

## **Flying Saucer Now on Instagram ©**

**By  
Murray Grossan ©**

**Stevey Robertson knew that his next pitch would determine whether his team, the Eagles, would win the Oakland Pony League Title.**

**Of the dozens of parents, grandparents, friends and onlookers in the stands, there must have been at least 20 digital movie cameras and phone cameras running to film the winning pitch or the winning run. Stevey was a pretty good pitcher at age 11. On that July 10, 8:32 a.m. PST it really wasn't that hot, yet he kept wiping the sweat from his forehead, and was distressingly aware of the perspiration from his armpits dripping down his uniform. How he wished he didn't have to make that pitch. He got his wish.**

**While the parents' cameras were recording, the very air began to vibrate. The atmosphere developed organized waves, some of varying colors. There was a sudden strange silence, as though air stood still, almost like a silence preceding an earthquake. The encouraging calls of, "strike em out Stevie," and the "hit the home run Johnnie" could no longer be heard and those cries were dramatically replaced by no sound whatsoever! Tornado? Lightening? As the shimmering increased there was a violent crack and a hot wind blew due to air being suddenly displaced. There "stood" a huge metal object, all curved like some giant bowl or saucer, with glistening silver and a terrible silence. It hovered silently just a few feet above the field. There were no rotating blades or jet like engines. Those in the upper bleachers were almost at eye level to the occupants now staring at them. Witnesses reported that they could see no sign of a propellers or jets. While the object remained in place, there was no sound coming from this saucer-like object suspended in mid-air. Estimate of it's size varied. One thing was certain; it blocked out the sun and pretty much covered the length and width of the field. How could it remain in place without a motor sound? Dozens of recording devices were now pointed at the saucer.**

Parents screamed in disbelief; some kids ran, some just stared. Most fathers continued to record this unbelievable sight. There was pandemonium as parents ran for their children and fled the field. Stevey stood at the pitcher's mound, half wondering if this was how his wish was answered, until his mother raced out, grabbed him and dashed away, all the time cursing dad with his damn camera who was still in the bleachers recording this momentous event. Then it vanished with a huge whosh of air that filled the vacuum of departure; a few hats and papers went with the saucer or whatever it was.

The sighting only lasted 70 seconds, but in less than an hour, 20 recordings of what had been recorded were flashed to the world on Instagram, Facebook, Twitter, and nearly every news channel.

The descriptions were consistent in only one feature; it was gigantic, bigger than the biggest jet, it was silvery, the sides were smooth and metallic, like silver. and it made no noise. Some witnesses described terrible heat; others told of a cold freezing wind. Some saw people sitting and staring at them; others described a man waving to them. One heard the voice of God, another heard a voice that this was the resurrection. However, all the sounds recorded on the cameras were the screams of panicked parents. Within hours, there were few persons on earth who were unaware that a "flying saucer" had come to our planet. No evidence of a saucer shape had been authenticated, but this moniker was used by the witnesses and the press. As other parts of the earth awakened to this astonishing news there remained only the hidden primitive tribes who were unaware of the most important news on earth.

Across the continent, in a TV studio in Boston, Dr. Karl Rotheudt, eminent head of Physics at Harvard was participating in Clyde's Science News Hour at the exact moment that Stevey was preparing to make his winning pitch. Today's subject was Visitors from Outer Space and Clyde Hemingway, moderator of the Science News Hour had brought Jefferson Johnson, author of *"Four Days with the Aliens"* together with Dr. Rotheudt to discuss this book, currently number one in sales at book outlets. Dr. Rotheudt fumed to himself that this ignorant yokel should have sold 300,000 books of utter trash, while his expert discourse on "N

Dimensions” was still struggling to reach 1,000 in sales. Dr. Rotheudt listened as the victim of this kidnapping, Jefferson Johnson, detailed the horrors of his abduction.

“What sort of toilet did you have on your space ship, Mr. Johnson?”  
Rotheudt asked.

“Toilet?” questioned Jefferson.

Rotheudt,” Well you were there four days. Did you use a pay toilet?”

Johnson, “ Like I told you in the book, I was like in a cage and was constantly being experimented on. They cut me open and implanted a device in me. Here is the scar and here is the MRI showing the device.” He pointed to his head scar and held up an MRI print.

Rotheudt scoffed, “ My consultant claims that your so called device is caused by your moving during the MRI. Were the females on your craft attractive?”

Clyde interrupted, seeing that Rotheudt planned to tear Johnson apart, “Mr. Johnson, you mentioned a tractor beam removed you from your car at night?”

Just then Clyde Hemingway was interrupted. There was a special News Bulletin that was coming in that was being shown to the studio and was being broadcast.

Special News Bulletin: We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special news bulletin! Approximately at 8:40 PST, a flying saucer, approximately 150 feet in diameter appeared over a playing field in Oakland, California. Here are the first of the video recordings coming in. These are amateur shots taken with movie cameras and by cell phones.“

On the screen was a somewhat jerky view of a saucer shaped air born object. There were windows and one could almost make out startled faces staring out the window. The scene changed and a second hand held recording from another angle was shown. Then a third.

Excited, Mr. Johnson leaped from his chair and yelled, “That’s it. That’s the ship that beamed me up! That’s the one, its come after more victims. “He then glared directly at Rotheudt and sneered, “See, Mr. Know it All! Now you’ll believe me wont’cha?”

