

THE
ELDRONIAN
GÈRYE

Excerpt

Chapter 1

In the frigid vacuum we call space; the lifeless moon hovers over planet earth, which hangs in the distance, a mere two hundred and thirty-eight thousand miles away. The vibrant colors of blues and whites from the planet give life to the silent void.

From out of nowhere, a non-descriptive object emerges from behind the moon. It glides through the weightlessness of space at great speed and zips by the celestial body; heading toward earth.

Meanwhile on earth, hundreds upon hundreds of twinkling vibrant stars litter the unhampered dark desert sky, which embrace the stark and fanciful tableau of the Mojave Desert.

The Goldstone Deep Space Complex, a self-efficient government installation, is perfectly situated in the emptiness with no sign of civilization for several miles in every direction.

A cluster of satellite dishes and antennas pierce the sky to receive and send hush-hush and profound information.

Inside the establishment a tomb-like silence fills the air and harsh fluorescent lighting illuminates the room.

Banks of several high tech electronic machines, computers, and monitors of all sorts fill the room.

Christopher Monroe, a thirty-year-old boffin, clad in a Kobe Bryant Lakers jersey, his eyeglasses atop his head, dozes in a chair with his legs sprawled on a table.

All of a sudden, shrill beeps pierce the silence and echoes throughout the room.

Christopher wakes up with a start, nearly falling from the chair. He rushes through the jungle of machines finding one beep-beep-beep-beeping.

“Oh, holy shit!” Christopher shouts out.

A green dot moves across the blue monitor screen. An elated Christopher snatches up a telephone, punches in a number, and presses the phone to his ear, "Get me Jack Shiver... chop-chop."

Christopher pauses as he listens to the person on the other end telling him that Jack is not available. "Where is he?" Christopher demands to know.

Jack Shiver, an older man in his fifties with graying blonde hair, no-nonsense, stands in a dim, confined and eerie chamber. He is a super-grade level black ops operator in the employ of the Extraterrestrial Police Unit, E.P.U for short.

The E.P.U is an ultra-secret branch of the Department of Defense tasked with gathering and monitoring data on extraterrestrial undertakings and taking apt action if need be.

He is dressed in the trademark dark Armani suit required for each one of the E.P.U agents.

Jack supervises the 'wiping' of fourteen citizens, ranging in ages from eight-years-old to early-eighties, lying on steel tables, hooked-up to a myriad of peculiar looking machines.

Scientists in white lab coats and several E.P.U security men, clad in black SWAT uniforms conduct the memory eradication method.

An E.P.U agent in his late twenties and dressed in the E.P.U dark suit enters the room and stands next to Jack. The agent keeps his sights trained at the citizens. "Sir," the agent pauses as he cringes at the sight of a young boy going through the wiping procedure.

"Yes?" Jack replies while keeping his attention toward the next room.

"They need you at Goldstone," the agent replies as he faces Jack, "They've got a hit!"

With that news, Jack turns and heads for the door while the agent keeps his attention glued to the victims.

"Sir, that is a lot of people," the agent says a little uneasy and turns his attention to Jack, "What did they witness?"

Jack stops inches from the door and looks at the agent, "They witnessed our test flight of a captured alien spacecraft," Jack says.

"I just enjoy watching rubes getting wiped," Jack adds with a ruggedly handsome grin as he glances at another set of citizens going through the wiping of their minds. Jack then exits the room.

Hours later, back at the Goldstone Deep Space Complex, Christopher and several techies work on their computers and talk on the telephones while two techs argue amongst each other.

“Bullshit, it was a ghost!” the first techie yells out. “A false beep,” he adds.

“Bogus beep my ass!” the second techie replies. “We – got – one,” the second techie adds in a stern voice, trying to make his point.

The door bursts open, and Jack enters with authority that command respect. The two techies hush up and take their seats at their stations. Christopher jumps from his chair to greet Jack. “Sir,” Christopher says with a smile, unable to contain his exuberance.

Jack surveys the room and sees everyone working their asses off; he then turns to Christopher. “You have a location on the object?” Jack demands.

Christopher takes a minute realizing that Jack does not share the same excitement as he does.

“As I tried to explain to you on the phone...” Christopher begins explaining the reason he does not have the location of the object, but Jack interrupts him.

“I just heard sputter and stutter. Spit it out, do you have a location or not?” Jack demands an answer.

“We have a ball park,” Christopher answers in a hesitant tone of voice.

His demeanor changes from excited to nervous because he hates to be the bearer of unpleasant news, especially when it comes to Jack.

“Yankee Stadium is a ball park. I want those coordinates now,” Jack commands.

“It disappeared as fast as it appeared. It was not up long enough for our computers to tag it,” Christopher replies.

Jack walks pass Christopher and stands at a control station where the first techie sits.

“Christopher, if I do not have those coordinates in one minute flat you will be working at Kinko’s,” Jack says in a threatening manner as stare icily at Christopher.

Christopher hustles and shoulders his way to a control panel, he keys information into the computer as Jack watches him.

