

Untold History: Phase Two

By
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Prologue

In the darkness of the womb, Magi Eritrea opened his eyes again.

He stretched inside the woman that would soon give birth to a leader, his tiny legs and arms kicking against the wall of his cellular prison. For the first time, his mind began to retrace the steps of his past, calling up images of importance.

He saw the Alien's coming in their craft, creating the world he had previously inhabited. He saw the world grow, people being born and the long line of Magi's that came before him. There the image stopped, a mother holding her baby, knowing that one day he would be a great man, like all mothers do.

Now the image of Indonesia flashed into his mind and he began to remember the plot they created together so that they could be free from the Alien's that had enslaved them for generations. A green light filled the womb and he shielded his eyes with his fully formed hands. He saw the face of a boy, little Russia, smiling at his master and a great sadness washed over the foetal Magi. Now he saw the world in which he knew disappear in a flash of flames, taking all his people with them. He kicked out in anger, feeling the pain of his people.

His tiny eyes closed inside the boy. He would be safe here, hidden deep in the dark recess of the unborn child's mind, waiting for his time to come.

Chapter 1

There was a chair sitting in the corner of the room waiting for me when I arrived, but I did not sit. Instead I wondered around, my eyes moving over the titles printed on the spines of each of the books that lined the room, shelf after shelf, row upon row.

I had read all the books, more than once, studying each of them, reading from cover to cover, absorbing their knowledge and wisdom. Without a doubt, I knew more on the subject of Alien civilizations than anybody else did.

The room was my father's study, as I remembered it, but it remained securely locked away in my mind, safe from the hands who would wish to use the knowledge as if it were power, which of course it was. No, I needed to keep it hidden from view of the Aliens themselves whose visitations had intensified since I had activated a hidden message on an Alien disk. Now the Alien's came in search of Magi Eritrea, their most humble of servants.

As I moved around the room, out the corner of my eyes, I saw something new. It was a book. I moved closer, the title swimming into focus.

Phase Two it said. I looked at it with puzzled amazement.

I wasn't just sure of it I *knew* the book had not been there before.

My hand reached out to take the book from the shelf, but my fingers could not grasp it, falling straight through.

As I opened my eyes and the vision faded, my mind played the scene over again. I saw the book, *Phase Two*, it proclaimed. This was the biggest change in my nightly sleep cycle since I'd stopped dreaming of the pyramids in favour of the study, four years ago now.

Something was happening, something big.

2

Randall lounged in his seat, his feet up on his desk with a cup of spent coffee to one side. Behind him his computer screen bled into the darkened room. During the night was the best time to run queries through the mainframe computer system without other researchers stealing his processing time, nevertheless, he hated it.

His heavy eyelids slammed shut as he read the data before him, the words and numbers blurring. After a moment his hands began to sag as he drifted into sleep and then the snoring began.

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His eyes fluttered open and he stared out into a strange red glowing world. It took him a moment to realise it was the computer screen behind him projecting into the darkness of the laboratory. He shifted his weight in the chair and closed his eyes once again.

As the strange red glow began to settle in his mind, it struck him as odd and he sat bolt upright, wide-awake now. He spun round to see the red screen on his monitor. In the centre, written in a flashing white font were the words *Signal found!*

“Awesome!” He shrieked into the emptiness and then he began to bounce up and down, hopping from one foot to the next. He’d done it. After four long years he’d finally found what they’d been looking for, an Alien transmission.

He grabbed the telephone and dialled.

“Ross Mayfield,” a voice of gravel answered.

3

I sat on the edge of the bed, shivering.

Winter was coming, and its icy hand was already sweeping across the night. My breath clung to the air, visible as I let out a quivering sigh. I hadn't set the heating controls yet, and the house was chilled. Everything cast long black shadows as the darkness lurked outside.

When I looked across to the clock, it read 5:12.

I pushed myself off the bed, and grabbed my gown from the back of the door and made my way into the hall, feeling my way along the wall. My fried brain complemented my burning eyes which seared with the heat of a thousand striking flames. In the kitchen, I set down on a stool and rubbed my eyes.

My morning ritual was complete.

Life wasn't easy. Since I'd been put on 'garden leave' from the Space Agency of Russia and America, SARA, which I knew to be a very thin veil of deceit in an attempt to keep a close watch of me, I'd lost the ability to dream of my tranquil place, the long deserted pyramids in a world which I now knew was once my home, a Alien colony on our moon.

I was a liability, they'd told me, but I was no such thing.

Sure I had stolen the Alien spacecraft, Stingray, from the SARA facilities in Dunsford, Devon, but I intended to return it to them. I had merely borrowed the craft, taking my co-pilot Maggie and leaving our planet behind for an extended period. With Alien UFO sightings and abductions on the increase every week, the men at the top of SARA refused to allow my so-called reckless behaviour. I knew too much, and that's why they kept me under such careful scrutiny.

Without my tranquil place, I found myself waking up early in the morning, feeling anything but refreshed and it had slowly driven me into a dark place of despair over the course of four very long years. I felt myself slipping deeper day by day;

drifting yet further into the dark abyss from where I knew the word 'return' was only a fantasy.

Naturally a man in my state turned to alcohol to wash away the notion that I was slipping into my deserted world of insanity. These days it was the only thing to chase the darkness away, keeping it at bay and allowing myself to roam free in the knowledge that resided in my mind.

I sat frozen at the kitchen counter, my eyes sore and swollen, blackened by my sheer lack of care. My skin was limp and grey, lifeless. My tan had long since faded. I touched my forehead and felt the chill gnarling at me.