Rotheudt, Johnson and Hemingway continued to stare at the videos. Some were brightly lighted from various angles, others in shadow, but all unmistakably showing a flying saucer, unlike any earthly device. The commentator continued: “One video could be a fake, even perhaps two. But 20 amateur videos! Impossible that these could be staged.” Many a blogger wrote, “Let’s see them deny Roswell now!” In about 4 hours most of the cameras had been secured by Homeland Security. The only comment from Washington and the UN was for everyone to remain calm.

As Rotheudt hurried out of the studio he was met by two men who introduced themselves as FBI agents, come to escort him to a helicopter nearby to take him to the Pentagon where these videos were being examined. Since he was on the president’s science panel and a leading physicist, the president had asked for him specifically.

Practically every scheduled program was replaced by the pundits trying to decipher the amateur videos. The most authoritative voice of the hour was the man who had spent four days on that spaceship, and Jefferson Johnson’s smiling face told of his ordeal. He couldn’t help but smile, knowing that his book sales were rocketing to new highs.

#### Captain Jonathan Briggs:

At Navy Bachelor quarters the phone rang persistently. Captain Jonathan Briggs, 37, ruggedly handsome, but divorced, had just fallen asleep at 11 AM in his Virginia quarters, after leading an all-night Navy Seal exercise. He cursed and swore to courts marshal whoever was calling. Sure enough it was his subordinate, ensign Frankhoffer. “Yeah, what the hell do you want?”

“Captain, you must turn on the TV now. Try CNN but it’s on all the channels. I think you will want to get our group together after this.”

“Watch a God-Damn TV show?” he groggily cursed, stumbling to find the remote. As the picture came on it showed a flying saucer from various angles.

Briggs still couldn't understand what this was about when one of the commentators said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, today is a momentous day in the history of our world, our universe. A visitor from outer space has come here. Today at 11:33 AM E.S.T. a real flying saucer appeared over a pony league playing field in Oakland. At least 20 digital cameras happened to be rolling at the time and recorded this astounding event. Up to now, there have been recorded sightings but always these were dismissed as hallucinations or imaginary or weather balloons or mirages or deliberate fakes. But today, in broad daylight what we are showing you today was digitally recorded. Stand by; we are about to interview Mr. Toby Leister, who is head of the planetary society. This is the society that has gathered all the previous sightings and demanded the truth from our government. Mr. Leister, what is your opinion of this visitor from outer space?" Jonathan tried another station, then another. All were pretty much the same – showing bumpy homemade videos of the silver metallic object, some showing the pandemonium at the playing field. On one station there was the smiling face of Jefferson Johnson holding a book about Aliens he had written. One video was particularly noteworthy – you could make out the startled faces of people inside the object. Frankhoffer and Ensign Peterson knocked and came in.

Peterson," What do you make of this Captain Briggs?"

Briggs, "Looks like someone has built a better ship than we have."

The phone rang again. This time it was a recorded message for Captain Jonathan Brigs, U.S.Navy. Please report to the Pentagon at 1500 EST and assemble in the main auditorium. Be prepared to remain several days. To acknowledge receipt of this message speak your full name and navy identification at the beep. He did so, and then gathered some of his gear together. Peterson, who hadn't been on the maneuvers insisted on driving him to the Pentagon.

Peterson: "What if they are aliens?"

Briggs: "I hope they are friendly."

Peterson: " Didn't you major in Physics? What's the deal about multidimimensions?"

Briggs: “Looks like we are about to find out.” He remained silent as he went over the real possibilities. “Anyway, I am sure all leaves are cancelled, so keep the group together, in case we need to go.”

Peterson mulled, go where? However he knew better than to ask.

When he arrived, there were Marine M.P.’s everywhere. Admirals and generals were hurrying to the large auditorium. There, the giant screen was filled with sections of the flying saucer recordings. One at a time, officers would come to the stage microphone to voice their opinion as to what we were seeing and what we should do. Some called for immediate mobilization including mobilizing the National Guard. Briggs was grateful that there was not a hint of panic, just well thought out ideas and suggestions. Briggs volunteered his observation that except for the means of powering the ship, this could have been constructed by any nation. He pointed out that none of the electric signs or magnetic scoreboards had been affected and that none of the spectators or players had been hurt. There had been no electrical or magnetic currents to affect the video recordings.

After several hours, more unusual videos were coming in and were shown on the huge screen.

### Stonehenge

There were other strange appearances all over the world being reported. The vague and strange sightings might have been dismissed, but not the many digital recordings that were appearing on Facebook and You Tube.

At Stonehenge there had occurred a well-recorded tragedy. A day after Sevey’s life altering experience, a large crowd waited to visit Stonehenge. But there were barriers and no one could get within 30 feet of the structures. There were loud protests, of course, “I came all the way from California to see Stonehenge, and I’m not going back ‘till I do.” These were the polite complaints.

