad.

"Therefore, I am happy to report that we have cured over one million Earthlings from cancers," Sandark said from her iPad.

Down on Hollywood Blvd, numerous people stopped and eyed their cell phone, Smartphone, and iPhones.

"From drug addictions," Sandark said from the phones.

In a hotel suite in Hawaii, a couple on their honeymoon just woke up from another round of sex.

The husband turned on the TV while his bride got out of bed. She walked naked into the bathroom to pee.

"Honey, that Alien is on again," the husband called out. She flushed then rushed out of the bathroom.

"From alcohol addictions, and numerous other diseases," Sandark said from the TV.

A bar in Perth, Australia started to whine down. People started to leave but stopped then they saw Sandark on the TV that hung behind the bar.

"We also performed some recent actions that have also made Earth more of a Paradise," Sandark said from the TV.

In a home in Stockholm, Sweden, a family watched Sandark from their living room TV.

"We have searched your planet and removed the vast majority of your major criminal elements," Sandark said from the TV.

The family looked happy with Sandark's comment.

In a restaurant in Geneva, Switzerland, people gathered around other tables. They looked over shoulders to listen to Sandark's speech on people cell phones.

“We have placed these major criminal elements in our holding cells in one of my crafts,” Sandark said from the cell phones.

Some people clapped over the good news.

In a government building in Mexico City, numerous government workers hovered around other people’s desk. They looked over their shoulders to catch a glimpse of Sandark on peoples cell phones.

“These criminal elements will no longer be a threat to the good humans down on Earth,” Sandark said from the cell phones.

Most of the male and female government people clapped over the good news. Some of the men looked worried.

Back in Washington, DC, President Westwood continued to watch his TV in the Oval Office.

“We’ll continue to search out all of your criminals to make Earth a true paradise. And in additions, we consider any Earthling that makes threats against us, a criminal,” Sandark said then the TV went blank.

President Westwood glanced back at the FBI report. He tore it up into numerous pieces. “Figures they’ll take credit for the work of others,” he said while he let the pieces of the report rain into the garbage can.

Jake pulled his pickup truck off Tails Creek Road and turned on Dotson Road.

Marcus pulled Karen’s Prius off Tails Creek Road and followed Jake’ pickup down Dotson Road. Karen was sound asleep in the passenger seat.

Inside her Prius, Karen woke up from her nap. She looked a little dazed while she looked around.

“Where are we?” she asked while she looked out her window.

“We’re heading to an area called Mountain Creek,” Marcus replied.

“Why here?”

“We use to camp up here years ago. It has some good trout fishing spots,” he replied then glanced over at Karen. “I hope you like fish?”

“Yeah,” Karen replied then yawned while Marcus followed Jake’s pickup down the small two-lane road.

Up in another hangar of the Srecrofne mothership, one hundred Aliens walked over to a rack that contained three hundred small drone sized crafts. These drones are approximately six inches in length and are oval shaped. They looked like a miniature spaceship from a 1950s Sci-Fi movie. It’s small but mighty.

Each Alien picked up four of the lightweight drones and carried them over to the fifteen waiting Ecilop spaceships.

A little while later, a hangar door of the Srecrofne mothership opened.

The fifteen Ecilop spaceships zoomed out of the hangar.

The fifteen Ecilop spaceships zoomed away in different directions down to Earth.

The hangar door closed.

Back in the large hangar of the Reluah mothership, fifteen Pukcip spaceships zoomed out of an opened hangar.

Then fifteen Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangar door.

Out in outer space, the fifteen Ograc spaceships paired up with the fifteen Pukcip spaceships.

The Ograc and Pukcip spaceships zoomed down to Earth after the Ecilop spaceships.

It was the later afternoon in the mountains of North Georgia.

Jake sat along a bank of Mountain Creek. He had his fishing line in the water. The line moved. He caught a fish.

After a few minutes of fighting with the fish, Jake won and reeled in a large trout. He had a huge smile on his face the second he saw the size of his catch.

He got the trout off the hook then dropped it into the cooler where three other large trout were inside.

After Jake gathered up his fishing gear, he grabbed the handle of the cooler and headed off to the woods.

In a small clearing in the woods, Marcus, Dale, and Karen sat around a small campfire. They had their tents set up in a circle around the fire for warmth during the cool night.

They heard twigs snap in the woods. They looked and saw Jake walk out between two trees.

“I hope you have some dinner for us?” Marcus asked while he glanced at the cooler.

Jake walked over showing no emotion. He set the cooler on the ground by Marcus. He removed the lid then walked over to his tent.

Marcus, Dale, and Karen looked inside the cooler.

“Yep, we have dinner,” Dale said while he looked at the four large fish inside the cooler.

Marcus grabbed the handle of the cooler. “Let’s get dinner ready,” he told Dale.

Dale nodded in agreement while he followed Marcus over to a folding table between Jake and Dale’s tent.

Karen relaxed by the fire and enjoyed having the guys make dinner.

Hours had passed and night fell upon the mountains in North Georgia.

Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Karen sat by the warm fire. It was so relaxing when the only sound heard was the crackling of the fire.

“What do we do now?” Karen asked.

“We wait and hopefully find other people that share our same interest,” Jake replied.

“Going to be difficult with them listening,” Marcus added while motioned up at the sky.

Dale nodded in agreement.

They didn’t notice a shooting star that zoomed across the starry sky.

Later that night, it was nighttime in Florence Colorado.

One of the Ecilop spaceships landed in a field outside Florence. The engine to the craft whined to a stop. A door opened and twenty of those drones raced out.

The drones zoomed off toward Florence.

A Pukcip spaceship and an Ograc spaceship landed in the field near the Ecilop. The engines of both spaceships whined down. They waited.

It was quiet inside the ADX Florence maximum penitentiary.

The fifteen drones flew to the penitentiary from all directions.

The drones flew to the facility.

Each one of the drones hovered about four feet off the ground. Red laser beams shot out of the drones and cut a hole in the metal doors.

The drones zoomed inside the facility.

Once inside the facility, the drones flew down the hallway inches from the ceiling. This avoided any detection by the motion sensors.

The drones were able to open up the necessary locked door to venture into the areas that housed the jail cells. This had security at the penitentiary scrambling to learn why these doors were opening up by themselves.

The drones made it to the areas that housed the jail cells.

Two drones zipped down the hallway shining a strange while light on all the cell doors. The doors to the jail cells automatically opened.

After a few seconds, the prisoners all stepped outside into the hallway. These were the most dangerous criminals held and they looked a little surprised that their cell doors opened.

One of the prisoners saw one of the drones while it hovered inches below the ceiling. "What the fuck is that?" he said while he pointed at the drone.

Some of the nearby prisoners saw the drones.

"Those fucking guards are watching us," one of the prisoners said then he flipped the drone off.

Before the prisoners had time to react, the two drones started firing red laser beams like machine guns at the prisoners.

“Fuck!” one of the prisoners yelled out while two laser beams went through his body like it was butter. It burned and the pain was excruciating.

Some of the prisoners screamed while the laser beams went through their bodies.

All the prisoners dropped dead to the floor.

The drones flew off down the hallway and headed to another hallway.

Twenty minutes passed and all the drones zoomed away from the penitentiary. All of the dangerous criminals were dead – mission complete.

Back in the field, the twenty drones flew back to the Ecilop spaceship.

A door of the Pukcip spaceship opened. Ten Elibomria spaceships flew out of the spaceship.

The Retnuh’s zoomed off into the air and headed to the penitentiary.

In San Quentin prison in California, fifteen other drones were inside killing all the prisoners with their laser beam machine gun rapid fire.

The guards just watched knowing they couldn’t interfere with these drones.

After the drones zoomed away, the guards made their sweep through the whole prison. They realized all the prisoners were dead.

“I guess we won’t have a job now,” one of the guards told his coworkers.

The other guards nodded in agreement while they saw all the dead prisoners on the hallway floor.

They heard footsteps. They looked and saw four Retnuh’s that walked down the hallway.

The Retnuh’s each picked up two dead prisoners by their arms and dragged them away.

Inside the La Sante Prison in Paris, France, the screaming stopped after some other drones completed their mission. All the prisoners were now dead.

In the Diyarbakir Prison in Southeastern Turkey, the drones all killed all the prisoners. Among the dead were some of the corrupted guards that the drones were programmed to search out and destroy.

The same mission was being completed in all of the other prisons around the world that housed extremely dangerous criminals.

An hour later, all fifteen Ecilop spaceships zoomed up from different directions from Earth.

The Ecilop spaceships flew into a single file formation and flew into the opened hangar of the Srecrofne spaceship.

All fifteen Pukcip and fifteen Ograc spaceships zoomed up to the Reluah mothership.

Another large hangar door of the Reluah ship opened.

The fifteen Pukcip and fifteen Ograc spaceships flew in a single file into the opened hangar.

It was quiet back down in the woods of North Georgia.

Jake, Marcus, Dale, and Karen relaxed around the campfire. The woods were quiet except for the occasional crackle of the wood burning.

Karen's eyelids drifted close. She started to doze off.

After a few seconds, her cell phone rang from her jeans pocket. She jumped a little startled by the sound of that old timey phone ring. She looked confused while her phone rang. She realized what it was and reached into her pocket. "Hello," she answered the call without checking the viewfinder for the caller's identification.

"Karen, Michael Wheatstone here. I really need to meet with you," he calmly said from her cell phone.

"About what?" Karen answered a little suspicious of the caller.

"I have to discuss this with you in person. But we do have similar tastes," Michael replied and sounded sincere.

Karen thought about the caller for a few seconds. She went with her gut instincts.

“Where and when?”

“Asheville, North Carolina. Tomorrow at two in the afternoon.”

“Where in Asheville can we meet?”

“I’ll call again tomorrow and identify a safe place with lots of people around.”

Michael disconnected his end of the call.

Karen glanced over at Jake, Marcus, and Dale. “We have a supporter. He wants to meet tomorrow in Asheville, North Carolina at two in the afternoon,” she told them.

“Can we trust him?” Jake asked and sounded a little skeptical.

“He sounded sincere,” she replied.

“It’s worth a shot. Plus I believe these Aliens only come after you at night,” Marcus replied.

Jake, and Dale thought about Marcus’s comment.

“Okay. Karen and I will meet him,” Jake said then he stood up. “Let’s get some rest for tomorrow’s trip.”

Marcus glanced over at Karen and was a little smitten by her. “I’ll tell you what Jake. I’ll go with Karen,” he offered.

“I don’t mind going,” Jake replied.

“I should go. After all, I started all this. And besides, you’re probably a wanted man with those creatures,” Marcus said and looked serious.

Jake walked over and patted Marcus on his shoulder. “Let’s all get some rest,” he said then headed off to his tent.

Marcus, Dale, and Karen got up and headed to their tents.

Chapter 28

The sun rose for the start of another day in North Georgia.

Karen woke up before Jake, Dale, or Marcus. She was an early riser and hated to sleep in late. She grabbed her washrag, towel and a bar of soap then went out of the tent.

Karen walked through the woods and headed to the creek.

When she arrived at the creek, she placed her towel and washrag on a rock. She stepped out of her shoes and then stripped down to her bra and panties. She grabbed the bar of soap and stepped into the creek. She started to wash the exposed parts of her body.

Back at the campsite, Marcus crawled out of his tent. He yawned while he stretched. *I need a drink!* He thought to himself while his hands started to shake.

He headed off to the woods.

A few minutes later, Marcus found a tree not too far from the creek. He unzipped his pants and started to pee on the bark of the pine tree. While he peed, he glanced over to his left. Something caught his attention. He saw the back of Karen while she stood in the creek in her bra and panties. He smiled at the sight of her washing her body in the creek.

Then Karen turned around as if she sensed someone was watching her. Marcus hid behind the pine tree in midstream so she wouldn't see him.

Karen turned back around and started washing her legs.

Marcus decided to be a gentleman and quietly finished then headed back to the camp.

A few minutes later, Karen walked back to the camp with her towel wrapped around her body.

Marcus had a pot of coffee brewing over the fire. "Good morning," he said the second he spotted her.

She sniffed the air while she walked close to the campfire. "I love the smell of coffee in the morning," she said while she walked over to the tent.

"Asheville is probably a two and half hour drive from here," she said from her tent while she changed into some fresh clothes.

"Okay," Marcus replied while he opened up a box of Special K Breakfast Bars.

Karen crawled out of her tent dressed in jeans and a tee shirt.

Marcus handed her a cup of coffee and a breakfast bar.

While he sat down, Jake and Dale crawled out of their tents.

"Coffee smells good," Jake said while he and Dale walked over to the fire.

Marcus poured two cups of coffee. He handed Jake and Dale their coffee.

"When are you heading to Asheville?" Jake asked then took a sip of coffee.

"After we finish our coffee and breakfast bar," Marcus replied then took a bite of his Special K Breakfast Bar.

"Take our proof with you," Jake said then he headed to his tent.

Back in the Oval Office of the White House, President Westwood listened to a caller on one of his phones.

"Thank you for the update President Neville. I'll be in touch if anything develops on our shores," President Westwood said then hung up his phone.

He looked worried.

Jeremy entered the office from one of the side doors.

"France had all of their dangerous prisoners at the La Sante prison in Paris mysteriously killed last night. Some of the guards said some saucer types of drones used laser beams," President Westwood told Jeremy while he walked up to his desk.

"I have some updates on what happened last night with our dangerous criminals," Jeremy said while he sat down in one of the chairs by the desk.

An hour had passed and Marcus drove Karen's Prius north on Route 441 in North Carolina. The rock classic song *Magic Carpet Ride* by Steppenwolf played on the radio.

Karen glanced over at Marcus. She got curious. "How long have you known Jake and Dale?" Karen curiously asked.

Marcus had to think about this for a few seconds. "Almost ten years."

"So they're still in the Army. Why did you get out?"

Marcus glanced over at Karen. He didn't want to tell her his story, but there was something about him that made him feel good. "It's sorta of a long story."

"We have a least two hours until Asheville."

Marcus hesitated for a few seconds while he looked at her brown eyes. He couldn't resist. "I won't get into too much detail, but I got a dishonorable discharge for beating the crap out of a Colonel."

"Why would you do that?" Karen asked and started to think different about Marcus.

"I did a little drinking and caught this Colonel raping a female Corporal in the woods at Fort Benning."

"Why didn't the Colonel get into trouble for rape?"

"He used his influence and she never came forward. So it was his word against mine. I lost."

Karen believed Marcus and felt a little sorry for him.

"Then my wife divorced me. I couldn't find a job and ended up homeless on the streets. Whiskey became my only friend," Marcus added and felt ashamed.

The *Magic Carpet Ride* song ended on the radio.

"And now for some breaking news," the DJ said from the radio. "We just got word that all the dangerous prisoners in San Quentin, Louisiana State Penitentiary, ADX Florence, and the Atlanta Penitentiary were killed last night by some saucer types of drones. Then a little while after that, Aliens entered the penitentiary and removed the prisoners," the DJ said over the radio then paused for a few seconds. "And after the news of numerous street gangs, motorcycle gangs, and Mafia family members being taken, it sure sounds like

our Alien friends are making our streets safer for us. It's going to be paradise soon," the DJ added and sounded excited.

"No, it sounds like these Aliens are stocking their refrigerators with more meat," Marcus said while he looked over at Karen.

"I agree," Karen said and she looked worried.

"Me too. But I know how to live on the streets, so maybe we can avoid being on their meal table," he replied.

Karen looked over at Marcus and she wasn't concerned in the least about his homeless past. She actually felt safe being around him.

It was busy inside the large processing room of the Reluah mothership. The Aliens off loaded more dead prisoners onto the conveyer belts.

At the other end of the belts, other Aliens off loaded the packaged dead prisoners onto a floating table.

The freezers inside the Reluah mothership was starting to fill up and there was over three hundred packaged humans.

Sandark was happy and figured King Chirlark would give him a huge promotion.

An hour had passed and Marcus drove Karen's Prius into Asheville, North Carolina down Smokey Park Highway.

"I hope this guy calls. I would hate to think it was some practical joker," Marcus said while he drove down the road.

Karen saw a McDonalds up ahead. "Let's pull in that McDonalds, coffee is on me," she said.

"Sounds good to me," Marcus replied while he pulled into the left hand lane and pulled into the McDonalds parking lot.

Ten minutes later, Karen and Marcus sat down at a table and enjoyed a cup of coffee and an Egg McMuffin.

Karen's cell phone rang. She looked at the viewfinder. "This might be him," she said while she placed it to her ear. "Karen," she answered the call.

“It’s Michael Wheatstone. Where are you?” he replied from her cell phone.

“At a McDonalds off of Smokey Park Highway.”

“Okay. Meet me at the Biltmore Shopping Mall. There’s plenty of people there so it should be safe,” Michael said.

“How do I get there?”

“Turn left out of the McDonalds. Head down Smokey Park Highway then turn left on Sand Hill Road. Keep on that road and it turns into Sardis Road. Then turn left on Brevard Road. The mall is down that road off to the right. Meet me in the food court down close to Dillard’s. I’ll be at one of the tables in a black tee shirt. I’ll have the appearance I’m working on my laptop. You’ll notice something different with my left arm. Use the code nineteen ninety-eight so I know it’s really you,” Michael said then disconnected his end of the call.

“Let’s go,” Karen told Marcus then finished the rest of her coffee.

Karen and Marcus rushed out of the McDonalds and headed to her Prius.

She drove.

Twenty minutes later, Karen and Marcus walked down the mall and found the food court. They paused for a few seconds while they scanned the court over and checked out everybody eating.

They walked through the eating area.

“That must be him,” Karen said when she saw a man in his mid-fifties, in a black tee shirt typing with his right hand on his laptop.

Karen and Marcus headed over to Michael’s table.

Michael typed on his laptop with his right hand and didn’t notice Karen and Marcus.

“Nineteen ninety-eight,” Karen said while she stopped by Michael’s side.

Michael closed his laptop and glanced up at Karen and Marcus.

“I’m Karen.”

“I’m Marcus.”

“Have a seat,” Michael replied while he scanned the food court over.

Karen and Marcus noticed that Michael’s left arm was artificial arm. Michael saw them starting at him.

“This happened one night in nineteen ninety-eight outside Augusta, Georgia. Two Aliens used some type of ray gun and paralyzed me. They then took me into their spaceship and proceeded to use another laser and cut off my left arm. After that they dumped me into the field and took off with my arm,” Michael told them and his anger started to show in his eyes while he recalled that night. “So I hate those fucking creatures,” he said quietly to make sure nobody around them could hear. He paused then looked at Karen and Marcus. “Why do you?” he asked quietly.

Marcus looked around to make sure no other eyes were checking them out. He reached in his jeans pocket and removed five folded pieces of paper. “Be extremely discreet while looking at these,” he said while he discreetly handed them to Michael.

Michael discreetly unfolded the five pieces of paper. He looked at the papers. He did a double take. His eyes widened in shock. “Is this?”

Marcus nodded in agreement while he leaned over to Michael’s left ear. “They’re harvesting us for food.”

Michael discreetly folded the papers and gave them back to Marcus. He stared into space while his blood boiled at the thought that the Aliens probably ate his left arm as a meal.

“We have another problem. We know of someone that made comments in her Twitter account about people wanting to kill the Aliens. We believe they kidnapped her the other night,” Karen told Michael.

“I know, I heard of four people that mysteriously went missing,” Michael replied.

“We need to figure out a way to you know,” Marcus quietly told Michael.

“I had a job as a janitor at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. I was laid-off two weeks ago because these Aliens were curing everybody. They don’t need the CDC to find cures for cancer and what not,” Michael said and looked pissed about that fact. He looked around and made sure nobody was eavesdropping on their conversation. “I know of a super smart chemist Doctor Marvin Spencer. He was laid off from the CDC. We talked and he wants to get rid of these Aliens. If anybody can figure out a way, he can,” Michael quietly told Karen and Marcus.

Marcus smiled thinking they might have made some progress. “Can we meet him?”

Michael looked at Karen and Marcus for a few seconds and started to look like that might not be a good idea.

“I snuck into one of the Alien spaceships back in Orlando. I saw someone I knew inside a freezer. He was dead. He also told me a story on how those Aliens kidnapped him and cut off his right arm. He spent most of his life homeless,” Marcus told Michael.

Michael looked at Marcus and saw he looked sincere. “I spent six years on the streets. Marvin would give me some money when I panhandled in Atlanta. He then helped me get the janitor’s job at the CDC. He was the only one that believed my story on how I lost my left arm,” Michael said.

“My husband was protesting by the Alien spaceship outside Columbus. He went missing,” Karen said and her eyes welled up.

Michael looked at Karen and felt sorry for her. “We can meet Marvin in Franklin. He has a cabin in the woods. It’s nice and secluded.”

“There’s two friends of mine that are helping. They’re Army Rangers, so they might come in handy,” Marcus said.

Michael looked a little nervous about more people coming along.

“We lost another good friend and his wife to these Aliens. They had a son who saw the Aliens abduct his mother. I have him in hiding,” Marcus told Michael.

“Okay. You can follow me and have your friends meet us in Franklin,” Michael said while he gathered up his laptop and shoved it into his computer bag. “Have your friends meet us at the Hardee’s off Main Street in Franklin,” he added while he slung his computer bag around his shoulder.

Karen and Marcus followed Michael out of the food court.

Before Karen, Marcus, and Michael left the mall, Marcus called Dale from a pay phone. He gave him a vague message about meeting a friend in Hardee’s in Franklin, North Carolina. Dale understood Marcus’ message.

Back near Mountain Creek, Dale and Jake quickly packed up their camping gear and stowed it in the bed of Jake’s pickup.

Marcus and Karen followed Michael’s Honda out of Asheville.

Up in outer space, fifteen Ecilop spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangar of the Screcrofne mothership.

The Ecilop spaceships zoomed down to Earth.

Fifteen Pukcip and fifteen Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangars of the Reluah mothership.

One Pukcip and one Ograc spaceship paired up and zoomed after the Ecilop spaceships.

The Ecilop, Pukcip and Ograc spaceships all zoomed down to Earth and headed toward Europe, which was in darkness. They were on another mission to round up some more criminals from the prisons in Europe.

Later that day, Marcus, Karen, and Michael sat in the Hardee’s. While they waited, Michael treated Karen and Marcus to some Charbroiled burgers, fries, and a shake.

Jake and Dale entered Hardee’s and saw Karen and Marcus.

They walked over to their booth.

“Michael, meet Jake and Dale. Two of the Army’s toughest Rangers,” Marcus said.

Jake, Dale, and Michael sat down at the booth.

Dale’s stomach growled and Jake heard. “I feel the same,” Jake said while he got out of the booth.

He walked over to the counter.

Dale got out of the booth and headed to the counter.

Five minutes passed and Marvin Spencer entered Hardee's. He looked around and saw Michael at the booth. He headed over in that direction.

Michael saw Marvin walk over.

"Marvin, meet Karen and Marcus. We have vested interests and they can be trusted," said Michael.

"Hello," Marvin replied while he sat down in the booth.

Dale and Jake walked over the booth with their Charbroiled hamburgers and shakes.

"Meet Jake and Dale," Marcus said while Jake and Dale sat down in the booth. "This is Marvin."

Jake and Dale gave Marvin a "hello" nod.

"Okay Marvin, now that we're all here and know that we all have the same interests, Marcus here has information about the real reasons these Aliens are down here," Michael said then motioned to Marcus to show Marvin the papers.

Marcus reached in his pants pocket and removed the five folded pieces of paper. "Be discreet at looking at these," he said while he slid the papers over to Marvin.

Marvin took the papers and moved them down to his lap. He unfolded them and looked. His eyes widened in disbelief in what he saw. He looked at Marcus who nodded that it was for real. "They're eating us?" Marvin quietly said still in disbelief.

"Yep. Earth is their food supply," Marcus quietly replied.

Marvin folded the papers and slid them back to Marcus. He pondered what he saw and started to get furious. "Let's go to my place," he told Michael.

Michael nodded in agreement.

Karen, Marcus, Michael, Marvin, Jake, and Dale got out of the booth.

They headed out the door.

Twenty minutes later, Karen, Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Michael followed Marvin to his cabin deep in the woods.

He lived five miles from Franklin and it was nice and secluded. The cabin belonged to Marvin's father where the family would spend their summers. It had five bedrooms with three baths and a detached two-car garage in the backyard.

On the roof of the cabin was a satellite dish for WildBlue Internet service.

Along the one side of the garage was a tower that Marvin's father used for his ham radio. The radio hadn't been used in years and was stored in the attic of the garage.

The front porch of the cabin had five wooden rocking chairs for relaxing while listening to the birds singing.

After they went inside, Marvin showed them where they could sleep.

"Let's get some rest. We'll talk about all this in the morning," Marvin said.

It was in the middle of the night and Marvin sat in a rocking chair on the front porch of his cabin. He was in deep thought while he thought about those Aliens using us as a food supply. The more he thought about this the more he was determined to find a way to kill these Aliens.

Marvin didn't notice the three stars that flew across the sky. But they weren't stars. They were an Ecilop, Pukcip and Ograc spaceships on a mission to pickup more prisoners in the eastern part of the United States. Their target was Attica prison in New York.

Chapter 29

Up in outer space, the fifteen Ecilop spaceships zoomed up from Earth.

They head to the opened hangar of the Screcrofne mothership.

The fifteen Pukcip and fifteen Ograc spaceships zoomed up from Earth.

They head to the opened hangar of the Reluah mothership.

It was morning down in North Carolina.

In Marvin's cabin, he and Michael cooked breakfast for their guest. It was nothing fancy. It was scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and orange juice.

They all sat around the table.

"I was up last night thinking about these Aliens," Marvin said while he poured a cup of coffee.

Marcus saw Karen's cup was empty. He grabbed the coffee pot and poured her some coffee.

She gave him a thank you smile.

Jake and Dale noticed and knew Marcus started liking Karen. They were glad.

"We know that any weapons we have will not be a match for anything these Aliens use. I hope you saw how they destroyed the space station," Marvin said then sipped some of his coffee.

Michael, Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Karen nodded in agreement that they saw the space station blew up on TV.

"Besides, if we start using our weapons, they'll start using theirs and we'll be killed within days," Marvin said then ate some scrambled eggs.

"It would be nice if we could get one of their weapons," Marcus said then he sipped some of his coffee.

Marvin thought about Marcus' comment for a few seconds. "So I'm thinking we have to find something biological. Something that kills them by inhalation," Marvin said then ate a piece of bacon.

Marcus, Jake and Dale looked at each other and liked Marvin's thought.

"Makes sense to me. There has to be something that will kill them without them knowing what it is," Jake said then he sipped some of his coffee.

"It would be nice if the flu virus would kill them," Michael added.

"Or something like Anthrax," Karen said then she sipped some of her coffee.

Marvin glanced over at Karen and liked her comment.

Marcus was in deep thought. "We could find some virus or bacteria that we could sneak into their spaceships," he said then munched on a piece of bacon.

"That's probably the only way. But how can we sneak this stuff into their spaceships?" Jake asked.

"Plus we would have to do this around the world. How can we do that?" Karen asked.

"We can't use Facebook, Twitter, cell phones or the Internet. Those creatures are monitoring us and listening for any threatening talk," Dale said.

"We'll have to come up with something they can't understand," Marvin replied and he couldn't think of anything at the moment.

"How can we find out what biological or chemical stuff will kill these Aliens?" Marcus asked Marvin.

Karen noticed Marcus' cup of coffee needed refilled. She took care of that and Marcus gave her a little smile.

"We'll have to find a way to kidnap one of those Aliens," Marvin suggested.

Michael, Marcus, Karen, Jake, and Dale looked at Marvin and thought he was joking.

"I'm serious. That's the only way to find a sure way to kill these Aliens. We have to perform experiments," Marvin said.

“We don’t know if they have strength far superior than us,” Dale asked.

“Well, from the information I gathered, I heard of a guy that witnessed a friend confront one of the Aliens. They were protesting outside the Aliens spaceship outside Dallas. When an Alien approached them, the one guy got scared, ran, and hid behind a tree. He said his friend stayed behind and cursed at the Alien. His friend then tackled the Alien and they slammed to the ground. The guy then punched at the Alien’s face. The Alien screamed a loud eerie girlish scream. The guy spotted other Aliens running over from the spaceship. He got up and ran away. But he didn’t get too far when one of the other Alien used one of his ray guns. A purple light came out of the ray gun and paralyzed the protestor. They dragged him inside their spaceship,” Michael said.

“It sounds like if we get one alone where he can’t use his weapon, we might have a good possibility of pulling this off,” Jake said.

“But where can we keep such a creature?” Marcus asked while he looked around the garage.

“I do have a garage located twenty feet from the rear of the cabin. It stores an old Chevrolet that belonged to my grandfather,” Marvin said.

“Do you have lab equipment there?” Karen asked and started to get a little leery of Marvin.

“A work bench and microscope and a few odds and ends. We’ll have to get some other needed items later late tonight,” Marvin replied.

“Where?” Marcus asked.

Michel looked at Marvin and knew the answer.

“Where else but the CDC,” Marvin said while he gave Michael a wink.

Dale, Jake, and Marcus looked at each other.

“The CDC?” Jake asked to make sure he heard correctly.

“Yes the CDC. After all they won’t care about the missing equipment since everybody is scrambling to find other careers,” Marvin replied.

Jake, Dale, and Marcus looked at each other.

“Well, I guess it’s time for some good ole midnight requisitions,” Jake said remembering those times during the Army.

Dale and Marcus nodded in agreement.

“Midnight requisitions?” Karen asked.

“Yeah, we desperately need something, so we go out in the middle of the night and take it,” Marcus replied.

Karen thought about Marcus’ response for a few seconds. Normally she doesn’t approve of stealing, but this time it was a matter of life and death. “I guess it’s time for some midnight requisitions.”

“Jake and I will go with Marvin,” Marcus said because Dale had a family.

“We’ll head out of here just before midnight,” Marvin said while he got up from the table. He grabbed the coffee pot, which was empty and headed to the kitchen to make a fresh pot.

Back in a conference room at the White House, President Westwood had another briefing with his civilian and military advisors.

“We got reports that all the prisoners in Attica and Sing Sing were killed and taken last night,” Jeremy told President Westwood.

“Our operatives overseas are learning that prisoners all over Europe were killed and taken away,” Russell Wernick said.

President Westwood took a few seconds to digest this new information. “Well, the good side is the taxpayers won’t have to care for all those prisoners from now on,” he jokingly said.