With all the life of a dead goldfish, I went to the boiler and flicked the heating on. I thought maybe some warmth would bring some colour to my skin, but it never did.

The phone began to ring, calling me, breaking the silence of my morning cycle and shaking my bones to the core. I ignored it.

"That told you." I hissed once the blurt-blurt of the phone had stopped and then I staggered out of the kitchen and into the lounge.

4

I lay on the sofa, morbidly observing the television screen, but not really paying any attention to it. I heard a car coming up the gravel driveway, the crunch of the stones beneath the tyres was unmistakable. I glanced at the clock.

That wasn't right. Curious. I wasn't expecting anyone. In fact, I hadn't seen anyone for months. Nobody came to my house anymore. My cleaner had fled two years ago, and my mum only ever called, but that call wasn't due for another month yet.

Then I remembered the phone calls. I shook my head it didn't make sense.

I remained on the sofa, out of sight from the window. Whoever it was would grow tired of waiting soon enough and would clatter back down the driveway. I could sit them out. I'd had lots of practise.

Car doors slammed outside, so I knew there was more than one. Then I heard the unmistakable crunch of footfalls on the gravel, the patter as they came up the steps, and there it was, the doorbell rang.

I lay still. The television was only quiet in the background, and once again, couldn't been seen from the windows. The doorbell rang again and then I heard the letterbox clattering.

Why did these people come to bother me? Couldn't they respect a man's peace and quiet? My eyes rolled, but I remained still and lifeless, as I had done for the last few hours of the morning.

The noise didn't stop, and after five minutes of the banging, I grew weary of it. I grabbed some cushions and buried my head in them. As soon as I stopped moving, the noises started to filter through.

"For pity sake," I yelled unable to ignore the insensate ringing.

The doorbell continue to ring and the letter box rattled and clattered. I got to my feet and staggered to the door, stopping short. The ringing continued.

I grabbed the latch and flung the door open.

"What?" I boomed, looking the figure up and down. "Whatever you are selling, I don't want it." I let out.

"Mark?" The man said, I did not recognise him. Over his shoulder I saw another man inside the dark car. After a moment I saw his face, it was Randall, and that meant only one thing. The man standing before me was also from SARA.

5

“Why are you here?” I asked after a few minutes of silence, still standing on just in the doorway, blocking the entrance. “I don’t remember inviting you down here.”

“Well you wouldn’t answer your phone!” Ross said, shaking his head. “Ross Mayfield,” he said holding his hand out. I didn’t shake it. “May I come in?” I hesitated, deciding my course of action. “We just need to talk with you for a little while, unless you’ve got somewhere else to be.”

I sighed.

“I don’t suppose I can say no, you’ll only ring the bell off the wall.”

I stepped back and let him in. I saw Randall watching from the car, he waved, I nodded back as I closed the door. As Ross followed me into my lounge, I knew he was making judgements about me, seeing the sprawled mess. There were empty bottle of liquor dropped haphazard across the floor. Clothes spewed out of piles of rubbish and junk. Even I could see I wasn’t keeping well.

“I’d offer you a drink...” I trailed off as I sat, shrugging.

“I’ll get to the point,” he said, remaining standing. “I am here to reactivate you.” Ross said.

“Why?” I wanted to know. “It’s been four years.” I felt anger rising in my chest and a thick taste of bilious acid leapt at the back of my throat. “Do you know what that does to a man.” He shook his head, but it was obvious from the look on his face that he saw all the evidence in that one room. “I doubt I have anything to offer that SARA need now.”

“Last week the Alien Research and Development programme intercepted an Alien transmission.”

“What does that have to do with me?” I wanted to know. I felt a slight hint of intrigue, but most of all, I still felt anger at the interruption and inconvenience of the visit.

“I am told you are the expert on our Alien visitors,” Ross said. “I expect you to report to SARA tomorrow for a full briefing.” He turned away and then looked back. “Do smarten yourself up.” He said and then showed himself out.

The front door snapped closed and a few moments later I heard the car crunching down the driveway away from my house. And then I found myself in the silence of my deserted, broken world.

*

“That man is a mess,” Ross said as he drove. “He looks like a broken man.”

“He is,” Randall said. “His whole purpose in life was to rediscover humanities roots, and he did that.” He looked to Ross. “I really believe we need him. It’s in his blood, just like his father.”

“Ah Leon,” Ross nodded. “He sometimes knew where the Alien UFOs were going to appear before they did. It was like he could feel it in his blood.” Randall nodded. “We will have to keep a close eye on him.”

“We will,” Randall agreed, nodding. “I am certain he will be able to decipher the meanings of the images hidden inside the transmissions. He understands more about the Alien civilization than anybody.”

“I hope your right on this one.”

“I’m always right,” Randall smiled with the triumph of an eccentric.

6

I would have slept on it, but you know how it is.

Sleep would not come. I finally caved at 2, and climbed out of bed. The kitchen was ice cold when I got there and I tightened the belt of my dressing gown.

My head was spinning, and I had to close my eyes to calm it down. I sipped at a rather sweet tea I had made and felt the burning liquid moving its way down my throat and into my stomach. After a moment, I reached for the cupboard and grabbed out the nearest bottle of whiskey.

I pulled the lid off and smelt the sweet scent as I raised the bottle to pour.

I stopped, and my eyes opened.

What was I doing?

“No.” I commanded. My hand lowered the bottle back to the work counter. “You will do me no good.” I cursed the bottle. My hand, in a final ditch attempt to make me drink, brought the bottle closer to my face so that the intoxicating aroma filled my nostrils. “*NO!*” I shouted, dashing the bottle to the floor.