“Look, God Damn it, how come those people are allowed inside and we aren’t,” asked Mr. California. The impatient guard, without looking back said, “No

one is allowed inside, not even the Queen.” “Then who the hell are those people” shouted the visitor from Kensington Park? Now the guard turned and his mouth gaped open; there were at least 16 persons inside the inner circle, and they were strangely dressed – shiny balloon pants, unmatched aprons. How did those hippies get in? He grabbed his mobile phone and shouted, “Sergeant, how did those people get in there? What’s going on?” Meanwhile a dozen cameras were recording the fact that the guards were lying to the public. The group inside the inner circle simply stared at the crowd that was at the barriers. As the guards raced towards them, there was a shimmer and a sudden wind, like filling a vacuum, and they were gone. One of the guards who had raced to this group was also gone, without a trace. Afterwards there was ozone like odor in the air. “Aliens kidnap Stonehenge Guard!” headlined the papers. These video recordings were also flashed on the Internet before the cameras were taken by security.

Rupert and Greta had climbed to their special spot on the hill overlooking romantic Salzburg. This was where they had first made love, where she had agreed to marry him and where they believed the baby developing within her was conceived. Greta looked, and exclaimed, “Look, there is a village down there,” pointing to a group of houses that appeared suddenly. “I don’t remember that being there when I looked there before, do you?”

“Certainly not,” answered Rupert, as he rapidly focused his digital movie camera. How could they have built it so fast? “Do you want to go and inspect it?”

“No, no, Rupert I am frightened. Let’s go home.” Rupert looked again quizzically at the village, there was a shimmer and it was gone!

Then he showed his pictures to the head of Physics at the university where he taught literature. “I assumed it was a mirage, but look how clear the pictures are.” They had enlarged the pictures and could make out faces and clothing. Significantly none of the houses resembled anything either had seen before. Together they explored the site of the houses and could find no trace whatsoever that the homes and people had been there. However, the ground showed marks of pressure that followed the recorded buildings. Heavy objects like houses had left imprints. They

had posted these pictures too. Then the security people came and took their camera and pictures.

For days, most programs had been displaced by anxious reporters repeatedly interviewing actual viewers – the man from India whose cow was stolen right before his eyes, an African who had seen an entire city of gold before it disappeared. However, he did have a photo taken by his cell phone camera. They interviewed angry persons whose cameras had been stolen by the police. Stevey Robinson's interview, where he revealed how he had wished for an interruption to the game and then had the ship appear, maybe in response to his wish, was repeated almost every hour!

The reporters and the public demanded answers, but neither the United States nor the UN had one. The UN decided that nothing could be accomplished with a full meeting and appointed a committee to review the theories of the scientists, the mystics and the psychologists.

Every religion had some sort of answer. The second coming? The Rapture? The savior riding in a spaceship? The Messiah? Visitors from outer space, inspecting us prior to an invasion? Careful review of pictures suggested that these beings were just as surprised as we were at being here.

Jefferson Johnson continued to give endless interviews, as he apologized for his book being sold out.

The heads of physics of the major universities were all working on the problem and talking back and forth. Finally, Dr Karl Rotheudt presented his theory and the mathematics behind it to the smaller select UN Committee of 30. He and his research group had spent the past 3 days viewing the original pictures. Although he was only five feet five, bald and a somewhat pot-bellied 50, his vast knowledge gave him a commanding presence that got close attention.

He explained, "You are probably aware of the theories of multiple dimensions – we are a 3 dimensional world, but current theories call for a possible existence of 5, 6 or even 11 dimensions, all available through mathematics, but not actually seen or recorded. But, for every action there is a reaction, for every



positive charge there is a negative one. What we have seen on the Videos is a world that is side by side our world, but in a different dimension, like a negative charge to our own positive. “

“The evidence? The pictures clearly show that these are beings that look human. The pictures show human like habitation and dress. Except for the flying saucer, their science seems to be on a par with ours. If these were from another galaxy they surely would have looked much different from us, and their structures would have been totally foreign. These people seemed just as surprised as we to see us. And they appear on our land instead of up in the air or under the ground. Conclusion, this is an earth like ours, but charged differently, existing side by side to ours. “

“Why are they appearing? There must have been a barrier to separate the two worlds. Apparently, that barrier is breaking down. If it breaks down completely, then I am afraid, both worlds will cease to exist. We have looked at the history of some of the places where the spaceship appeared and at Stonehenge. Many strange phenomena have been reported at these sites in the past. For example, the playing field in Oakland was vacant because it was said to be haunted with strange sightings and disappearances for decades. We looked at dozens of complaints of stolen cars, dogs, cats, and even a man last seen at this spot.”

“Our first task is to contact the Outsiders and get data from their side. Then we must see what can be done about repairing the barrier. “

“Questions? “

“Yes, do we know what the barrier is?”

“No, we don’t know now. But we think that those from Otherworld have been trying to communicate with us, some of what we called static may be coming from their world, and we are trying to interpret this. “

Dr Rotheudt stared steadily and sternly at his audience. “Gentlemen, I can’t emphasize enough how important this is to the future of our world. I have no doubt that if the barrier ceases to exist, so will both our worlds. We MUST devote every science, every research to this matter. There can’t be any question of budget restrictions. The fate of mankind and also their world is in the balance. Forget

every other program, this is the only one that is important. I have here signatures from 1,300 top scientists from every country in the world, and they agree with my appraisal and recommendation. Any other questions?

“Which country will be in charge?”

“I think it’s best to have each country work independently. We are in a field no one knows anything about. Sometimes the amateur in Nigeria can come up with answers that the MIT professors haven’t thought of. Of course, we will cooperate and coordinate.”