Some of the people around the table chuckled over the President’s comment.

“But we also have reports of some innocent people that are missing,” Jeremy said the quieted the chuckles.

“Innocent people? Are we talking more protesters?” President Westwood curiously asked.

“We don’t have any information about them,” Jeremy said.

“How many?”

“So far we estimated two thousand,” Jeremy replied.

“Two thousand,” President Westwood repeated and stared at the table. “I don’t know what to say about that. I mean, the Aliens so far have been targeting our criminals. Maybe these people tried to attack the Aliens,” President Westwood said.

All the military advisors remained silent.

It was dusk and Marcus sat on the front porch in a rocking chair. He stared out at the trees in deep thought.

Karen walked out onto the porch with two cups of coffee in hand. She walked over to Marcus.

“I thought you might like some coffee,” she asked while she sat down in the rocking chair next to Marcus.

“Thanks,” he said with a smile then took the coffee cup from her.

Karen noticed Marcus’ left hand shaking. “Are you nervous about tonight?” she asked.

“No. Why do you ask?”

“Your hand is shaking,” she replied.

Marcus looked ashamed. “I haven’t had a drink in a while. While I was homeless, I started to drink a lot. Jake insisted I quit while on this mission,” he said.

Karen reached over and held Marcus’ shaking hand. “Jake’s right.”

Marcus liked the feeling of Karen’s hand on his. In fact, it’s been a long time since a woman held his hand. He sat back and enjoyed the loving feeling.

“We’re leaving in an hour,” Jake said while he walked up to Marcus and Karen. He smiled at the sight of her holding his hand.

“I have a splitting headache and need to take some aspirins,” Marcus said while he suddenly shook off Karen’s hand and got up.

Marcus headed to the front door and went inside the cabin.

Karen looked a little hurt Marcus left suddenly and Jake noticed.

“It’s not you, he’s going through some DT’s for not drinking,” Jake told her.

Karen felt sorry for Marcus.

Jake headed to the front door.

Karen got up and headed to the front door.

It was 1:00 am and Jake drove his pickup truck down Clifton Road northeast of Atlanta, Georgia. Marvin and Marcus were in the passenger seat and everybody was quiet.

Jake pulled into the CDC Parkway and followed that road to a parking lot near the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) building.

After Jake parked his pickup, he, Marvin, and Marcus got out and wore their black ski masks and black leather gloves.

They looked at the CDC building.

Marcus looked concerned. “Make sure we don’t take something that if it accidentally gets released, we won’t on the floor coughing up our lungs then dying,” he said.

“He’s right. No SARS or some of that other stuff that will kill us instead of the Aliens,” Jake added.

Marvin nodded in agreement. “Let’s go,” he said then rushed over to the CDC building.

Marcus and Jake rushed after Marvin who rushed them over to a side door.

Marvin used his badge to gain access into the building.

An hour had passed and Jake’s pickup was filled with an analyzer, box of chemicals, box of other cultures, beakers, and two fully encapsulated chemical suits, and other laboratory equipment.

Jake drove his pickup out of the CDC area and headed down Clifton Road.

They left undetected.

Up in outer space, an Alien was inside one of the freezers in the Reluah mothership. But the freezer was actually inside one of the cargo spaceships attached to the Reluah mothership. This spaceship was labeled Reluah Eno.

Up in outer space, the Reluah Eno cargo spaceship broke off from the Reluah mothership.

The four engines fire. The Reluah Eno moved away from the mothership.

The Reluah Eno cargo ship spun around and moved toward the Moon. The engines fired up, the Reluah Eno picked up speed and raced off toward the Moon. The Reluah Eno was on its way for the six month journey the Snaicitilop home planet.

Inside the Reluah Eno freezer were the packaged pieces of Henry, Janet, and Les, the other protesters, the motorcycle gangs, Mafia members, and other criminal elements.

Over at the Redael mothership, Sandark sat in his chair in the Command Center. He glanced down at Earth where Europe was visible.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark's chair. "Sir, Reluah Eno is on its way home," he said.

"Good. Is everybody ready for the meeting?" Sandark asked.

"Yes sir, Commanders Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack are on their way," Aadark.

Sandark motioned for Aadark to leave.

Aadark snapped his heels and rushed away.

Sandark smiled while he glanced down at Europe.

"King Liplark will probably give me a huge promotion after he sees our first harvest," Sandark said while he daydreamt on the King's grateful reaction to the packaged humans.

A small hangar door of the Seruc mothership opened. A small two-seater spaceship zoomed out and raced over to the Redael mothership. Jarlink piloted the spaceship with Commander Wetlark in the backseat.

A small hangar door of the Reluah mothership opened. A small two-seater spaceship zoomed out and raced over to

the Redael mothership. Virlark piloted the spaceship with Commander Oodark in the backseat.

A small hangar door of the Screcrofne mothership opened. A small two-seater spaceship zoomed out and raced over to the Redael mothership. Nnarlirk piloted the spaceship with Commander Fardack in the backseat.

A small hangar door of the Redael opened up.

The three two-seater spaceships zoomed into the opened hangar.

The hangar door closed.

In the Redael mothership, Sandark entered a small conference room where Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack waited in their chairs by the floating table.

Their servants Jarlink, Virlark, and Nnarlirk stood by the wall and waited.

“Thank you for attending this meeting,” Sandark said while he walked over to the floating table. He sat down at his chair at the head of the table.

“I would like to give congratulations to Commander Wetlark for his excellent work on curing those Earthlings of everything that could provide us with contaminated meals. We have won most of the Earthlings so called love my making them healthier. Again, great job Commander Wetlark,” Sandark said.

Oodark and Fardack nodded in agreement with Sandark’s statement.

“Okay, as you probably heard, the Reluah Eno departed with full cargo of some of our human meals to our home planet. Great job Commander Oodark,” Sandark said.

Wetlark and Fardack nodded in agreement with Sandark’s statement.

“Fardack’s missions of getting all those dangerous criminals out of those crude Earth prisons performed as expected. Great job Commander Fardack,” Sandark said.

Wetlark and Oodark nodded in agreement with Sandark’s statement.

“Commander Fardack will now have the majority of the work with the next phase. Are your drone’s ready to keep a watchful eyes on any threats?” Sandark asked Fardack.

“Yes sir. Our Hctins’ are ready for deployment,” Fardack replied with a confident smile.

“Good. I’ll let you know when I’m ready to deploy them,” Sandark said then looked over at Wetlark. “Inform me when the Earthlings stop showing up at the Rexif’s,” Sandark told him.

“Yes sir, we’re starting to see a decrease in the amount of Earthlings wanting to be cured,” Wetlark replied.

“We can also ensure any future humans are not contaminated when they get processed in the Reluah,” Sandark said.

Wetlark and Oodark nodded in agreement with Sandark’s statement.

“That’s all,” Sandark said then got up from his chair.

Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack waited at the table.

Down on Earth at the observatories in the United States were aimed at the four motherships. They kept a watchful eye on these crafts and witnessed the Reluah Eno break off from the Reluah mothership. They further tracked Reluah Eno while it raced away toward the Moon. This information was eventually reported to President Westwood. The President wasn’t concerned since the spaceship headed away from Earth.

At Marvin’s cabin in North Carolina, Jake backed his pickup up to the garage. Off to the side of the garage was a 1952 Chevrolet panel van that was in excellent shape.

Jake, Marcus, and Marvin got out of the pickup without their ski masks and gloves.

Karen, Michael, and Dale rushed over to the garage from the cabin.

They started unloading the pickup and carried the stolen CDC equipment into the garage.

Chapter 30

Morning arrived and it was quiet across the eastern part of the United States.

Back in Marvin's cabin, Karen and Marcus made breakfast for everybody in the kitchen. Today they made pancakes.

Karen looked a little concerned. "Were you up all night?"

"Yeah. I couldn't sleep. I had a bad craving for a drink," Marcus replied and felt a little ashamed.

"Just take one day at a time," Karen said while she held Marcus' shaking right hand.

Jake and Dale entered the kitchen and immediately headed to the coffee pot.

Karen let go of Marcus' right hand.

"Where's Michael?" Jake asked while he poured two cups of coffee.

"Asleep I guess," Marcus replied.

"And Marvin?" Jake asked while he handed Dale a cup of coffee.

"I think he's out working in his garage. Go tell him breakfast is ready," Karen replied while she poured pancake batter onto the stove.

Jake motioned for Dale to follow him.

Dale nodded he understood.

Jake and Dale walked to the table and set down their coffee cups.

They headed to the kitchen door that led to the backyard.

They went outside.

Jake and Dale walked over to the garage and noticed all the windows were painted black for privacy.

They went inside through the side door.

“Wow. Were you up all night? It looks great,” Jake said then he saw the inside of the garage.

Marvin had set up his garage to look like a laboratory with test tubes, analyzers, and all kinds of chemical bottles and other items.

“Yeah. All I need is a table where we can restrain the Alien,” Marvin said while he looked over his work.

“Breakfast is ready. Come get it while it’s hot,” Jake said.

Marvin walked over to Jake and Dale.

They left the cabin.

Back in the kitchen, Marcus placed a plate full of pancakes in the center of the table.

Karen brought over some syrup and the pot of coffee.

“Something smells good,” Michael said when he entered the kitchen area.

Marvin, Jake, and Dale entered the kitchen from the rear door.

A few minutes later, they were all munching down on pancakes.

“Marvin has the laboratory ready and it looks good,” Jake told Michael, Marcus, and Karen.

“We now need to figure out how to kidnap one of those Aliens without getting killed,” Dale said then took a bite of pancakes.

“I contacted my brother Stanley. He’s a surgeon from Boston. He’s on his way to help me,” Marvin said then he took a bite of pancakes.

“After we get inside one of their crafts, we need some type of diversion once one of those creatures is alone,” Marcus said then he took a bit of pancakes.

“Smoke grenades would work if we could get some,” Jake replied.

Dale and Marcus thought about Jake’s suggestion. They liked it.

“Some tear gas couldn’t hurt,” Dale said then took a sip of coffee.

“Where can we get some without being noticed?”

Marcus asked Michael and Marvin.

“Is there some type of security store around here?”

Jake asked Michael and Marvin.

Marvin and Michael looked at each other. “Galvin,” they said in unison knowing he could help.

“Who?” Marcus curiously asked.

“Galvin Dunbar was an ex-maintenance man at the CDC. He’s around sixty-six and lives in a cabin about twenty miles south of here,” Marvin said.

“He’s a Vietnam vet that’s scared of the government. He’s one of these guys that believes the government is coming to take control of all of us,” Michael said.

“Take away our guns, turn us into a socialist type of government,” Marvin said.

“But once you get to know him, he would do anything for you,” Michael said.

Marvin nodded in agreement with Michael. “He’s been known to have all kinds of guns and other items in his cabin just in case the government comes after him.” Marvin thought about Galvin for a few seconds. He snapped his fingers when he remembered something. “Galvin’s has his own welding shop. He probably hates these Aliens and would love to help us,” Marvin added.

“I say we pay Galvin a visit,” Marcus said.

“I would recommend Jake and Dale come along with me,” Michael said then sipped his coffee. “Galvin will trust you since you’re Army Rangers. I believe that’s what he was in Vietnam.”

“He trusts you?” Jake curiously asked Michael.

“Yeah. He felt sorry for me since I was abducted by Aliens,” Michael replied.

“Let’s go after breakfast,” Jake said.

Michael nodded in agreement while he shoved some more pancakes into his mouth.

Two hours later, Michael drove his Camry down a long dirt driveway. Jake and Dale were passengers.

“This guy sure lives way out in the boonies,” Jake said while he scanned the wooded front yard.

“He’s basically a loner. He does few welding jobs and is actually one of the best,” Michael replied while he drove up to the cabin.

Jake and Dale saw a log cabin with barred windows and a step-van parked by one side.

“Let me do the initial talking so we don’t spook him,” Michael said while he parked his car then turned off the engine.

Inside Galvin’s cabin, he sat in his living area with a bottle of Jack Daniels in his lazy boy chair. He had long white hair in a ponytail and hadn’t shaved in three weeks.

He took a swig of whiskey while he glanced at a copy of a form letter from his doctor. He heard a car door close outside. He shoved the letter into his pants pocket. He removed a 9mm Glock out of his other pocket while he got up from the chair.

He turned off the safety on the Glock while he walked over to the curtains.

They walked to the front porch and headed to the barred screen door. They didn’t notice Galvin’s peering eyes from the living area curtains.

Michael knocked on the door. The cabin was quiet. Then a small door on the metal front door slowly opened. It looked like one of those from the speakeasy days during prohibition.

“What the fuck do you want?” Galvin asked and sounded pissed.

“Galvin, it’s me, Michael Wheatstone from CDC.”

Galvin’s eyes were visible from the small door. “Who are these two? Government agents?”

Jake removed his wallet.

“I’m Sergeant First Class Jake Morris and this is Sergeant First Class Dale Terizon,” Jake said then flashed his military ID card.

Dale removed his wallet and flashed his military ID card.

Michael glanced at the cards. "Is the Army coming to take me back?" Galvin asked and sounded a little suspicious.

"No. We're here to talk about killing some Aliens," Michael said.

"Killing Aliens?" Galvin asked and that peaked his interest. "Why?"

Jake removed the five pieces of paper from his jeans pocket. "We had a good friend and his wife were killed by these Aliens," he said while he unfolded the pieces of paper. "Then we found out why. The Aliens are wanting us as a food supply," he added then flashed the papers at the small door.

Galvin looked at the papers. Then the small door closed. The sound of six door locks being unlocked was heard. The metal front door opened. Galvin appeared at the screened door.

"I believe these Aliens were planted by the government to make us their slaves," he said while he unlocked the four locks on the screen door.

Jake and Dale glanced at each other and figured they were in for a treat.

"Enter," Galvin said while he opened the screen door. Michael, Jake, and Dale entered Galvin's cabin.

Galvin immediately closed and locked the screen door and then the front door.

"Have a seat," Galvin said while motioned for them to sit down on an old worn couch.

Jake and Dale noticed a bookcase full of books about conspiracy theories like the JFK assassination while the sat down on the couch with Michael.

Galvin sat down in an old leather lazy boy chair. "So how do you plan on killing these Aliens?" Galvin asked, as his interested was peaked.

"Do you remember Doctor Marvin Spencer from the CDC?" Michael asked Galvin.

Galvin thought for a few seconds. "Yeah, that brainy chemist. He always treated me nice."

“He believes that in order to kill these Aliens, it has to be biological. But to find what can kill them, we need to kidnap one of the Aliens,” Michael told Galvin.

“My weapons are like pea shooters compared to what these fucking creatures can unleash on us,” Galvin said then he looked at Michael when it sunk in what he said. “Kidnap an Alien?”

“It’s the only way. Doctor Spencer has a laboratory built in his garage,” Michael said.

Galvin thought about Michael’s comment for a few seconds. He shot up from his chair and rushed out of the living area.

A few seconds later, Galvin returned with an Atlas book.

Galvin rushed over and placed the book on the coffee table in front of Jake and Dale. “I’ve done some recon work and here’s where those spaceships are located around this local area. Now, I believe that these people are also being brain-washed when they’re going through what ever type of device the Aliens are using,” Galvin said and looked serious with his theory. He opened the Atlas to South Carolina.

Michael, Jake, and Dale looked at the map.

“Now, I’m thinking we shouldn’t hit one of those crafts near us. I’m thinking Greenville, South Carolina,” Galvin said while he placed his index finger on Greenville. “Do you have a plan?”

“We know they’re weak creatures. So we thought of pretending we wanted to be cured and be the last ones in line,” Marcus said.

“We should get there before midnight. From my recon work, they shut down their brainwashing operation at midnight,” Galvin said.

Michael nodded in agreement, as he saw that trend when he spied on the Rexif spaceships in Orlando.

“We’ll need some type of diversion once one of those creatures is alone,” Jake said.

“A diversion like tear gas or smoke grenades,” Dale added.

“I can help in that area,” Galvin said.

“We’ll need some restraints like chains,” Jake added.

“Duct tape is lighter to carry and is strong,” Galvin said.

Jake, Dale, and Michael looked at each other and nodded that Duct tape would work.

“Plus we’ll need some type of table with restraints for Doctor Spencer at the lab,” Michael added.

“I have something we can use,” Galvin said while his eyes gleamed at the thought of going on a covert mission again.

He jumped up from his chair. “Follow me,” he said then rushed out of the living area and rushed down a hallway.

Michael, Jake, and Dale got up from the couch and rushed after Galvin.

Calvin stood at another metal door in the hallway. He unlocked it and motioned for everybody to come inside.

Michael, Jake, and Dale followed Calvin into a bedroom that was turned into an arsenal. There were AK-47s, M-16s, and all sorts of other assault rifles, and pistols that were displayed on the wall. Some of the assault rifles were foreign made and illegal to be owned in the US.

Calvin walked over to a filing cabinet. He opened up the top drawer and removed eight tear gas grenades. He opened the second drawer and removed eight smoke grenades. “These will do the trick,” he said while he grabbed a cardboard box on the floor.

He shoved the tear gas and smoke grenades in the box.

Michael looked at all the weapons that hung on the wall. He spotted a Taser. “Mind if I use this?” he asked Galvin while he removed the Taser from the wall.

“Sure. Let me get a few other items and then we can roll,” Galvin replied then headed to the door. But Galvin looked like he had his own agenda on his mind while he left the room

Michael, Jake, and Dale headed out of the room.

Two hours later, Michael parked his Camry at Marvin's cabin.

Galvin parked his step-van next to Michael's Camry.

Marvin walked out of the front door.

"Hey doc," Galvin said while he got out of his van and spotted Marvin on the front porch. "Where's your garage, I have something for your lab," Galvin said.

"Out back," Marvin replied.

Galvin got back inside his step-van. He started it up then drove it around to the back of the cabin.

Galvin backed his step-van by the garage. He got out and started unloading his welding equipment.

He moved it into the garage.

Three hours had passed.

Marvin, Michael, Karen, Jake, Dale, and Marcus sat at the kitchen table. On top of the table was a sketch of their so-called plan to kidnap an Alien.

Galvin entered the rear door of the kitchen. He looked dirty. "It's done," he said while he walked up to the table. "What's that?" he asked the second he saw the sketch.

"Our plan," Marvin replied while he stood. "We'll go over your part later. But first I want to see the lab," he added and looked curious.

Marvin headed to the door.

Galvin followed.

Jake, Dale, Karen, Michael, and Marcus got up from the table and headed to the door.

A few seconds later, everybody entered the garage.

They saw a metal table with chain restrains in the middle of the room.

Marvin's eyes widened with joy the second he saw the table. "That's perfect! Now all we need is an Alien," he added.

Jake, Dale, Karen, and Marcus looked around the room and were satisfied with the way it shaped up.

Marcus looked at his watch. "It's probably too late to head out to Greenville today. We should plan this for tomorrow."

“That’ll give us time to do some practice runs,” Jake added.

Dale nodded in agreement.

They all headed out of the garage.

They all relaxed for the rest of the day and night.

In the middle of the night, Galvin slipped outside. He sent a text message from his cell phone.

Chapter 31

Morning arrived and Marcus and Karen again made breakfast. This time it was French toast.

Just after Marcus and Karen had the dishes washed, there was a knock on the front door.

Galvin rushed out of the hallway and bolted to the living area. He removed a pistol from his Vietnam era fatigue pants and waited by the side of the front door. He was ready in case the government was coming to take them all away.

Marvin rushed through the living area and motioned for Galvin to take it easy.

Marvin looked through the peephole of his door. "It's okay," he told Galvin. He opened the door. "Stanley," he said with a smile. "My brother Stanley Spencer," he told Galvin to make him feel at ease.

Marvin opened the door and Stanley stepped inside with two suitcases.

Galvin put the safety on his pistol and shoved it back in his fatigue pants.

"Galvin, meet my brother Stanley. He's a surgeon from Boston. He's here to help me," Marvin said.

Galvin nodded his greeting to Stanley then walked away.

"Not a friendly fellow," Stanley quietly said.

"He's okay once you get to know him," Marvin replied while he watched Galvin head down the hallway. "You can share my room. The other's are filled up," Marvin said then walked away.

Stanley followed with his two suitcases.

After Stanley was settled in his room, Marvin gave him the tour of the garage.

“Not bad,” Stanley said while he walked around the garage and checked out the equipment. He walked over to the door where one of his suitcases was placed. He picked up the suitcase and walked it over to the table. He opened it and Marvin saw that it contained all sorts of surgical equipment.

“How will we get one of those Aliens?” Stanley asked.

“We have a plan to head to Greenville, South Carolina and try to kidnap one,” Marvin replied.

“Why all the way to Greenville?”

“We figured it provides a safe distance from our location. In case the Aliens start heavily searching the area.”

Stanley nodded that he agreed. “Since we’re risking our necks, I hope we can determine how to kill these creatures. I know of four people that have gone missing from the Boston area. Some people are scared. Really scared.”

“Well, I hope we can make them feel safe again,” Marvin replied and looked determined.

The rest of the afternoon was spent with Marcus, Michael, Jake, Dale, Karen and Galvin practicing for their mission later tonight.

They practiced for three hours until it looked like a special ops mission by the Army. Jake, Dale, and Marcus felt good about the plan. Marcus also liked the feeling of being involved in a covert mission. He missed those days of being an Army Ranger.

Everybody relaxed for a couple of hours.

They had dinner, which consisted of spaghetti and a salad.

They relaxed for a few more hours.

It was 8:30 that night and Michael, Jake, and Dale relaxed in the living area. Everybody was dressed in black tee shirts and cargo pants. Marvin and Stanley were in the garage making final preparations in the laboratory for the arrival of the Alien.

The front door opened and Marcus and Karen entered the area. They both wore black tee shirts and cargo pants.

“The coffee and snacks are loaded in the van,” Marcus said while he looked around the room. “Where Galvin?”

“I’m here,” Galvin replied while he entered the living room from the kitchen.

Everybody looked at Galvin and saw he was dressed in a black tee shirt and black cargo pants. He had a Glock 9mm in his right hand and a clip full of bullets in his other hand.

“I’m not sure we can use that,” Marcus said while Galvin shoved the clip into the hand of the Glock.

“I never leave home without it,” Galvin replied while he shoved the Glock into one of his pants pockets.

Marcus took a deep breath. “Let’s head out,” he said then headed to the front door.

Galvin looked pumped while he headed to the door.

Jake and Dale looked serious while they headed to the door. Running covert missions like was nothing new to them.

Michael and Karen looked nervous. Karen in fact didn’t have any liquids for the past three hours. She wanted to make sure she didn’t get scared and pee her pants.

Outside the front of Marvin’s cabin, Marvin and Stanley waited by Galvin’s step-van.

“Good luck and we’ll be waiting,” Marvin said while he watched everybody walk out of his cabin.

Marvin and Stanley headed to the garage while Galvin got behind the wheel of his step-van. Karen got in the passenger seat while everybody else got in the back of the van.

Galvin started up his van and drove away down the driveway.

A little while later, everybody was still quiet inside the van while Galvin drove south on Walhalla Road south of the town of Highlands, North Carolina.

Galvin decided to get the mood in full swing so he popped a cassette tape into the tape player. Steppenwolf’s *Born To Be Wild* song started playing. Galvin cranked up the volume while he started singing along with the lyrics.

“Join in!” Galvin yelled at everybody. “Like a true nature child,” he sang out then waited for everybody to join in. They didn’t. “We were born, born to be wild,” he sang out again. “Come on, get into the spirit,” Galvin yelled out. “Born to be wild,” he sang out along with Karen.

Then Michael, Jake, Dale, and Marcus decided to get into the mood. “Born to be wild,” they sang out along with Galvin and Karen.

Everybody sang the rest of the song along with Galvin while he continued his drive south on Walhalla Road.

Two hours had passed and Galvin looked at his notes while he drove his step-van down Calhoun Memorial Highway. He headed toward the western side of Greenville.

He turned his van left on North Fishtrap Road.

After he drove down that road, he turned left on Saluda Dam Road.

After he drove west on Saluda Dam Road, Galvin pulled his step-van off to the left into a field.

There were six cars parked in the field by the road.

Galvin parked his van behind a small clump of trees. This spot shielded his van from being seen by the Rexif spaceship located in the middle of the field.

Galvin turned off the engine and it was quiet. “Let’s get ready,” he said while he got out of his seat.

Michael and Marcus shoved a roll of Duct tape in one of the pockets on their cargo pants.

Marcus’ hands shook a little. He took a couple of deep breaths while he glanced over at Karen.

Karen noticed Marcus’ shaking hands. She gave him a little loving smile and winked at him.

Michael removed a small flashlight out from one of his pockets. He turned it on then off. He shoved it back in his pants.

Dale shoved eight tear gas grenades into his cargo pants pockets.

Jake shoved eight smoke grenades into his cargo pants pockets.

Everybody looked at everybody and nodded they were ready. They exited the van through the rear doors.

Galvin, Karen, Marcus, Michael, Jake, and Dale bolted to the clump of trees. They peeked through the vegetation and saw a line of fifty people waiting to be cured in the Rexif spaceship.

Marcus looked at his watch. It was 11:04 that night.

They waited behind the clump of trees and spied on the Rexif spaceship.

It was 11:49 that night and the last person line went inside the Rexif spaceship.

Marcus's hands shook while he spied on the spaceship.

Karen noticed and held his right hand.

He looked at her and she gave him a little warm smile. He felt better. "It's time," he told Jake, Dale, and Michael.

The three walked around the clump of trees.

They headed to the Rexif spaceship.

Galvin went back inside his step-van. He started it up.

Karen stayed behind the clump of trees and watched for the signal.

Marcus, Jake, Michael, and Dale rushed to the door of the Rexif spaceship. They stopped by the door and hesitated.

"It's now or we'll end up as barbeque," Marcus quietly told Jake and Dale.

"Let's move Rangers," Jake replied.

Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Michael walked up the ramp and went inside the Rexif spaceship.

Once they got inside the spaceship, they scanned the area over.

Straight ahead they saw a man step out of the device.

The man danced his way to the exit door.

Alien Mirlink walked up to Marcus, Michael, Jake, and Dale.

"Please to go to the entrance of the healing device," Mirlink said.

Michael looked at Mirlink and something seemed so familiar. He stared again at Mirlink and there was something

about his crooked nose that turned to the left. Something bugged him about that nose.

“Please move,” Mirlink told Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Michael.

Jake, Dale, Marcus looked around and saw another Alien approaching.

It dawned on Michael like a ton of bricks. He leaned over to Marcus’ ear. “That’s the Alien that abducted me. Let’s get the fucker,” Michael whispered while he discreetly removed his Taser from his cargo pants pocket.

Marcus gave Jake and Dale an approval nod.

Dale quickly removed a tear gas grenade from his cargo pants. He activated it and rolled it on the floor of the approaching Alien. The Alien was Atirlark and he was the lead of this Rexif spaceship.

Jake quickly removed a smoke grenade from his cargo pants. He activated it and rolled it on the floor at Atirlark.

Dale removed another tear gas grenade from his cargo pants. He activated it and tossed it to the other side of the room where Aliens Haadirm and Csidark headed in their direction.

Jake removed another smoke grenade from his cargo pants. He activated it and tossed it in the same direction as Dale’s tear gas grenade.

Mirlink looked completely confused for a few seconds while he heard the girlish screams of his fellow Aliens. Then it dawned on him and he reached for his ray gun.

Michael quickly lunged at Mirlink with his Taser. He zapped Mirlink’s hand that held the ray gun.

Mirlink gave a high-pitched girlish scream while he fell to the floor with Michael on top of him.

Dale and Jake were able to toss two more tear gas and smoke grenades across the room. It provided a blanket of protection for the moment.

Atirlark, Haadirm, and Csidark continued to scream with their high-pitched girlish screams.

Marcus quickly removed his duct tape and started to unroll it.

Jake grabbed the ray gun out of Mirlink's hand while he continued to scream like a girl. He shoved the ray gun into one of his empty pants pockets.

Marcus tore off a piece of Duct tape and slapped it on Mirlink's mouth. All that was heard was a muffled girlish scream.

Dale and Jake then moved Michael away and they jumped on top of Mirlink. Jake punched Mirlink in his face.

Dale quickly wrapped Duct tape around the boots of Mirlink.

Jake continued to punch Mirlink in his face.

Dale removed another tear gas grenade from his pants pocket. He activated it and tossed it across the room. High-pitched girlish screams from Atirlark, Haadim, and Csidark were still heard.

Michael removed his roll of Duct tape and unrolled a long piece. While Jake had Mirlink pinned down, he quickly tied the Alien's hands together with Duct tape.

Marcus tied Mirlink's legs together with Duct tape.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," Marcus yelled out.

Marcus grabbed Mirlink's boots.

Jake punched Mirlink in his face again then he stood up.

Michael zapped Mirlink on his hands again with the Taser. Mirlink screamed his muffled high-pitched girlish scream.

Jake punched Mirlink in his face again. Mirlink passed out.

Marcus dragged Mirlink toward the door.

Dale ran over and helped Marcus drag Mirlink down the ramp. Mirlink's head bounded off the ramp while they dragged him outside.

Michael ran down the ramp and stepped on Mirlink's chest to get to the field. One he set foot in the grass, he removed the flashlight from his pants pocket. He aimed it at the clump of trees and turned it on and off numerous times.

Jake ran down the ramp.

Dale and Jake ran back up the ramp. They removed their remaining tear gas and smoke grenades. They placed them in the door opening and activated them.

They ran down the ramp to Marcus and Michael to help them drag Mirlink through the field.

Galvin's step-van raced through the field.

Galvin's step van stopped ten feet from the spaceship.

The back doors of the van slammed opened.

Galvin got out from behind the wheel and ran over the back. He saw Dale, Michael, and Marcus dragging Mirlink through the field by his boots. Galvin ran over to help.

The five guys lifted Mirlink and tossed him in the back of the step van.

While Galvin ran back to the drivers seat, Jake, Marcus, Michael, and Dale jumped inside the rear of the step-van. Marcus slammed the door shut while Galvin floored it and raced off through the field.

Galvin screeched the van back onto Saluda Dam Road. He raced off east down the road.

Their hearts raced while Galvin high-tailed it down the road.

Back in the Rexif spaceship, Atirlark, Haadirm, and Csidark were in the fetal position on the floor. They continued to scream in their high-pitched girlish scream because of their burning eyes.

The inside of the spaceship was completely filled with smoke. They didn't know what hit them.