The glass bottle smashed, covering the floor with inexpensive whiskey and needle sharp shards.

I jumped from the seat, knocking my cup sending hot tea everywhere.

“I gotta get outta here.” I shook my head and ran from the room, leaving the kitchen for the mice to clean. I took a shower, dressed and then packed an overnight bag with my only remaining clean clothes.

Chapter 2

At the security gates, I rolled my car to a halt. There was a man sitting inside the little booth. After a moment he nodded towards me, picking up his clipboard as he stood and made his way over to me. As he approached, I wound down the window.

“I’m here to see Ross Mayfield,” I said without missing a beat.

“Is he expecting you?” I nodded. “May I take your name?”

“Mark.” I said. “Mark Besant.”

“Wait here.” The guard disappeared back into his station and made a phone call. I tapped the steering wheel, feeling a little impatient. I knew once I was inside the gates I would feel much better, it was like the gates stopped everything, including my life outside.

I looked into the distance, seeing the rolling hills which had once enchanted me. Now they looked at me with scorn in the bleakness of the low hanging rain laden clouds.

My attention turned back to the security guard, who I saw was still on the phone, his hands waving around in argument. I thought it was obvious from the protracted discussion he was having that Ross hadn’t submitted security clearance for me. Whilst he had told me of my reactivation, I felt he had not expected me to appear. I had felt him judging me. I began to chew my lip, had I done the right thing?

He dropped the phone to its cradle. A moment later he waved towards me.

“Here is your security pass. You will be met at the door.”

“Thank you.” I said. A moment later the heavy metal gate began to slide open and I rolled the car through and into the SARA compound.

*

“Glad you could join us,” Ross said offering his hand. If he was harbouring doubts about me, I couldn’t see them and I took his hand in mine, giving it a firm shake.

“I’ll take you to the conference room.” I follow him through a set of security doors and down a long corridor. I recognised it, nothing had changed.

“Take a seat,” he said showing me in. “I won’t be a minute. Can I get you anything?”

“No,” I said, making myself comfortable. “Thanks.”

After he left me, I found my thoughts returning to the Constellation mission. I remembered viewing the earth and moon from high up in orbit. Everything seemed so tiny, so far away, yet so crystal clear. Then when we arrived at our landing site on the moon, I’d seen the pyramids that haunted my dreams since I was a child.

It all came flooding back and I couldn’t stop the tears from forming.

An image flashed into my mind, the lifeless crew of the Constellation heaped before me, Thacker, the then Administrator for SARA, standing in front of me, his gun trained upon me. The look of hurt anger in his eyes told me I was a dead man, but I survived.

The image faded, leaving the tears to roll from my eyes.

The silence of the room collapsed in on me, the walls shrinking until it felt like I was squished inside with no hope of ever leaving.

The door burst open and I quickly wiped my eyes with the sleeve of my jumper. Randall stepped in, carrying a ream of paperwork followed by Ross. Both of them stared at me.

2

“What do I need to know?” I said, sighing, feeling the exhaustion setting in now that the adrenaline was tailing off, the excitement over. It felt like my life had gone round in one gigantic circle. “I take it I have full clearance?”

“Yes,” Ross nodded.

Randall took a few sheets from the pile of paperwork he’d carried in and pushed them in front of me on the polished table.

“These images were found inside hidden transmissions. So far we have found twenty-two of them.” Randall said. I let my eyes flit from image to image. One of them looked like a dot-to-dot of an apple, like something you might find in a children’s colouring book. Another looked like a ultrasound sonogram, I could see the foetus inside the mothers womb. “Each of the signals contains a single image.”

“Where are they coming from?”

“They are scattered around in space,” Randall said. “Each signal is from a different star, in different galaxies.”

“Why now?” I asked. “Why have you only just discovered them?”

“For some time I have been working on a Alien translation programme,” Randall said. “By running the data from the frequency searches through the translation programme I uncovered the hidden information, these images.” He pointed to the table. “We don’t know what they mean.”

I closed my eyes and put my head into my hands.

“Can we prove beyond reasonable doubt that these ‘messages’ aren’t in fact human in origin?” I wanted to know.

“What do you mean?” Ross asked, intrigued. I look up.

“Are we certain they are Alien in origin?”

“There is absolutely no chance that these messages came from Earth,” Randall said looking deep into my eyes. “Our first telecommunications from the 1920’s have reached as far as our 100 million lights years. We’re picking up signals from over 1 Billion light years away. They have been beaming down at us for millennia.”

“Since the beginning of creation,” I whispered, my finger reaching for my lip and resting there in a hushed position. “Is it possible?” I said finally looking up at Randall.

“Given what we know of the Alien civilization, we cannot rule that out.”

“These can’t just be random images,” I said shaking my head.

“Do you think someone put them there for us to find?” Ross was once again intrigued.

“I think these were meant for me,” I said with a queasy feeling in my stomach. It was all beginning again and it had just become too real for me. I felt the throb of life calling me once again, it’s dark hand reaching for me. The darkness surrounded me and not for the first time I felt trapped, my life no longer my own.

I stood and felt the rush of blood to my head, the dark flutter of butterflies flooding my vision before I dropped to the floor.

*

I opened my eyes into the very different world of my mind. Blinking, I found myself standing in my Masters, Magi Eritrea, chambers. The sun came bursting through the windows, filling the room with both a brilliant light and a warm glow.

“Hello my little Russia,” his voice came from behind. I turned to see Magi Eritrea sitting up in his bed. I nodded to him. “Is it time?” He wanted to know.

“Yes Master,” the words came from my mouth, but they were not my words, they were spoken by the little boy, Russia, from whom I descended. “It is time.”