His voice became quite stern. “Again, gentlemen and ladies, this is a race against time and we have no time to lose. Of course, we don’t want to panic the world, so there will be no public statements from any scientists, only from this UN committee. Now I request that each of you go to your government and provide whatever funding is needed as soon as possible to your own scientists. We must not limit research just to the established universities. Solutions may arise from very strange sources so all efforts must be funded!

The U.N. members shook their heads in disbelief. No oversight, no questions asked, no restrictions! This had never happened before. But the evidence was plain, there was no other choice.

Sure enough, it was a radio hobbyist from Turkey who moved his equipment to Stonehenge and sent messages to Otherworld and with the help of cryptographers, got messages back!

The messages were shocking! Yes, they were aware of the barrier dissolving. They had science and delivered data from their side.

Dr Rotheudt had requested that navy Captain Jonathan Briggs be assigned to him as a military liaison. Briggs had been one of his students and he had enjoyed some off-campus arguments with him. Rotheudt had strongly favored immediate application of the discoveries of science for the military – to keep our country strong. Briggs argued for free pure science in the laboratory without military direction. Rotheudt would point out how the atomic bomb had saved at least a million US lives, and how the crossbow had changed warfare. Guns had made for an easy conquest of the Incas despite incredible odds.

Rotheudt had been surprised when Jonathan opted for a military career, and because of their special relation, he preferred Briggs as his military liaison.

### Now We Know The Worst

When Dr Rotheudt met the United Nations committee a month after the day the world changed, he spoke hesitantly, almost in tears. He was no longer bombastic and overbearing. “We have analyzed every bit of data over and over, and there is a unanimous conclusion, the barrier will be gone in 5 years. There can be no question about this. I’m sorry. “

The questions came rapidly, “Have there been holes in the barrier before?”

“Oh yes, the ghost sightings, the desert visions, the strange disappearances of boats and people who ended up in Otherworld. They attempted to send them back but were not successful. Many of the unsolved disappearances throughout the ages were persons who crossed over. However they didn’t die there; somehow their atoms were re-arranged so they could live. That is when they learned our languages.” He gave a small smile, “ and of course there were flying saucer sightings.” A few smiled.

“Will we send visitors there?”

“Yes, we must in order to coordinate our efforts. Already there have been several plans presented that look like they might work.”

“Do all Other Worlders speak English? “

“No, just certain specialists; they developed a way to pick up our radio and TV, so our signals went through to them.”

“Why did our people go over there, and theirs didn’t come here?”

Dr Rotheudt shook his head. “We know so little of the physics involved here. Maybe if we have enough time before the barrier ends, we will find out.”

### First Meeting:

When Rotheudt scheduled a full day’s meeting – alone – with Briggs, they met in in one of the shielded underground rooms, without windows. Rotheudt laid

out his arguments, Briggs added his concerns. The iPad they were using, at the end of six grueling hours, had the memory chip removed and incinerated, so urgent was the need for absolute secrecy. After a fitful night, Briggs phoned Rotheudt and said, "I have thought it over; you are right. Your idea is best, I agree with you." Rotheudt smiled smugly, "I expected you to." Two hours later, they planned the meeting that would erase billions of innocent lives.

### **The Secret War Room**

On Schedule, Dr Rotheudt met secretly in the War Room at the Pentagon. There were only a select few present: President Jim Chaffetz, Vice President Chris Bishop, , the Chiefs of the Military divisions, the President's personal advisor Sherman Marriott and Briggs, adviser to Dr Rotheudt . Briggs and Rotheudt had formulated a plan that was too horrible for ordinary discussion. There were no secretaries and no politicians. No recordings were made of this meeting. Rotheudt began by stressing the need for absolute secrecy. Then he introduced the man who would make the bomb that would save our world.

Dr Albert Hemsly, the atomic energy expert, explained the plan. "The truth is, the first atomic bomb had an unknown factor. We didn't know if it would continue blowing up and never stop. Fortunately the bomb damage was limited. But we always wondered why it didn't continue like a virus. Now we have developed a way to make an energy field that will absorb all matter, like a black hole. Of course, up to now no one wanted to make such a bomb." Dr Hemsley sat down, his face ashen.

President Chaffetz asked, "What would be the purpose of such a bomb?"

Dr Karl Rotheudt , grim faced answered, " If Otherworld were destroyed by a black hole, then all the matter would be gone. "Then," he hesitated, "then the barrier breaking down would not harm our world. " His eyes were downcast when he said this.

This was his solution to the disappearing barrier, simply remove the other world and you need not worry about an opening. While other scientists worked on the barrier – how to support it or strengthen it, he and Briggs alone had come up

with the bomb to make a black hole solution. He patted himself on the back for finding a solution that would only cost four lives. Because it was his idea, he was actively promoting it and ignoring other avenues.

The President and Vice president sat in stunned silence. Sherman Marriott stared at his ring. None of the uniformed generals or commanders spoke.

After several moments of silence, President Chaffetz begged, “There is no other way?”

Dr Rotheudt shook his head, “None that I know of. And time is running out. In the past year we have begun construction of a ship that can gather data and send it back to us. It can also carry that bomb. “

Admiral Haliday spoke, “Perhaps it is simply our fate to end this way and we are interrupting a higher purpose?”

Dr Rotheudt scorned, “There is no higher purpose than self-preservation, Admiral Haliday.”