Back in Galvin's van, Marcus wrapped more Duct tape around Mirlink's legs. Michael wrapped Duct tape to secure Mirlink's arms to his chest.

"I hope we find a way to kill you, you fucking bastard," Michael yelled at Mirlink.

"How do you know this is the Alien that took your arm," Marcus said.

"He had a crooked nose bent to the left," Michael said.

Jake and Dale looked down at Mirlink and couldn't believe the poetic justice of this situation.

An hour had passed and Galvin drove his step-van back across the North Carolina border on Walhalla Road. So far the trip was a success and the gang started singing Queens *We Are The Champions* song.

Back at the Rexif spaceship in Greenville, the smoke and tear gas finally cleared.

Atirlark walked around and inspected for damage. His eyes bright red and burned a little.

“Everything looks in order,” Atirlark said while he walked around. He saw something unusual. He bent down and picked up one of the tear gas grenades off the floor. He examined the grenade then dropped it to the floor.

“Sir, four Earthlings entered at the last moment. Then suddenly these Earthlings started using those devices. Then the entire area filled with burning type of smoke,” Haadirm answered with bright red eyes.

“We have another problem, sir,” Csidark said with bright red eyes.

“What’s that?” Atirlark asked while he picked up and examined one of the smoke grenades.

“Mirlink is missing,” Csidark said.

“Missing? Are you sure?” Atirlark asked while he dropped the smoke grenade to the floor.

Csidark nodded in agreement.

“Search the Rexif immediately!” Atirlark yelled out and was furious.

An hour later, Galvin backed his step-van to the garage.

The garage door opened and Marvin and Stanley rushed out in anticipation of a successful mission.

The rear door of the van slammed open.

Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Michael jumped out with huge smiles.

Marcus and Jake grabbed Mirlink’s boots.

“Don’t hurt him,” Marvin said.

Marcus and Jake dragged Mirlink out of the back of the step-van.

Michael and Dale ran around and grabbed Mirlink by his shoulder.

Mirlink was awake and scared to death while he was being carried into the garage.

Galvin and Karen rushed into the garage.

They guys placed Mirlink on the metal table while Stanley closed the garage door.

“How does this feel?” Michael asked Mirlink whose eyes were huge with fear.

Michael, Marcus, Galvin, Jake, and Dale started to remove the Duct tape while they secured Mirlink to the table with the chain restraints.

After Mirlink was secured to the table, Marvin and Stanley went to work on the Alien.

Marcus, Karen, Michael, Galvin, Jake, and Dale headed to the cabin to get some rest. They were exhausted.

Up in outer space, Sandark sat in his chair in the Command Center of the Redael mothership. He munched down on a slab of human thigh meat while he glanced at Earth. North America was now visible.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark in a panic.

“Sir we have a problem,” Aadark blurted out the second he arrived at Sandark’s side.

“What’s wrong?” Sandark mumbled with a mouthful of meat.

“We had an incident at one of the Rexif crafts. It happened in an area called Greenville, South Carolina in the United States,” Aadark replied.

“What type of incident?” Sandark asked and started to look concerned while he pressed a button on his chair controls. A hologram map of the United States appeared in front of Sandark. “Greenville, South Carolina,” Sandark called out. A blip appeared on the hologram map and showed the location of Greenville.

“Mirlink was reported missing,” Aadark answered.

“Missing?” Sandark replied and looked concerned.

“Yes sir. The incident occurred after some humans entered the Rexif prior to closing. Then all of a sudden smoke filled the Rexif. This smoke irritated the eyes of our comrades and temporally blinded them. After the smoke

cleared and our comrades could see again, the humans vanished. After an investigation, they realized that Mirlink was missing.”

Sandark looked at the hologram of the United States and got furious. He slammed down on the button and the hologram disappeared. “I want Fardack to report to me,” Sandark said with fire in his eyes.

Aadark snapped his heals, turned around and rushed to the door.

Sandark flung his plate of meat across the room. It smacked to a far wall. He jumped out of his chair and stormed over to the door.

A small hangar door of the Screcrofne mothership opened. A small two-seater spaceship zoomed out and raced over to the Redael mothership. Nnarlirk piloted the spaceship with Commander Fardack in the backseat.

From inside the two-seater spaceship, Fardack looked concerned while Nnarlirk piloted the craft over to the Redael mothership. He hadn't heard the news of Mirlink gone missing down in Greenville.

Chapter 32

Up in outer space, Nnarlirk piloted Fardack back to his Screcrofne mothership in the small two-seater spaceship.

Fardack looked pissed while the craft zoomed around the other motherships.

It was 8:00 a.m., and a beautiful morning down in North Carolina.

Karen and Marcus were in the kitchen and cooked up some scrambled eggs. While they were on their kidnapping mission, Marvin and Stanley made a trip to the grocery store. They stocked up on some groceries for their guests. They figured they should stay hidden in the cabin for a while.

“Good morning,” Jake said while he walked into the kitchen.

“Good morning,” Karen said while she placed some eggs and three slices of bacon on a plate. She walked it over to the table.

“Where are Marvin and Stanley?” Jake asked while he headed to the table.

“Still out in the garage,” Marcus replied while he poured a cup of coffee.

While Marcus walked the cup of coffee over to the table, Jake got up.

Jake headed to the rear door in the kitchen.

“Take this to them,” Karen called out while she held up a Thermos bottle.

Jake walked over and grabbed the Thermos. He headed to the door.

He went outside.

Jake walked over to the garage.

He knocked on the side door of the garage.

Marvin opened the door and wore one of the encapsulated suits without the hood. Marvin looked tired from working all night.

“Coffee,” Jake said while he held up the thermos.

“Come inside,” Marvin said then stepped out of the way.

Jake stepped inside the garage.

Stanley was also had the hood from his encapsulated suit off. He looked tired while he glanced through a chemical reference book.

“Place it over there,” Marvin said while pointed at another table that contained reference material and notebooks.

Jake walked over and set the thermos down. He looked at Mirlink still restrained to the table. Mirlink looked scared to death.

Jake headed to the door and figured best to leave the two alone.

Jake walked back into the kitchen. “Nothing so far,” he said while he walked back to the table where Michael and Galvin were eating their eggs and bacon.

“I have a chain saw in the truck. We can use on the creature if needed,” Galvin said then took a gulp of coffee.

Jake sat down at the table and looked concerned.

Karen and Marcus walked over to the table with their eggs and bacon.

Breakfast was quiet while all they could think about was finding a way to biologically kill these Aliens.

Up in outer space, a hangar door of the Screcrofne mothership opened. An Ecilop spaceship zoomed out of the hangar.

The Ecilop spaceship zoomed down to Earth.

Back in the Oval Office of the White House, President Westwood sat behind his desk in deep thought.

Then the cell phone device given by Sandark started a strange buzz on the desk. President Westwood got startled. He looked at the buzzing device and waited.

The TV in the Oval Office suddenly turned on and President Westwood looked concerned.

Sandark appeared on the TV sitting in his command center chair about his mothership.

“President Westwood,” Sandark said from the TV then hesitated for a few seconds. “We have another problem. It appears some of your Earthlings kidnapped one of my comrades from that area you call Greenville, South Carolina,” Sandark said from the TV and looked pissed.

President Westwood was at a loss of words for a few seconds. “I’m sorry, but be rest assured that I don’t know anything about that.”

“I have some of my, what you call drones,” heading down to this Greenville place. And your Earthling that committed this horrendous act will be punished. Good day,” Sandark said then the TV went blank.

President Westwood didn’t know what to do at the moment. But he was getting pissed with these Aliens and silently prayed there was a way to safely get rid of them.

In the field to the west of Greenville, the Ecilop spaceship landed near the Rexif spaceship.

After the engines whined down, a hangar door opened. Twenty “Hcraes” small drones zoomed out of the hangar of the Ecilop spaceship.

They zoomed east toward Greenville.

These drones are approximately eight inches in length and are oval shaped. They also like a miniature spaceship from a 1950s Sci-Fi movie. They were surveillance types of drones designed to hunt for their own kind. But they are also equipped with some deadly lasers.

In was a quiet morning in Greenville, South Carolina. People milled about town without a care in the world. In fact, some of those people gleamed that those Aliens cured them of their ailments and gave them a second chance in life.

“AHHHHH!” a woman screamed while she pointed at the sky.

Her screams startled everybody near her. They looked where she pointed and saw one of those drones racing at them. It was fifteen feet up in the air and headed down the center of the street.

Everybody stopped dead in their tracks and watched the drone while it slowed down. A light yellow beam of light came out all sides of the drone. That scared everybody and they ran for cover when the yellow light scanned the buildings on both sides of the street.

The drone continued it's slow trek down the street.

The other eighteen drones were on other streets of Greenville and performed the same mission.

Back in Marvin's cabin, Marcus, Karen, Michael, Jake, Dale, and Galvin sat in the living area. They watched CNN on the TV while Marvin and Stanley worked in the garage.

A "Breaking News" banner scrolled across the bottom of the screen.

"We have breaking news from WYFF in Greenville, South Carolina," the news anchor said.

The news switched to a live broadcast from Greenville, South Carolina where report Anita, Southerland stood by one of the streets.

"They showed up twenty minutes ago. Reports from across the city estimate there are twenty of these Alien drones. They appear to fly down the center of a street then a yellow light comes out and scans the buildings on all sides of the street," Anita told the audience.

She turned around and the camera zoomed in on of the drones while it flew down the street scanning buildings.

"As you can see, the streets are virtually empty, as most people left town scared of an Alien invasion. "This is Anita Southerland of WYFF in Greenville, South Carolina," she said then the news went back to CNN.

"Gee, I'm wondering what they're looking for?" Galvin said in a sarcastic tone.

Karen looked nervous. "Do you think these Aliens will learn it was us?" she asked.

“I think we’re in good shape since we’re so far away,” Marcus replied in a comforting tone then held her hand.

Jake and Dale nodded along with Marcus’s response but they felt a little nervous.

Michael could care less, as all he wanted was for Mirlink to die.

Jake’s eyes widened remembering something. He jumped up from his chair and rushed out of the room.

Everybody thought that was odd.

A few seconds later, Jake returned with Mirlink’s ray gun in his hand.

“It would be in our best interest to figure out how this thing works,” Jake said while he looked the ray gun over.

“Let’s go outside and play,” Jake told everybody while he loved the thought of firing an advanced Alien weapon.

Galvin salivated at the thought of firing a ray gun.

Marcus got up. “I’ll meet you outside after I get some aspirin,” he said while he looked in a little pain.

Marcus rushed out of the living room.

Karen looked concerned while she left the room with Jake, Dale, Galvin, and Michael.

Back in the garage, Marvin and Stanley tirelessly worked on finding a biological weapon to use on the Aliens. They kept on coming up empty handed.

Ten minutes later, Jake stood in the woods twenty feet away from the cabin.

Marcus, Dale, Michael, Karen, and Galvin stood ten feet behind him to be safe.

Jake looked at the purple, red, yellow, white, and green buttons on the hand. He then saw the button and figured this must be the trigger. “Looks like a kids toy,” he told everybody behind him. He aimed the laser gun at a tree. He pressed the trigger button. Nothing happened. “Damn thing is broken,” Jake said while he tapped on the ray gun.

Michael’s eyes widened when he remembered something when he was abducted into the Rexif spaceship. “Wait,” he said then rushed over to Jake.

Michael waved his right hand over the ray gun. It turned on with that strange low hum.

“What’s with the different colored buttons on the handle?” Jake said while he looked the gun over.

Michael’s eyes widened when he remembered something else. “That purple button will paralyze you and the red one is a deadly laser,” he told Jake.

Jake pressed the red button on the handle. He aimed it at a large pine tree then pressed the button trigger. A red laser beam shot out of the ray gun and immediately shot straight through the pine tree.

Jake ran over to the tree and looked it over. “What the fuck?” Jake said when he saw a tiny hole through the pine tree.

Galvin, Karen, Marcus and Dale rushed over to Jake. They were impressed by the hole in the tree.

“May I?” Galvin asked while he held out his hand at Jake.

Jake placed the ray gun in Galvin’s hand. Galvin turned around and aimed it another smaller pine tree. He pressed the button trigger and the laser shot through that tree. “I need to get some of these,” Galvin said while he handed the ray gun back to Jake.

Jake ran his hand over the ray gun. “This will come in handy if we need it,” he said then shoved it back in his pants pocket.

Jake glanced at the garage visible from where they stood. “I wonder if they’ll be successful?”

Marcus, Karen, Galvin, Dale, and Michael looked at the garage and silently prayed their plan would work.

They headed back to the cabin.

Back in the field to the west of Greenville, South Carolina, all of the Hcraes drones flew back to the Ecilop spaceship.

One by one they flew into the Ecilop craft.

After the last Hcraes drone flew into the Ecilop craft, the door closed. The engine fired. It lifted off the ground and zoomed up into the sky.

Up in outer space, Sandark sat in his chair in the Command Center of the Redael mothership. He glanced down at Earth where North America was visible.

A beep sound came from the right arm of his chair. A hologram of Fardack appeared.

“Sandark. The Hcraes’ could not locate Mirlink,” Fardack’s hologram said.

“Understand. Stand by for more orders,” Sandark said then waved his hand over the hologram. Fardack’s hologram disappeared.

Sandark looked pissed while he stared at North America. He pondered his next move on the Earthlings. He had an idea then pressed a button on the arm of his chair.

A hologram of Oodark appeared.

“Sir,” Oodark’s hologram said.

“I need you to perform another mission,” Sandark told Oodark’s hologram.

“I’m at your service,” Oodark’s hologram said then bowed.

Back in Marvin’s garage, he and Stanley are exhausted. They sat against a wall and stared at Mirlink.

Mirlink was still on the table alive but scared.

“We’re running out of chemicals,” Stanley told Marvin.

Marvin yawned. “I know and we’re also out of coffee,” he said and sounded groggy.

“I’ll be needing some sleep soon,” Stanley said then he yawned.

“Give me thirty more minutes,” Marvin said then he yawned.

Marvin grabbed the thermos by his side. He poured coffee into the cup. He took a drink then handed the cup over to Stanley.

Stanley took a drink then set the cup down on the table.

“Let’s get back to work,” Marvin said.

They both headed to the shelves that contained numerous bottles of different types of chemicals.

Up in outer space, a hangar door of the Reluah mothership opened.

Twenty Pukcip and twenty Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangar in single file.

The Pukcip and Ograc paired up and raced down towards North America. This time, these crafts had missions in California, Texas, Florida, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York.

Back down in North Carolina, the sun started to settle in the west.

In Marvin's garage, he and Stanley were too exhausted to work any longer. They've been hard at work for over twenty-four hours and started to get numb.

"I need some sleep," Stanley told Marvin while he fought to keep his eyes opened.

Marvin yawned and fought to keep his eyes opened. He nodded in agreement with Stanley.

They removed their encapsulated suits and dropped them on the floor.

Marvin walked over to the table and picked up a chemical bottle that was useless against Mirlink.

"Go tell the gang we need someone to watch over the Alien," Marvin said while he walked the bottle over to the shelves.

Stanley headed out the door and exited the garage.

Marvin placed that bottle on a shelf next to a bottle with about a half an ounce of formaldehyde. That formaldehyde was not used at the moment.

Since Marvin was exhausted, his right hand smacked into the bottle of formaldehyde and knocked it off the shelf.

The bottle crashed to the floor and spilled the half an ounce of formaldehyde onto the concrete.

Marvin looked at the spill and was too exhausted to deal with it, so he headed to the door.

Marvin left the garage and looked forward to getting some much needed sleep.

Back in the cabin's living room, Stanley talked with the gang and Dale volunteered to take first watch over the

Alien. They agreed upon three-hour shifts. Jake would go next. Marcus would go after Jake. Galvin would go after Marcus. Michael would go after Galvin. Karen was exempted from pulling guard duty per Marcus' recommendation. Jake handed Dale the ray gun to use on the Alien if he tried to escape.

Marvin yawned. "Only peek inside for a few seconds. I accidently spilled a bottle of Formaldehyde. I'm too tired to clean it up," he said then yawned again.

Stanley was too tired to get upset with Marvin, since they're running out of chemicals to try on the Alien.

"Good night," Marvin said then he walked away and headed to his bedroom.

Stanley followed Marvin while Dale headed to the kitchen to go out to the garage.

Everybody else sat down and watched CNN news.

Back in the garage, Mirlink started to get squeamish on the table, as something bothered him.

Dale opened the side door and peeked inside. He saw Mirlink being squeamish on the table. He figured the Alien was attempting to escape. Dale waved his hand over the ray gun. It powered on with a low hum. "Just try to escape," he quietly warned Mirlink.

Dale closed the side door then walked around. He walked over to the 1952 Chevrolet panel van.

He walked around and checked out the classic Chevy.

Three hours had passed and Jake walked out of the cabin.

He headed over to the garage where Dale sat in a lawn chair by the 52 Chevy.

"How's our creature?" Jake said when he walked over to Dale.

"He's been squirming on the table with a few moans."

"Good," Jake replied while Dale got up off the chair.

"I was hoping to get a chance to used this," Dale said while he handed over the ray gun to Jake.

"Me too," Jake said while he shoved it in his pants pocket.

Dale walked away then his eyes widened with a little concerned. He turned around. "I powered up that ray gun, make sure you don't fire a laser off while it's in your pants pocket. I don't want you burning a hole in your nuts," he told Jake then turned back around and headed to the cabin.

Jake quickly removed the ray gun from his pants pocket. He waved a hand over the gun. It powered down with a low hum.

Jake shoved the ray gun into this pocket while he walked over to the side door. He cracked the door opened and peeked inside. He saw Mirlink squirming on the table and moaning like he was in pain. Jake closed the door and could care less if Mirlink was in a little pain.

Jake walked around and sat down in the lawn chair.

Back in the cabin, everybody was asleep except for Galvin.

He snuck out of his bedroom and crept down the hallway.

He peeked in another bedroom and saw Dale and Marcus sound asleep. He looked at the dresser and saw those five folded pieces of paper.

He quietly crept into the bedroom.

He quietly crept around Marcus that slept in a sleeping bag on the floor.

He quietly crept to the dresser. He slowly grabbed the five pieces of papers.

He crept away from the dresser.

He removed his cell phone when he got close to the door. He unfolded all five papers. He snapped a picture of each paper that showed proof the Aliens was using humans as meat. He slowly folded the pieces of papers.

He crept back to the dresser and placed the papers back on their spot.

Galvin crept out of the bedroom.

After Jake's three-hour shift was over it was now nighttime.

Marcus came out of the cabin and took over.

Jake handed Marcus the ray gun then yawned while he walked away.

After Jake went back inside the cabin to get some sleep, Marcus peeked in on Mirlink. He saw that the Alien was still squirming on the table and moaning a little louder. Marcus could care less while he walked over and sat down in the lawn chair.

An hour passed and a Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in a field in the Los Angeles, California area while another landed in a field outside San Francisco, California.

The engines whined down on both crafts, and the doors opened. Five Elibomria crafts with enclosed trailers zoomed out of the Pukcip's with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

One of those Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in a field outside Dallas, Texas while another landed in a field outside Austin, Texas.

The engines whined down on both crafts, and the doors opened. Five Elibomria crafts with enclosed trailers zoomed out of the Pukcip's with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

One of those Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in a field outside Orlando, Florida while another one landed in a field outside Miami, Florida.

The engines whined down on both crafts, and the doors opened. Five Elibomria crafts with enclosed trailers zoomed out of the Pukcip's with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The same happened in large cities in the states of Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York.

Back at Marvin's garage, Marcus started to fall asleep in the lawn chair. It's been a long time since he pulled guard duty and this would have been considered a huge sin.

Then the sound of Mirlink trashing around on the table woke Marcus up. He jumped up from the lawn chair, removed the ray gun from his pants pocket. He waved his hand over the ray gun. It powered up with a low hum.

He ran over to the side door and cracked it opened. He peeked inside with the ray ready to kill the Alien if threatened. He saw Mirlink violently trashing around on the table. Mirlink gave a muffled high-pitched girlish scream that indicated he was in extreme pain. Then Mirlink arched his chest up. His body violently shook. Then Mirlink's body went limp and his head turned at the door. The Alien's eyes had a lifeless stare. He was dead.

Marcus immediately knew what this meant. He slammed the door shut and bolted to the cabin.

Marcus rushed into the kitchen.

"The Alien's dead!" he yelled out as loud as he could while he ran to the living area. "The Alien's dead!" he yelled out again.

A few seconds passed and Karen, Jake, Dale, Michael, Galvin, Marvin, and Stanley rushed down the hallway in their pajamas.

They headed into the living area.

"What?" Marvin asked.

"The Alien's dead."

Everybody rushed out of the living room and headed to the kitchen.

Everybody ran out of the cabin and ran to the cabin.

Everybody ran inside the garage.

Everybody stood around the table and saw Mirlink with a lifeless stare.

Karen sniffed the air. "What's that smell?" she asked then pinched off her nose.

Everybody sniffed the air.

Marvin's eyes widened when he remembered.

"Formaldehyde," he said while he glanced over at the formaldehyde stain on the floor.

Stanley looked at the formaldehyde stain on the floor then at Mirlink's lifeless body. His eyes widened and he smiled. "That's it. Formaldehyde will kill these Aliens."

Jake, Dale, Karen, Michael, and Marcus looked relieved they found something.

Galvin walked to the other side of the garage. He discreetly snapped a picture with his cell phone of Mirlink. "I need to take a piss," Galvin said then headed out the side door.

Outside the garage, Galvin walked over to the 1952 Chevy panel van. He glanced at the tower by the side of the garage while he typed another text message from his cell phone call. He didn't think anything of that tower while he sent his text message.

Meanwhile, back in California, Texas, Florida, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, all of the Retnuh's dragged dead sex offenders to their applicable Ograc spaceships.

Chapter 33

Morning arrived in the United States.

At the CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, the main spy activity switched to watching the Aliens all across the globe.

Jacob Daniels was a sixty-year-old CIA Analyst. He was recruited into the CIA after he left Vietnam in 1971. Jacob was an Army Ranger and caught the eye of a CIA operative in Vietnam hence the long career.

Jacob walked into his cubicle in deep thought. He grabbed his coffee cup and headed out to get his first cup.

While he walked to the coffee pot, he passed by Bernie Sagher's office. Bernie wasn't in at the moment and Jacob was itching to speak to his superior.

Jacob headed back to his cubicle.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Jacob was on his second cup of coffee. He stood up and peeked over the cubicle walls. He noticed the lights were on in Bernie's office.

Jacob rushed out of his cubicle and headed over to Bernie's office.

Up in outer space, a hangar door of the Reluah mothership opened.

The twenty Pukcip and twenty Ograc spaceships zoomed over to the Reluah craft.

The Pukcip and Ograc spaceships organized into a single file. They flew a traffic pattern into the open hangar of the Reluah craft.

Twenty minutes had passed and the processing room of the Reluah was once again busy. The conveyer belts were busy processing and packaging the dead bodies of 5,000 sex offenders from America.

Back in the Command Center of the Redael mothership, Sandark just received the status of the mission

from Fardack. He in turn gave Fardack the order to rid Earth of all sex offenders. Sandark was satisfied with the progress of his mission. But he was still furious Mirlink was kidnapped and not found. He started to devise a plan on how to address this situation. His eyes widened when he came up with something.

Back at the CIA headquarters, Jacob left Bernie Sagher's office satisfied he provided his boss the information he just learned.

Jacob rushed back to his cubicle.

Bernie immediately typed and sent a secured text message.

Bernie rushed out of his office with his cell phone in hand.

He rushed down the hallway.

Back at Marvin's cabin, everybody sat around the living area and discussed their next move.

"We can't keep this dead Alien here much longer. I feel like we're sitting ducks," Marcus said.

Jake, Karen and Dale nodded in agreement.

"We'll have to bury him away from here," Marvin said.

Stanley thought about that suggestion for a few seconds. "I would love to dissect it to see what's going on inside that creature," he said.

"No. We can't risk being caught. Why don't we bury him in the mountainous area south of Gatlinburg, Tennessee," Galvin suggested.

"Why there?" Marcus asked.

"Can you think of a better location?" Galvin replied and looked like he wasn't going to budge on that location.

Marvin, Stanley, Karen, Marcus, Michael, Jake and Dale looked at each other to see if they had a better location.

"I guess its Gatlinburg," Marcus said.

"We should bury him during the day. My recon has shown that these creatures are nocturnal. They never venture out during the daylight without their protective sunglasses. So I'm thinking we should head out around high noon," Galvin said.

Everybody thought about Galvin's suggestion for a few seconds. They all looked at each other to see if they opposed. Everybody nodded in agreement.

"Okay, lets get some breakfast and some more rest. Tonight we can decide how to use formaldehyde to get rid of these Aliens. The hard part," Marcus said.

Everybody nodded in agreement and headed to the kitchen.

An hour had passed and Marcus and the gang relaxed in the living room after some pancakes. They watched CNN news for any updates concerning the Aliens.

The TV screen was suddenly filled static. Then Sandark appeared on the screen. He was in his chair in his Command Center.

"Greeting Earthlings. I would like to give you what your American President calls a State of the Union Address," he said and looked serious.

In a home in Tucson, Arizona, a young couple woke up to start their day. The radio station in the bedroom played jazz music while the couple got dressed for work. Then Sandark's message interrupted a great song.

"So far, we have cured millions of Earthlings from diseases, cancers, and all types of ailments. We made their lives better," Sandark said from the radio.

The couple listened and agreed with Sandark.

In was after midnight in Melbourne, Australia.

Inside a bar the bartenders and few customers intently watched the TV that hung from the ceiling behind the bar. They watched while Sandark gave his message.

"We've taken care of your most dangerous criminals to make your areas safer," Sandark said from the TV.

It was 4:30 in the afternoon in Moscow, Russia.

People gathered around a TV that hung from the ceiling of a restaurant. They watched Sandark while he gave his message.

"In the United States of America, we started to take care of your Earthling you call sex offenders. These

Earthling cause harm to your children and that's totally unacceptable," Sandark said from the TV.

It's noon in London, England.

People gather around the TVs in a department store. They watched while Sandark gave his message.

"It bothers me that some Earthlings in the United States of America do not appreciate what we have done," Sandark said from the TV.

People in the store looked at each other and were curious, as to what Sandark was taking about.

It was 10:00 in the morning in Montreal, Canada.

A conference room of a large business was packed while the workers watched Sandark on the TV.

"Some Earthling kidnapped one of my comrades," Sandark said then paused while he started to look furious. "And that's totally unacceptable," Sandark added in a raised voice.

The people in the conference room looked surprised that someone was able to kidnap an Alien.

Back in the Oval Office, President Westwood sat behind his desk and watched his TV.

"But we can be forgiving. If my comrade is returned at the location he was kidnapped in one day, all will be forgiven," Sandark said from the TV then the screen immediately went blank.

President Westwood stared at the TV. Then one of his phones rang. It startled him. "Yes," he answered the call.

"I need a meeting with everybody ASAP," Russell Wernick from the CIA said and sounded serious.

"Okay. Get here as soon as you can," President Westwood said then hung up the phone. He punched in another number. "Meeting with everybody ASAP," President Westwood said then hung up the phone.

He got up from his desk and headed to one of the doors.

Back in the living area of Marvin's cabin, everybody was quiet while they stared at the TV, which showed the CNN news.

“Let’s go!” Marcus said then jumped up off the couch.

Everybody else nodded in agreement then they jumped up out of their seats.

They all rushed to the rear door in the kitchen.

Fifteen minutes later, Galvin, Jake, Dale, and Marcus had Mirlink’s dead body wrapped in plastic and loaded into the back of Galvin’s step-van. They also had shovels loaded into the van.

“Galvin, Jake, Dale and I will take care of this.

Everybody should stay here where it’s safe,” Marcus said while he looked at Karen.

Karen gave Marcus a little warm smile and loved the fact that he was thinking of her safety.

Marvin, Stanley, and Michael nodded in agreement with Marcus.

Galvin, Marcus, Jake, and Dale got inside the step-van.

Galvin started it up and drove off toward the driveway.

Marvin, Stanley, Karen, and Michael walked back to the cabin.

After Galvin pulled his step-van onto the two-lane country road, he discreetly sent a text message on his cell phone.

Back at the White House, President Westwood entered the conference room where all of his civilian and military advisors already sat at the table.

“Thank you for attending,” President Westwood said while he walked up to his chair and sat down. “Let me start by saying I’m sure everybody saw Sandark’s message?” he said while he looked at everybody around the table.

Everybody nodded in agreement and Russell Wernick looked concerned and itching to say something.

“Good. Now, I don’t know what Sandark’s going to do if that Alien isn’t returned, but I can imagine there will be hell to pay,” President Westwood said then he glanced over at Russell. “It’s your show since you called this meeting.”

Russell reached in one of his suit pockets and removed a thumb drive. “I need this projected on the TV screen when I’m ready,” he said while he held up the thumb drive.

A White House aide rushed over to Russell and took the thumb drive. He rushed to the door and left the room.

Russell looked around the table for a few seconds while all eyes were on him. "As you know, the CIA's been monitoring these Aliens here in the states and all around the world. We've even been using retired agents and analysts to do some recon work on the Aliens in their areas," he said then paused while he took a sip of water. "One of our retired CIA agents, named Galvin Dunbar, informed us a couple days ago, that he was involved with a group that kidnapped that Alien from Greenville, South Carolina," he said then paused for a few seconds knowing what would happen next.

President Westwood looked furious. "Why the fuck are you telling us about this now?" he yelled.

Russell didn't let that bother him in the least. "I know," he said then paused. "Please bring up slide number one," he called out.

The TV turned on and a PowerPoint presentation appeared on the screen. The pictures of Jake and Dale appeared and were official Army photographs. "Two Army Rangers are involved. Sergeant First Class Jake Morris and Sergeant First Class Dale Terizon," Russell said then paused. "Slide number two," he added.

Army General Reynolds was pissed when he saw Jake and Dale's photos. "Those two will be in Leavenworth as soon as I can get my hands on them," he said.

The slide showed an old official Army photograph of Marcus appeared. "He's Marcus Paxton. He was dishonorable discharged years ago for beating the shit out of a Colonel at Fort Benning," Russell said then sipped some more water. "Slide three please," he called out.

Slide three appeared and photographs of Marvin, Stanley, Michael and Karen appeared. "Then we have Doctor Marvin Spencer who was laid off from the CDC, Doctor Stanley Spencer a surgeon from Boston, Michael Wheatstone a laid-off janitor from the CDC, and Karen

Mahoney a housewife from Columbus, Georgia,” Russell said then he took a larger drink of water.