“Oh well,” he smiled. “Every day is the dawn of a brand new age, a time to start afresh and to make good of the promises we have made.” He winked at Russia. “Tomorrow we will start all over again, with new challenges, fresh faces. Isn’t that a wonderful thought.”

As the light began to fade from the vision I realised that it was symbolic, representing Magi Eritrea’s awakening. He was coming into being, just as I had. I remembered how the genetic reconstruction of Russia inside my own DNA sprang into life, rising from the hidden murky depths, revealing itself to me in a slow transformation

If Magi Eritrea was coming into being, that meant only one thing, the sands of time were running out. Soon he would be alive in the blood of another being and if the Aliens creators who’d enslaved us in their moon colony would be back to reclaim our race.

I found myself in the middle of the war. The little boy Russia, saviour of humanity.

3

“He has a habit of doing this,” I heard a voice in the darkness. I felt the weight of my body, hauling up from the ground. My feet steadied, taking the weight and then I felt the soft padding of a chair beneath me. “He’ll be alright in a minute.”

My vision began to clear as the dark speckles dropped away and I stared out.

“I’m fine,” I waved my hand at Randall who had his hand on my shoulder. He dropped away. “It’s just all a little too much for me to take in right now.” I sighed. “I knew it wasn’t over, but I think I forgot that fact.”

“I’d say you could take as long as you need, but I’m afraid the situation is more urgent than we had anticipated,” Ross said with the shake of his head.

“What do you mean?” I wanted to know.

“Our Alien visitors have over recent weeks begun to appear in the middle of the day. Their activities have intensified tenfold, we are getting unprecedented amounts of abduction cases piling in.”

“They know he’s coming,” I said. “The genetic memory of Magi Eritrea is coming alive inside of someone, switching on like a candle in amongst the darkness. They can sense it, just like I can.”

As I watched Ross for a moment, I felt a connection with him, as if I had known him for a long time and then it was gone.

“The ball is in your court,” Ross said after a moment.

“It never left.” I said, shaking my head. In that moment, I realised the responsibility for the survival of humanity had never left me. It had always been my burden, the whole purpose to my life and I knew it was not over yet. The war was only just beginning and yet somehow it was my war to wage, the lives of the entire human race resting on my shoulders.

Sitting in the conference room, I felt a shudder stirring deep within. I had been so naïve.

*

By mid-afternoon I was exhausted. I hadn’t worked in years, able to fester more than comfortably on the salary SARA continued to pay me whilst on garden leave. Their reason for doing so were sketchy at best, but I felt my knowledge was valuable they kept it safe, under their control.

It had worked for me, for almost four years. I didn’t have to worry about bills, mortgages or anything, they took care of everything. This, I knew, how more to do

with corporate guilt, compensation for everything I had been through. Of course it also kept me from suing them for damages.

I'd lived life in luxury but the sudden change of environment and conditions had worn me out.

I retired to my room, knowing that I'd have to get on top of my exhaustion sooner rather than later. I knew it wouldn't be long before Ross expected me to produce results and when results arrived I'd be the centre of the explosive action.

There was no room for sleep in the midst of a war. The stakes were too high.

4

Curled up in bed, the covers wrapped round me up to my chin, I felt the heavy weights pulling my eyelids closed. I had four year old thoughts of my SARA adventures on my mind. The memories were solid in my mind, brought back by the reintroduction of SARA in my life, but these thoughts began to slow as I drifted off into the bliss of peaceful sleep.

My thoughts turned to dreams.

In the midst of the global chaos, as Alien UFO sightings poured in, I found myself wrapped in a cocoon, seemingly untouched by the sudden onset of the galactic wars, unable to comprehend. Even though I knew what was happening, I failed to connect with the situation, my own drama insulating me. I saw reports on the news, people who claimed to have been abducted. I knew it was true, but still I watched with dumbstruck as if it were all just a ploy.

It was a Tuesday when I finally snapped and everything fell apart.

I think it was a stupid, childish hope that I could recapture the innocence and beauty of the Constellation voyage in space. I just wasn't thinking straight, but I wasn't the only one. Maggie was with me when it happened.

Maggie joined me as co-pilot on the first flight of the fully operational Stingray craft, which my Grandfather had captured from American in 1947, Roswell. She was inside Stingray with me when I had the overwhelming urge to get out, to take the craft into the skies and find the something we had lost.

I knew it was stupid, it was plain dumb and foolish. There were Alien craft sightings across the globe and flying Stingray into that big unknown could have ended in catastrophe.

It didn't.

The four hours we were gone were pure bliss, exploring the Earth from above, seeing nature as it was intended, watching Alien spacecraft zipping through the skies and off into the dark abyss of space, knowing one day soon we would meet. I felt no remorse, hovering in the orbit of Earth. I felt nothing but the beauty of the situation.

It was a shame to end it, but both Maggie and myself knew we would have to go back to Earth, face the consequences of our actions.

Maggie was lucky, she was reassigned to a project in the Russian office of which I knew nothing about. I wasn't so lucky. The Administrator for SARA, Roger Bates, hauled me into his office. He shouted and screamed at me as he paced back and forth in his office, telling me I should know better, telling me I had been irresponsible and reckless.

It ended with a months suspension, with pay, but as the month drew to a close Bates called me into his office. He told me there had been protracted talks about what to do with me and for my own safety, it was the decision of the board that my instability would be the downfall of not only SARA but mankind and this could not be tolerated in such conditions.

It was the thought that I may never experience life outside of our planet again that brought me down to the shameful wreck I had become.