Chief of Staff Robert Shepherd sternly noted, “Essentially we here declare war, bomb to extinction an entire world, with no debate or conscience?” He thought, this Rotheudt is leading our world; why is he in charge, instead of our military?

Captain Briggs: “If I may be allowed, Sir? I am sure you comprehend the need for secrecy here? Imagine the panic, the impossibility of accomplishing this if our world or Otherworld were to know of such a plan. I assure you that Dr. Rotheudt has been in constant contact with the top physicists in the world and there simply isn’t any other option that Dr. Rotheudt has been shown.”

Dr Rotheudt : “Yes, if we had time, maybe some bright young Einstein or Newton could fix the barrier in, say, 20 years. But Gentlemen, we have less than four years, as far as we know now. Maybe it is less than four years.”

For a while, all were shocked into silence by the enormity of this idea: destroy an entire world! Finally, Rotheudt added,

“Mr. President, Gentlemen, I realize the thought of murdering a whole world is repulsive, but the alternative is the death of both worlds. If the barrier breaks down, two objects will occupy the same space and they cannot exist that way,

therefore both will cease to exist. Once the barrier is gone, so is our world. Therefore it is better that one world survive. If we decide on this course, we must make it top secret, with no possible electrical messages. Fortunately, we have the bomb, or will have it in a month or so. We are selecting the volunteers now, and we hope to be able to send them over in four months. People are working day and night to complete this ship. I suggest we meet again in 2 months to discuss our plans. Again, no word, no record of this discussion must be made.” All agreed.

The president, in a shaken voice, asked, “But we will still try to fix the barrier?”

Rotheudt answered without conviction, “Of course, Mr. President. That work will speed up as we get more data from them. “ President asked again of the small group, “Then are we all agreed?” The small group unanimously answered yes, including Admiral Haliday.

The world was informed about the work on the barrier. Other sightings were reported. Unfortunately the sightings also included the visions of angels, devils and God. The UN Committee issued official bulletins. The entire world focused on how to fix the barrier, without mentioning the date it would cease to exist.

When the select committee met two months later, the President asked,” So what do we know about these people?”

The anthropologist, Jans Helfond had been brought into the secret group. He was one of the volunteers selected to make the trip. He spoke:

“Essentially they are very much like us. Although they have their scientists, they have taken advantage of knowledge from us, especially in technology and have leapfrogged to some advancements. Their primary research has been in biology and there they are ahead of us. Again, not because they are more brilliant, but because they can take advantage every time we make an important discovery. From the messages I have studied I believe their level of intelligence is at our level, but not above. They have marriage, family and laws pretty much as we do.”

“What about weapons?” asked Chief of Staff Robert Shepherd?  
Jans hesitated, “So far we haven’t gotten much data on that. They have hunting rifles, their bullets tipped with poisons so the animals won’t suffer. I haven’t found

an army, navy or air force, but remember I am receiving only the information they are sending through. One of the missions of the Argonaut will be to record their civilization,” he paused to swallow some water, “ so they will be remembered. “

## **The Argonaut**

With only 2 years till the Barrier ceased, the Argonaut was ready. The four man crew was ready: they knew their duty. There had been no time for protests that these were all white American military officers.

The leader was Captain Jonathan Briggs, age 37 and now a navy commander. Although he was only 5 foot 10 inches tall, his erect posture and commanding manner gave him height. He was divorced, no children, with a spotless record of leadership and competence. Klaus Kinder, age 35 was a navy test pilot with a PhD in physics. He was second in command. The crew was completed by Jans Helfond, the anthropologist and Bruce Anderson, the youngest at 29 a physicist/engineer who was also a specialist in atomic bombs. None of the crew was married or had children. Their sperm was banked.

On launch day the ship rocketed off into space, was visible just as it passed the moon, and then disappeared. A message from Otherworld said they had now appeared and had landed safely on the homing beam.

After landing, the crew unloaded crates of scientific equipment and these were loaded on electric type cars that awaited them. Strangely, there was no fatigue or problem with the air. More surprising, the composition of the air was very similar to that of earth. Briggs thought, another subject for the scientists to mull over. Captain Jonathan Briggs closed the ship, and sealed it. Only he and Klaus Kinder, the second in command could unseal the door with their palm prints.

They were but a short ride to the capital city where they were greeted by a delegation of handsome men and exceedingly lovely women.

B'neda P'Dou was the spokesperson. She was a pretty blond of about 35, dressed in a gown that seemed to shimmer like a prismatic mirror. But the style was

recognizable as being similar to earth styles. Other women wore similar exotic clothing. Men wore fine suits resembling sportswear. All applauded the Argonaut crew. After all the welcome speeches – in English – B'neda led them to their sumptuous quarters. In the center hall was what looked like an old fashioned Teletype machines. B'neda explained, "This is what we have developed for transmission to your world. You can just type your messages. You will be able to transmit your data this way. Here is a device like a telephone, that you can use to speak to your president, should that be necessary, and he can speak to you. At both sides, speech can be recorded and reviewed later.

Bruce Anderson, the physicist/engineer immediately sat down to test the device and sent a coded message, "We are down, the weather here is nice. "The answer was also coded. "Glad yours is fine, our weather is muggy." Bruce looked at Jonathan and nodded, "it works quite well."

Upon their arrival on Wednesday they worked non-stop setting up equipment to measure the barrier and the thousands of factors needed to create a computer model of the barrier. There were attractive women to assist them. Finally, by Friday they could rest and attend a dinner in their honor. Jonathan sat with B'neda, who explained the dishes. Most were strange. Yet all were delicious.