“Why would these people kidnap one of those Aliens? Are they fucking nuts?” President Westwood asked.

“Well Mister President, it appears they uncovered the real reason these Aliens came to Earth,” Russell said.

“The real reason?” President Westwood replied and knew there had to be something sneaky with these Aliens. “What is their real reason?”

“Slide number four, please,” Russell called out then gulped down the rest of the water in his glass.

Slide four appeared on the TV. The five pictures Jake took of the Rexif spaceship outside Columbus, Georgia appeared.

Everybody around the table looked at the photos. Most of them had to do double takes to make sure they what they saw was what they thought they saw.

President Westwood’s mouth dropped. “Is that what I think it is?” he said then looked harder at the TV. “It looks like meat packaged at a supermarket. Is that human’s being packaged up like supermarket meat?” President Westwood said.

“You’re correct, sir,” Russell said.

Four men rushed to the door holding their mouths so they wouldn’t vomit on the carpet.

They rushed out of the room.

The room was silent while everybody digested the images they saw on the photos.

“We’re fucking food. They want us as their fucking food supply,” President Westwood said in a raised voice and started to fume.

“I say we nuke the fuckers!” Air Force General Walter Grace said while he stared at the photos.

President Westwood looked at General Grace. “Are you fucking nuts? With the advanced weapons they have, they’ll probably stop our nuclear weapon before it can detonate and then start killing us. Meaning they’ll have one hell of a huge barbeque and we’re the main course,” he

replied then thought for a few seconds. “We need to find something else.”

“I think we might have that something else,” Russell said then paused for a second. “Slide five, please.”

Slide appeared on the TV and it showed Mirlink dead on the table in Marvin’s garage.

“The kidnapped Alien?” President Westwood said.

“Yes sir. It appears our kidnappers have discovered something that can kill them. I would call it something biological,” Russell said.

“What?” President Westwood asked as this peeked his interest.

“Formaldehyde,” Russell replied.

President Westwood wasn’t sure he heard correctly.

“Did you say formaldehyde?”

“Yes sir,” Russell answered.

“The stuff they use in morgues?” President Westwood asked.

“Yes sir,” Russell answered.

“Un fucking believable,” President Westwood replied then his eyes widened when he remembered something. “So I can imagine that that craft the observatories pictured leaving one of those spaceships and headed toward the Moon, was probably some type of cargo ship. It probably was headed back to their home planet full of human meat,” he said out loud and sounded pissed when he believed his own theory.

Everybody around table thought about the President’s comment for a few seconds. They nodded in agreement.

“There’s one last item, sir,” Russell said.

“Now what?” President Westwood said and wasn’t in the mood for more weird news.

“Our kidnappers are now in the process of heading to a specified location to bury this Alien. I have another team heading to that location to dig up the Alien. They’ll then fly it out of Seymour Johnson Air Force Base to our secret lab in Nevada. We have scientists itching to dissect this creature to learn more about it,” Russell said.

“I picked the wrong term to be President,” President Westwood said while he ran his fingers through his hair in frustration of the news he received. “I need some time to think. We’ll meet in two hours to discuss our next moves and hopefully Sandark won’t kill us all,” he said while he got up from his chair and stood up. “What was briefed in this room remains top secret. If anybody, and I mean anybody leaks this information to the news media, I will have you executed. I can’t have mass hysteria to deal with. Is that understood?” President Westwood said then eyed everybody in the room to let them know he was dead serious.

Everybody in the room nodded in agreement.

President Westwood rushed to the door with his aides right behind him.

Everybody else sat around the table and looked at the pictures of Mirlink on the table.

Two hours had passed and Galvin, Marcus, Jake, and Dale had Mirlink buried in the wood off Cherokee Orchard south of Gatlinburg. They buried him in the Twin Creeks Picnic Pavilion area, which was void of any people.

They drove off in Galvin’s step-van and headed back to Marvin’s cabin.

Meanwhile, four black Chevrolet Suburban’s with dark tinted windows, raced south on Interstate 81. They raced down the Interstate at 100 mph and didn’t fear any state troopers. They just passed by the Interstate 64 interchange that headed east through Virginia.

Two hours had passed.

Marcus, Galvin, Jake, and Dale were back at Marvin’s cabin. They were exhausted and decided to wait until morning to start discussions on their next move.

Back at the White House, President Westwood met again with his civilian and military advisors.

“Okay, I’ve been doing some thinking. And I believe we should use these kidnappers to get rid of these Aliens before we all end up as supper,” President Westwood said while he looked around the table. “I’m afraid if Sandark sees any movement with our military or any military

movements around the world, he'll start his barbeque feast," President Westwood said while he looked around the table. "So, the CIA can stay in contact with this retired agent. We'll have to figure out a way to gain civilian supporters from around the world," he said then looked at General Reynolds. "General Reynolds, if these two Rangers get caught by the Aliens, we call them rouge soldiers. But if they succeed, they they'll be considered heroes. Is that understood?"

General Reynolds nodded that he understood his orders.

"Good, I'll figure out what to do with those others if they succeed," President Westwood said then looked at Russell. "And Russell, let me know what they're planning to do next. We'll have to figure out how we can discreetly assist."

Russell nodded in agreement that he understood his orders.

"Very good," we'll meet at eight tomorrow morning for a status meeting," President Westwood said then he stood up and walked away.

Everybody else around the table stood up and watched while President Westwood rushed over to the door.

Over in that area south of Gatlinburg, the four government SUVs were at Mirlink's burial site. Six agents immediately started digging up Mirlink's body.

Three hours later, the four black government SUVs raced 100 mph east on Interstate 40 in North Carolina. They again didn't have to worry about any state troopers.

The agents in the SUVs were happy that at least one of the Aliens was dead.

Chapter 34

Morning arrived across the United States.

Up in outer space, Sandark sat in his chair in the Command Center. He looked down at Earth that showed Europe and Africa.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark.

“Sir, no reports of Mirlink being returned,” he said the second he arrived at Sandark’s chair.

Sandark looked pissed over hearing that news. He motioned for Aadark to leave.

Aadark snapped his heels and rushed away.

Sandark pressed a button on the right arm of his chair. A hologram of Fardack appeared.

“Sir,” Fardack’s hologram said.

“Fardack, implement the first phase of my retaliation plan. Mirlink has yet to be returned,” Sandark told Fardack’s hologram.

“In work, sir,” Fardack’s hologram replied then disappeared.

Sandark continued to stare down at the United States.

A little while later inside another large hanger of the Sreconfne mothership, Aliens loaded larger drones into forty-nine Ecilop spaceships. These drones were larger 1950s style spaceships and here approximately two-feet long. They were called “Noitailater” and were extremely deadly.

Thirty minutes later, one of the hangar doors of the Sreconfne motherships opened.

The forty-nine Ecilop spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangar in single file formation.

The Ecilop’s zoomed down toward North America.

The Ecilop’s broke their single file formation and headed in different directions at the United States. The

mission was for one Ecilop to land in all the states except Hawaii.

It was now eight in the morning and the civilian and military advisors arrived at the White House.

They sat around the conference room table and waited for the President.

President Westwood entered the room and headed to the table.

“Let’s get this started,” President Westwood said while he sat down.

“The only update I have is that the Air Force C-17 landed in Nellis a little while ago. The Alien is being taken to our secret laboratory as we speak,” Russell said.

President Westwood looked a little worried. “I wonder what Sandark will do when he realizes that Alien is dead?”

Everybody around the table thought for a few seconds.

“If I was a betting man, I’m thinking he won’t kill us,” Russell said.

President Westwood looked at Russell for a few seconds. Then his eyes widened little. “I believe you could be right. I mean, if they want us as a food supply, why would you kill because you’re pissed?”

Everybody around the table thought about the President’s response and motioned they agreed.

Meanwhile, all forty-nine states, except for Hawaii, had an Ecilop land in the middle of their state.

After the engine of the Ecilop’s shut down, a door on the Ecilop’s opened. Four Noitailater’s zoomed out of the Ecilop spaceships.

They all zoomed off in different directions.

Back at the White House conference room, General Reynolds finished his briefing on the status of the Air Force.

Russell Wernick got a text message, as did General Reynolds.

“Sir, the Space Corp reports all of the states, except for Hawaii, had a spaceship just land,” General Reynolds said while he looked at his cell phone.

“What the hell I he going to do now?” President Westwood said then looked at the blank TV. “Turn on CNN,” he called out.

The TV powered up and the channels changed and CNN appeared.

The room was quiet while they watched TV to see if the news media picked up any information.

In Florida, one of the drones flew in a northeasterly direction from Orlando. It raced toward Interstate I4.

A few minutes later, the drone arrived at I4 fifty feet in the air. The drone shot out red laser beams like machine gun fire at the eastbound lanes of I4, which were void of traffic. A section of the eastbound lanes exploded. Then the drone shot out red laser beams like machine gun fire at the westbound lanes of I4, which were void of traffic. A section of the westbound lanes exploded. The drone raced away at supersonic speeds and followed I4 toward the east.

Cars on the eastbound and westbound lanes screeched to a stop to avoid crashing into the missing section of highway.

In Nebraska, one of the other drones flew in a westerly direction from Lincoln. It headed toward Interstate I80.

A few minutes later, the drone arrived at I80 fifty feet in the air. The drone shot out red laser beams like machine gun fire at the eastbound lanes of I80, which were void of traffic. A section of the eastbound lanes exploded. Then the drone shot out red laser beams like machine gun fire at the westbound lanes of I80, which were void of traffic. A section of the westbound lanes exploded. The drone raced away at supersonic speeds and followed I80 toward the west.

Cars on the eastbound and westbound lanes screeched to a stop to avoid crashing into the missing section of highway.

In California, one of the drones flew in a northern direction from Santa Clarita. It headed toward Interstate I5.

A few minutes later, the drone arrived at I5 fifty feet in the air. The drone shot out red laser beams like machine gun fire at the northbound lanes of I5, which were void of

traffic. A section of the northbound lanes exploded. Then the drone shot out red laser beams like machine gun fire at the southbound lanes of I5, which were void of traffic. A section of the southbound lanes exploded. The drone made a sharp 180-degree turn and followed I5 toward the south. It continued south at supersonic speeds.

Cars on the northbound and southbound lanes screeched to a stop to avoid crashing into the missing section of highway.

Back in the conference room of the White House, the President and his advisors had their eyes still glued to CNN on the TV.

“Breaking News” message scrolled across the screen.

“We have breaking news coming from WFTV in Orlando, Florida,” the CNN news anchor Hamilton Harris said.

The TV switched to a live broadcast from inside a WFTV news helicopter where the camera view showed a missing section of the eastbound and westbound section of I4 near Altamonte Springs.

“We just got confirmation that Aliens drones destroyed eastbound and westbound sections of Interstate I4 near Altamonte Springs. Reports are also coming in that there are approximately twenty sections destroyed approximately fifty miles apart. The Florida Highway Patrol has closed the entire I4, which runs from Tampa to Daytona Beach,” the news reporter said from the helicopter. She paused for a few seconds. “Wait, we also got reports that there are numerous sections of I95 that have also been destroyed between Jacksonville and Miami. I95 has also been shut down,” the reporter added then looked scared.

“Shit!” President Westwood said while he stared at the TV.

“We also got in reports of this same thing happened with Interstates across twenty other states so far,” Hamilton Harris said while he looked concerned.

“Turn off the TV,” President Westwood called out tired of the bad news.

The TV turned off.

“I want a complete report of all the damage on my desk by the end of the day,” President Westwood said while he looked at everybody’s grim faces.

President Westwood got up and moped to the door.

Everybody else remained at the table and remembered the days when all they had to worry about was a nuclear strike by Russia.

All around the world, the other governments watched the news and saw the news reports about the drones. All they could think about was if they were next.

Five hours later, all of the Ecilop spaceships in all forty-nine states lifted off the ground.

They raced off at supersonic speeds to other areas of the US for the other part of their mission.

The sun started to settle to the west.

President Westwood sat at his desk in the Oval Office. He was provided a report of today’s activities. The report stated that all 76 Interstates in the Unites States were rendered inoperative due to the damage caused by the drones. President Westwood slammed the report down on his desk. He was pissed with the people that kidnapped the Aliens, yet he was also glad they determined a way to kill them. He wondered if Sandark was planning on doing something else.

Back in Marvin’s cabin, everybody sat in the living room and watched TV. They just saw the Special Report of the total destruction all the Interstates in the United States. They knew this was in retaliation for them kidnapping Mirlink.

“I hope they don’t find that Alien,” Karen said and started to tremble with fear.

“They won’t. Trust me,” Galvin said and sounded confident.

“What do we do next?” Marvin said.

“We figure a way to get formaldehyde into those motherships,” Marcus replied and didn’t look worried about today’s events.

“That’s a huge risk,” Dale said and looked scared to take on another mission. He started to think about Nancy and would he ever see her again.

Jake started having doubts, but knew there was no turning back.

Stanley started thinking of bailing out and heading back to Boston. But he didn’t have a job and decided to stick by his brother’s side.

Marvin felt the same way.

All Michael could think about was killing more Aliens. After all, he spent most of his life without the use of his left arm.

Galvin was anxious to kill some more Aliens.

At the Logan International Airport in Boston, it was business as usual.

Then four Noitailater drones zoomed at the airport from the north, east, south, and west directions.

A MD-88 Delta was fully loaded with passengers at one of the gates in Terminal A. It was towed away from the gate. One of the drones zoomed over and hovered twenty feet in the air above the MD-88. Red laser beams shot out like machine gun fire and sliced off the right wing. The drone then shot out red laser beams like machine gun fire and sliced off the left wing.

Inside that MD-88, all the passengers were freaking out. They scrambled over each other to get to the exit door to get out of the airplane before it blew up.

At all of the other terminals at Logan, the three other drones flew around and sliced off all the wings of all the airliners at the gates.

All across the country, the same think happened at major airports in Philadelphia, Washington, DC, Orlando, Miami, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Phoenix, Los Angeles, and Seattle. In addition, more Ecilop’s landed in certain states then more Noitailater drones raced off at supersonic speeds.

At Andrews AFB, one of the drones zoomed down and stopped at a large hangar. It hovered then shot red laser

beams shot out like machine gun fire and created a large hole in the hangar doors.

The drone slowly went inside the hangar and hovered when it was ten feet from the Air Force One.

Red laser beams shot out like machine gun fire and hit the Air Force One. It exploded.

The drone backed up through the hole it created in the hangar doors.

The drone flew down the flight line. It started firing red laser beams like machine guns fire on all the military aircraft on the flight line. All the aircraft exploded.

Meanwhile, the same event transpired at twenty other Air Force Bases across the country.

The Federal Aviation Administration immediately grounded all aircraft traffic the second they heard the news.

Back at the Oval Office of the White House, President Westwood just received the news of the Aliens' attack.

"FUCK!" President Westwood screamed out and slammed his fist on the top of his desk. He picked up a phone and punched in a number. "I want a meeting within the hour," he said into the phone in a raised voice.

Back at Marvin's cabin, the gang watched CNN and saw numerous reports where Air Force Bases across the country were being targeted by the Aliens' drones.

"Shit," Dale said while he looked at the picture of some F-16's that were destroyed.

"Shit is right," Michael said.

"I feel guilty that we started all this," Marvin said.

"It's the casualties of war," Galvin replied and didn't feel guilty in the least.

"He's right. We have to stop the creatures," Jake added and looked determined to complete their mission.

Marcus' eye caught the small rack of DVD movies. He looked at the movies and pondered the situation. Then his eyes widened with an idea. "You know what would be cool?"

Everybody looked at Marcus for an answer.

“It would be cool to have one of those Hollywood special effects person make us some Alien jumpsuits, masks and hands,” Marcus said and his eyes widened ever more believing he was onto something.

“Masks?” Karen asked not sure where he was heading with this conversation.

“Yeah masks. You know, like when the evil guy appears in one of those Mission Impossible movies. Then the guy rips of his face and we learn it’s really Ethan Hunt,” Marcus said and sounded excited with his idea.

Everybody thought about Marcus’ comment. Then their eyes widened loving it.

“But how can we get someone from Hollywood to go along with us?” Karen asked.

“Yeah, just a pipe dream,” Marcus said.

Galvin thought about Marcus’ suggestion. “Yeah, just a pipe dream,” he said then got up from his chair. “If you excuse me, I need to use the bathroom,” he said then headed out of the living room.

The second Galvin went behind closed doors in the bathroom he sent a secured text message.

Thirty minutes later at the White House conference room, all the civilian and military sat and waited around the table.

President Westwood entered the room.

“I’m thinking you all should just live in this conference room for a while,” he jokingly said while he rushed over to the table. “Give me a damage report,” he added while he sat down at the table.

General Grace looked grim while he looked at a piece of paper in front of him. “All of my air bases received damaged from those drones. They destroyed all aircraft on the flight lines. The Air Force is rendered ineffective for supporting our national defense,” General Grace said between gritted teeth.

“Well gentlemen, we’re unofficially at war with these Aliens. We cannot let Sandark know this and should continue to do nothing,” President Westwood told

everybody while he glanced in their eyes. “It looks like our only hope is this band of what I call rebels,” he added.

Russell Wernick’s cell phone buzzed. He looked at the viewfinder and read a secured text message. He thought about the message for a few seconds then figured what the hell. “Sir, I have a suggestion. It’s kinda crazy, but maybe we don’t have a choice.”

“Let’s hear it,” President Westwood said.

“A suggestion came in from my retired agent. He suggested we enlist some special effects artist from Hollywood to create some Alien masks, hands, and uniforms. After all, we have a model to use,” Russell said.

Everybody around the table looked over at Russell’s direction. Some of them started chuckling over the idea.

President Westwood thought about Russell’s suggestion for a few seconds. His eyes widened. “Why not? I mean this could possibly work. What does this agent propose we do with the masks, and uniform?”

“Sneak in the spaceships and plant some formaldehyde,” Russell replied.

President Westwood thought about the whole idea. “Put it in work. Make it like a Hollywood movie,” he told Russell.

“Yes sir,” Russell replied.

“Okay gentlemen, we’ll meet at four to go over anymore developments,” President Westwood said then stood up.

While President Westwood rushed to the door, Russell typed a secure text message on his cell phone.

Russell’s cell phone rang again. He looked at the viewfinder. “I’ll try to get you a huge surprise,” Galvin’s text message stated.

“What’s that?” Russell typed as a response.

No response from Galvin.

Russell wondered what Galvin was going to do next.

Chapter 35

The next morning arrived in California.

It was a normal day for special effects make-up artist Kenneth Chavez. He just got out of the shower and dressed for the day.

The coffee pot was ready.

Kenneth entered the kitchen and grabbed his coffee mug. He walked over to the coffee pot and couldn't wait for his first cup of coffee. He poured a cup. His front door bell rang.

Kenneth walked out of the kitchen sipping his cup.

He walked through the living room and headed to the front door.

He opened the front door and wondered why two men wearing suits were outside - Lance and Sheldon. "May I help you?" Kenneth asked then sipped some more coffee.

"Are you Kenneth Chavez? The special effects artist?" Lance asked.

"Yes," Kenneth asked and concerned he was in some type of trouble.

"We need to talk to you in private," Sheldon said then pushed their way inside Kenneth's house.

"Excuse me, but I don't know who you are?" Kenneth said in a raised voice while he moved out of Lance and Sheldon's way.

Lance moved his suit jacket to show the 9mm Glock in his holster.

Kenneth started to turn pale with fright.

Lance closed the door.

Lance and Sheldon removed their wallets and showed Kenneth their credentials.

"We're with the CIA," Lance said.

"CIA? Here? Why?"

“The President and the United States needs your expertise,” Sheldon replied.

“The President? My expertise?” Kenneth asked and looked confused. “Why?”

“We can’t explain here, but you need to come with us,” Lance said.

“We also need your make-up items also,” Sheldon added.

“What for?”

“For the ultimate special effects project,” Lance said.

“Plus the President has authorized you to be paid double what Hollywood pays you,” Sheldon added.

“Double?” Kenneth said while dollar signs flashed in front of his eyes.

An hour later, a Cessna Citation Mustang jet flew at 35,000 feet over the Mojave National Preserve in a northeast direction.

Inside the Citation jet sat Kenneth and fellow special effects make-up artists Wendy Markum, Earl Shultz, and Sal Torino. They all looked confused.

Sitting in seats in front of the artists were CIA agents Lance, Sheldon, Mike, and Marie. Sitting in seats behind the artists were CIA agents Vicky, William, Ronnie, and Gerald.

“What’s going on?” Kenneth whispered while he leaned over to Wendy.

“Don’t have a clue,” Wendy whispered back.

The special effects make-up artists just sat and tried to figure out where they were going and why.

An hour later, the Citation jet landed at the Kingman Airport in Kingman, Arizona on runway 35.

The jet taxied over to the flight line where four black government SUVs with tinted windows waited.

As soon as the jet stopped, the door with stairs opened. Lance rushed down the stairs.

The drivers of the SUV got out and immediately opened up one of the passenger doors.

The drivers then went around and opened up the rear hatches.

Sheldon walked down the stairs of the jet.

Kenneth, Wendy, Earl and Sal walked down the stairs. They stood at the base of the stairs and looked the airport over. Based on the heat, they sensed they were probably in Arizona.

“Get in,” Lance told them while he pointed at the waiting SUVs.

While Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal each got inside one of the SUVs.

The other CIA agents started off-loading the suitcases that contained the artist’s make-up supplies.

A few minutes later, the four SUVs raced off down the flight line.

Inside the SUVs, the CIA agents placed black hoods over Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal’s eyes. They were told the place they’re going to was top secret and that’s why the hoods were required.

The thought that they might be executed did run across the artist minds.

After an hour drive through the desert, the four SUVs drove through the secret door inside a mountain.

After the SUVs parked, Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal were escorted down a hallway with their black hoods over their heads.

A few minutes later, the four artists were walked into a large laboratory. At one end inside a glass enclosure, lay Mirlink naked on a table. His jumpsuit hung on a hangar outside the enclosure. The scientists figured that a wave of the hand down the front of the jumpsuit unzipped it.

Lance, Sheldon, Mike, and Marie removed the black hoods off the artists.

Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal looked around the room for a few seconds. Then their eyes widened the second they saw Mirlink.

“Is that one of those Aliens?” Kenneth asked.

“Yes,” Lance answered.

“Then why are we here?” Wendy curiously asked but started to know the answer.

“For the biggest challenge you’ll ever be asked to perform,” Sheldon said.

“Biggest challenge?” Earl asked.

“The US government wants you to make some of those Hollywood masks that will look like that Alien,” Marie replied.

“Alien masks?” Sal asked.

“Head, and hands,” Mike replied.

“And don’t forget the jumpsuit and boots,” Marie added while she looked at Wendy knowing that was her specialty.

“Why?” Kenneth asked.

“I’m sorry, but that’s top secret with a need to know,” Lance replied.

“Like we said, you’ll be heavily compensated for this job,” Marie said.

Kenneth, Wendy, Sal, and Earl looked at each other for a few seconds.

“Where’s our equipment?” Wendy asked while she looked around.

“Over by that table near the Alien’s enclosure,” Sheldon replied.

“You’ll have unlimited access to that Alien for measurements and what not,” Mike said.

“Is it dead?” Wendy asked a little afraid the Alien might attack her.

“As a doornail,” Sheldon replied with light chuckle.

“This way to your work area,” Lance said then he headed to a table across the room.

“But why is it so important that we make a real life mask of that Alien?” Kenneth asked still unsure about their orders.

“And why kill one? They’re creating paradise for us by getting rid of cancers, aids, and everything else,” Wendy asked.

Lance and Sheldon looked at each other. Lance nodded that it was okay.

Sheldon stopped and removed his iPhone. He opened up a picture. "Here's why they want Earth to be paradise," he said while he held up his iPhone.

Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal stopped and looked at Sheldon's iPhone. They did a double take not sure they saw what they think they saw.

Then their eyes widened in shock.

"Is that what I think it is?" Kenneth asked while he looked harder at Sheldon's iPhone.

"Just like supermarket packaged meat," Sheldon replied deciding that being blunt was the best way.

Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, Sal stared at Sheldon's iPhone.

Wendy started with the dry heaves so she turned away.

"I don't believe it," Kenneth said and he started to get pissed.

"We have some people that acted on their own. They determined that formaldehyde acts like a biological weapon to kill these creatures. We need these masks to plant some of that chemical in those spaceships. If we don't, then we'll all eventually end up on the dinner plates of these Aliens," Lance said.

Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal looked at each other.

"We could use some help," Kenneth told Lance.

"Give me some names," Lance replied while he reached in his suit pocket and removed a small note pad and pen. He handed it to Kenneth.

Kenneth jotted down four more names of special effect make-up artists. He handed the note pad back to Lance.

"Let's get started," Kenneth said and looked determined.

Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal followed Lance and did occasional glances back at Mirlink.

Mike walked over and grabbed Mirlink's jumpsuit. He followed the artists over to the table.

Back at Marvin's cabin, Marcus and the gang sat around the kitchen table and drank coffee while they planned their next move.

“I’m thinking we should get some more ray guns,” Galvin said.

“Why?” Marcus asked.

“For our own protection just in case one of us gets cornered,” Galvin replied.

“Too risky,” Marcus replied.

“I wouldn’t mind having one of those,” Dale said.

“Me too,” Michael added but he wanted to use one on those Aliens.

“But what will those Aliens do if we get away with it. You heard what they did to the Air Force, the airlines, and all the Interstates,” Karen said and was nervous about that idea.

“This is war and war calls for missions with balls,” Galvin said.

Karen rolled her eyes over Galvin’s comment.

“But we still need a plan to get the formaldehyde planted so they will be dispensed in those motherships,” Jake said.

“It would be nice if that Sandark dude would come down to Earth to give another speech. We could shoot balloons filled with formaldehyde into this ship,” Marcus said.

Everybody went back into deep thoughts.

“We need to get more people involved from all around the world,” Marcus said.

“But how? These Aliens are tracking all conversations and if they hear threats, they come for their dinner,” Jake replied.

Everybody went back to deep thoughts. While she was thinking, Karen did her nervous habit of tapping her fingernails on the table.

At first it started to irritate Marcus, but then his eyes widened when it gave him an idea. “Morse code,” he blurted out and then the more he thought about it the more excited he got about his idea.

“Morse code?” Michael asked.

Galvin thought about Marcus' idea. Morse code," he said with a smile.

"Who here knows Morse code?" Marcus asked.

Everybody looked at each other then nodded they didn't know the code.

Galvin's eyes widened then he got up from the table and rushed to the front door.

"Where the hell is he going?" Jake asked.

Everybody nodded they didn't have a clue.

Out in Galvin's step-van, his cell phone buzzed. He looked at the viewfinder.

"Special effects in work," the text message stated.

Galvin shoved his cell phone in his pants pocket with a smile.

He proceeded to search through a box in his van that contained some books.

A few minutes later, Galvin returned to the cabin with a book in hand. It was some type of survival book.

"We have Morse code," Galvin said while he held up the book with the page that explained Morse code.

Back in the secret laboratory in Arizona, Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal worked feverously making progress with their first take at an Alien's head, hands, and jumpsuit. It looked promising. Very promising.

Back in Marvin's cabin, the gang had more discussions about how to kill the Aliens.

"We could send out messages with the words dot and dash to be our Morse code," Marcus said while he looked at the page about Morse code.

"Getting the message out across the world is the next challenge," Jake said.

"How about we place an add through Craigslist or Backpage? They cover the world," Marcus said.

"That would work," Jake said.

Dale, Karen, Marvin, and Michael nodded in agreement.

Galvin was in deep thought. "I still want some of their ray guns."

“That’s way too risky,” Marcus said.

“I’ll come up with something,” Galvin replied while he thought about those special effects make-up artists at work in Arizona.

“Let’s get online and send out some messages in Morse code,” Marcus said.

An hour had passed and Karen created a Hotmail email account with a fake name.

After Galvin typed out a message in Word using dots and dash words that stated “Aliens using us for food. Use formaldehyde on Aliens as biological weapon. Will specify proposed method, day and time to dispense into spaceships all at one. This will save mankind.” To help with the postings, Jake allowed Galvin to attach one of the pictures he had showing the packaged human parts.

Two hours later, and they had posted an ad in Craigslist and Backpage on all available cities in the countries around the world and in the US.

“I hope this works,” Dale said while Karen posted the last ad in Backpage for London, England.

“Me too,” she replied.

“Now we need to come up with a plan to dispense the formaldehyde into the mothership,” Marcus.

Everybody thought about a possible method for a few seconds.

“The only way might be for someone to sneak about the mothership,” Galvin said.

“How? We can’t reach their spaceships with anything we can launch,” Jake said.

“I’ll figure out something,” Galvin said as he already had an idea floating inside his head.

Back in the secret laboratory in Arizona, Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal continued to work feverously on their first Alien mask. They were almost finished with the first one and it looked perfect.

It was getting late back at Marvin’s cabin and everybody was exhausted from their planning.

Karen checked her fake email and saw she had eleven responses from around the world. These responses were in Morse code using dot and dash words.

Galvin had to translate.

These people also wanted to help get rid of the Aliens. Their cause was spreading around the world.

Galvin grabbed an Atlas he previously removed out of his step-van. He started marking the cities around the world that wanted to join their cause.

So far they had people in London, Madrid, Paris, Stockholm, Rome, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Berlin, Moscow, Tokyo, and Melbourne, Australia.

“We need a code name,” Marcus said while looked at the Atlas with markings of the supporters.

“Yeah, a code name would be cool,” Karen replied.

Everybody pondered while they tried to think of a code name.

“How about Alien Crushers?” Marvin offered.

Everybody thought about his suggestion.

“It’s cool though, but too risky of a name,” Jake said.

Everybody else nodded in agreement.

“Worldly Rescuers?” Michael offered.

Everybody else nodded in disagreement with that name.

“Rescuing Rangers?” Jake offered.

“We probably should leave out the rescuing part. Could raise a red flag,” Marcus said.

Everybody thought about his recommendation for a few seconds. They nodded in agreement.

“How about Rocking Rangers? Could make us sound like a rock band,” Marcus asked.

Everybody thought about his suggestion for a few seconds. They nodded in agreement.

“Rocking Rangers it is,” Marcus said.

“Oh, we got another email,” Karen said while she glanced at the computer.

Everybody looked over Karen’s shoulder while she opened up the email from someone in Hawaii.