5

Randall was working late, again.

His computer screen flashed away in the background, bringing up data and trying to find patterns and matches. It was a long, complex and very dull job, which is why he had a mug of hot chocolate in one hand, a newspaper folded and open on his desk and a pen in his hand as he completed yet another crossword. It was one from two months ago, the only things he could find to keep boredom at bay.

When his workstation beeped, he thought about keeping his head down. It was probably another bug in the system, an e-mail report, or another request. He lifted his head and peered at his screen.

He dropped the pen to the paper with a half completed crossword, leaning in closer to peer at the flashing words on the screen, *Match Found*.

He called up the background process and watched as the computer pulled up one of the translated messages. Next to it, the computer pulled up an image of an electronic circuit.

Immediately Randall started hammering at his keyboard, enhancing the image and then printed off an inverted version. He raced to the printer and pulled off the print, tugging it from the rollers as it came through.

“I don’t believe it.” He could see it was clearly a modern-day circuitry diagram, one he could understand.

He cleared a space on his desk, shoving the papers that cover it onto the floor, setting the image down in the middle of the clearing. As he took a seat and slumped over the image to study it, he flicked the lights on.

As he read and translated the circuitry he began to understand what technology he was looking at. It was in an advanced form, unlike anything he had seen before, but it was definitely human in nature and design.

6

I opened my eyes into the morning light, yawning.

When I looked at the clock I saw I had slept right through, it was almost nine. I smiled, realising that I'd had slept for over eighteen impressive hours. I felt refreshed, the knowledge that I'd just come out of the best sleep I'd had since I'd been suspended from SARA.

I knew it was disturbing that I felt I needed SARA, but I didn't dwell on that point. I was too cheery to bring myself down and I thought that point had the potential to bring me crashing down with a tremendous thud. I shuddered.

As I climbed out of bed, stretching, I felt an familiar energy burning inside of me. It too, like sleep, had evaded me, but now it was back with a passion. The power of the intoxicating Jeometamorphic rock crystals that had filtered into my bloodstream, flowed through me. I had only needed to hold a piece of the rock that the technicians had named J-Power, for it to contaminate my blood. The rock was a living being, an Alien leader who had once lost his life, Anubikhanisis, but had sprung forth new life, living in everything that was the moon civilization. Deep within my genetic code remained a memory of the little boy Russia from whom I had descended and the mere touch of the rock had been enough to wake the code, rewriting my own DNA.

I knew all of this because of the study that filled my mind, the rows of books, the information they contained.

That same feel of power and energy flowed through me now, from the tips of my fingers to the souls of my feet. As I took a deep breath, I felt it tingling in my lungs and then the pure ecstasy as my lungs took the oxygenated air to fulfil my bodies needs.

I took a shower, dressed and then made my way down to the laboratory where Ross collared me.

7

I stepped into the empty lab room.

“Hello?” I called out.

“In here,” I heard Ross calling. I peered round the corner, looking into the office, Ross was in there with Randall and another man I didn’t recognise. “You’re looking better.”

I said nothing and nodded.

“Take a seat,” Randall said. “I found something last night and we need your opinion.”

“Fire away,” I said dropping into the seat next to the man I didn’t know.

“I was running another search last night, looking for Alien blocks of data, like the ones we’ve already found. I got another one,” he said pushing a sheet of paper towards me.

“What is it?” I wanted to know.

“An electronic circuit diagram,” said the man I didn’t know.

“Sorry, I don’t know you.” It came out all wrong, rude I felt, so I held out my hand. “I’m Mark Besant.”

“I should have introduced you,” Ross slapped his forehead. “Mark, meet Jason., Jason this is Mark.”

“Okay, so this is a electrical diagram for what?”

“It didn’t take me too long to figure out,” Randall had a wry smile, which I knew from experience showed how proud and self-congratulatory he was. He didn’t have a big head for it, he just knew when to show off his electrical wizardry skills.

“It’s a blueprint for building a mobile phone.”

“A mobile phone?” I repeated. “And you found that out in space?”

“Yes.” Randall nodded, still smiling.

“I feel I must ask it again, are you sure we couldn’t have sent that diagram out into space with our own transmission technologies.”

“It’s possible,” Jason nodded.

“No, it’s not!” Randall snapped at what I assumed was one of his technicians.

“It is absolutely out of the question.”

“How can you be sure?” I pushed further. “Was it like the others, beyond our transmission reaches?”

“No,” he said. “This transmission came from one of our closest stars. This generation of mobile technology has not been invented here yet.”

The room fell silent. Jason shifted in his chair, uncomfortable with the news.

“So why is it up there?” I asked breaking the silence.

“That’s where we need you,” Ross said. “We need you to tell us why we are finding these data artefacts hidden inside radio signals encoded with an Alien technology.”

8

It was a tall order and I felt the heat.

I stood above the conference room table, the images from the hidden Alien signals spread out in front of me. I looked down at three of the images, an apple, a

foetus in a womb and now there was a piece of advanced technology which looked human by design, but was not of humanities hands.

As I looked at the dot-to-dot image that was an apple, I began to fill in the lines in my mind. Soon I could see a bright red apple sitting on the table, waiting to be eaten.

Take it, I heard a rasp whisper in my mind. *Eat it, it will do you no harm.*

I reached out, taking the bright red apple in my hand and raise it to the level of my eye, peering at it's flawless skin, perfect in every way.

Just one bite, the voice came to me again. *One bite and you will feel refreshed. It will not kill you.*

I bit into the apple, feeling the crunch of the firm fruit. I felt the juice running over my tongue and then as I chewed it, the sweetness filled my soul and the wisdom of the world filled my mind.