Meanwhile, in the outskirts of New Mexico, a black SUV is stationed outside a seven eleven store, which doubles as a gas shop - the only one in this desert road.

Frank Cowan, a conscious-stricken black ops operator in his late thirties, clad in the signature E.P.U black Armani suit, sits behind the wheel staring at a photo.

The photo is of Angela, a curly-headed brunette in her late twenties, posing seductively on a beach. A pleasurable memory comes over Frank. It was a fun time, but several lifetimes ago.

He looks up from the worn photo sticking out of his wallet and looks through his windshield into the seven-eleven shop where he sees...

Angela, looking slight older than in the picture, as she works the cash register while attending to a pair of truckers who have stopped to buy snacks and coffee before continuing on their truck route.

Tears swell in Frank's tired, red-rimmed eyes and his cell phone rings, taking his attention away from Angela. He answers it. "Yeah?" Frank says into the cell phone.

"Frank, is your team ready?" Jack's filtered voice utters from the other end.

"We're the tip of the spear, chief." Frank stares at Angela as he responds dryly.

"Standby," Jack pauses while he waits to get an answer from Christopher, then his voice says, "The location is in the Chihuahuan Desert, Frank, get your team there yesterday."

"Consider me there," Frank replies without any hesitation.

"Watch your dimpled six. We do not know what we're dealing with, yet," Jack barks his final order, and his voice gets cut off from the other end.

Frank pockets his cell phone into his suit blazer. He takes a last look at Angela before he cranks the car key, and his truck comes to life. Frank puts the vehicle in gear and it peels away on the darkened desert road.

The Chihuahuan Desert located in Dulce, New Mexico is a wide-open, brush filled landscape; nothing in the middle of nowhere, a tranquil place for miles.

A black military-style helicopter roars through the night sky breaking the quaint serene silence and banks a sharp left turn at a great speed.

A few miles into the Chichuahuan Desert, the helicopter lands, kicking up dust and debris. The back door slides open and Frank climbs out. He leans forward to avoid from getting decapitated by the rotating rotors. He looks around and spots a forty-foot earthen embankment obscuring something.

“Sir,” a voice calls out off to the side. Frank looks to see...

Michael, a young Caucasian man in his late twenties, rugged soldierly-bearing, walks toward Frank. He wears the E.P.U's black SWAT garb. Emblazoned on the chest of the vest is the insignia of the E.P.U: a ferocious bald eagle clutching Earth in its talons.

“We sealed off a ten mile perimeter, and we’re jamming the police radio frequencies for another fifty miles,” Michael eagerly reports trying to show Frank his initiative actions.

“Of course you are,” Frank replies in a detached voice. He is unimpressed with Michael’s actions. “What are we looking at?”

“It will be better if you see it for yourself,” Michael replies, pointing toward the embankment up ahead.

Frank turns his attention to the crash site and the two men crest up the earthen embankment a few feet high. Once at the top, Frank becomes in awe at the sight of a damaged spacecraft embedded in a crater.

The vessel is sleek as a sword, matte black in color, and appears to be constructed of mysterious alloy material. Several techies, in white bio-hazard suits, are busy analyzing the craft.

“Any life forms or did Will Smith beat us to them?” Frank asks in a dry humorous tone of voice.

Michael does not catch Frank’s attempt for a joke. “Nothing yet, sir,” the young agent replies.

“Agent Cowan,” a voice grabs Frank’s attention. Lawrence, a middle-aged African American, and clad in a biohazard suit approaches Frank and Michael as he carries the suit’s hood under his arm. He is the lead location scientist for the E.P.U.

“What do you have, Larry?” Frank asks, briefly forgetting Lawrence’s name.

“Lawrence, sir,” Lawrence corrects Frank. “For the most part, the craft is intact with minimal radiation emitting around it, except,” Lawrence pauses as he glances at the spacecraft.

“You’re a tease, Larry,” Frank says, again calling Lawrence by the wrong name, but he stops to correct himself. “I mean Lawrence. Come on... give”.

“We found a hatch door the on starboard side of the craft,” Lawrence hesitates with a cat-that-swallowed-the-canary grin.

“Damn, you are a tease. I should be slipping dollars into your g-string,” Frank replies with a chuckle.

“It seemed to be opened from the inside, not from the force of the landing,” Lawrence continues.

“My men performed three grid searches in a three mile radius. No visitors found – dead or alive,” Michael adds.

“You know four is my lucky number,” Frank suggests.

“Roger that, sir,” Michael replies and keys his radio as he leaves.

“This is King Five to all King elements, resume grid search, and expand it one mile,” Michael orders the other E.P.U swat agents.

Frank turns to Lawrence, “Get this baby ready for transport, Larry.” Frank says - calling Lawrence by the wrong name once more. Is he being humorous or is he just trying to irritate Lawrence?

Lawrence, not amused by Frank’s banter, shoots the agent a frustrated look, and marches away toward the craft.

Frank takes out his cell phone from his blazer and dials. “Jack, I have good news and severe news. Good news, I’m at the crash site, and we have secured the location,” Frank says.