“We’ll have to assign everybody numbers. We’ll be Rocking Rangers one,” Marcus said.

Karen thought about Marcus’ suggestion. She smiled. “I’ll start right away and send a reply with everybody’s number,” she said.

“Sounds great,” Marcus replied while he patted Karen on her shoulder.

Up in outer space, a hangar door of the Reluah mothership opened.

Twenty Pukcip and twenty Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangar in single file.

The Pukcip and Ograc paired up and raced down towards North America. This time, these crafts headed back California, Texas, Florida, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York for some more missions.

Hours had passed and it was in the middle of the night in Arizona and in the Los Angeles.

In the secret laboratory, Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal completed the first Alien head mask, hands, and uniform. It looked real.

Kenneth, Wendy, Earl, and Sal high-fived each other while they glanced at their finished products.

Back at the Burbank airport, two Cessna Citation Mustang jets took off.

The jets were headed to Kingman, Arizona with sixteen additional special effects make-up artists. The artists were clueless as to why they were summonsed by the government in the middle of the night.

An hour passed and those Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in a field in the Los Angeles, California area while another landed in a field outside San Francisco, California. The engines whined down on both crafts, and the doors opened. Five Elibomria crafts with enclosed trailers zoomed out of the Pukcip’s with four Retnuh’s onboard each craft.

One of those Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in a field outside Dallas, Texas while another landed in a field outside Austin, Texas. The engines whined down on both

crafts, and the doors opened. Five Elibomria crafts with enclosed trailers zoomed out of the Pukcip's with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

One of those Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in a field outside Orlando, Florida while another one landed in a field outside Miami, Florida. The engines whined down on both crafts, and the doors opened. Five Elibomria crafts with enclosed trailers zoomed out of the Pukcip's with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The same happened in large cities in the states of Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York.

Back in Marvin's cabin, everybody retired for the evening.

Galvin slept in his step-van.

His cell phone buzzed. It woke him up and looked a little lost. His cell phone buzzed again. He looked at the viewfinder and saw a text message. He read the message and smiled.

Galvin closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

Back in Arizona, the Cessna Citation jet landed at Kingman Airport in the dead of the night on runway 17.

After the jet taxied over to four government vans with dark tinted windows.

The second the Citation parked and the engines shutdown, the door opened.

CIA agents rushed the confused sixteen special effects make-up artists out of the jet and into the vans.

After some other CIA agents unloaded the artist suitcases out of the jet and into the vans, the vans raced off down the flight line.

Meanwhile, back in California, Texas, Florida, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, all of the Retnuh's dragged dead sex offenders to their applicable Ograc spaceships.

Two hours later, all the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships lifted off from the grassy field and ascended into the sky while the sun started peeking over the horizon in the east.

Chapter 36

While morning started to spread across the eastern part of the United States, way up in outer space, a hangar door of the Reluah mothership opened.

The twenty Pukcip and twenty Ograc spaceships zoomed over to the Reluah craft from Earth.

The Pukcip and Ograc spaceships organized into a single file. They flew a traffic pattern into the open hangar of the Reluah craft.

Thirty-five minutes had passed and the processing room of the Reluah was busy once again. The conveyer belts were busy processing and packaging the dead bodies of 4,000 sex offenders from America.

The sun was still below the horizon at the Kingman Airport.

The Cessna Citation jet taxied out of its hangar.

The jet taxied down the flight line to the taxiway.

The jet taxied to the end of runway 3.

The jet turned onto runway 3, gave it full throttle and rolled down the runway.

The jet was airborne in seconds.

The jet climbed higher in the sky then turned toward the east.

Later that morning back in Marvin's cabin, everybody was awake and ate breakfast on the front porch since it was a beautiful morning.

Galvin's cell phone buzzed in his pants pocket. He discreetly removed it and read the text message. He smiled while he discreetly slid the phone back into this pocket then drank some coffee.

After breakfast, the gang went to the computer where Karen checked her fake email. They all high-fived each

other after discovering they had fifteen more individuals wanting to join their cause.

Meanwhile, that Cessna Citation jet landed at Arnold Air Force Base in Tennessee.

The jet taxied over to the flight line where a flat black Blackhawk helicopter waited with its rotors spinning.

The jet stopped and the door opened.

A CIA agent rushed down the stairs with a cardboard box in hand.

The agent rushed over to the Blackhawk where CIA Agent Ted waited in his flight suit and flight helmet.

The agent handed Ted the box then ran back to the jet.

Ted rushed into the Blackhawk with the cardboard box.

The agent got back inside the jet, the door closed, and the jet started to taxi off down the flight line.

The Blackhawk's rotors spun around faster and lifted off the flight line.

The jet taxied to the end of runway 21.

The jet rolled down runway 21 while the Blackhawk ascended into the sky.

The Blackhawk banked and turned to an easterly direction.

The jet lifted off the runway.

After it was three hundred feet in the air, the jet turned toward a westerly direction.

Back at Marvin's cabin, Galvin received another text message. He was alone on the front porch drinking coffee when he read the text message. He shoved his cell phone into this pocket and rushed into the cabin.

Everybody else stood around the computer while Karen opened up a new email from Bogota, Columbia.

They had Galvin's book opened to the Morse code section and translated the message from another supporter.

"Hey gang, I'm going to head out and get some groceries," Galvin said while he walked up to the computer.

"We have another supporter," Marcus said while he drafted out a response.

“How many so far?” Galvin asked.

Marcus looked at his notes. “Thirty spread out across the world.”

“I’ll be back soon,” Galvin said then turned around and headed to the front door.

Everybody remained around the computer and got excited when another email came in from the Philippines.

“We might be able to pull this off,” Marcus said.

“As soon as we figure out a plan to dispense the stuff in their spaceships,” Jake said.

Everybody nodded in agreement while Karen printed out the information about their new supporters.

Galvin left the cabin.

A few minutes later, Galvin drove his step-van down the two-lane country road. He glanced at his cell phone that had a GPS map with a flashing blip.

He smiled while he continued his drive down the road.

Twenty minutes later, Galvin walked out of a grocery store with a bag full of supplies.

He got back inside his step-van and drove out of the parking lot.

He pulled onto the road and headed in the opposite direction of where Marvin’s cabin was located.

Thirty minutes later, Karen downloaded another email from a supporter in Ireland.

It dawned on Marcus while he looked around the living room. “What’s taking Galvin so long?”

Everybody looked around and noticed Galvin didn’t return from the store.

“Who knows with him,” Michael said then his eyes turned to the computer when they got an email from someone in Montana.

“The list just keeps growing,” Marcus said with a smile while he printed out the email.

Meanwhile, Galvin’s step-van sat along the edge of a field twenty miles from Marvin’s cabin.

He waited behind the wheel.

The sound of an approaching helicopter was heard.

Galvin got out of his step-van when he heard the flapping of the rotor blades getting louder,

Galvin looked up at the sky and saw the Blackhawk descending down to the field.

Galvin ran over the second the chopper touched down in the grass.

The door opened and Ted stepped outside with the cardboard in hand.

Galvin removed his wallet and showed Ted his retired CIA card.

Ted handed Galvin the cardboard box then rushed back inside the Blackhawk.

Galvin ran back to his step-van with the cardboard box in hand.

The Blackhawk lifted up and started its descent into the air kicking grass and dirt behind it.

Galvin climbed in his step-van and drove away while the Blackhawk flew away.

A little while later, Galvin drove his step-van down the dirt driveway of Marvin's cabin. He parked it by the side of the cabin. Galvin got out of his seat and headed to the rear of his step-van.

Inside Marvin's cabin, Karen and Marcus made some ham and cheese sandwiches for everybody.

"Where the hell is Galvin?" Marcus asked while he walked two plates to the kitchen table.

"I wonder if he baled on us?" Jake asked while he walked over to the table.

There was a loud knock on the door.

"Must be him," Marvin said then he headed to the front door.

Marvin opened the front door. His eyes widened in shock. "Shit!" he yelled out then jumped back about two feet and tripped over his feet. He landed on his butt.

An Alien walked inside the cabin holding the grocery bag.

Marvin scrambled to his feet and ran to the table with everybody else.

Jake realized he left the ray gun in the bedroom and started to get scared.

Karen's eyes welled up scared to death she would be eaten later tonight.

Michael moved his right hand behind his back for protection.

"This is proof it works," the Alien said while he walked closer to everybody.

Marcus looked at the rear door in the kitchen. He wondered if they could run outside. Then he noticed that the Alien didn't have a ray gun. Marcus looked harder at the approaching Alien. Then Marcus busted out laughing.

Jake, Dale, Marvin, Michael, and Marvin thought Marcus had gone nuts.

"How about it? Do I look real?" the Alien said and sounded like Galvin. The Alien spun around in a little bit of a dance.

Marcus laughed harder. "That's good," he said between laughs.

"I know," the Alien said then reached up and tugged on the top of his head. The head came off and they saw Galvin was under the mask.

"I don't fucking believe it?" Jake said.

Karen, Dale, Michael, and Marvin stared in disbelief.

"How?" Marcus asked.

"Well, it's a long story, but the short of it is," Galvin said while he removed the Alien hands that were gloves. "I'm a retired CIA agent. I've been in contact with them and they've briefed the President on our activities," Galvin added while he walked over and place the bag of groceries on the table. "I requested they enlist the help of some Hollywood special effects experts and here's the results," he said while he placed the head and hands on the table.

Everybody looked at the mask in awe on how realistic it looked.

Then it dawned on Marcus. "The President knows? The President of the United States?" he asked

Galvin nodded in agreement.

“Yes and they are looking for us to save the day,” Galvin said while he puffed out his chest loving being in the game again.

“The President,” Marcus said and still couldn’t believe it. Then it dawned on him. “The pressure is on us again,” he said and felt a little nervous.

Jake and Dale looked at each other.

“Rangers were trained to handle this type of pressure,” Jake said while he placed an arm around Marcus’ shoulder indicating he still felt Marcus was a Ranger.

“You’re right, Rangers are trained to handle this type of mission,” Marcus said and felt good about being called a Ranger once again.

Galvin removed the Alien jumpsuit and boots. He reached in his jeans pocket and removed his cell phone. He typed a secured text message.

An hour had passed.

In the conference room of the White House, President Westwood had his civilian and military advisors in for another status meeting.

“We gathered some of the best special effects make-up artists from Hollywood. They worked throughout the night and came up with one finished product,” Russell said. “The slide please,” he called out.

A picture of an Alien that stood next to Mirlink’s dead body in the laboratory appeared.

Everybody looked at the picture in awe on how real it looked.

“Thank God for Hollywood,” President Westwood said while he stared at the photo.

“My agent now has the outfit and just scared the shit out of the people he’s working with. They actually thought he was an Alien,” Russell said.

“If we can get this mass produced, we might be onto something,” President Westwood said.

“My agent is going to put this to the ultimate test and sneak into one of the Alien spaceships,” Russell said.

“Sneak into one of the spaceships?” President Westwood asked and looked a little concerned.

“Yes.”

President Westwood thought about this for a few seconds. “I guess we don’t have any choice,” he said.

“I also learned that our rebels have contacted people from around the world that share the same interest. They’re calling themselves the Rocking Rangers,” Russell said.

“Rocking Rangers. Nice name that shouldn’t sound any alarms,” President Westwood said then he remembered something. “How are they contacting each other about this? I mean those Aliens are monitoring all of our media for possible threats,” he said.

“Morse code.”

Morse code?” President Westwood replied not sure he heard correctly.

“Yes, Morse code. Emails with the words dots and dashes.”

“Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant” President Westwood said and looked really happy for the first time since these Aliens landed. “So what’s next?”

“Come up with a plan to discreetly get our new formaldehyde weapon dispensed in those four huge spaceships up in space,” Russell said.

“Having more people around the world involves sure helps,” President Westwood said then it dawned on him. “Imagine, the entire world coming together and helping each other. Who would have thought that would ever happen,” he said with a smile.

“I wouldn’t let the other country leaders know about this. I’m thinking we should let these rebels handle things on their own,” Russell said.

President Westwood thought about Russell’s comment for a few seconds. “Good point. Then if it goes south, then Sandark won’t come after us,” President Westwood said being the typical politician.

Back in Marvin's cabin, everybody sat around the kitchen table and brain stormed different methods to get formaldehyde into the motherships. They used the picture Galvin had taken of all the spaceships he seen while he conducted his recon missions.

So far they figured they needed to get some planted in the Rexif spaceship.

Then they figured they needed to get some planted in the Ograc spaceships.

Then they figured they needed to get some planted in the Ecilop spaceships.

Then Karen checked her fake email and had twenty more supporters from around the world.

Hours had passed and the sun was dropping below the horizon.

Galvin packed the Alien outfit back into the cardboard box.

Marcus, Jake, and Dale walked with Galvin to the front door of the cabin.

Jake's eyes widened remembering something. "Wait, he said then rushed through the living area and headed down the hallway.

"Does anybody else need to pee before we hit the road," Galvin asked in a joking manner.

Marcus and Dale nodded they didn't have to pee.

Jake rushed back into the living room.

"You'll need this to make it really real," Jake said while he showed Galvin the ray gun.

"Good thinking," Galvin said while he took the ray gun and placed it inside the cardboard box.

Karen winked at Marcus when he left with Galvin, Jake, and Dale.

It was a quiet drive down two-lane country roads that led to Asheville.

An hour later, Galvin had his step-van parked behind some trees along the edge of a grassy field where one of the Rexif spaceships was parked.

There were ten people in line that waited to be cured from their ailments and diseases.

Galvin got dressed in the Alien outfit.

A few minutes had passed and the line was down to six people.

“It’s show time,” Galvin said while he looked at Marcus, Jake, and Dale. “If the shit hits the fan, get the hell away from here. Don’t worry about me,” he said then opened up the rear doors.

Galvin, Marcus, Jake, and Dale got out of the van, Marcus, Jake, and Dale hid behind some trees.

Galvin the Alien ran through the field and headed to the Rexif spaceship.

Marcus, Jake, and Dale watched while Galvin the Alien ran around to the backside of the Rexif spaceship.

He walked to the rear door where people exited after being cured.

Galvin the Alien walked around where people jumped for joy after feeling great.

One old lady who not had a spring in her step ran over to Galvin the Alien. “Thank you,” she said while she hugged him.

Galvin the Alien just nodded then he glanced at the rear door. He got a little nervous and hesitated on proceeding with his mission. He took a deep breath and walked to the rear door ramp.

Galvin the Alien walked into the Rexif spaceship where an old man exited the device. He was cured of his arthritis and bad hearing. The old man danced his way to the rear door.

Galvin the Alien looked around the dimly lit spaceship. Perfect. He thought to himself thinking this low light will increase his chances of succeeding with this mission.

Galvin the Alien walked around the room and checked out the device.

A skinny forty-five year old man stepped into in the glass booth. He had been fighting HIV for years and the virus was winning.

Galvin the Alien watched while the device started doing its magic.

One of the Aliens working the booth waved a hand over a panel. A colored green light from inside the booth engulfed the skinny man's body. The skinny man twitched as if he was in extreme pain. The twitching became severe and Galvin the Alien thought the Aliens were killing the man.

But then the skinny man suddenly stood straight up and had a huge smile on his face. The green colored light quickly dissipated and then a pink light engulfed the skinny man's body. The skinny man closed his eyes. He had a huge satisfying grin. Then his body shook as if he had an orgasm. The pink like dissipated. The skinny man looked around the booth with a huge grin. He tap-danced inside the booth.

The skinny man danced his way out of the glass booth and to the exit door.

Another Alien walked toward Galvin the Alien.

Galvin the Alien got a little nervous when the Alien got closer.

The Alien gave Galvin the Alien a hello nod then walked away. Galvin the Alien was relieved and now believed this plan would work.

Galvin the Alien walked away and checked out the rest of the room.

Ten minutes had passed and Galvin the Alien found a small room that was a gold mine. It contained hundreds of ray guns. He had a huge smile while he looked the ray guns over. He quickly tucked away eight ray guns into the hidden pickets inside his jumpsuit.

He headed to the door and was able to slip out undetected.

Galvin the Alien headed to the rear exit.

The second he got there, the door closed with a whish.

Galvin the Alien looked worried when he realized that nobody was waiting to be cured.

Another Alien walked over to Galvin the Alien. "Our meal is ready," the Alien told Galvin the Alien. This Alien spoke English because Sandark ordered all the Aliens to speak in the native language of the country their spaceship was located.

"Okay," Galvin the Alien replied and played along. He followed the Alien to another door.

The Alien waved his hand over a pad by the right side of the door. The door whished opened.

The Alien went inside the room with Galvin the Alien right behind him.

Galvin the Alien got concerned when he saw a floating table in the center of the room. A room that was apparently a dining room.

Four other Aliens sat around the table and munched on some meat. They were too hungry to notice that a fifth Alien was in the room.

Galvin the Alien started to get a little dry heaves when he thought this meat was probably human meat.

"Sit and let's dine," the Alien told Galvin the Alien.

Galvin the Alien sat down and stared at a plate that had a four-ounce slab of cooked meat. He looked around the table where the other Aliens picked up their pieces of meat and started chowing down.

Galvin the Alien decided he better play along. He picked up his piece of meat. He took a bite. He started chewing. He fought off the dry heaves. He swallowed.

Galvin the Alien took another small bite. He swallowed the meat without chewing. He fought off the dry heaves.

The other Aliens around the table and loved their human meat meals.

Galvin the Alien couldn't take it any longer. "I'm full," he said then stood up.

"Can I have your dinner?" ask the Alien that sat next to Galvin the Alien.

Galvin the Alien moved his plate to that Alien.

Galvin the Alien walked to the door. He waved his hand over the pad by the right of the door.

Galvin the Alien walked out of the room.

Galvin the Alien was back in the main room. No other Aliens were in sight so he ran over to the rear of a console.

Galvin the Alien vomited on the floor behind a console.

Galvin stood up and another Alien walked over to him.

“We have guard duty tonight,” the Alien told Galvin the Alien.

Galvin felt this mission would be a bust.

Back in the field, Marcus, Jake, and Dale peeked through some trees at the Rexif spaceship.

“Where the hell is he?” Marcus said while he looked at the spaceship that had its main door closed.

Jake started to get concerned while they spied on the Rexif spaceship.

Chapter 37

The sun started to peek over the horizon for the start of another day.

Marcus, Jake, and Dale took turns sleeping in the step-van while the other watched for Galvin.

“What should we do?” Jake asked Marcus.

“I got this feeling we should wait a little longer,” Marcus said then he looked at Jake. “Reminds me of the old days.”

Jake smiled and gave Marcus a pat on his shoulder.

“Wait,” Marcus said while he eyed the Rexif spaceship.

Marcus, Jake, and Dale saw the main door wish open and the ramp wish down to the ground.

Galvin the Alien ran down the ramp. He rushed over to the spaceship and waved his hand over a pad by the right side of the door.

The ramp retracted with a wish and the door wished closed.

Galvin the Alien bolted through the field and headed toward the trees.

Marcus ran over and jumped behind the wheel of the step-van. He started it up.

Jake opened up the rear doors and waited.

Galvin the Alien ran to the van. “Let’s get the fuck away from here,” he said when he rushed inside the van.

Jake got in the van and slammed the rear doors.

Marcus stomped on the gas pedal.

Dirt and grass flung everywhere when the step-van raced off toward the road.

“What took you so long?” Marcus asked while he screeched the step-van onto the two-lane country road.

“They made me and another Alien stand guard all night. But before that, the fuckers made me eat dinner. I’m

never eating meat again,” Galvin said while he removed his Alien hand gloves.

Marcus and Jake knew what that meant.

“I hope it wasn’t someone I knew,” Galvin said while he removed the Alien mask.

“I’m thinking of giving up meat,” Marcus said while he had a vision of Galvin eating human meat.

Jake nodded in agreement with Marcus’ statement.

“You’re back alive, so the outfit fooled them,” Marcus said while he raced the step-van down the road.

“Like a charm. Those Aliens aren’t that intelligent,” Galvin said while he unzipped his jumpsuit. He reached inside the pockets inside his suit. He removed the eight ray guns he stole. He placed the guns on the floor.

“Sweet,” Jake said while he eyed the ray guns.

“One is for my CIA friends to analyze and maybe reproduce. The other is for everybody else. I’ll keep one with my suit.”

Marcus, Jake, and Dale nodded in agreement and looked forward to having their own ray gun.

“I’m thinking that the best time to enter that these Rexif spaceships would be during the day. These creatures sleep for a few hours when the sun rises,” Galvin said.

“Then we can devise something when those other spaceships come out at night to pick up people,” Marcus said.

“That’s what I’m thinking,” Galvin said then he fought off some dry heaves after a flashback came of eating last night’s meat.

Galvin rushed to the rear door. He opened one of them and stuck his head outside. He vomited, which surprised the lady in the car right behind the step-van when it splattered on the hood of her car.

Galvin pulled his head inside the van and closed the door. He immediately removed his cell phone and typed a secured text message.

Back at the White House, President Westwood just convened another meeting with his civilian and military advisors.

“We have estimated Sandark has picked up four thousand sex offenders during the middle of the night,” Jeremy said.

“Four thousand perverts. I guess he’s doing us a little favor,” President Westwood said.

Russell Wernick glanced down at his cell phone and read a text message. He typed another text message.

President Westwood noticed. “Do you have something to share with us?” he asked Russell.

Russell looked up from his cell phone. “Yes sir. The Rocking Rangers were able to put the Alien outfit to the test last night. They entered one of those Rexif spaceships outside Asheville, North Carolina. It worked. My man also stated he has a nice surprise he wants to give us. I have a Blackhawk out to meet him as we speak.”

“That’s great. Have those Hollywood folks make some more,” President Westwood told Russell.

Russell nodded in agreement with his order.

“Then tell me what this nice surprise is the second you find out,” President Westwood told Russell.

Russell nodded in agreement.

“We’ll meet at five,” President Westwood said then got up from the table.

President Westwood headed to the door.

Up in outer space, the Reluah Owt cargo spaceship broke off from the Reluah mothership.

The four engines fire. The Reluah Owt moved away from the mothership.

The Reluah Owt cargo ship spun around and moved toward the Moon. The engines fired up, the Reluah Owt picked up speed and raced off toward the Moon. The Reluah Owt was on its way for the six-month journey the Snaicitilop home planet. Inside the Reluah Owt freezer were packaged pieces of all those sex offenders.

Over in his Command Center of the Redael mothership, Sandark sat in his chair and ate a three-ounce piece from a female's thigh. He waved his hand over the controls on the right arm of his chair.

A hologram appeared that showed the Reluah Owt spaceship while it moved through space toward the Moon.

Sandark was happy that the second harvest was on its way home. Now all he could think about was being promoted.

Back in North Carolina, Galvin drove the step-van down a different two-lane road. Marcus sat in the passenger seat.

"Where are we going?" Marcus asked and got a little concerned.

"We need to drop something off first," Galvin said while he slowed the step-van down then pulled into that same grassy field he met the Blackhawk helicopter.

Galvin stopped the van and turned off the engine.

"Are we meeting someone?" Jake asked while he walked over to Galvin and Marcus.

"Yeah," Galvin replied while he looked up at the sky from the front windshield.

Then the sound of an approaching helicopter was heard.

"Wait here," Galvin said while he got out of the step-van with a small box he had on the dashboard.

Marcus and Jake looked out the front windshield and saw a descending Blackhawk helicopter.

"What is he up to?" Marcus asked.

Jake pondered for a few seconds. Then it dawned on him. "He did wrap up one of those ray guns in a small box."

Marcus, Jake, and Dale watched while the Blackhawk descended then touched down in the grass.

A door opened on the Blackhawk and CIA agent Ted ran over to Galvin.

Galvin ran over to Ted and gave him the small box.

Ted ran back to the Blackhawk and got inside. The doors closed and the rotors spun around faster.

Galvin ran back to his step-van.

The Blackhawk lifted up while Galvin got back inside the step-van.

The Blackhawk sent grass and dirt everywhere when it ascended into the sky.

Galvin drove his step-van away toward the road.

“I figured they could use one. You know, maybe duplicate it,” Galvin told Marcus and Jake.

“That would give us the edge,” Jake replied while he thought about having that as a standard weapons issue.

Marcus had some concerns with other countries obtaining some of the Aliens weapons.

An hour later, Galvin drove his step-van down the dirt driveway of Marvin’s cabin.

He parked the step-van and they went inside with the box that contained the Alien outfit.

“How did it go?” Karen asked from the computer the second she saw Marcus, Galvin, Jake, and Dale enter through the front door.

“They didn’t have a clue,” Galvin said while he walked over to the kitchen table with the box that contained the Alien outfit.

Galvin set the box on the table then removed the seven ray guns he stole. “I have a present for you,” Galvin said then picked up one of the ray guns and tossed it over to Marcus. He picked up another one and tossed it over to Jake. He picked up another one and tossed it over to Dale. He picked up another one and tossed it over to Marvin. He picked up another one and tossed it over to Stanley. He picked up another one and tossed it over to Michael. He picked up the last one and tossed it over to Karen.

Karen looked at her ray gun and appeared a little intimidated by it. Marcus noticed.

“It might come in handy later,” Marcus told Karen.

She looked at the ray gun then looked at Marcus. He winked at her. She felt a little better.

Back in the secret laboratory in Arizona, the special effects artists produced twelve more Alien outfits. The CIA had them working like they were in a sweatshop in the Far East. But the artists didn't mind knowing the real reason the Aliens came to Earth.

The CIA agents packed up six of the Alien outfits into three boxes. Lance, Marie, and Sheldon grabbed the boxes and rushed them out of the room.

Back at Marvin's cabin, Galvin sat on the front porch. He just sat there and took in the birds that sang from the trees.

He looked at the spot where Marvin's car was parked. Marvin and Stanley left a little while ago for another grocery run.

Galvin's cell phone buzzed from his jeans pocket. He removed his cell phone and looked at the viewfinder.

He read another secured text message. He smiled while he shoved his cell phone into his pants pocket.

He went back inside the cabin.

"We have some more presents coming in around seven hours," Galvin said while he walked over to the table.

"What?" Marcus asked.

"Some more of these," Galvin said while he reached in the box and held up the Alien mask.

Marcus, Jake, Dale, Karen, and Michael looked a little nervous about sneaking inside one of the Alien spaceships dressed like an Alien.

The front door opened and Marvin and Stanley entered with grocery bags.

"I figured we could have steak tonight," Marvin said while he and Stanley walked their grocery bags into the kitchen.

Galvin started to look sick. "I'm now a vegetarian."

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Michael, Marvin, Stanley, and Karen.

"I'm now a vegetarian," Karen said.

"Me too," Jake said.

Dale and Marcus nodded in agreement.

Marvin and Stanley looked at each other.

“We’ll have to get some more groceries,” Marvin told Stanley.

Stanley nodded in agreement.

Marvin and Stanley headed back to the front door.

Outside the Reluah mothership, two large hangar doors opened.

One hundred Pukcip spaceships zoomed out of one of the open hangar door.

One hundred Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the other open hangar door.

One Pukcip craft pairs up with an Ograc craft once they flew out into outer space.

The Pukcip and Ograc crafts zoomed down to Earth in pairs.

These crafts continued with the mission of picking up sex offenders in the United States.

Down at the United States Space Corp, personnel tracked the movement of the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships while they headed down to the United States.

Over in his Command Center of the Redael mothership, Sandark sat in his chair. He stared at Earth where Europe was visible.

Aadark rushed over to Sandark with a small hand held device.

“Sir, we’ve been picking up some traffic from the Earthlings that we cannot translate. It appears to be in some kind of code,” Aadark said while he showed Sandark the hand held device.

Sandark looked at an email message that was written with the dot and dash words. “They cannot translate it?”

“No sir.”

Sandark glanced at Earth and got suspicious. He waved at Aadark to leave.

Aadark snapped his heels, turned around, and rushed away.

Sandark pressed a button on the panel on the right arm of his chair.

The hologram of Fardack appeared.

“Yes sir,” Fardack’s hologram appeared.

“I have another important mission,” Sandark told Fardack’s hologram.

“Yes sir,” Fardack’s hologram replied and he looked ready to receive his new orders.

Hours had passed and Galvin jumped into the step-van with Marcus, Jake, and Dale.

Galvin drove off down the road.

An hour later, Galvin had his step-van parked in the grassy field.

The Blackhawk helicopter landed and two CIA agents had given Galvin, Marcus, and Jake each a cardboard box.

Galvin, Marcus, and Jake rushed back to the step-van while the Blackhawk lifted off the ground and ascended back into the air.

They got back in the step-van.

Galvin drove the van back to the road and headed back to the cabin.

Up in space, thirty Reyortsed spaceships zoomed out of a hanger of the Srecrofne motherships.

The hangar door closed.

The thirty Reyortsed spaceships broke off in different directions and raced down toward Earth at supersonic speeds.

Thirty minutes later, one of the Reyortsed spaceships raced over to a communications satellite. The Reyortsed slowed down and hovered near the satellite. Red laser beams shot out of the Reyortsed. The beams hit the satellite and it exploded into a million pieces.

The Reyortsed spaceship raced off at supersonic speeds.

Fifteen of the Reyortsed spaceships raced off down to Earth to create some more havoc.

An hour later, Galvin, Marcus, Jake, and Dale entered Marvin’s cabin with the three boxes.

They set the boxes down on the couch.

Marcus saw Karen at the computer and walked over to her.

He noticed she looked frustrated. "What's wrong?"

"The Internet's down," she replied while she stared at the monitor.

"Give it a few minutes. It should come back up," Marcus said.

"Come look at your outfits," Galvin called out.

Marcus acted like a gentleman and helped Karen out of her chair.

They walked over to the couch.

Marvin and Stanley walked out of the hallway and headed over to the couch.

Galvin removed all the Alien outfits out of the boxes and handed them out.

Marvin, Stanley, Karen, and Michael still looked nervous about wearing these suits.

It dawned on Michael. "There's a problem," he said while he pointed at the space where his left arm would have been located.

"No problem. Your outfit has foam in the left sleeve," Galvin replied.

Michael was good with that, but still felt nervous about going back into one of those Alien spaceships.

"Now we need to figure out a plan on dispensing the formaldehyde," Marcus said.

Everybody nodded in agreement with Marcus.

Chapter 38

The sun rose again for the start of a new day.

Karen and Marcus got up early and started making breakfast for everybody. Scrambled eggs and toast without the bacon. Karen loved having Marcus's and he loved helping. He figured it was his way of starting out fresh since he never helped Kathleen when they were married.