An image flicked into my mind, the intricate paintings inside the pyramid on the moon. There were three men, each representing a different stage in the evolution of humanity, the past the present and the future.

The image faded and I found myself staring down at the three images taken from the Alien signal. I saw it clearly now, the past, the present and the future, laid out for me, and I understood.

*

"I don't know why," I said standing in front of Ross and Randall who I had gathered quickly. Jason was in the basement and I didn't have the patience to wait for his return. "But these were left here for me."

"What makes you say that?" Ross wanted to know.

“It’s the same as before,” I said looking to Randall. “Remember I told you about the hieroglyphic painting we found inside the Pyramid. One showed a man of purity, Magi Eritrea, the next showed a man of evil, Magi Indonesia, and the third showed their saviour.”

“That’s right!” Randall nodded.

“I read about that,” Ross said. “You were the third man in the painting.”

“Yes,” I nodded. “And here it is again, I held up the three images. “The apple, the human foetus and the advanced mobile phone.”

“I can see where you are going with regards to the future, but I don’t understand the others,” Ross said holding his chin in thought.

“The apple represents the beginning of time. The apple of life, of wisdom and knowledge.” I said. “This was meant for me, again, breadcrumbs leading me along the way. I discovered the knowledge, what really happened and how we came into being, that is what the apple represents.”

“And the foetus?” Randall was frowning. Both of them looked confused.

“Magi Eritrea is born again,” I said. “Gentlemen, I think this is it. This is our final warning, the final trail that leads us into the great battle, the eve is upon us.”

Chapter 3

In the darkness of my dreams, I opened my eyes to the familiar world of the study that lived in my mind.

Somehow the Alien spacecraft, Stingray, had connected in his mind, creating a safely hidden world of knowledge that was only for his eyes. Mark had never even thought about telling anyone about it. Besides the stigma that he might be going insane, he knew that he could not trust anyone with the knowledge locked away in his mind.

I moved deeper into the room, my eyes focusing on a section of a shelf, where I had seen the book title *Phase Two* on a previous visit. As I drew closer, focusing in on the shelf, I saw the book was there, waiting for me, its spine protruding from the shelf.

I reached out and took a firm hold of the book, half expecting my hand to float through it like on the previous occasion. It didn't and I felt the solid texture of the hard bound book.

Carefully, I drew it from the shelf.

The book fell open at Chapter 1 and I began to read.

In the beginning there was darkness.

The group of people standing, shivering in the darkness began to doubt the wisdom of the little boy Russia who had led them to the so called 'safety' of this new, foreboding place.

With the light of the portal gone, they found themselves clinging to each other, huddled into a pack. Thoughts turned to food and water. They felt under-resourced for the journey they had made and knew of nothing of their new location.

As the hours began to pass, their eyes adjusted and whilst they could not see, the Jeometamorphic rock which flowed through them still, began to light their way. At the end of the first day, one of the group had ventured away from the others and had discovered they were deep inside a Pyramid, a replica of the one they had been in on their home planet.

They named the world Earth because of the bountiful dark ground from where all life seemed to sprout and they named their home, the town where they lived Eritrea after their great leader.

In the darkness of time, the men, women and children discovered the beauty of the outside world, much like their home. There were birds and beasts, running water – seemingly blue in colour which flowed in a strange direction, moving downwards instead of the usual upwards.

After a few months, it became obvious the Siberia was pregnant, although nobody knew who the father was. She gave birth to beautiful twins whom she named after Adam and Eve, Adam in thanks to the beautiful Earth and Eve meaning life. These children were of the Earth and Siberia wanted to be thank the world for her two children. She felt blessed.

Over the years as more children were born, the small village was no longer big enough and they began to spread out. Each new town they created, they gave names after their great leaders, family and friends as a mark of respect and thanksgiving to their new lease of life.

I looked up from the book and took a moment to reflect on everything I had learnt. Now I understood why this book had never been there before, because it was not part of the original study that Magi Eritrea had created for me. It was part of me,

part of my own DNA that had unlocked and automatically found it's way into my hidden world.

I continued to read until the end of the chapter. As I turned the page to view Chapter 2, I found that the pages were blank. They were waiting to be uncovered. As I yawned in the world of the study that resided in my mind, I knew it was time to rest and I placed the book back onto the shelf.

The study faded into the darkness.

2

I knocked and waited at the closed door to Ross's office. A moment later I heard his muffled voice beckoning me in, I opened to the door and stepped through.

"What can I do for you?" Ross wanted to know as I took a seat before his desk.

"I have a favour to ask."

"Oh?" He was intrigued.

"I need you to clear my for access to the Stingray craft at the British National Space Centre." He looked at me with curious eyes as if waiting for me to explain.

"I'm not planning to go gallivanting unauthorised if that's what your are thinking."

Ross nodded at this. It seemed he'd been waiting for reassurance.

I watched him pick up the telephone and dial.

"Professor Plumé?" He said into the phone. The mention of the dotty eccentric professors name was enough to make me smile. I remembered how he had opposed us working with Stingray and then how we both sat before it in our sleepless nights, drawn to it.

We shared the same passion to see Stingray live, and it did.

“Hi, this is Ross Mayfield; I need to ask you a favour.” They spoke for a few moments whilst I drifted in and out of the conversation, only picking up keywords such as Mark and Stingray.

“Come on then,” Ross nodded to me as he stood. “I’ll take you down to the sub basement level 4. Professor Plumé will meet you there.”

“How come he works from here now?”

“Didn’t you know?” He asked, astonished. I shook my head. “We signed a deal with the BNSC two years ago. Under the agreement, the craft transferred to our secure facilities.”