Afterwards he joined her on a veranda that overlooked the lights of the city. Jonathan asked, "We know so little of your world. Tell me about it. I know that Helfond our anthropologist has had access to your statistics – population and all that, but I still don't understand your lives. For example, where are your armies? "

B'neda shook her head. "I am afraid we have no armies, or navies or air force. We don't have wars. That is one thing we haven't copied from you."

Brigg's mouth gaped in astonishment. "No wars? No violence? "

"Oh, once in a while there are domestic quarrels, even murder. So we do have police, but most are part time volunteers, more like rescue people for fires and accidents.

"How many murders would you estimate? "

"I believe it was 15 last year. "



Jonathan was dumbfounded. "How do you account for such small numbers and no army?"

B'neda said, "You see, more that 2000 years ago we had a great teacher come here. He taught us to love our neighbor and do unto others, as you would have them do to you. He taught that kindness to others was the highest virtue. "

"Yes, but." murmured Jonathan.

"So we followed that teaching."

"I don't understand."

"Well, since kindness to others was the highest virtue, the women selected their mates based on that virtue. The selfish ones who took from others by force were shunned. No woman would have them. This philosophy was taught to all the children. As time went on the violent breed gradually died out, except occasionally it can show up even now. If anyone attacked to take land or property, they were shunned and rejected by women."

"But the warriors and criminals must have taken women!"

"At first they did, but the husbands were far too numerous and protected the women. The men who protected women were the heroes sought after by women for mating. As each generation passed, the number of selfish ones – whom you call warriors - gradually ceased being born."

"But then are the men weak, namby pamby?"

She was surprised, "No, why should they be? We have athletes that I believe are equal to yours, especially in weight lifting and running. We have men doing heroic deeds all the time, doing rescue and protecting us from wild animals."

"But, is there ambition, striving in your world?"

B'neda laughed, "Of course; for example, my brother works tirelessly seeking coal deposits. Wanting to help others doesn't give you less drive or ambition."

"Then is yours a matriarchal society?"

"No, both are equal. We have an equal number of men and women in our "congress" and our leaders. Because women were taught to reject selfish men, they became socially and politically equal long before your culture did. We still marvel

at some of your religions that keep women in slavery and bondage. We read about girls not able to own property in some of your cultures and frankly, we just can't comprehend what we are reading."

Jonathan smiled, "So what happens when two men want the same woman, and the rejected suitor is very angry?"

"Well, he knows that if he does anything violent, that can prevent him from ever having a wife, period. You see, in your world, the one who steals, and kills, gets the girl. Here it's the opposite. Here the rejected suitor goes out to do such heroic deeds that now the woman is sorry she ever rejected him. We have many stories where one suitor was rejected, performed a heroic deed and then the woman chose him for his heroism."

Jonathan forced himself to politely move away from B'neda. It was all he could do to stop thinking sexual fantasies with her. He even repeatedly looked away out at the city in order not to inhale her aroma. He dug his nails into his palm to stay calm and keep his mind clearly on an even keel.

"And when two women want the same man?"

B'neda laughed. "Oh, that's a woman's secret! You can't expect to know those!"

Still keeping his distance from her, he asked, "Do you have rich people?"

B'neda paused, trying to frame an answer. "Not in the sense that you do, you see the basic philosophy is to help your neighbor and the attractiveness of people is based on that, so accumulating wealth as it is on your world would make someone most unattractive. But people do start what you call businesses and do accumulate what you call wealth. But for many centuries it was impossible to have much more than others because we had to share with the less fortunate on other continents. Today with most continents about equal, one doesn't have to be ashamed of having a larger home than others."

Jonathan thought, God, I must get on a subject not connected to women. Desperately he fanaticized about soldiers being shot for rape; men losing their rank and being jailed for molesting women. After about eight criminals being courts

marshalled and jailed, Jonathan was able to say, "I understand you have money, like we do."

"Yes, that we did learn from you. It certainly was a better way than our pieces of paper with promises that we were using."

They both paused for breath. Then Jonathan said, "tell me about your philosopher. What was his name?"

She said, "We just call him Teacher."

"Was he a God or related to God?"

"Not that we are aware of."

"You see, we had a preacher called Jesus who preached the very same thing your teacher did. Could he have been the same person?"

"Yes, we read about your Jesus, and the other philosophers of your past. He pretty much said the things our Teacher said. But why then, didn't you follow his teachings? You could have avoided all your terrible wars and religious conflicts," she asked earnestly.

Briggs had no answer for her. He was aware of breathing heavily. Being with her alone, he couldn't stop thinking of how beautiful and desirable she was; he knew it was difficult to concentrate on the conversation. Despite the mission, he couldn't help feeling the sexual attraction, so he dug his nails into his palms further, otherwise he might forget his mission, seduce her and ... He decided the best thing to do was to say goodnight, but heaven forbid, no goodnight kiss. She did actually move close to him as she left the balcony, but he didn't think she did it on purpose.

Judging from the talk he heard from the others, there seemed to be plenty of beautiful women on this planet. "Gee my guide is certainly beautiful." Or, "It's hard to concentrate on engineering when such a beautiful guide is assisting me."