"I still can't understand why the Internet has been down all night," Karen said while she cracked open a few more eggs into the skillet.

"Me neither," Marcus replied while he started making a pot of coffee.

Marvin and Stanley entered the kitchen.

"Good morning," Marvin asked while he saw Karen and Marcus cooking.

"Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes," Karen said while she stirred the scrambled eggs in the skillet.

Marvin and Stanley smiled then headed to the living area.

While Karen and Marcus continued making breakfast, Marvin and Stanley turned on the TV.

They sat down and watched CNN.

Jake, Michael, Galvin, and Michael entered the living area.

"It will be ready in a few," Marvin told them.

They sat down and watched the news.

On the TV, CNN news anchor Hamilton Harris sat behind the news desk.

"Reports have been coming in through out the night that some of the cell phone and satellite Internet service have been down across the country," Hamilton told the audience.

Galvin reached in his pocket and removed his cell phone. He checked it and noticed he didn't have a connection. "Shit," he said as he had a hunch what had happened.

"At this time, the cause is unknown for..." Hamilton told the audience then the TV broke into a bunch of static lines.

Sandark appeared on the TV screen. He sat in his chair in the Command Center of his Redael mothership.

"Greeting Earthling. As you probably have realized by now, some of your so-called cell phones and Internet are not operating. There's a reason for that," Sandark said then waved his hand over the right arm of his chair.

In a pub in London, England, the customers watched CNN on the TV that hung behind the bar.

A video appeared on the TV screen that showed an Internet satellite in orbit. Red laser beams came out of nowhere and hit the satellite. The satellite exploded into a million pieces.

"Bastards," Harold said while then drank some of his Ale. Harold was Rocking Ranger fifteen and hated the Aliens with a passion. He believed Karen's email about the Aliens wanting us for food since he had a friend that went missing after protesting near the Rexif spaceship. "They won't stop me," Harold muttered to himself then gulped down the rest of his ale.

He rushed out of the pub.

In Moscow, Russia, Aniya sat in front of the TV and watched the Russian news.

"So, this is your punishment for some messages we intercepted. These messages contained the words dot and dash. I interpret these message as threatening," Sandark said from the TV in Russian.

Aniya was Rocking Ranger twenty-two and she hated the Aliens with a passion. Her husband also went missing when he attempted to sneak into one of the Rexif spaceships. She still looked determined to get rid of these Aliens.

In Tokyo, Japan, Katsu relaxed in his living room while he watched the local news station.

On his TV, he watched Sandark.

“I cannot tolerate any more actions by ungrateful Earthlings. Therefore, I will remove all of my Rexif spaceships from your planet. This will occur in what you call four days. This means we will not be curing any more Earthlings of diseases, cancers and other ailments,” Sandark said from the TV.

“You should all go home,” Katsu yelled at his TV.

Katsu was Rocking Ranger thirty-five and he also hated the Aliens with a passion. Katsu brother went missing a few weeks ago and Katsu believes the Aliens are using us for food.

In the conference room back at the White House, President Westwood and the civilian and military advisors watched the TV.

“Now, we are the forgiving types. If I can be assured that there will no longer be threats against us, we will install our satellites in your orbits. This will provide you with your cell phone and Internet coverage that will be far superior to your antique equipment,” Sandark said from the TV.

Back at Marvin’s cabin, they all watched while Sandark continued his message.

“And you probably discovered that your so called airplanes and some of your major roads traveled by your vehicles are not passable. More will come if you behave in this ungrateful manner,” Sandark said then went off the air.

The TV went back to static then Hamilton Harris returned on the screen.

“And the FAA still has all the airlines grounded,” Hamilton Harris told the audience.

“Breakfast is ready,” Karen called out after placing the last plate of eggs on the table.

Marcus brought over some cups of coffee to the table.

“Did you guys hear why the Internet is down?” Jake asked while he got up out of his chair and headed to the table.

“Yeah. Bastards,” Marcus said while he walked back to the table with two more cups of coffee.

“That leaves us in a mess with communicating around the world,” Galvin said while he headed over to the table.

Dale, Marvin, Stanley, and Michael followed Galvin over to the table.

Everybody settled in around the table and started on their scrambled eggs. But they all started wondering if their mission would be a bust.

Galvin drank some of his coffee. His eyes widened when he thought of something. “What’s with that tower by the side of the garage,” he asked Marvin while he set his coffee cup down.

“Dad’s old ham radio tower,” Marvin said then munched on a piece of toast not thinking much about the tower.

“He would spend hours talking to people around the world,” Stanley said then he drank some of his coffee.

Marcus looked at Marvin and Stanley while the gears in his head started working. “Does he still have that ham radio?”

“You took the words right out of my mouth,” Galvin said.

“What’s a ham radio?” Karen curiously asked.

“A radio that allowed people to talk to other ham radio operators around the world,” Marcus told her.

“There are still ham radio operators around today,” Galvin added.

Jake, Dale, Michael, Marvin, and Stanley all realized Marcus and Galvin were on to something.

“We stored it up in the attic of the garage,” Stanley said.

“It hasn’t been used in about fifteen years,” Marvin added.

“Hopefully it still works,” Marcus said.

“Let’s find out,” Galvin said while he got up from the table.

Galvin headed to the rear door at the kitchen.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on everybody else then they got up from the table.

They headed after Galvin.

A little while later, Marvin and Stanley had their dad's old ham radio down from the attic of the garage.

Marvin and Stanley placed it on the old workbench their father used for the radio.

They had everything plugged in and powered it up.

Marvin and Stanley looked at the humming radio and it brought back some fond memories.

"Remember when dad thought us how to use it?"

Marvin asked Stanley.

Stanley nodded he remembered and his eyes welled up a little thinking about their dad.

Marvin pulled up a chair and sat down in front of the radio. He opened up a drawer on the table and removed an old faded notebook. He opened it and it contained instructions on how to use the radio. Their dad wrote down these instructions for young Marvin and Stanley.

"AW eighteen," Marvin said into the microphone but was stopped by Galvin who placed his hand over the microphone.

"Don't use your call sign. Those Aliens might be able to track it here by accessing some database," Galvin said.

"What should I use?"

"How about Rocking Ranger one. Looking for other Rocking Rangers for reunion meeting," Marcus quickly answered.

"I like that," Galvin said then removed his hand from the microphone.

"This is Rocking Rangers one looking for all other Rocking Rangers for a reunion meeting," Marvin repeatedly said into the microphone.

"We'll take turns on sending out this message. Hopefully some of our supporters are also ham radio operators," Marcus said.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

They left the garage so Marvin can send the message out in peace.

A few minutes later, Karen returned to the garage with her master list of all the Rocking Rangers, their numbers and approximate location. She handed to Marvin along with a thermos of hot coffee.

She left the garage.

Three hours had passed and it was now Galvin's turn at the ham radio. Marvin hadn't had any lucky contacting any of the other Rocking Rangers across the world.

"This is seven, nine, Hotel, one, eighteen. This is seven, nine, Hotel, one, eighteen," Galvin repeatedly said into the microphone.

"Go ahead seven, nine, Hotel, one, eighteen. This is Alpha three, one, nine," Sean a CIA agent that used the Ham Radio to check up on operatives.

"Doing good. Will pass on how the Rocking Rangers are doing at a later time," Galvin replied into the microphone.

"Hope the Rocking Rangers are doing fine?" Sean replied.

"The Rocking Rangers are doing great and it's okay if you talk to one of them. Over and out," Galvin replied then paused for a few seconds. "This is Rocking Ranger one looking for all other Rocking Rangers for a reunion meeting," Galvin repeatedly said into the microphone.

Two more hours had passed and no contact was made with any Rocking Rangers from around the world.

Karen took over and had the list of Rocker Rangers in front of her and a full thermos of hot coffee. She also had the contact information for Sean in case he tried to contact Galvin.

"This is Rocking Ranger one looking for all other Rocking Rangers for a reunion meeting," Karen repeatedly said into the microphone.

Twenty minutes had passed and Karen was about to give up thinking this was a lost cause.

“Rocking Ranger one, this is Rocking Ranger fifteen,” Harold’s voice came through the speakers.

Karen looked at her master list and saw this was Harold from London.

“Yeah!” Karen said while she jumped up for joy. “I hear you Rocking Ranger fifteen. Need to contact more Rocking Rangers for reunion meeting,” Karen replied into the microphone.

“I’ll help. What time and day?” Harold replied from the speakers.

Karen thought for a few seconds while she looked at her watch. Eight in the morning, eastern time,” she replied.

“Copy reunion at eight in morning, eastern. Over and out,” Harold replied.

Karen did a little victory dance to the side door of the garage.

Inside Marvin’s cabin, everybody sat in the living area and watched CNN for any breaking news about the Aliens.

Karen ran into the area out of breath. “I found someone,” she said out of breath then bent over to catch her breath.

“What?” Marcus asked.

“I found someone. Rocking Ranger fifteen from London,” she said still out of breath.

“That’s great!” Marcus said looked a little worried. “Who’s at the radio now in case someone else contacts us?” He added.

It dawned on Karen. “Shit,” she said then turned around and ran to the kitchen.

Marcus ran after her.

Everybody else stayed behind in the living area and looked happy that their mission might not be a bust.

Back in the garage, the ham radio was quiet.

Karen rushed back inside and sat down.

“This is Rocking Ranger one looking for all other Rocking Rangers for a reunion meeting,” Karen repeatedly said into the microphone a little out of breath.

A few seconds passed.

“Rocking Ranger one, this is Rocking Ranger eight,” Air Force Captain Kenny James’ voice came from the speakers.

Marcus looked over Karen’s shoulder while she looked at her master list. She saw that Rocker Ranger eight Kenny was from Alaska.

“Rocking Ranger eight, this is Rocking Ranger one. Will have reunion meeting, eight in the morning, eastern,” Karen replied into the microphone.

“Copy reunion meeting, eight in the morning, eastern. I can contact my known Rocking Rangers. Rocking Ranger eight over and out,” Kenny replied from the speakers.

Karen was so excited that she bolted up from her chair and gave Marcus a hug. While she hugged him, he thought about kissing her but decided against it at this time.

It started getting busy up in outer space.

Outside the Reluah mothership, two large hangar doors opened.

Fifteen Pukcip spaceships zoomed out of one of the open hangar door.

Fifteen Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the other open hangar door.

One Pukcip spaceship pairs up with an Ograc spaceship once they flew out into outer space.

The Pukcip and Ograc spaceships zoomed down to Earth in pairs.

The Pukcip and Ograc spaceships split off in different directions and zoomed down to Earth.

Hours later, two Pukcip and two Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Pyongyang, North Korea.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh’s onboard each craft.

The ten Elibomria’s flew off toward Pyongyang.

Two Pukcip and two Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Beijing, China.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The ten Elibomria's flew off toward Beijing.

Two Pukcip and two Ograc spaceships landed in the outside Tehran, Iran.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The ten Elibomria's flew off toward Tehran.

Two Pukcip and two Ograc spaceships landed in a clearing in the mountains in Pakistan about ten miles from the border of Afghanistan.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The ten Elibomria's flew off toward the mountains.

Five hours later, the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships zoomed back into the Reluah mothership.

The dead bodies of China's, Russia's, Iran's and Taliban and Al Qaeda's leaders were offloaded out of the Ograc spaceships. The bodies were being transported to the processing room to be sliced and packaged.

Chapter 39

Morning arrived in North Carolina for a cloudy morning with a hint of rain.

It was 7:00 am, and Karen and Stanley made French toast for breakfast.

Everybody got up early so they wouldn't miss the reunion meeting in an hour.

Marcus monitored the ham radio while everybody else ate their French toast at the table.

Marcus rushed into the kitchen from the rear door.

"Galvin, you have someone called Alpha three, one, nine is on the radio. He said it's important," Marcus said.

Karen got up and headed to the kitchen counter while Galvin rushed over to the rear kitchen door.

Karen rushed over to Marcus with a plate of French toast. "Hungry?" she asked with a loving smile.

"You bet," Marcus replied with a loving smile then left the kitchen from the rear door.

Karen sat back down at the table.

Galvin and Marcus went back inside the garage.

Galvin rushed over to the ham radio and sat down.

"This is seven, nine, Alpha, one, eighteen," Galvin said into the microphone.

"Sixteen costumes are completed and ready to be delivered. I need shipping addresses," Sean the CIA agent replied from the microphone.

"Will provide shipping addresses in ninety minutes," Galvin replied into the microphone.

"Copy ninety minutes," Sean replied and then the radio was silent.

"You got the radio," Galvin said while he got up from the chair.

Marcus sat down and Galvin left the garage.

Throughout the world, things started heating up after Sandark's message.

In Geneva, Switzerland, people started to gather near the Rexif spaceships to protest the Alien's destruction of their cell phone and satellite Internet capability.

But the eight protestors started to have some opposition when fifteen Alien supporters started to show up.

On one side of the field were the protestors and on the other side of the field were the Alien supporters.

The Rexif spaceship was between the two groups.

The same event started brewing in Paris, London, Madrid, Stockholm, Frankfurt, and Rome.

The sun rose higher across the eastern part of the United States.

The same events started brewing across the eastern coast.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, ten protestors and thirty Alien supporters started gathering in the field near the Rexif spaceship.

Marcus' ex-wife Kathleen was in the crowd of Alien supporters. She was grateful for them curing her of those painful migraines that made life difficult for many years.

In the field outside Columbus, Russ Paxton joined the crowd of Alien supporters that protested the protestors. He was so grateful the Aliens cured his lung cancer that was in its early stages.

The event started getting heated up while the protestors started yelling at each other.

The fifteen people in line to be cured could care less about the protestors. All they wanted was a better life and the Aliens were able to fulfill that dream.

The ramp of the Rexif spaceship extended to the ground and the door opened.

The people started moving inside the Rexif to be cured.

An hour later and in a field outside Chattanooga, Tennessee, it started to get heated between the Alien supporters and the protesters.

“They’re helping mankind you stupid moron!” one male supporter yelled at the protesters.

“They don’t belong here!” one of the protesters yelled back.

The protesters and supporters inched toward each other while two Aliens watched from the doorway of their Rexif spaceship.

Back at Marvin’s garage, Karen sat at the ham radio while everybody else stood around her.

“This is Rocking Ranger one wanting to talk with other Rocking Rangers. Let’s get this reunion started,” Karen said into the microphone.

Everybody’s heart raced while the silence from the speakers was killing them.

“Rocking Ranger seven here,” Mark said from the speakers.

Marcus looked at Karen’s master list. “He’s from Phoenix.”

“Rocking Ranger thirty-five here,” Katsu said from the speaker.

“Rocking Ranger twenty-two here,” Aniya said from the speaker.

“Rocking Ranger fifteen here,” Harold said from the speaker.

Two minutes had passed and thirty Rocking Rangers had made contact through the ham radio.

Marcus took over.

“Okay Rocking Rangers. The party starts in three days. You know the proper presents to give. You can determine how to gift-wrap. Use balloons. You know like water balloons. They could be effective or you can be creative. If you want, we can try to get some costumes to you. For those super brave ones, you can use the costumes to get inside the big party houses. But that might be a one way ticket. You’ll look exactly like the hosts. The costumes

work. We verified. Any discreet questions?" Marcus said into the microphone.

"I want a costume," Rocking Ranger forty replied from the radio.

Karen looked at her master list. "He's from the Philippines."

"State in dots and dashes where the costumes should be delivered," Karen replied into the microphone.

Karen jotted down the first response from Rocking Ranger fifty-one.

Ten minutes had passed and ten other Rocking Rangers wanted costumes. Karen jotted down their addresses in dot and dash form. Marcus translated the information.

Fifteen minutes later, Galvin took over the ham radio and relayed a message to Sean about the delivery of fourteen costumes. He gave the Sean the addresses in dot and dash fashion.

Back in the conference room of the White House, President Westwood called for another meeting with his advisors per Russell Wernick's request.

Everybody sat around the table a little irritated that Russell hadn't arrived yet.

President Westwood opened his mouth to dismiss the meeting but the opening of the door caused him to wait.

"Sorry I'm late. It took a little longer to get this sweet information," Russell said while he rushed over to the table. "The slide, please," Russell called out while he sat down.

On the TV a picture of one of the ray guns appeared on the screen.

"My Rocking Rangers contact was able to sneak out one of the ray guns that the Aliens use."

All eyes were on the picture of the ray gun on the TV.

"A real ray gun?" President Westwood asked to make sure.

"Yes sir. We're going to see if we can do some R&D on this weapon. Some R&D like what the Russians would do," Russell said.

“Like what the Russian’s would do?” President Westwood questioned.

“Yes sir. Rip-off and duplicate,” Russell replied.

“Rip-off and duplicate. I like it,” President Westwood said while he looked at the TV. “What’s the story with these Rocking Rangers?”

“They’ve contacted some other of these Rocking Rangers around the world via the ham radio. We’re dispatching some F-22 Raptors to deliver some supplies to some of our air bases overseas. Included in those supplies are the Alien outfits that our Hollywood special effects artists created. There are some of these Rocking Rangers that want to go inside these Alien crafts to dispense some formaldehyde,” General Grace replied.

“Fighters?” President Westwood said.

“We removed all weapons and stashed the Alien outfits in one of the empty weapons bays,” General Grace added.

“I hope this works,” President Westwood said and looked concerned.

Meanwhile, six Air Force F-22 Raptors airplanes took off from Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada.

Three banked and headed west while the other three headed east.

Up in outer space in the Security Center of the Srecrofne mothership, hundreds of Aliens sat at their consoles. They still monitored all activity down on Earth. This included TV new broadcasts and other wireless media methods.

The Aliens picked up on the ham radio transmissions of the Rocking Rangers but they didn’t raise and alarms about being potential threats.

Some of the other Aliens picked up the flights of the F-22 Raptors.

“We have two of the United States crude fighters leaving their state called Maine,” an Alien said while he tracked its flight path.

“I have two more of those United States crude fighters leaving their state called California.

Over in the Redael mothership,” Sandark sat in his chair. A hologram of Fardack just informed Sandark about the F-22 Raptor’s.

“In addition, my comrades just discovered one of the Earthling’s email. It’s in that code we are not familiar with. But the troubling part is that it contained pictures of some of our packaging. I’m sure this code is passing on the fact we’re eating humans,” Fardack’s hologram said.

Sandark thought about Fardack’s message for a few seconds. “Figure out that code. But I want a new mission to start immediately,” he said.

“I’m ready, sir,” Fardack’s hologram replied.

Sandark waved his hand over another area of the right arm of his chair. The hologram of Oodark appeared.

“Yes sir,” Oodark’s hologram replied.

Sandark spent the next few minutes briefing Fardack and Oodark.

A little while later, four Ecilop spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangar door of the Srecrofne mothership.

The four Ecilop spaceships zoomed down toward Earth where North America was visible.

Two of the Ecilop spaceships zoomed down toward the eastern part of the United States.

The other two Ecilop spaceships zoomed down toward the western part of the United States.

Two large hangar doors opened outside the Reluah mothership.

Ten Pukcip spaceships zoomed out of one of the open hangar door.

Ten Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the other open hangar door.

One Pukcip spaceship pairs up with an Ograc spaceship once they flew out into outer space.

The Pukcip and Ograc spaceships zoomed down to Earth in pairs.

The Pukcip and Ograc spaceships split off in different directions and zoomed down to Earth.

An hour later, four Pukcip and four Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Washington, DC.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the two Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The twenty Elibomria's flew off toward Washington, DC.

A little while later, two Retnuh's entered Senator Simon Wallace's home.

The Senator's home was quiet.

The two Retnuh's quietly entered Simon's den where they walked over to his custom made Parnian desk.

The two Retnuh's rummaged through the desk drawers and removed papers and notebooks of interest.

A few minutes passed and the Retnuh's walked out of the Simon's den with the paper and notebooks stashed in their jumpsuit pockets.

The two Retnuh's quietly walked up the stairs.

The two Retnuh's quietly walked down the hallway to Simon's bedroom.

The entered the bedroom where Simon lay in bed with a twenty-two year old blonde haired pre-op transsexual escort. Simon's wife was at their home in Arkansas.

One of the Retnuh's removed a small device from one of his jumpsuit pockets. He aimed it at the bed and snapped a picture of Simon in bed with his escort. He placed the device back into his pocket.

The wooden floor creaked while the two Retnuh's walked toward Simon's bed. Simon opened his eyes and saw the two Aliens. He strained to make sure he saw that he thought he saw.

"Fuck!" Simon yelled out while he shot up.

"Again?" the young transsexual said while he woke up. Then his eyes widened the second he saw the two Aliens. He was too scared to scream and peed in the bed.

One of the Retnuh's whipped out his ray gun and aimed it at Simon.

Simon peed in his pajamas.

The Retnuh fired off a purple beam of light, which paralyzed Simon and the young escort. They both looked scared to death while the two Retnuh's inched closer to the bed.

Three of the other Pukcip and three Ograc spaceships landed in a field located outside Chicago, Illinois.

After the engines shut down, the doors of the six Pukcip opened.

From each Pukcip, five Elibomria crafts zoomed out with four Retnuh's onboard each craft.

The fifteen Elibomria's flew off toward Chicago.

Five hours later, all the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships zoomed back into the Reluah mothership.

The dead bodies of Chicago and Washington's most crooked and greedy politicians were offloaded out of the Ograc spaceships. They even had a bonus with the young transsexual escort from Simon's home.

The bodies were being transported to the processing room to be sliced and packaged.

The paperwork taken from the politician's homes were taken to Commander Oodark.

Meanwhile, two Ecilop spaceships slowed down and flew five hundred feet above the two F-22 Raptors that flew at 25,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean. The F-22 pilots did not have a clue that the two Ecilop spaceships were following their jets.

The two other two Ecilop spaceships slowed down and flew five hundred feet above the two F-22 Raptors that flew 30,000 feet above the Atlantic Ocean. Those F-22 pilots also did not have a clue that the two Ecilop spaceships were following their jets.

Aliens Pirdack and Comdirk were inside the one Ecilop over the Pacific Ocean watched the F-22's from a monitor.

Pirdack waved a hand over a small horizontal pad that stuck out of the console. A hologram of Fardack while he sat in his chair of his Command Center appeared.

“Fardack, these two aircraft do not appear to be a threat at this time,” Pirdack said to a hologram of Fardack that appeared from the console.

“Track them and see where they land,” Fardack’s hologram replied.

“Yes sir,” Pirdack replied then waved a hand over Fardack’s hologram and it disappeared.

Pirdack and Comdirk continued to track the two F-22 Raptors while they headed west over the Pacific Ocean.

The other Ecilop spaceship followed.

Meanwhile, the other two Ecilop spaceships tracked the other two F-22 Raptors while they headed east over the Atlantic Ocean.

Chapter 40

It was morning again and the sun started its daily peek across Europe.

The two F-22 Raptors that headed east over the Atlantic Ocean landed at their destinations.

They both landed in RAF Mildenhall, England

One of the Raptors taxied over to a hangar.

The other Raptor stopped on the flight line and got refueled.

The refueled Raptor took off again and headed to Ramstein AFB, in Germany.

Aliens Rirlank and Qwarlick and circled their Ecilop spaceship above Mildenhall in at 35,000 feet.

The Ecilop spaceship turned and followed the Raptor while it headed to Germany.

Over on the other side of the world, the two R-22 Raptors landed at Yokota Air Base in Japan.

One of the Raptors taxied over to a hangar where four black SUVs waited.

The other Raptor stopped on the flight line and got refueled.

The refueled Raptor took off again and headed to Manas Air Base in Kyrgyzstan.

The Ecilop spaceship followed the Raptor while he headed to Kyrgyzstan.

Later that day, Aliens Pirdack and Comdirk circled their Ecilop spaceship above Manas Air Base in Kyrgyzstan at 30,000 feet.

Inside the Ecilop, Pirdack and Comdirk saw the F-22 Raptor jet land at Manas Air base runway from the console monitor.

Pirdack and Comdirk watched while the Raptor taxied over to a hangar where four black SUVs waited.

Pirdack waved his hand over the pad on the console.
Fardack's hologram appeared.

"Sir, those fighters are not a threat," Pirdack told the hologram.

"That's what I'm hearing. Return," Fardack's hologram replied.

Pirdack waved his hand over Fardack's hologram. It disappeared.

Pirdack pitched his spaceship upward and zoomed up into the sky at hypersonic speeds.

Back at the Redael mothership, Sandark sat in his chair in his Command Center. He looked at a hologram of Fardack from the right arm of his chair.

"Those crude fighter airplanes do not appear to be a threat. They just flew from the United States to some other areas of Earth," Fardack's hologram said.

"Keep on tracking these crafts," Sandark said.

"Yes sir," Fardack's hologram replied.

Sandark waved his hand over Fardack's hologram. It disappeared.

Sandark got up out of his chair.

He walked away and headed to his quarters to get some much needed sleep. This mission started to wear on Sandark with all the recent problems.

Back in the conference room of the White House, President Westwood called for an emergency meeting with his advisors.

Over at one side of the room was a large screen TV hung on the wall. The sound was turned down but CNN was showing on the screen.

"How many?" President Westwood asked Walter Conner.

Jeremy glanced down at his notes. "We have fifteen Senators and twenty-five Representatives missing," he replied.

"Fifteen Senators and twenty-five Representatives?" President Westwood asked to make sure he heard correctly.

"Yes sir."

“And we don’t have a clue where they might be?”
President Westwood asked.

“Well, we have a suspicion based on some witnesses that saw some Aliens with their so called Elibomria spaceships were spotted in Georgetown in the middle of the night,” Jeremy said.

“Who is missing?” President Westwood asked.

Walter spent the next few seconds naming the missing Senators and Representatives that are missing.

“Some of the powerful ones. What the hell is Sandark up to?” President Westwood thought out loud.

Some of the advisors kept their mouths shut but they knew these were some of the corrupt politicians in Washington.

“We also got reports of other government officials gone missing in China, Russia, and Iran. Plus there’s some missing Taliban and Al Qaeda’s leaders,” Russell added.

“North Korea will probably blame us again and treated to send over a nuke,” President Westwood said but wasn’t concerned.

Some of the military advisors chuckled over his comment and were not concerned in the least.

President Westwood started to feel like he would eventually be a target. He started to get nervous.

“Sir, I recommend we move you to the bunker,”
Jeremy said.

President Westwood thought about Jeremy’s suggestion for a few seconds.

General Sanders glanced over at the TV. “Sir, you better watch this,” he said while he motioned at the TV.

President Westwood looked over at the TV and saw CNN reporter Rachael Hytha stood in a field where one of the Rexif spaceships was in the background.

“Rachael Hytha from CNN here in the outskirts of Omaha, Nebraska, where we have protesters against the Aliens starting to clash with supporters for the Aliens,” she said then the camera moved away from her. A view of the

protesters and supporters inching toward each other while they yelled and cursed to support their position.

“That’s just great,” President Westwood said and looked pissed with what he saw on the TV.

They watched the TV that showed the protesters and supporters in a brawl.

“Maybe we should send in the National Guard to prevent this from getting out of hand?” President Westwood said.

“What worries me about that is Sandark might misinterpret that move as a hostile action,” General Reynolds said.

President Westwood thought about General Reynolds comment for a few seconds. “You’re probably right,” he said then continued to watch the brawl on the TV.

Up in the Redael mothership, Sandark sat in conference room along with Commanders Wetlark, Oodark and Fardack. They sat around the floating conference room table.

“Based on reports from down on Earth there are more Earthlings that are supporters fighting against the Earthlings that are protesting our presence,” Sandark told his commanders then he paused. “But those Earthling leaders still have a problem with controlling their humans. Because of that, we’ve taken some of their leaders. An we shall enjoy them after this meeting,” Sandark said.

Commanders Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack all started salivating at the thought of eating.

“We will take some more of their leaders, then I’ll propose to all the top leaders to let me take control. I know we can gain public support after we share some secrets we gathered,” Sandark said.

Commanders Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack nodded in agreement with Sandark’s statement.

Sandark clapped his hands.

A door whished opened and Aadark entered and carried four plates with 3-ounces of meat.

Aadark placed a place of meat in front of all the commanders.

“Let’s eat commanders,” Sandark said while he salivated over his piece of meat.

The four commanders started eating their meat, which was part of the right thigh of Senator Simon Wallace.

Outside the Reluah mothership, two large hangar doors opened.

Fifty Pukcip spaceships zoomed out of one of the open hangar door.

Fifty Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the other open hangar door.

One Pukcip spaceship pairs up with an Ograc spaceship once they flew out into outer space.

The Pukcip and Ograc spaceships zoomed down to Earth in pairs.

The fifty Pukcip and fifty Ograc spaceships zoomed down to Earth.

It was mid-morning in North Carolina.

Galvin was in the garage on the ham radio and in contact with Sean.

“I’m ready,” he said into the microphone of the radio.

He jotted down some addresses of nearby funeral homes.

“I got it and they’ll have what we need?” Galvin said into the microphone.

“Yes and I had agents verify they could support,” Sean replied from the speaker.

“And for the other Rocking Rangers throughout the states?” Galvin asked.

“In work with some other agents,” Sean replied.

“Sweet. Over and out,” Galvin replied then got up from the radio. He grabbed his list and headed out of the garage.

Back in Marvin’s cabin, everybody sat around the living area and watched the CNN replay of the protesters and supporters fighting outside Omaha.

Galvin rushed into the living area. “We have some stuff to pick up,” he told everybody while he held up his list.

“Formaldehyde?” Marcus asked.

Galvin nodded while he looked down at his list. “There will be some at funeral homes in Sylva, Waynesville, Canton, and Asheville,” he said then looked over at Marvin. “Does that Chevy panel truck run?”

“Purrs like a kitten,” Marvin replied.

“Let’s have Marcus, Jake and I go in my step-van.

Dale, Marvin and Stanley go in the panel van to pick up the stuff. Michael can use his car to get a bunch of balloons,” Galvin said.

“I’ll monitor the radio?” Karen said.

“Yep,” Galvin replied then looked at everybody.

“Does that sound good?”

Everybody nodded in agreement with Galvin’s suggestion.

“Good, let’s roll,” Galvin said while he tore his list in half. He handed one half of the paper to Marvin and it had the addresses for the funeral homes in Sylva, Waynesville and Canton. He shoved the other half of the paper in his pocket.

Everybody got up from their seats.

“There’s a Walmart southeast of Sylva on East Main Street,” Marvin told Michael.