“I didn’t think the government would have given you authority.”

“Under usual circumstances, they wouldn’t.” He smiled. “However this move is a precursor.”

“For what?”

“All I’m saying is that we face a global problem and that demands global action. Whilst no formal arrangements have been made, the BNSC are fully cooperating and coordinating action with us. It is our hope that Europe’s ESA and the Chinese National Space Administration will follow suite.”

“But would it work?” I asked.

“Throughout history, we have demonstrated that when times get rough human kind sticks together. I am sure that this is no different. Our threats are no longer from each other but from those beyond the boundary of our planet and we cannot cope without unity.”

Ross reminded me that we were all fighting for the same cause, our freedom.

“Magi Eritrea would be proud of your speech.” I smiled.

3

Professor Plumé was there waiting for us.

“I’m so glad to see you,” Plumé grabbed my hand. “It’s been so lonely down here.” I knew instantly he was saying he had missed the company of someone so passionate about the Alien technology as myself. I knew this because I felt it took. I shook his hand firmly. “I knew you would come back sometime, I know how you Besant's work. It’s in your blood.”

“It sure is,” I said his hand dropping out of mine.

“I’ll take it from here,” Plumé nodded to Ross. I watched as Ross opened his mouth to reply, closed it and then left. “Shall we?” He said.

I followed him through a corridor and then we moved into a cavernous room., the Stingray came into view and I couldn’t stop myself running to it. I hadn’t set eyes on the craft for four years and as soon as I saw her sitting there, perched on steel supports, I felt at home. I reached out and felt the spark of electricity as my fingers touched the smooth silky metallic shell. An image flashed up in my mind. It was my father, touching the craft.

Tears came to my eyes as I ran my hand along the side of the Stingray body, moving to the rear and tail beyond. It was lifeless, but not in my mind. I saw it moving, swaying in it’s graceful motion. I heard the pod-like-whale music that the craft made as it hovered, wafting up and down, gently swaying.

“She really is something,” Plumé said coming to my side. “She never ceases to amaze me.”

“I know.”

“Do you want to start her up?” Plumé looked at me with a spark of insanity. He knew what I had done, but somehow he had felt remorse for having never ridden

the Stingray craft himself. He had not stood in my way when I came that day with Maggie to take it on an unauthorised voyage.

I said nothing, but I didn't need to, my look of sheer joy and excitement said it all.

We moved inside the craft and into the cockpit area.

"She's in sleep mode." Plumé said. "You just need to press that button." I followed his finger to see a small grey symbol. I pushed it. At first nothing happened.

After a moment I felt a certain sense of movement beneath us, like we weren't quite on solid ground and then I heard the beautiful whale-like music of the Stingray craft as it came to life. I felt the walls moving in and out as the craft breathed and lived.

"So what brings you to Stingray?" Plumé wanted to know. I shrugged. "Come on. You maybe able to fool them, but you can't fool me. What are you looking for? Maybe I can help you."

"It might sound crazy to you..." I trailed off.

"No, not crazy," Plumé stepped closer. "What is it?"

"I think Stingray has more secrets to reveal." I said, thinking about the book that had appeared. It was true that the study was all in my mind, but it came to me through a connection to Stingray. I felt there was more information hidden, on a time lock, waiting for the right moment to reveal itself.

"So do I," Plumé took hold of my shoulder. "So do I." His words echoed in my mind and I looked at him, puzzled. "Sometimes I hear her calling out to me, come to me, she says." He paused, watching for a reaction. "Now that is crazy." Plumé laughed it off, but I wasn't so sure.

In fact, I felt like maybe that was what I was looking for, the spirit of the craft, after all it was a living, breathing creature. It had cried out for its energy source, the Jeometamorphic rock and when I gave it to her, she came alive. I had always assumed that my deep connection to Stingray was because of my genetic past life, but maybe it was more than that.

I reassured Plumé that he wasn't crazy and he reminded me that we both were, and then I left the sub-basement area, confident I had the information I wanted.

4

Sleep came easy.

I woke into the world of the familiar study which frequented my dreams more and more.

Without hesitation I took the book titled *Phase Two* from the shelf. The book fell open in my hand, Chapter 2 on display. I took a seat in the chair my father always read his books from.

With every minute that passes, the Aliens that spawned us to life draw closer. It is inevitable, you must know, that I am already in existence in my reincarnated form. For our cause, it is important that I am not discovered. When the time is right, I shall show myself to you, but until then I must share some information which will lead you on your quest.

I stopped reading, puzzled. This was no more my quest than it was of every living creature that roamed our world. Why did everything have to come back to me? I felt like a child caught in the middle of my parents arguments.

I know by you hearing what I have to say, the time is upon us. The time for asking questions is over, the time of running away from our problems is over. The only option that remains is for action.

What I have to tell you is this; we are not alone.

There are many more civilisations, colonies, spread across the universe. I found each one of them modelled on our own success and this is how I intercepted our Creators plans. By using their technology, I have left you messages from each of these colonies. I know you will find them.

Each of them is under the same threats.

We must unite to gain our freedom.

The book closed in my hands. My eyes narrowed as I finally understood. This was never just *our* war, it was the war for our entire civilisation, across the universe. It was bigger than I had ever imagined.

5

“I have been doing some research and I found something you might want to hear,” I said closing Ross’s door.

“Go on.” As I sat down I caught a glimpse of the intrigue in his eyes. “I had a vision, like the ones I’ve had before. I remembered stepping through the light of the portal and seeing the dark cavern that became our new world, Earth.”