The next day the four anxiously asked for news of the barrier's repair. There was only news of failure. What Briggs feared most, was a communiqué from Dr. Rotheudt.

## The Final Decision

Sunday the secret group met in the shielded Pentagon war room. The meeting was stormy. The president wanted to give the barrier scientists more time. Chief of Staff Shepherd wanted more time to learn the technology and medical advances of Otherworld. Dr. Rotheudt listened as the discussions became louder, then raised his hand for silence.

“Gentlemen, none of us wants this terrible solution. No one here, even you military, want to murder an entire world. I listen to your excuses for delay and agree whole- heartedly with your urging the delay.

But if we delay, surely the bomb will be discovered and stopped. I have read the glowing reports from Jans Helford of how handsome and attractive these people, especially the women, are; how peaceful their culture is, about their happy children and lack of violence. I have read letters from Kinder and Anderson. My psychologists have helped me to analyze what these men are thinking. I have been asking myself, why are all the assistants assigned to our men spectacularly beautiful? I don't know of many physicists or anthropologists that resemble movie stars, do you? If you read between the lines of the reports of the anthropologist, Jens, they are really raves about the beautiful women! I want you to listen to Dr. Boris Sprecter. His father was a KGB agent during the cold war back in the 1950's and has told him stories of their exploits. Before he became a scientist, he thought about joining too, but changed his mind when he went to school here.” He brought Dr. Spector into the room, and introduced him.

Dr. Spector spoke clearly. “Dr. Rotheudt asked me to look at these letters written to brothers, sisters, friends. During the cold war, the KGB would plant a beautiful agent in constant contact with the young American diplomat. A young man, away from home, with a beautiful willing girl...soon the diplomat was compromised and had no choice but to hand over the secrets we demanded. I cannot help but feel that the same thing is going on in Otherworld. Listen to this letter from Klaus Kinder about his physicist assistant. ‘Her hair is an unusual kind of golden that almost makes music when she walks.’

And Bruce Anderson writes to his sister, ‘Remember how you struggled with your teen-age acne? My assistant, T’Pona, has the most soft, smooth perfect skin you ever saw, a skin you would die for. When she smiles there is a real glow...’ Spector placed the letters on the table and said sternly: “There is no question, gentlemen, these are the writings of a teen age love struck boy! Who knows, they may actually be bedding these beautiful goddesses? If not, you can be sure they are dreaming about it. And why only beautiful women to assist our travelers?”

Dr. Rotheudt: “I have asked Dr. Jens to please interview whoever is head of the anthropology department at their university. He has asked for the interview and no one is available. I have repeatedly asked Kinder to interview the head of physics at their university, of any damn university, and so far no one has shown up. If our visitors have come to save their world, why haven’t they brought senior men, heads of departments to speak to them, when we asked? And we have asked repeatedly. If our situations were reversed, our heads of Harvard, Stanford, and so on would be at their beck and call, not some sophomore who happened to be Beauty Queen of the Physics department.

I have read the translated news bulletins they use – about their games, their arts, and stories of self-sacrifice for the good of others. Not exactly like our daily press with murders, rape and shootings. How long can a normal man be in such an environment and not hesitate to do his duty? I know these men were selected and volunteered for the most horrible task ever asked of any man, but, recall that they are human. Look, we ourselves hesitate because of our humanity. What happens if these men decide not to use the bomb? Then both worlds will cease to exist.”

Dr. Rotheudt continued, “We know that they have received our news bulletins and TV broadcasts. Did they prepare these beautiful women purposely? How is it that they speak perfect English? There is something else.

Klaus Kinder is a physicist. He hasn’t written a word to another physicist.

Jans Hellfond is an anthropologist. Not a word to his colleagues or university associates.

Bruce Anderson is a physicist/engineer. Not a word to his science associates.

No, the only communication from these men has been to rave about beautiful women to their intimate friends and families. Knowing their mission, shouldn't they be transmitting knowledge, physics, and science? "Rotheudt paused until he saw the look of agreement on all those faces.

No, the bomb must be exploded now. I wish we could take the time to record every aspect of their civilization, their culture, but we just can't. The longer we wait, the greater our loss of control over the outcome. "

The President spoke. "I know I have asked before, but is there some way to bring some of their people, maybe their children or even their DNA here?"

Rotheudt sadly shook his head. "We have worked on that but so far no way has been found to do so. I am sorry."

The President, as was his way, having heard the facts, made the decision that no one wished to make. "Then, we go for exploding the bomb, to save our world, Thursday." He didn't ask for a vote. He was aware of all eyes staring at him. He wondered, was it relief at his making the call, or was it a look of loathing at the man who would give the order to annihilate a world, a world of peace and love? Without makeup for TV, Rotheudt was aware of how pale and bloodless the President's face had become. Rotheudt thought, President Truman in the mid 20th Century had only ordered two cities destroyed. This president was destroying an entire world! The President stumbled and was assisted to the message center that would send the doomsday order. Usually, Presidential meetings ended with people standing around chatting about getting the meeting agenda moving forward, or about future meetings. Here, no one spoke. Indeed, no one looked another in the eye.

## **Jonathan Briggs**

Monday morning the teletype had a message for Captain Briggs. Thursday is the best date for astronomical observations. Briggs's hand shook as he handed the signal to destroy this world on Thursday to his crew.