While everybody headed to the front door, Karen headed to the kitchen.

Five minutes had passed.

Galvin, Jake and Marcus headed down the road in his step-van.

Marvin, Stanley, and Dale followed Galvin’s step-van in the 1952 Chevy panel van.

Michael followed the panel van in his car.

They all headed north on Route 23 or Sylva Road like a convoy.

Karen was back in the garage monitoring the ham radio, which was quiet.

Michael drove his car into the parking lot of Walmart on East Main Street.

Marvin, Stanley, and Dale headed to a funeral home in Sylva.

Galvin, Marcus, and Jake headed north on Route 23 toward Waynesville then onward to Asheville.

Three hours later, everybody was back in Marvin's cabin. They had picked up ten gallons of formaldehyde from numerous funeral parlors. The directors of these homes knew better than to ask questions, but some other funeral home directors across the country knew the reason. Some of the directors were Rocking Rangers.

Galvin, Marcus, Jake, and Dale filled five balloons with formaldehyde. They planned on conducting some tests to find a way to get them inside some of the Alien spaceships.

In addition, they filled some squirt guns with formaldehyde. This was Karen's idea that the guys loved. They looked like 1950s sci-fi ray guns.

Galvin tucked two squirt guns in the secret pocket inside his Alien jumpsuit.

They worked outside for the next two hours and also took turns monitoring the ham radio.

It was the middle of the night throughout America.

One Pukcip and one Ograc spaceship landed in ten of the 50 states.

The other Pukcip and Ograc spaceships had previously landed in England, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Japan, South Korea, and China during the middle of the night in those areas.

When the mission was completed, fifty additional Senator and Representatives were taken from the United States. In the other countries, one hundred government officials were picked up.

The dead bodies of these politicians were later offloaded in the Reluah mothership and immediately sent to the processing room to be sliced and packaged.

Chapter 41

Up in outer space, a large hangar door opened on the Srecrofne mothership.

Up in space, ten Reyortsed spaceships zoomed out of the hanger of the Srecrofne mothership.

The hangar door closed.

The ten Reyortsed spaceships broke off in different directions and raced down toward Earth at supersonic speeds.

Later on, fifty additional satellites in Earth's orbit exploded into a million pieces.

It was a rainy morning in Washington, DC.

President Westwood sat in his Oval Office while he waited for his entourage of Secret Service agents to whisk him to a safe haven. But he had a phone call a few minutes ago. It was German Chancellor Herrmann and he was scared.

"I have thirty members of my Bundestag that have gone missing during the night," Chancellor Herrmann said while his voice trembled a bit.

"Half of my Senate and half of my House of Representatives have gone missing," President Westwood replied and he sounded scared.

"I also hear that your CNN, MSN, and Fox News cannot broadcast," Chancellor Herrmann said.

"I got briefed on that thirty minutes ago," President Westwood replied and looked concerned.

"Are we his next target?" Chancellor Herrmann replied with a trembled voice.

"Like I told President Legard to head to a safe haven."

"Agree," Chancellor Herrmann replied.

The device Sandark gave President Westwood started with a strange buzz.

“Shit,” President Westwood said then heard the same strange buzz coming from Herrmann’s end of the call.

“Scheiße!” Chancellor Herrmann said from the phone.

The TV powered up and Sandark appeared on the screen. “Welcome all the leaders of Earth,” Sandark said while his broadcast reached every country around the world.

In London, England, Prime Minister Chapman sat behind his desk. He had a hand on his phone and was about to call President Westwood. But his office TV suddenly appeared and he watched Sandark while he removed his hand from his phone.

“As you have figured by now, some of your members of your governments are missing,” Sandark said from the TV.

Prime Minister Chapman started to shake in fear while he watched Sandark.

In Paris, France, President Legard sat behind his desk and watched Sandark on his office TV.

“The recent behavior of your Earthlings and,” Sandark said from the TV.

President Legard started to shake in fear.

In Berlin, Chancellor Herrmann sat behind his desk and watched Sandark on his office TV.

“The kidnapping of one of my comrades left me with no choice,” Sandark said from the TV.

Chancellor Herrmann started to shake in fear.

In Rome, Italy, President De Luca sat behind his desk in his office. He watched Sandark on the TV.

“You leave me no choice because you Earthlings are weak,” Sandark said from the TV.

President De Luca looked worried.

In Moscow, Russia President Tarasov sat behind his desk and watched Sandark on his office TV.

“You are weak to where you cannot control your own Earthlings,” Sandark said from the TV.

In Beijing, China, President Huang sat behind his desk and watched Sandark on his office TV.

“You kill each other. You fight with each other,” Sandark said from the TV.

President Huang looked afraid of something for the first time in his life.

In Tokyo, Japan, President Kato watched TV from behind his desk.

“You steal from each other. So Earthlings are in dire need of strong ethnical control. The politicians we took are herby what you called arrested,” Sandark said from the TV.

President Kato looked worried.

In Seoul, South Korea, President Pak looked scared while he watched his TV in his office.

“They’re arrested because of evidence we obtained that showed they were crooked. Some of them gave government contracts to their friends. Some of them had sex with Earthlings that are half man and half woman,” Sandark said from the TV then a picture of Senator Wallace in bed with the pre-op transsexual escort.

President Pak looked disgusted. “Figures.”

Back in Washington, DC, President Westwood watched his TV along with four Secret Service agents that walked in a few minutes ago.

“Therefore, I will send my comrades down to Earth and round up all of you. Then I’ll replace you with my own comrades who will know how to control your countries in an ethnical manner,” Sandark said then he paused for a few seconds. “Now, I’m peaceful and do not want to cause you harm,” Sandark said.

“Bullshit,” President Westwood yelled out at the TV.

“So, I’m offering you a treaty where I’ll place one of my comrades to work side by side with all the world leaders. That way, we’ll have peaceful and ethnical control of Earth and will make it a perfect paradise,” Sandark said from the TV.

“Bullshit, bullshit,” President Westwood yelled at the TV.

“Convene your United Nations representatives at what you’re cowboys call high noon in two days. I’ll have my

security force with me. You will not have any of your military present. If so, that will be perceived as a threat. Then we will take appropriate actions for my safety,” Sandark said and looked serious.

His transmission went to a bunch of static lines.

President Westwood stared at the TV and the static lines. Then his eyes widened with an idea. He looked at Sandark’s device. He studied it over while he tried to recall Sandark’s instructions. He remembered and waved his hand over the small pad at the bottom of the device.

A hologram of Sandark appeared sitting in his chair.

“Yes President Westwood,” Sandark’s hologram said.

“Sandark, I was thinking. Why don’t we meet at a place called the Biltmore Estates in Asheville, North Carolina? It’s in the country and doesn’t have the large crowd of people like where the United Nations is located. It will be safer,” President Westwood said and silently prayed Sandark would take the bait.

Sandark’s hologram remained silent for a few seconds.

President Westwood got worried he wouldn’t agree.

“Your Biltmore Estates is acceptable,” Sandark’s hologram replied then it disappeared back into the device.

A smirk grew on President Westwood’s face. He picked up his phone and made a call. “Russell, get your ass over here to the White House as soon as you can,” he said into the phone.

“Yes sir,” Russell Wernick replied from the phone.

President Westwood hung up his phone with a smirk.

Up in outer space, Commander Fardack was in his Command Center of the Srecrofne mothership.

Fardack sat in his chair and glanced down at Earth. He watched video hologram recordings of the ISS and satellites being blown up into a million pieces. He played them back over and over again and appeared to be having orgasms over the sight of such destruction.

A hologram of Sandark appeared. “Commander Fardack, I’m having an important meeting now,” Sandark’s hologram said then disappeared.

Fardack looked disappointed he couldn't watch his destruction videos while he got out of his chair.

A small hangar door of the Seruc mothership opened. A small two-seater spaceship zoomed out and raced over to the Redael mothership. Jarlink piloted the spaceship with Commander Wetlark in the backseat.

A small hangar door of the Reluah mothership opened. A small two-seater spaceship zoomed out and raced over to the Redael mothership. Virlark piloted the spaceship with Commander Oodark in the backseat.

A small hangar door of the Screcrofne mothership opened. A small two-seater spaceship zoomed out and raced over to the Redael mothership. Nnarlirk piloted the spaceship with Commander Fardack in the backseat.

A small hangar door of the Redael opened up.

The three two-seater spaceships zoomed into the opened hangar.

The hangar door closed.

In the Redael mothership, Sandark entered a small conference room where Wetlark, Oodark, and Fardack waited in their chairs by the floating table. Their servants Jarlink, Virlark, and Nnarlirk stood by the wall and waited.

Sandark sat down. "I want all Commanders to travel with me down to Earth in two days for the signing of the treaty," he told them.

"Can I destroy some more items down on Earth?" Fardack asked while he salivated over that thought.

"No, we'll sign a treaty first," Sandark replied.

Fardack looked disappointed but knew he couldn't go against Sandark's orders.

"Commander Fardack, I need some of your security force to come down with us. We'll all travel in my Ffats to a place called the Biltmore Estates," Sandark said then removed a small cell phone looking device. He waved a hand over the device and then a hologram of the Biltmore Estates appeared.

Commanders Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark looked at the Biltmore.

Fardack's eyes widened at the sight of the old estate. "I'll use that as my living quarters," he quickly blurted out.

Commanders Oodark, and Wetlark looked a little upset as they wanted to live there but Fardack beat them to the punch.

Sandark waved his hand over his device and the Biltmore hologram disappeared. A hologram of the Lichtenstein Castle of Germany appeared. "I will use this as my living quarters part of the time," Sandark quickly blurted out.

Commanders Oodark and Wetlark were mad with themselves for being so slow to claim the cool places in Earth to live.

Aadark smiled from the other side of the room at the sight of the Lichtenstein Castle hologram. He looked forward to living there.

"Meeting over," Sandark said while he waved his hand over the Lichtenstein Castle hologram causing it to disappear.

Commanders Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark got up from the floating table and headed to the door.

Down in Washington, DC, Russell Wernick entered the Oval Office where President Westwood sat in one of the chairs and stared at the ceiling.

"Yes sir," Russell said while he walked over to the couch.

"Sandark threatened to kidnap all the leaders of the world. But he offered a treaty where he would install one of his Aliens to work side by side with all the leaders," President Westwood said with a smile.

Russell saw the President's smile and looked a little confused. "Why is that a good thing?"

"Because I talked him into meeting at the Biltmore Estates instead of the United Nations at noon in two days," President Westwood replied and looked proud.

"Biltmore Estates," Russell replied and still looked a little confused. Then his eyes widened with he remembered where that place was located. "Ah yes, the Biltmore

Estates,” Russell replied with a smirk. “I’m on it,” he added then got up and rushed to the door.

President Westwood got up and rushed over to his desk. He picked up the phone and dialed a number. “Jeremy, I need the UN representatives at the Biltmore Estates tomorrow for an important treaty meeting with Sandark in two days. Have them there by three in the afternoon tomorrow. I’ll provide a briefing. And I want an outdoor area set up with tables and chairs,” he said into the phone.

“Yes sir,” Jeremy replied from the phone but was a little confused with this order.

President Westwood did a little victory dance after he sat down in his chair.

Twenty-two minutes later, one of the Reyortsed spaceships raced over to another communications satellite. This is one that the news media used for transmissions of their news broadcast.

The Reyortsed slowed down and hovered near the satellite. Red laser beams shot out of the Reyortsed like machine gun fire. The beams pelted the satellite and it exploded into a million pieces.

The Reyortsed spaceship raced off at supersonic speeds and all satellites were their targets.

Down on Earth, the crews for the major news networks like CNN, Fox News, and MSN were scrambling in their control rooms to figure out why they could not broadcast.

They also had technicians scrambled out to their radar dish sites to see if the problem was in that part of their process.

At the United States Space Corp in Colorado, Air Force personnel scrambled to figure out why all of their tracking capability went dead.

Back in Marvin’s garage, it was Dale’s turn to monitor the ham radio. It was quiet and Dale’s eyes started to close.

“Seven, nine, Alpha, one, eighteen. This is Alpha three, one, nine,” CIA agent Sean said from the speaker.

Dale's head slowly drooped down to the table. He started to snore the second his forehead came in contact with the table.

"Seven, nine, Alpha, one, eighteen. This is Alpha three, one, nine," CIA agent Sean said from the speaker again.

Dale's head snapped up when he realized he had someone on the radio. "Rocking Ranger one here," Dale quickly blurted out into the microphone.

"I need seven, nine, Alpha, one, eighteen," Sean said from the speaker.

"Okay," Dale replied then jumped up from his chair and ran to the side door. He opened the door and poked his head out. "It's for you Galvin," he called out.

Dale rushed back to the radio. "He's on his way," he said into the microphone.

Galvin ran into the garage and over to the ham radio.

"Seven, nine, Alpha, one, eighteen here," Galvin said into the microphone.

"Alpha, three, one, nine with info. Sandark will be at Biltmore Estates in two days. Going to be a big treaty meeting with UN representatives and the President at Biltmore in two days. It's your party. But watch out for Alien security force," Sean said from the radio.

Galvin thought about Sean's information for a few seconds. Then his eyes widened with joy. "What time?" Galvin replied with a huge smile while he glanced over at Dale and waited for a response.

Nothing but static sound came from the speaker.

"Come in Alpha, three, one, nine," Galvin said into the microphone.

Nothing but static sound came from the speaker.

"We lost our transmission," Galvin said while the static sound came from the speaker.

Inside Marvin's cabin, everybody sat around the living area. They looked concerned while Marcus flipped through the cable channels and all the major news channels were all static lines.

“This can’t be good,” Marcus said while he started channel surfing all over again.

Everybody else nodded in agreement and looked concerned.

“We got some updated information,” Galvin said while he rushed into the living area with Dale.

“So do we,” Marcus said while he looked over at Galvin. “All the news broadcasts on the TV are down.”

“We lost ham radio transmission,” Dale said.

“Probably the work of those fucking Aliens,” Jake said.

“But at least I got some good information,” Galvin said and looked happy.

“What’s that?” Marcus curiously asked.

“Apparently there’s going to be a big meeting with Sandark and all the UN representatives and President Westwood at the Biltmore Estates in two days,” Galvin said.

Everybody thought about Galvin’s message for a few seconds then their eyes widened.

“That’s perfect! What time?” Marcus said.

“I don’t know, since the radio went dead. So I’m figuring we’ll get there before the sun rises,” Galvin replied.

Everybody else nodded in agreement.

“Let’s plan our move,” Marcus said.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

They all headed over to the kitchen table.

In the Oval Office, President Westwood just received the news about the loss of complete communications around the world. He silently prayed that the Rocking Rangers would successfully complete their missions.

Meanwhile, all across the world, the representatives of the United Nations boarded their countries airplanes.

They took off and flew toward New York City.

Up in outer space, the Aliens in the Security Center of the Srecrofne motherships monitored the flights of all those airplanes. They were not concerned with this air traffic, as they knew it was in preparation for the treaty meeting.

Chapter 42

It was quiet during the next day.

The representatives of the UN were provided a briefing on the meeting at the Biltmore Estates to be held tomorrow. They were scared but knew if they didn't concur, Sandark might kill them.

Back at Marvin's cabin, Marcus and the other Rocking Rangers practiced their mission all day. Jake and Dale took command and it looked like an Army Rangers training exercise.

Elsewhere around the world, other Rocking Rangers planned their missions.

Even though they lost communications with everybody, the other Rocking Rangers practiced their own methods of dispensing formaldehyde into the Alien spaceships. Some of them heard word by way of landline phones about the treaty meeting at the Biltmore.

Meanwhile, up in outer space, the large hanger of the Reluah mothership was busy while Aliens prepared fifty Pukcip and Ograc spaceships for some more harvesting missions.

A little while later, twenty-five Pukcip and twenty Ograc spaceships zoomed out of the opened hangar of the Reluah mothership.

The twenty Pukcip and twenty-five Ograc spaceships split off in pair and headed down to Europe.

Later that night, the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed during the darkness of Europe.

One Pukcip and One Ograc spaceships landed in a grassy field northeast of London. The engines of the Pukcip shut down with a whine. A door opened and five Elibomria spaceships zoomed out.

The five Elibomria spaceships zoomed off toward London.

The same thing happened in grassy fields outside Paris, Madrid, Dublin, Stockholm, Oslo, Lisbon, Rome, Athens, Bucharest, and Minsk.

At the same time, some other Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in areas outside Jeddah, Cairo, Cape Town, Karachi, Mumbai, Ho Chi Minh City, Manila, Brisbane, Wellington, and Vancouver.

Five Elibomria spaceships zoomed out of each of the Pukcip spaceships. The Elibomria spaceships zoomed off to the cities.

Throughout Europe, some of the Rocking Rangers sprang into action with their own plans.

In the grassy field outside London, Rocking Ranger fifteen Harold was one of the recipients of the Alien outfit. He was now Harold the Alien.

Harold the Alien spied on the parked Pukcip and Ograc spaceships behind a bush while he wore the Alien outfit. By his boots was a leather attaché case that contained small bottles filled with formaldehyde.

Harold the Alien peeked between the branches and leaves and watched while four Retnuah's dragged eight dead bodies out of the trailer. These were young men who operated a gang out of London that sold drugs and engaged in burglary.

The four Retnuah's jumped back on their Elibomria spaceships and zoomed back to London.

Harold the Alien felt it was safe so he made his way through the bushes and into the field.

Harold the Alien ran to the Ograc that still had its cargo door opened.

Harold the Alien stepped inside the Ograc spaceship with his attaché case. He looked at the dead bodies of the young gang members. He didn't feel sorry for these thugs as his younger brother died from buying some bad drugs.

The whine of an approaching Elibomria spaceship was heard.

“Shit,” Harold the Alien muttered out while he looked for a place to hide. He got an idea. He hated this idea but knew he didn’t have a choice. Harold the Alien quickly got down to the floor with his attaché case. He dragged one of the dead bodies on top of him. He reached around and tugged on the arm of another dead body. He pulled the body closer to conceal him.

Harold the Alien wanted to vomit over the thought of having the two dead bodies on top of him. Then he heard the thump, thump sound of the two other Retnuah’s dragging more dead bodies into the Ograc.

Then it was quiet for a few seconds. The whine of the Elibomria spaceship zooming away was heard.

Harold the Alien lay still under the dead bodies while he clutched his attaché case. He silently prayed he could succeed. He wanted to succeed since he believed these Aliens killed his baby sister Ruth who protested the Aliens presence on Earth.

Meanwhile, similar events were in progress across Europe.

In a field in the southwestern part of Paris, Rocking Ranger 34 tossed ten balloons filled with formaldehyde into an Ograc spacecraft that was almost full of dead bodies. The balloons landed on some dead bodies and did not break.

Rocking Ranger 34 ran through the field happy she safely completed her mission.

Rocking Ranger 23 named Desi was dressed as an Alien. Desi the Alien was able to also hide inside the Ograc outside Madrid. He had a backpack full of jars of formaldehyde. He also hid underneath some dead bodies, which started freaking him out.

Rocking Ranger 12 tossed fifteen balloons filled with formaldehyde into the Ograc spaceship outside Dublin.

Rocking Ranger 45 tossed twenty balloons filled with formaldehyde into the Ograc spaceship outside Stockholm.

Rocking Ranger 65 tossed ten balloons filled with formaldehyde into the Ograc spaceship outside Oslo.

Rocking Ranger 19 Elias was dressed as an Alien. Elias the Alien was able to hide inside the Ograc spaceship outside Lisbon.

Other Rocking Rangers dressed at Aliens were able to hide inside Ograc spaceships outside Bucharest, Manila, Brisbane, Wellington, and Vancouver.

Other Rocking Rangers were able to sneak other containers of formaldehyde into the Ograc in Rome, Athens, Minsk, Cape Town, Cairo, Jeddah, Karachi, and Ho Chi Minh City. These Rocking Rangers were too scared to dress up as Aliens and hide in the spaceships.

Back at Marvin's cabin, Galvin, Marcus, Jake, Dale, and Michael headed off to Asheville in Galvin's step-van. Marcus insisted Karen, Marvin, and Stanley remain at the cabin where it would be safe.

All of the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships launched out of their fields while the sun started to rise on the other side of the world.

They headed back to the Reluah mothership so their harvest could be sliced and packaged. The Rocking Rangers dressed, as Aliens were still safe and sound while the Ograc spaceships ascended into the sky.

Around the world, other Rocket Rangers sprang into action. Twenty-five of them got inside a local Rexif spaceship to be cured of fake diseases. Eighteen of them were able to hide their containers and balloons formaldehyde inside the Rexif. The remaining seven didn't have a safe opportunity to leave behind their containers.

It was 11:30 a.m. in the eastern part of the United States.

Up in outer space, Sandark's Ffats spaceship headed down to Earth with Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark. One Alien piloted the spaceship.

Trailing behind Ffats spaceship were four Ecilop spaceship. Each Ecilop spaceship had two Security Force agents. One of them acted as the pilot for the spaceship.

Down on Earth, the majority of the Rexif spaceships launched out of their grassy fields since their mission was over.

They would return to the Seruc mothership.

Eight Rexif spaceships never launched from their fields. Apparently the formaldehyde containers broke and the Aliens inside these crafts were in extreme pain.

The eight Rexif spaceships were in England, Germany, Russia, Australia, and the United States.

Down in Asheville, North Carolina, President Westwood and all of the representatives of the UN waited inside the Biltmore Estates.

President Westwood silently prayed that the Rocking Rangers were out there and still intact.

Outside by the front yard, Secret Service agents and numerous other country security personnel milled around by the front door.

Back up in outer space, everything was quiet inside the Redael, Seruc, Reluah, and Srecrofne motherships. All the auditoriums were filled with Aliens while they watched a hologram viewing of the events that started to take place down at the Biltmore Estates.

Back down at the Biltmore, one of the Secret Service agents saw something in the sky.

“They’re coming,” he called out while he pointed up at the cloudless blue sky.

All of the other Secret Service agents and security personnel looked up at the sky.

They watched while the Ffats spaceship and four Ecilop spaceships descended down toward the estate property.

A few minutes later, the Ffats spaceship landed in the Esplanade between the fountain and the Biltmore house entrance.

The four Ecilop spaceships flew circles around the Biltmore Estates to show their presence and force.

The Four Ecilop spaceships circled back around then landed behind Sandark’s Ffats spaceship.

The engines of the Ffats and Ecilop spaceships whined down.

The ramps of the Ffats and Ecilop spaceships opened.

The doors of the Ffats and Ecilop spaceships whished opened.

Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark walked out of the Ffats spaceship. The Alien pilot tagged behind his leaders.

The eight Security Force agents walked out of the Ecilop spaceships.

The eight Security Force agents escorted Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark while they walked to the front entrance of the Biltmore.

The eight Security Force agents all had a small device in one of their hands. This device allowed the live hologram feed to be shown up in the motherships.

Up in outer space, the Aliens inside the auditoriums of the four motherships watched the hologram view of their leaders while they walked to the entrance of the Biltmore Estates.

Way over in the woods to the side of the Esplanade, Galvin, Marcus, Jake, Michael, and Dale were hidden in the trees. They wore their Alien outfits and had their duffel bags with balloons filled with formaldehyde. Galvin was ready for bear.

They watched while Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark walked to the entrance with their security force.

They all went inside the Biltmore.

The Secret Service agents, all the security representatives, and Alien Security Force agents went inside the Biltmore.

Inside the Biltmore Estate, President Westwood greeted Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark.

Sandark glanced around the room and saw a table with four chairs and all the representatives of the UN that stood around the room.

“Greetings,” Sandark told everybody.

“Greetings,” all the UN representatives said in unison but were intimidated by the Aliens.

“Let’s get this treaty started,” Sandark said while he walked over to the table.

Commanders Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark followed Sandark.

President Westwood walked over to the table where some treaty papers were ready and waiting to be signed.

Sandark stood and glanced around the room. He started his speech.

Chapter 43

Ten minutes had passed and the treaty meeting was still in progress in the Biltmore.

Over in the trees, Galvin the Alien, Marcus the Alien, Jake the Alien, Michael the Alien, and Dale the Alien spied on the quiet spaceships.

“Are you two sure about this?” Marcus asked Galvin and Michael.

“I have to get back at the bastards,” Michael replied.

“What the hell, I might as well go out in a blazing glory. After all, I found out I have pancreatic cancer and it’s terminal,” Galvin replied.

Marcus, Jake, and Dale looked at each other then at Galvin and Michael. They understood their situation.

“Don’t forget to use your squirt guns as a backup,” Galvin said.

Jake, Dale, Marcus, and Michael nodded in agreement.

“Let’s kill some Aliens,” Marcus said then he high-fived his two Ranger buddies.

They all rushed through the trees and headed to the spaceships with their duffel bags filled with formaldehyde filled balloons.

Galvin the Alien ran over to the Ffats with his duffel bag.

Marcus the Alien, Michael the Alien, Jake Alien, and Dale the Alien each ran over to one of the Ecilop spaceships.

They all went inside the Ecilop spaceships.

Galvin the Alien ran up the ramp and went inside the Ffats spaceship. He looked the craft over and was amazed by all the high tech consoles and the hovering chairs.

He saw what appeared to be some doors. He waved a hand on one of the doors and saw it was a closet with two

black jumpsuits with gold epaulets with four black trapezoids. Galvin got a smirk on his face while he touched one of the black jumpsuits.

Michael the Alien stood inside one of the Ecilop spaceships and looked around the craft. He was also amazed at the highly advanced technology. He saw four doors that had a small screen window at the top.

He rushed over to one and waved a hand across the door. It opened and he had the feeling this was some type of holding cell. Marcus opened his duffel bag and placed some formaldehyde bags into the cell. He closed the door.

He waved a hand on the next door. It opened. He placed some formaldehyde bags into the cell.

Marcus the Alien stood inside his Ecilop spaceship. He also found the holding cells and placed formaldehyde bags inside them.

Dale the Alien also placed his formaldehyde bags into the holding cells in his Ecilop spaceship.

Jake the Alien sat in the pilot's seat of his Ecilop. He looked at the console and wondered what it would be like to fly one of these crafts. Jake started working on his private pilot's license six years ago but had to quit. His divorce caused a major drain of funds. So he sat at the controls and pretended he was zooming across the American skies at hypersonic speeds.

Back inside the Biltmore Estates, Sandark continued to address everybody in the room.

“Like I promised. I'll send down my comrades in two days. Then we'll help you make Earth a true paradise. All of your countries will experience economic prosperity. Your crime will cease to exist. You'll have plenty of food supplies to feed your hungry. War on your planet will cease to exist,” Sandark said with a fake smile.

All of the UN representatives clapped in agreement. President Westwood faked his clap and was inching to tell everybody the truth.

Sandark signed the treaty with his unique signature.

President Westwood signed for the United States.

The UN representatives got in a single file and they started to sign the treaty.

Up in outer space, the two large hangar doors of the Reluah mothership opened.

All the Pukcip spaceships zoomed up from Earth and headed to the opened hangar door.

All the Ograc spaceships zoomed up from Earth and headed to the opened hangar doors.

Outside in the Esplanade, Marcus the Alien ran out of his Ecilop spaceship.

He bolted to the trees.

Dale the Alien ran out of his Ecilop spaceship.

He bolted to the trees.

Marcus and Dale hid behind some trees.

“Where’s Jake?” Marcus asked.

Dale looked around the area. “Don’t know.”

Then they both looked at the Biltmore Estates and saw Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark walk out of the front entrance with their eight Security Force agents.

“He better get his ass out now,” Marcus said while he kept an eye on the Ecilop spaceships then on the Biltmore Estate.

Dale nodded in agreement then he removed his Alien mask.

Marcus removed his Alien mask.

They watched while Sandark and everybody walked to their spaceships.

Back up in outer space, the large hangar door of the Seruc mothership opened.

All of the Rexif spaceships zoomed up from Earth and headed to the opened hangar.

Back down at the Biltmore Estates, Jake the Alien opened up the last holding cell inside the Ecilop spaceship. He started to place the remaining formaldehyde balloons into the cell. He heard footsteps coming at the spaceship.

He sensed something wasn’t right so he ducked inside the holding cell. He closed the door.

He heard footsteps of the Aliens while they entered the Ecilop spaceship.

“Fuck!” Jake quietly muttered to himself after he heard the whish of the door closing.

Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark entered the Ffats spaceship.

They immediately sat down in their seats and remained quiet with smirks.

The Alien pilot entered the Ffats and retracted the ramp then closed the door.

The Ffats spaceship started its engines with a whine.

The four Ecilop spaceships started their engines with a whine.

Back up in outer space...

Inside the large hangars of the Reluah mothership, all of the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships landed in their assigned parking spots.

Their engines whined down.

Inside the Seruc motherships, all of the Rexif spaceships landed in their assigned parking spots.

But no Aliens rushed to the spaceships since they were still in the auditorium watching the holograms of the Ffats and Ecilop spaceships down at the Biltmore.

Back down in North Carolina, President Westwood and all the UN representatives watched while the Ffats spaceship lifted off the ground from the Biltmore Estates.

After the Ffats spaceships was fifty feet up in the air, the four Ecilop spaceships lifted off the ground.

Back up in outer space, the doors to the Pukcip and Ograc spaceships opened inside the Reluah mothership hangar.

The Howard the Alien and the other Rocking Rangers that stowed away inside the Ograc spaceships ran out of the door.

These Rocking Rangers ran down the hangar and tossed a few containers of formaldehyde that busted opened.

They started their missions.

Back down in North Carolina, the Ffats spaceship ascended higher into the air.

The four Ecilop spaceships got in formation and flew circles around the Biltmore Estates to show off.

The Ecilop spaceships zoomed off after the Ffats spaceship that was now 1,000 feet up in the air.

President Westwood looked around the area and silently prayed that these Rocking Rangers were able to do something to stop these Aliens.

Back in the motherships in outer space, the Aliens returned to their work assignments.

Up in the Security Center of the Screcrofne mothership, Aliens Yirlank and Lydark sat at a console in a large room filled with other consoles and Aliens. On their monitor was a bunch of dot and dash words. It was one of the Rocking Rangers first emails that were captured by the Aliens. The five pictures taken by Jake were also discovered.

They feverously worked on ciphering the coded message. Then they jumped up out of their floating chairs and rushed to the door.

Yirlank and Lydark rushed over to Junior Captain's Lliplink's chair. He was their boss.

"Sir, we were able to translate those dot and dash words in the Earthlings transmissions," Yirlank said sounding proud.