“Is this important?”

“Yes,” I said. “When we arrived on this planet, we began to colonise it. We did not know that Siberia was pregnant at the time and months later she gave birth to two wonderful children. We built a small hamlet, much like the kind we had on the moon world and we named it Eritrea after our great leader. As we spread, we named more villages after our nearest and dearest.”

“I’d always wondered about that.” Ross was nodding, his hand now on his chin, a deep furrow in his brow as he contemplated. “Do we have any solid proof?”

“Some of the oldest human remains have been found in that region, dating back over a million years. There are early cave paintings from the Epipalaeolithic era depicting early hunter gathers. I also believe advanced tools have been found there.”

“Why is this important?” I could see that Ross, although intrigued, was losing patience.

“The Egyptians are said to have gone looking for the *Punt*, the land of the Gods. Precisely where they went is unknown, but it is believed to have been in the modern day regions of Ethiopia, Sudan or Eritrea. Modern day Eritrea gained its independence from Ethiopia only a few years ago, but only after they fought a 30 year war. What do you think they were fighting for?”

“Freedom?” Ross took a wild guess.

“Exactly,” I said. “I am telling you this so you understand that the freedom of our people has always been the human way. I tell you this because I now know why we are finding Alien signals left across the universe.”

“How?” He wanted to know.

“You must trust my visions,” I said. “Do not underestimate the power of the Jeometamorphic rock that lives within me.”

“I don’t,” Ross said. “I’ve read the case reports and I cannot begin to tell you how much your dreams and visions mean to us. I, like many of those you have worked with, also suffer from the same plight.”

“Ah!” I said, raising my hand in triumph. “That explains why I sometimes feel like I know you.” He smiled at this. “We all suffer from the same desires for freedom,” I said bringing the conversation back to my point. “We are not alone in this.”

“What do you mean?” Ross sat forwards, leaning towards me on his desk.

“There are many more, colonies just like us, spread throughout the universe. We *all* want the same thing. We all want our freedom. Magi Eritrea wishes for us to stand united against our Alien Creators.”

“The signals are from these colonies?”

“Yes,” I nodded. “Magi Eritrea hid the transmissions so that I would find them. He wants me to coalesce the masses.”

Ross took a deep breath and relaxed back into his chair. I could see he was having difficulty with the concept. At that moment, my mind snapped into action and made a decision.

I needed the help of a man who had developed the plan for our freedom with our great leader, Magi Eritrea. I needed to see Thacker, the reincarnation of the Magi’s head servant, Indonesia.

6

It took less than an hour to get to Dartmoor prison. When I arrived, I looked up at the old dilapidated building, expecting some obvious signs of security, but there were none. It took me by surprise.

“Good morning.” I said, reaching the front desk. “I need to speak to a Patrick Thacker. I believe he is a prisoner here.”

“You don’t have an appointment?” The security man spoke. I looked down at his name tag.

“No Simon I don’t.” I showed him my SARA security badge. “I’m here on official business. Is Patrick Thacker still a prisoner here?” Thacker was, according to Ross’s files.

“Take a seat. What was your name again?”

“Mark.” I said. “Mark Besant.”

“Please bear with me, I might be a while. Help yourself to tea and coffee from the machine over there.” I could stop myself grimacing as I looked across at the grotty state of the drinks machine. I decided to do without, took a seat and waited.

It was a good hour or so until the heavy metal door opened to the right of me.

“Come on through.” A lady said. “He’s waiting for you in Interview room 2.” I followed her through the door and waited as she secured it again. A sudden chill ran down my spine, I was locked inside, just like the rest of the prisoners. “Here you go.” She said, showing me to the room.

I opened the door and looked inside. Thacker was looking directly at me, a smile of sheer delight at his early morning visitor.

“I will be out here if you need anything.” She said, I nodded, but did not look at her. My eyes were focused on Thacker and his delighted grin. I noted he was handcuffed.

“Well well,” Thacker finally spoke. “Our lives cross paths once again.”

“Yes,” I said. “But you always knew they would.”

Thacker smiled at me from across the table, it was enough to verify my suspicion. He’d known all along.

“So, what do I owe the pleasure?”

“What do you know about the colonies?” I wanted to know. “Did Magi Eritrea tell Indonesia anything about them?” Thacker looked at me with interest, but said nothing. “Did he tell Indonesia what his plan was for us after we colonised the Earth?”

“No,” Thacker said. I sighed, disappointed. “What colonies are you talking about?”

“We found some Alien transmissions spread out in space,” I knew I didn’t need to say anything further. Thacker was an intelligent man, he could piece things together without my help. “I think it was Magi Eritrea’s intention for us to visit our distant relatives.”

“To bring us together,” Thacker nodded having already worked it out.

“That’s why I have come to you, to ask for your help.” He looked at me with the same wry smile he’d had the day I’d met him and he’d explained the reasons behind my strange reoccurring dreams. He claimed to know why I saw two ancient pyramids. Now I knew it hadn’t been a best guess or a hypothesis, it was based on solid, undeniable facts.

“What can I do?” His grin told me he already knew.

“I need you to convince the world.”

“I can’t do anything from inside this place.” He brought his hands onto the table and pulled the handcuffs taught and then let them loose again in demonstration. “I am not the free man I used to be, and besides the world won’t listen to the spouting lies of a convicted felon.”

“Leave that with me,” I said. “I will take care of it. I just needed to know you would help.”

“Of course.” I couldn’t believe I was once again trusting the very man who’d almost killed me, a man I had doubts about in the first place. It seemed insane that I needed his help.

I let myself out, ready to tackle the world.

It was time for action.