"But I have only begun to record the wonderful works of these people," said Helfond. "There is so much they can teach us. Look how happy and balanced their children are! "

Klaus objected, “This is crazy, why rush this? Maybe we can find an answer. We have space ships, we could land these people in outer space.”

Bruce chimed in, “ I am still amazed by some of their engineering feats. At least let me find out how that flying saucer works.” Secretly he thought, well, if we are all going to die, why not spend one night with T’Pona, a night of sensuous delights that he had been dreaming of since he met her. Why not?

Jonathan Briggs explained the terrible command. “I think it’s because it may become harder to keep our plans secret from these people, that’s why.” All four were now sad and silent.

On Tuesday B’neda came to say goodbye. Jonathan asked, where she was going?

“I would like to spend our last day with my family, my husband and children.”

Jonathan gapped and stammered, “th -then you know? “

“Yes, Jonathan.”

“And you don’t intend to try to stop us?”

“Of course, we won’t. Remember, our philosophy is to help others. What better way to live that philosophy than helping your world to live? Look, we know that both worlds will cease to exist in a few years. We understand that if you destroy one world, then the other will survive. ”Remember, our whole being is to help others.”

Jonathan cried, “All this time you welcomed me, knowing that I was a murderer, the greatest killer ever known!” He was near tears.

B’neda held his arm. “We know there is no other way, Jonathan. And now goodbye.” She kissed him and left. That afternoon the four were busy preparing the ship. They worked through midnight. The next morning Bruce couldn’t find Captain Briggs.

Just then the voice communication came through –unscrambled this time. The happy excited voice of the President yelled, “ CANCEL the order! We fixed the problem of the barrier! A graduate student in India came up with the solution!

Now that we see it, it was obvious. We would have had this answer sooner but somehow Dr. Rotheudt seemed to ignore such a simple solution. Fortunately, the student published it on the internet. Of course, it will be expensive, but ....”

The joyful news went on and on , but Bruce couldn't find Briggs. He hurried to the ship, a terrible idea forming in his head. Oh no, GOD! The ship was gone! The ship had departed with Briggs! Briggs had the bomb! An ice dagger plunged into Bruce's heart. He raced back to their compound. He rushed into their quarters and shouted, “The captain has taken off! With the bomb! We must stop him, he is liable to do something terrible.“

After 10 minutes they still had no answer from Briggs to their frantic calls.

Klaus went to interrupt the president with this alarming news as he heard the president's tone change from happy to questioning.

“What is the Argonaut doing up there? Why is the ship approaching earth at such speed? On my God, NO! Why aren't you answering ...then there was very loud static followed by silence.

The entire air and sky turned a shimmering red. There was a quivering of the air, and some sort of sound that seemed to be a billion souls in agony. The discoloration and vibration continued for hours. Then the Otherworld returned to the way it was, a world that followed the way of the mythical philosopher they called The Teacher.

All day, Jans Helfond sat there like a statue, unmoving, barely breathing; the brilliant mind that had advanced his field was gone forever. Bruce lay curled in a fetal position, cramping his muscles that would never move again, and Klaus sat there with tears running down his wet cheeks, muttering unceasingly, “Why? Why?” No one spoke. Neither the Teletype from former earth nor the phone from the dead president gave forth any sound or signal.

When War Lord Granthor was asked what to do with the 3 astronauts from the world called Earth, that only existed as a tiny black hole in the universe, he shrugged, “let them live as simple slaves. Our scientists may have use for them. We can use their information about bombs for our next campaign against the Drawds.”



Plandu, his Chief of Spies asked, “And what of B’neda Pou? She did an excellent job for us, but now her mind is full of strange unworldly ideas that could cause harm. Shouldn’t she be executed?”

Granthor shook his head, “No, B’neda was among my favorites. “Put her through the mind erase machine. Then she can be sent to the Pleasure House and be available for the comfort of our warriors. Then he added. “For our senior warriors that is. The same for the other three women who did such a fine job.”

Piandu snarled, “Indeed, the heresy she spoke! Women equal to men! Women choosing the weaklings instead of the warriors! How could she have possibly mouthed such obscenities without choking! When I heard those words I felt like killing her right then and there myself, but then that would have spoiled the plan of the GREAT GRANTHOR. I will attend to the mind erase for B’neda now, oh mighty lord.” He paused and then said, “Did you wish to discuss the awards?” Granthor replied, “ Yes yes. V’eda must be awarded. His method of increasing the pheromone output of B’neda Pou and the women who attended the earthmen was most effective. How their minds must have been clouded by so much sexual stimulation! I decree that none of his three daughters shall ever become concubines. He shall be awarded 5 additional slaves of his own choosing. As for WiDenor who analyzed the mind of that despicable Professor Rotheudt who dared to suggest destroying our world, he too deserves an award. See that his two sons, who are now captains are promoted to rank of major and let him have two additional concubines. Piandu saluted, “I shall attend to these at once and with that he bent low, almost on his belly, and backed out of Granthor’s presence. In the antechamber he noted, awaiting Granthor’s pleasure, there were three new beautiful concubines that had just been taken in one of the constant battles with the enemy Drawds, battles that had raged throughout the world for more than 2,000 years.

**The End**

. Klaus Kinder, age 35 was a navy test pilot with a PhD in physics.  
The crew was completed by Jans Helfond, the anthropologist

**and Bruce Anderson, the physicist/engineer who was also a specialist in atomic bombs.**