"It's from a group called Rocking Rangers. They are seeking people to joining forces to kill us. And they have pictures of our packaged food," Yirlank said.

"They can kill us with something called formaldehyde," Lydark added.

"Formaldehyde?" Lliplink said while he thought about the two Alien's information for a few seconds. "Go back to your duty stations," he said then waved the two Aliens away.

"Find the location of these Rocking Rangers," Lliplink ordered.

Yirlank and Lydark walked back to their console thinking Sandark will reward them with a promotion. They were proud of their finding.

The Ffats spaceship ascended higher into the sky.

A strange buzzing sound came from the right arm of Sandark's chair. A hologram of Lliplink appeared.

"Sir, we just encoded some mail transmissions from a group of Earthlings called Rocking Rangers. They are planning to kill us with something called formaldehyde and they shared pictures of our packaged food," Lliplink's hologram said.

Sandark looked pissed. "Locate and kill the leaders of these Rocking Rangers," he ordered.

"We found their headquarters," Lliplink's hologram replied then another hologram of Marvin's cabin appeared. "It's not too far from your treaty meeting place."

Sandark pressed a button on the left arm of his chair. "Ecilop six. I want you to divert for another important mission. Junior Captain Lliplink will explain, as I want these Rocking Rangers arrested and taken to the Srecrofne. I will make a painful example out of them to deter future threats," Sandark said.

"Yes sir," replied the pilot of Ecilop six.

Sandark looked at his Commanders. "I want your agents to kill all the world's leaders in two days," he told Fardack.

Fardack smiled at that thought.

"Then we'll take control of Earth," Sandark said then got a smirk. "I'll be King Sandark of Earth," he added and started a weird girlish laugh.

Inside the holding cell, Galvin was dressed in one of Sandark's uniforms. His blood boiled over what he heard and discreetly turned on both of his ray guns.

One of the Ecilop spaceships suddenly banked and headed to the west.

The Ffats and other three Ecilop spaceships ascended higher into the sky.

Back down at the Biltmore Estates, President Westwood and the UN representatives all left the area in tons of government SUVs.

Marcus and Dale ran back to Galvin's step-van and got inside.

Marcus drove the van away.

The lone Ecilop spaceship zoomed 10,000 feet up in the air and headed toward Franklin, North Carolina.

The Ffats spaceship and the trailing three Ecilop spaceships raced through the orbit above Earth.

They had to dodge some floating debris that once was parts of communication satellites.

The spaceships headed toward the four motherships and Galvin, Jake, and Michael were still undetected.

Chapter 44

Twenty-one minutes had passed and it was quiet at Marvin's cabin.

Marvin, Stanley, and Karen sat on the front porch and drank coffee while they waited in rocking chairs.

The birds were in the trees singing a beautiful song.

"I wonder how things are going?" Karen asked.

"Well, no news is always good news," Marvin replied.

"I wish we still had TV," Stanley said.

Karen and Marvin nodded in agreement and never realized how much they missed television.

They didn't hear the sound of the descending Ecilop's spaceship that headed toward the backyard. Nor did they notice all the birds stopped singing and flew away.

Marvin drank the last drop of his coffee. "Who wants more?" he asked while he held up his cup.

"I would love some," Karen replied while she drank her last drop.

"I'm good," Stanley replied as he still had half a cup.

Marvin took Karen's coffee cup and got out of his rocking chair.

He went inside the cabin.

Stanley and Karen continued to rock in their chairs.

Something seemed odd to Stanley. "The birds stopped singing," he said while he noticed the woods were an eerie quiet.

Karen listened. "That is odd."

They heard the sound of something crashing inside the cabin.

Stanley and Karen looked at each other and wondered if Marvin was hurt.

They jumped up from their rocking chairs and rushed into the cabin.

Fifteen minutes later, Marcus drove Galvin's step-van down the dirt driveway of Marvin's cabin.

The cabin appeared quiet while Marcus parked the van and turned off the engine.

Marcus and Dale got out of the van still dressed in the Alien jumpsuits but without the masks and hands.

They walked to the front door and went inside the cabin.

Marcus and Dale entered the cabin.

"I'm home honey," Marcus jokingly called out.

"Shit!" Dale cried out the second he glanced over at the couch.

Marcus' eyes widened in fear the second he saw Karen, Marvin, and Stanley sitting scared to death on the couch. Guarding them were two Security Force Aliens, Gurlurk and Murlirn from the Eclip spaceship.

"Sit!" Gurlurk ordered while he flashed his ray gun at Marcus and Dale.

Marcus and Dale sat down on the couch.

Marcus sat next to Karen who shook in fear. He discreetly reached over and held her right hand.

"Perform a security sweep outside," Gurlurk ordered Murlirn.

Murlirn nodded in agreement while he headed to the front door with his ray gun in hand.

He went outside.

Marcus, Karen, Marvin, and Stanley sat on the couch and shook in fear.

Marcus discreetly removed his ray gun from the holster and secured it in a pocket.

Dale also discreetly removed his ray gun from the holster and secured it in a pocket.

Murlirn entered through the front door. "Look," he said while he held up the Alien masks and hands.

Gurlurk was furious at the sight of the masks. He pressed the purple button on his ray gun. Purple light shot out of his ray gun and engulfed the bodies of Marcus, Karen, Marvin, and Stanley. They were instantly paralyzed.

“My high order of Commander Sandark, you are hereby arrested for treason,” Gurlurk said.

Marcus, Karen, Marvin, and Stanley were paralyzed with fear on the couch.

Gurlurk motioned for Murlirn to head over to the couch.

Murlirn walked over and grabbed Karen’s right hand. He pulled on her arm and she plopped to the floor.

She gave a muffled scream for help while Gurlurk dragged her across the floor to the rear door in the kitchen.

Gurlurk tucked away his ray gun while he walked over to the couch. He grabbed Marcus’s right hand. He pulled on his arm and he plopped to the floor.

Gurlurk dragged Marcus across the floor to the rear door of the kitchen.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Gurlurk and Murlirn had Marcus, Karen, Marvin, and Stanley on the floor of their Ecilop spaceship. Gurlurk opted not to place them in the holding cells since they were paralyzed and wouldn’t have the capability to escape.

Gurlurk and Murlirn got behind the controls.

Gurlurk fired the engines and soon lifted the spaceship off the ground.

Marcus was able to watch Gurlurk’s movements while he piloted the spaceship up into the air.

Meanwhile, Sandark’s Ffats spaceship headed to the opened hangar of his Redael mothership.

Inside his hiding place, Galvin was mentally preparing his next moves while the Ffats spaceship slowed down and moved into the hangar of the Redael.

The three Ecilop spaceships also landed inside the Srecrofne mothership.

Elsewhere, inside the Reluah motherships the smell of formaldehyde started to permeate throughout the hangar. This was due to the containers breaking during flight.

The Rocking Rangers dressed, as Aliens snuck through the Reluah spaceship letting loose of their formaldehyde containers.

Some of them headed to the cargo spaceships that were going to the home planet with a harvest load.

Some of the Aliens in the Reluah started to feel uncomfortable over the smell.

The Sub-Junior Commander Yurmork of the Reluah made a command decision. He launched Reluah's Eerht and Rouf and sent them to their home planet.

Ten minutes later, Yurmork succumbed to the formaldehyde and was dead.

Inside the Ffats spaceship, Galvin started scratching on his door while the spaceship landed in the hanger.

Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark heard the scratching sound from the closet and got curious.

After the engines of the Ffats whined down, Sandark motioned for the pilot to check out the scratching sound while he got out of his seat with the other commanders.

The pilot walked over to Galvin's door while Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark walked out of the Ffats spaceship.

Galvin continued to scratch from inside the closed.

The pilot waved a hand at the closet door. It opened. His eyes widened when he saw Galvin the Alien dressed in Sandark's jumpsuit. He didn't see the squirt gun in Galvin's hand. Some formaldehyde squirted out of Galvin's toy gun and hit the pilot in his eyes.

The Alien screamed in a high-pitched girlish scream while the formaldehyde burned his eyes.

Galvin pushed the pilot down to the floor and squirted him again with his squirt gun.

The pilot screamed louder.

Galvin ran to the door. He peeked outside and saw Sandark, Oodark, Fardack, and Wetlark while they rushed back to the Ffats spaceship. They were curious about the Aliens screams.

Sandark, Fardack, Oodark, and Fardack met Galvin the Alien at the door of the Ffats spaceship.

The five started at each other for a few seconds.

"Identify yourself," Sandark demanded.

Galvin didn't know how to respond. "Identify yourself," he repeated while he had his squirt gun ready.

Sandark saw Galvin the Alien's squirt gun. He chuckled.

Galvin squirted Sandark in his face. Then he quickly squirted Fardack, Oodark, and Wetlark in their faces.

The four commanders dropped to their knees and screamed a high-pitched girlish scream while in pain.

Galvin grabbed Sandark and Fardack by their jumpsuit collars and dragged them inside the Ffats.

He quickly grabbed Oodark and Wetlark by their collars and dragged them inside the Ffats.

Galvin the Alien rushed back to the closet and grabbed his duffel bag.

He opened his other pocket on his jumpsuit and removed the real ray gun. He waved his hand over the gun. It started up with a low hum. He pressed the red button.

He shot a red laser beam at Sandark's head. He quit screaming and he was instantly dead.

He did the same to Fardack, Oodark, Wetlark, and the pilot.

They instantly died.

"I guess you won't be killing my President," Galvin said then fired another red laser beam into Sandark's head to make sure he was dead.

Galvin the Alien rushed to the door. He reached inside his duffel bag and removed a formaldehyde balloon. He threw it at the console where it broke.

Galvin the Alien ran out of the door and into the hangar.

Galvin tossed two balloons that busted on the floor while he headed to one of the doors.

Galvin the Alien went through the door and ran down the hallway leaving a busted balloon on the floor.

Back inside the hangar of the Srecrofne mothership, the three Ecilop spaceships landed.

The doors opened and the ramps extended to the floor.

Inside his Ecilop, Jake the Alien slowly opened the holding cell door. He had his ray gun powered up and the red button pressed.

He fired off laser beams into the back of the Security Force Alien's heads.

They slumped forward dead.

Jake the Alien grabbed his duffel bag and headed to the door.

Inside his Ecilop, Michael the Alien also slowly opened his holding cell door. He fired off some laser beams into the back of the heads of the Security Force Aliens.

They slumped forward dead.

Michael the Alien grabbed his duffel bag and headed to the door.

Jake the Alien and Michael the Alien met each other outside the Ecilop spaceships.

"It's me, Jake."

"What are you doing here?" Michael the Alien asked.

"I fucked up," Jake the Alien replied.

"Well, let's get to work," Michael the Alien said.

Jake the Alien nodded in agreement then he saw the two Security Force Aliens walk out of the third Ecilop spaceship.

Jake the Alien also saw them.

They both fired off laser beams at the two approaching Aliens.

The Aliens dropped to the floor dead.

Jake the Alien and Michael the Alien rushed over to the dead Aliens.

They dragged the Aliens back into their Ecilop by their arms.

Meanwhile, the other Ecilop spaceship zoomed up in orbit.

Inside the craft, Marcus, Karen, Dale, Marvin, and Stanley were on the floor paralyzed in fear.

They could see the darkness of space from the windows and realized they would soon be dead -cooked meat on the plates of the Aliens.

Karen's eyes welled up.

A few minutes later, the Gurlurk piloted the Ecilop into the opened hangar of the Screcrofne mothership.

The hangar door closed.

The Ecilop landed in an opened spot by some other Ecilop's.

The engines whined down. The door opened.

A few seconds passed and Gurlurk walked out of the Ecilop dragging Karen by her right arm.

Karen looked scared to death while she looked at up at the ceiling of the hangar.

Murlirn walked out of the Ecilop dragging Marcus by his right arm.

Marcus strained with all his might to get free, but his body was still paralyzed.

Gurlurk and Murlirn let go of Karen and Marcus' hands.

They went back inside the Ecilop.

Karen and Marcus lay on the floor and stared at the ceiling. Marcus wanted so bad to say something to Karen but all he could muster up was a whimper.

Gurlurk dragged Dale out of the Ecilop by his left arm.

Murlirn dragged Marvin out of the Ecilop by his right arm.

Gurlurk guarded his prisoners while Murlirn went back to get Stanley.

Marcus and Karen started to get a tingling feeling in their fingers.

Murlirn dragged Stanley out of the Ecilop by his left arm.

He left Stanley by Marvin's body.

Marcus started to get more tingling throughout his whole body. He moved his fingers on his right hand and made a fist.

"I've always wanted to try eating raw humans," Gurlurk said then he salivated at the sight of Karen's arm.

Murlirn nodded in agreement while he sniffed the air and then his face soured.

Marcus moved his right arm and discreetly removed his ray gun from his pocket.

Dale also had feeling back in his arms. He discreetly removed his ray gun from his pocket.

Girlurk bent down and grabbed Karen's right arm. He opened his mouth and drops of saliva fell out and landed on Karen's arm.

"No!" she gave out a quiet scream while Girlurk's opened mouth full of sharp teeth moved closer to her hand. She tried to pull away but Girlurk held a tight grip.

Marcus aimed his ray gun at Girlurk while his teeth touched the skin of Karen's arm.

Marcus carefully fired the ray gun.

A red laser beam went through the side of Girlurk's body.

Girlurk dropped on top of Karen screaming his high-pitched girlish scream.

Murlirn saw Girlurk screaming on top of Karen. He whipped out his ray gun and aimed it at Marcus.

Dale fired off a red laser beam that went through Murlirn's chest.

Murlirn dropped to the floor dead.

Marcus and Dale had feeling back in their legs so they got up on their feet.

Marvin and Stanley started to get feelings back in their arms.

"Ahhhh!" Karen cried out while Girlurk lay on top of her.

Girlurk removed his ray gun and pressed it into Karen's head.

Marcus was quick and fired off a red laser beam. It went through Girlurk's head killing him instantly.

Karen had her feeling back in her body. She immediately pushed Girlurk's dead body away.

She jumped up to her feet and had a creepy feeling with that Alien being on top of her.

Marvin and Stanley were able to stand on their two feet.

“Now what?” Marvin asked while he looked around the hangar.

The sound of high-pitched girlish screams was heard from other areas of the mothership.

“Galvin must be succeeding with his mission,” Marcus said.

Dale nodded in agreement while more girlish screams were heard.

“I want to go home,” Karen said while her eyes welled up.

Marcus walked over and gave her a comforting hug. “Let’s first dispense our balloons by any grill that could be some type of air return. Then figure a way back home,” he told everybody.

Stanley glanced at the Ecilop spaceship. He stared at the Ecilop name for a few seconds. The name started to look familiar. “Ecilop,” he repeated over and over. Then it dawned on him. “Police. Police,” he repeated while his eyes widened. “That’s it. Their language is English backwards,” he told everybody.

Marcus, Karen, Dale, and Marvin looked at the Ecilop spaceship for a few seconds. Their eyes widened with they also figured it out.

“I wonder if that spaceship is easy to fly?” Marcus asked while he stared at the spaceship.

“They probably have some type of manual inside,” Stanley said while he glanced at the spaceship.

“He’s a private pilot with multi-engine rating,” Marvin told Marcus, Dale, and Karen.

“Let’s see what we can find out,” Marcus said while he grabbed Karen’s hand and ran back to the Ecilop spaceship.

More girlish screams were heard throughout the mothership while Dale, Marvin, and Stanley rushed back to the Ecilop spaceship.

The second they got back inside the Ecilop spaceship, Marvin, and Stanley started checking out the console area.

Marcus glanced at the holding cells. "There must be air returns in this hangar. Let's dump these balloons around the perimeter of the hangar."

Karen looked at Marcus. "I'll help."

"Me too," Dale replied.

Marcus rushed over to one of the holding cells. He opened it up and saw a stack of formaldehyde balloons on the floor. He grabbed two balloons and rushed to the door.

Dale and Karen both ran to the other two holding cell doors.

Dale and Karen each grabbed four formaldehyde balloons from the cells.

They ran to the door after Marcus.

Out in the hangar, Marcus, Karen, and Dale ran to the doors over at the side.

Marcus waved a hand over a small pad by the door. The door opened. He peeked out the door and saw it was a hallway. He heard more high-pitched girlish screams coming from other areas of the mothership. Jake and Michael were working their mission.

Marcus tossed one of the balloons to the left. It hit the floor and broke open. He tossed the other balloon to the right. It hit the floor and broke open.

Marcus ran back to the Ecilop spaceship.

Karen and Dale ran back to the Ecilop spaceship.

A little while later, Marcus, Karen, and Dale ran back to the door with four balloons each. They tossed the balloons down the hallway.

They ran back to the Ecilop spaceship.

Jake the Alien ran into the hangar in a panic through one of the other doors. Part of his Alien mask was ripped off.

He stopped and aimed his ray gun out into the hallway. He fired off a few red laser beams. He tossed two formaldehyde bags down the hallway.

More high-pitched girlish screams were heard from the hallway while Jake the Alien bolted toward the Ecilop spaceships.

Inside their Ecilop, Stanley and Marvin sat at the console while Marcus, Karen, and Dale gathered up some more balloons.

“I got it!” Stanley cried out in joy after he found the hologram flight manual for the Ecilop.

“Gather up all the balloons,” Marcus called out to Karen and Dale.

Karen and Dale nodded in agreement while they shoved as many balloons their arms could carry.

Marcus, Karen, and Dale walked to the door with their arms stuffed with balloons.

They were met by Jake the Alien the second they got to the door.

“Shit!” Marcus cried out thinking it was one of the Aliens.

“It’s me, Jake. The Aliens killed Michael.”

Marcus, Karen, and Dale looked relieved but also saddened over Michael being killed.

“Michael shielded me so I can escape. He sacrificed himself so I can get away,” Jake the Alien said then a red laser beam penetrated the side of Jake’s head. He dropped backwards to the ramp dead.

“Get us the fuck out of here!” Marcus cried out while he dragged Jake’s dead body into the spaceship with red laser beams missing his head by an inch.

Marcus started tossing his balloons out of the door. They hit the floor and busted open.

Karen and Dale tossed their balloons out of the door.

Their balloons hit the hangar floor and busted open.

Marcus waved his hand over the small pad by the door.

The ramp retracted.

The door whished closed.

Marvin and Stanley started up the engines of the Ecilop.

“Yeah!” Dale cried out while he ran over to a seat.

Girlish screams were heard outside in the hangar while the Aliens encountered the formaldehyde.

Stanley followed the hologram flight manual and lifted the Ecilop spaceship off the hangar floor.

“I hope you know how to open up the hangar door,” Marcus said while he and Karen rushed over and sat down in a seat.

“Not yet,” Stanley said while he looked at the flight manual.

The Ecilop moved toward the hangar door.

“We’re fucked,” Marcus said while he watched the spaceship get closer to the closed door.

Then all of a sudden, the hangar door opened.

“Figures they have an automatic door opener,” Marvin said while Stanley moved the Ecilop spaceship toward outer space.

Marcus and Dale’s eyes welled up knowing their fellow Ranger bit the dust.

The Ecilop spaceship zoomed out of the opened hangar of the Screcrofne mothership.

Inside the Ecilop spaceship, Stanley had a hologram of Earth up on the console. He touched the State of North Carolina.

He then touched the area close to Franklin.

He touched the location where the cabin was located.

The Ecilop swiftly changed directions to the right.

The Ecilop raced through space and headed to Earth.

Inside the Ecilop spaceship, Marcus, Karen, Dale, Marvin and Stanley loved the ride through space while it zoomed down to Earth at hypersonic speeds.

The spaceship made a sharp bank to the left and zoomed toward North America.

The Ecilop raced down to Earth and missed numerous satellites by inches.

It was a wild ride while the Ecilop spaceship zoomed down toward North America.

It was a crazy ride inside the Ecilop spaceship while it raced down to North Carolina.

“I want one of these!” Marcus cried out in joy while the craft raced down toward land at hypersonic speeds.

“Ah, I’m thinking we should slow down,” Marvin told Stanley while he watched the ground get closer and closer.

Stanley quickly glanced at the flight manual.

He started pressing buttons on the console.

The Ecilop started doing somersaults.

“We’re going to crash!” Marvin cried out in a panic.

Stanley frantically pressed buttons on the console following to the flight manual’s instructions.

The Ecilop stopped doing somersaults.

The craft started to descend down to the ground.

“Yeah!” Dale yelled out while they felt the spaceship slow down.

Then they felt it land on the ground.

Stanley followed the flight manual and shut down the engines.

It was quiet inside the Ecilop spaceship.

Marcus jumped up from his seat and ran to the door. He waved a hand over the small pad. The door whished opened.

The sound of birds singing in the trees was heard. It was a sound that brought tears to their eyes.

They all rushed out of the Ecilop spaceship.

They stood in the front yard of Marvin’s cabin.

Marcus looked up at the sky. “Fuck you,” he said while he flipped the sky the bird.

Karen looked up at the sky. She flipped it the bird.

Marvin, Stanley, and Dale joined in and flipped the sky the bird.

Marcus looked saddened. “Let’s pray for our fellow Rocking Rangers,” he said while he looked down at the ground and closed his eyes.

Karen, Marvin, Dale, and Stanley closed their eyes.

They all silently prayed.

The Aftermath

A day had passed.

All the Rocking Rangers including Galvin that stowed away in the Alien spaceships were killed inside the motherships. Even though they were killed, their mission was a huge success. They were able to dispense their formaldehyde devices and the Aliens started slowly dying a painful death.

Two weeks had passed.

All available observatories on Earth had their telescopes zeroed in on the four motherships. They spent two weeks monitoring for any activity.

In Washington, DC, President Westwood called with his civilian and military advisors in the conference room in the White House.

“What’s going on up there?” President Westwood asked while he looked at the faces around the table.

“It’s been quiet. All of our observatories haven’t seen any activity with those large spaceships. Nothing since the meeting at the Biltmore,” Jeremy said.

NASA Administrator Spade nodded in agreement.

Russell nodded in agreement. “We haven’t seen a single spaceship land back on Earth since they all left just before the Biltmore meeting,” he added.

A smile grew on the face of President Westwood while he glanced at all of the faces around the table. “I believe our Rocking Rangers succeeded,” he said then banged the table in joy. “Yep, they succeeded!”

“Plus I also feel we should let the world know what happened,” Jeremy added.

“Correct,” President Westwood replied to Jeremy.

“Sir, we also have reports of a few of the Alien spaceships being left behind. Apparently that formaldehyde killed the Aliens. We’re getting the ones left on our soil over to our laboratory to be analyzed,” Russell told the President.

“Did Russia and China get some?” President Westwood asked.

Russell nodded in agreement.

“Figures,” President Westwood responded a little disappointed.

“Sir, I would like to discuss a plan to get those four large spaceships farther away from Earth,” General Grace said.

General Grace started to discuss his plans.

Two days had passed.

The only way to pass on the news was the old fashioned way – the newspapers.

The headlines of all the newspapers around the world were “Aliens Wanted Humans For Food.”

Included in the article about the Rocking Rangers saving the day was the pictures taken by Marcus, Jake, and Dale.

The world was stunned over the fact that the Aliens duped them into believing they were here to help.

The Rocking Rangers were deemed heroes by all nations of the world.

Two more weeks passed.

Another American Rocket Company rocket launched from Cape Canaveral, Florida for a special mission.

A new NASA SLS rocket launched from the Kennedy Space Center in Florida.

Two Russian rockets launched from Russia.

Two Chinese rockets launched from China.

Two French rockets launched from South America.

Two days had passed.

The Eagle capsule raced to the Redael mothership.

The capsule had a special adapter that looked like a push bar device.

The capsule slowed down.

The Eagle capsule slowly moved toward the Redael mothership.

The Orion capsule with a special push bar device flew to another location on the Redael mothership.

The push bar device of the Eagle capsule came in contact with the mothership.

The push bar device of the Orion capsule came in contact with the mothership at another location.

The engines of the Eagle capsule fired.

The engines of the Orion capsule fired.

The Redael mothership slowly started to move.

The engines of the Eagle and Orion capsules continued to fire.

The Redael mothership slowly moved away from Earth.

Meanwhile, the same event happened with the other three motherships.

The Russian capsules pushed the Seruc mothership away from Earth.

The French capsules pushed the Reluah mothership away from Earth.

The Chinese capsules pushed the Srecrofne mothership away from Earth.

Two weeks had passed and it was a beautiful sunny day in Washington, DC.

Back at the South Lawn of the White House, President Westwood held a special ceremony with the press. In attendance of this meeting was Vice President Ned Andrews, Lynn Westwood the First Lady, Marcus, Dale, Karen, Marvin, Stanley, and all of the other surviving Rocking Rangers from the United States.

A large display board was in position to the side. This board had pictures of all the Rocking Rangers assumed to have died while getting rid of the Aliens. Galvin, Jake, and Michael were the first two pictures on display as fallen heroes.

Around fifty people were in attendance of this ceremony including Russ and Julie Paxton and Nancy.

Russ was once again proud of his son and forgave him for his past life. Also in attendance in the back row were Kathleen and Thomas Winston. She also forgave Marcus for his past life.

During the ceremony, Dale was in his Army dress uniform. He was awarded the Medal of Honor for his participation in saving Earth from the Aliens. He was also promoted to Sergeant Major.

Karen, Marvin, and Stanley were awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom for their participation in saving Earth from the Aliens.

President Westwood saved Marcus for last.

President Westwood walked over to Marcus with a large vanilla envelope.

“I’ve been briefed on your situation and because of some information that was provided by Sergeant First Class Connie Akins, I am going to revoke your dishonorable discharge,” President Westwood told Marcus.

Marcus looked at the audience and saw SFC Connie Akins sitting next to General Reynolds. She looked ashamed of herself.

“And if you would so desire, I would like to reinstate you back into the United States Army with the rank of Sergeant Major,” President Westwood said then reached inside the envelope and pulled out a pair of Sergeant Major stripes.

“Yes sir,” Marcus replied then snapped out a salute.

President Westwood saluted Marcus. He then removed a Medal of Honor and presented it to Marcus.

Russ and Julie’s eyes welled up.

Kathleen’s eyes welled up.

Marcus’ eyes welled up but he tried to hide the fact that he got emotional.

President Westwood went down the line and presented all the other surviving Rocking Rangers with their Presidential Medal of Freedom medals.

The ceremony was over ten minutes later.

Nancy rushed over to Dale and gave him a kiss the cheek.

SFC Akins rushed over to Marcus.

“Ah, I’m so sorry for not telling the truth years ago,” she said while she looked down at the floor still ashamed of her actions.

Marcus looked at her for a few seconds. “I forgive you and glad you finally told what really happened,” he replied with a warm smile when she looked up at him.

“They wanted to court-martial Colonel Talbert, but he went AWOL a few weeks ago,” SFC Akins said.

Marcus smiled hoping that the Aliens got him.

“Thanks again,” Marcus said then extended his hand.

SFC Akins shook Marcus’ hand.

Russ and Julie walked over to Marcus.

“I better leave,” SFC Akins said then walked away.

“I’m so proud of you, son,” Russ said then gave Marcus a handshake.

Julie gave Marcus a hug and kiss on the cheek.

Marcus looked at his father and knew he would never say he was sorry for disowning him. But he knew he forgave him for what happened. Then Marcus saw Kathleen and Thomas standing six feet away.

Kathleen knelt down by Thomas. “That man is your really daddy,” she told him.

Thomas looked at Marcus for a few seconds.

Marcus walked over and knelt down by Thomas.

“Hello son,” he said with a warm smile.

Thomas looked at Marcus and was a little unsure of this sudden news. “Hi dad,” he replied.

Marcus shook Thomas’ hand while his eyes welled up.

Karen walked over to Marcus. Her eyes welled up at the sight of Marcus and Thomas.

Six months had passed.

Back in Arizona, government scientists had the Rexif and Ecilop spaceships in their secret laboratory.

They feverously worked on duplicating and understanding the highly advanced technology of the Aliens.

The same thing occurred over in Russia, England, and Germany.

At the Arlington Cemetery in Washington, DC Marcus wears his Army uniform and glances at Jake's headstone. His eyes welled up.

Way off in the universe, the Reluah Eno landed back at the planet Snaicitlop on their designated flightline.

King Chirlark was at the official opening of the spaceship's cargo doors. The King's eyes widened with joy at the sight of all the packaged meat.

"Place this in storage and I'll have some tonight," King Chirlark said to his assistant Nederk.

Nederk snapped his heals and rushed off to get some assistance.

King Chirlark rushed off and salivated at the mouth while he thought about his human meal.

A few days later, Reluah Owt landed on the flightline and King Chirlark jumped for joy at the sight of the second harvest.

"Contact Sandark. Tell him he has my permission to be King of Earth," King Chirlark said while he salivated over the sight of the packaged human meat.

Nederk snapped his heals and rushed off.

King Chirlark rushed off in another direction toward his floating mansion.

Some more days had passed and King Chirlark sat in his floating throne in a large room.

Nederk rushed into the room and over to King Chirlark.

"Sir, still no contact with Sandark," Nederk said.

"Not yet?" King Chirlark looked concerned.

"No."

Alien Ehirlink rushed into the room.

"Sir, we have Reluah's Eerht and Rouf are landing now," Ehirlink said.

"What great harvest!" King Chirlark said while he jumped down off his throne.

He ran to the door.

Nederk and Ehrlink ran after King Chirlark.

A little while later, King Chirlark waited on the flightline while four other Aliens opened up the cargo doors of Reluah's Eerht and Rouf.

They were a little surprised when Reluah Eerht only had ten packaged humans and Reluah Rouf only had three packaged humans. One of the packaged humans in Reluah Eerht was Colonel Harold Talbert.

"I'll demote Sandark down to Sub-Junior Commander," King Chirlark yelled.

All of a sudden, the smell of formaldehyde started to fill their nostrils.

King Chirlark bent over in pain and gave a high-pitched girlish scream.

Nederk and Ehrlink bent over and started with their high-pitched girlish screams.

The other four Aliens soon buckled over with high-pitched girlish screams.

They all dropped to the ground in extreme pain.

They were dead in two hours.

The next day caused the death of thousands of other Aliens before the formaldehyde dissipated to levels that were not lethal.

The remaining Aliens were too scared to try another mission to Earth.

They decided to search other planets for a food harvest without a threatening species.

Back on Earth, Marcus and Karen are married. Marcus vowed never to turn into a drunk again.

The rebuilding started all around the world.