“The bad news is we have an alien, or two dozen... maybe hostile on the loose, and mankind may be doomed to death or enslavement,” Frank continues.

After Frank listens for a moment, he ends the call and pockets his cell phone back into his suit blazer. He glances around, and notices everyone is busy with their tasks.

Frank then takes this opportunity and slyly produces an untraceable cell phone from his pants pocket and insidiously records the events.

Afterwards he dials a number on the phone while keeping his eyes on his men.

Carlos, a mysterious older gentleman in his late fifties, an eccentric recluse, stands in a small rustic kitchen of a cabin located somewhere in the woods of Colorado. Several hurricane lamps illuminate the room giving it a warm and welcoming feeling.

On a wooden table are four lemons, a pitcher, a jug containing a mysterious translucent liquid, and a bowl of sugar.

Carlos cuts into a lemon as he makes lemonade, when his cell phone buzzes, grabbing his attention. He reaches a nearby table where his cell phone continues to light up and vibrate. He answers it. "One Hung Low restaurant. Me take order?" Carlos jokes into the phone.

"Tonto, I'm sending you material hot off the presses," Frank's voice says from the other line.

"Like your Momma, I'm open for business, Kimo Sabe," Carlos replies as he squeezes more lemons into the pitcher.

He ends the call and pours a small amount of the mysterious translucent liquid from the jug into the pitcher and scatters a teaspoon of sugar to complete his lemonade.

His cell phone vibrates again; this time indicating of an incoming message. He picks it up, looks at the screen, and notices a video sent from Frank's burner cell phone.

Carlos stirs the lemonade in the pitcher, pours himself a glass, and exits the kitchen carrying both his cell phone and the cup of lemonade.

Carlos enters a warm and large opulent living room. The heads of stuffed animals ranging from bears, bobcats, and deer decorate the walls. He walks over to a corner where a laptop rests on top of a small wooden computer desk. He grabs the usb cable, which is attached to the laptop and connects it to his cell phone. As he waits for the information to be transferred, he takes a sip of his lemonade, and a look of satisfaction comes over him. "Ah, lemonade and moonshine... the drinks of champions," Carlos says to himself.

After a moment, he presses a button on the laptop and the image of the spacecraft at the Chihuahuan Desert crash site pops up on the screen.

Carlos hits a keystroke on the keyboard; the still image then changes to a video showing Lawrence and the other E.P.U scientists prepping the alien craft for travel.

He lets out a devious smirk as he takes a sip of his lemonade.

It is three o'clock in the morning in New York City. The stillness of the night lingers throughout the city with only a few cars driving through the streets.

Anna Gonzales, a twenty year old troubled girl-next-door, drenched in sweat and breathing hard, wakes from a nightmare in her small and cozy college dorm room.

The bright moonlight streams through the small spaces of the blinds. She turns on a small table lamp, grabs a few colored pencils and drawing paper, and without delay begins to draw.

Anna's roommate, Tina, in her twenties, sticks her sleepy head out from under the covers. "No, I don't need much sleep," Tina murmurs to herself as she looks around and sees Anna sitting at a small table across the room.

"Anna, what the hell?" Tina asks, frustrated by the blinding light hitting her face.

"Had to get something out of my mind... just had to," Anna keeps her eyes staring downwards, enthralled with her drawing.

"Is it the dream again?" Tina asks.

Anna continues drawing without responding to her roommate; her hands move as lighting as she tries to jot down every detail while the image is fresh in her head.

Tina, frustrated with being awakened, raises her voice trying to get her friend's attention, "Anna."

Anna glances at her roommate and says, "Sorry, Tina. I have to do this," Anna then returns back to her drawing.

Tina frowns and hides her head under the blanket, again.

Anna takes a quick pause and studies what she has completed of the painting thus far.

It is of a distinct forest with two giant moons hovering over the horizon, and the surrounding trees are bare; as if a nuclear bomb exploded and disintegrated everything in sight.

Anna shakes her head, unsure of what to make out of the drawing, but she continues to draw.

Somewhere in the Chihuahuan Desert, several miles from the crash site an E.P.U helicopter drones overhead with its spotlight canvassing the night desert landscape. Once the helicopter flies by, Grizel, an alien invader, encased in a black multi-plated alloy outfit from head-to-toe, emerges from behind a tree.

Grizel scans the expanse and passes its right hand over a six-inch long metal bracelet on its left arm. The device lights up with an LCD screen and buttons. Grizel touches a button making a light-blue colored 3-D holographic image of Earth project upwards from her the mechanism.

Grizel adjusts the hologram with its finger, zooming in on an aerial view of the North American Continent where an intermittent dim lit pulse shines on the east coast. The image retracts back into the contraption and the alien presses another button.

Within a second, Grizel's multi-plated suit peels and disappears into the bracelet revealing a statuesque female being with scarlet-hued eyes and cat-like pupils.

A strange hieroglyphic tattoo is embedded above her left eyebrow and she wears a body-hugging black leather outfit. Grizel looks around for a moment in a vigilant manner; she then walks away confidently disappearing into the dark landscape.