

# Spaced-Out

Era: Early 1990s

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Hayden looked at me skeptically. "What do you mean you need time off work to look at a crop circle?" He leaned back in his chair, totally relaxed, totally in control. "I suppose it has to do with this UFO cult you belong to."

"It's not a cult. It's a study group," I told him, knowing he knew perfectly well.

"It has to be a cult. We're talking little green men travelling faster than the speed of light, aren't we?"

"I bet you wouldn't be so sarcastic if you bothered to read Randle and Schmitt's book on that UFO crash at Roswell."

"You'd never catch me phoning people in Roswell to check out the story." He dangled two paper clips he had hooked together and swung them like a pendulum.

"Then you'd never find that the story checked out."

"Checked out? Didn't one of those guys say that the aliens looked exactly like human beings? You call that checking out?"

I was standing in front of his desk, playing toy. "I don't need the day off exactly. I just want to take it... a day of holidays."

"You haven't had any holidays in the last two years. Why should I give you a day off now?"

"Because a flying saucer will come along and abduct me and you'll never have to put up with me again."

"They need a token woman do they?"

"Token? Yeh, well, don't forget - Nietzsche figured that woman was god's SECOND mistake."

"Alright, you can have the day off. But I want you to finish checking the two towers on the Mexican job before you go."

Checking two of them would take me days - if not weeks. By then the crop circle would be trampled.

"I asked for a day off, not three weeks," I huffed. "You know what? I'm going to enter you in that contest for North America's Worst Boss." With that, I turned on my heel and stormed out the door of his office.

"Okay, okay. A peace offering," he hollered after me.

I was already in the hallway, which meant I had to let my grand exit go to waste. "So? Is it burnt?" I poked my nose around the frame of his door.

"Maybe we could come to some sort of a deal on that contest. What's the prize?"

"Forget the contest. We're talking days off."

"Okay. Wanna talk to somebody who's seen an alien? You won't need a day off for that."

"You're determined to get your way, aren't you?"

"This is a guy who's seen it all. Actually, he's a retired member of the U.S. military. Met him in the Legion."

I was definitely softening. "And he's seen an alien?"

"That's what he says. Want to meet him? You two should get along great."

"Well, that's not a bad substitute for a crop circle."

"I'll even come along... to introduce you. How about tonight?"

I'd been planning to shop for a new pair of shoes after work, so I had to re-evaluate my priorities. "Where will we meet?"

"The Legion."

"I can hardly wait." And I wasn't even being sarcastic.

"Now that we have the aliens sorted out, what's this about entering me in a contest for worst boss?"

"Oh, you'd be great. Last year, the winner had a really gross boss. Just for example, the guy insists his employees return with an obituary if they take time off for a funeral. And he even asked one of his employees to steal a phone book."

"I could probably do better than that. What's the prize?"

"An expense paid trip for two to Hawaii."

"And would I get it?"

"No. The employee gets it. And it won't take any cooperation from you to win. So there's no point in bargaining."

"Brigadier General Stanton, I'd like you to meet Lois Pitt." Hayden introduced me to a little guy with huge teeth and sincere blue eyes. He was short but he had piano-thin fingers and long feet. Inadvertently, my eyes kept slipping to his clothes: a metallic blue vest and green cord pants. The color of his pants matched the polyester rope that drew his monk's fringe of hair into a pony-tail and his bald head gleamed as brightly as his eyes.

"Just call me Brig. Have a seat, have a seat." He scurried to make room for us around the table, and ordered another pitcher of beer. Hayden filled a glass with the dregs of the old pitcher and drank half of it before the waitress left the table.

"It's awfully nice of you to talk to me like this, Brig," I told him. "Did Dick tell you why I wanted to see you?"

"He said that you belonged to a UFO Group so I thought I should spend some time. Just to explain what's going on. If I tell you, then you'll tell a whole bunch of people, I'm thinking."

"Not a GROUP," Hayden corrected. "I didn't tell you she belonged to a group. I said cult."

Hayden was born to be ignored.

"So what IS going on?"

"The American Military is involved in a huge cover-up. The public is being manipulated and it's time the whole story came out."

"You're kidding."

"But it's dangerous for people like me to talk. My best protection against extermination is to shut up or alternately, talk big. If I go public, and become well known, no government could afford to knock me off. They'd lose too much in reputation."

"Yeh, afford is the operative word... especially if he gets a group like yours behind him, Lois." Hayden turned to Brig. "I think you could keep a cult alive and well with an occasional UFO sighting. Think about it. You could publish a UFO magazine and your followers could sell subscriptions in parking lots. Pretty soon the group would be making a fortune and the government would be collecting millions in taxes. No way would they knock you off."

Our waitress arrived with another pitcher of beer. Hayden slapped a terner on the table. "Keep the change."

"You're getting your governments mixed up," Brig suggested. "This is Canada. A Canadian cult would never pay taxes to the US government."

"That's our Dick. He thinks everything through... and Dick, what about separation of Church and State?"

"Cults aren't churches."

"Interesting. I never saw a lot of difference."

"For one thing, cults are taxable."

"I don't want to get knocked off," Brig interrupted. "At the same time, I don't mind being a hero. You might have a good idea, Dick."

"Scary," I said to no one in particular.

"Wait 'til I tell you guys the whole story," Brig continued. "You'll be flabbergasted. I've seen documents you wouldn't even begin to believe."

"So you really think aliens exist?"

"I've seen them. I've talked to them. I have a friend that's an alien."

I gave Hayden a triumphant look. "Where do these guys come from?"

"They live on principle trade routes just like we do. Some come from a star in Orion, some from Barnard's Star, some from Zeta ..."

"From the Oh-Zone." Hayden held up his beer glass in a toast.

"... Riticuli 1 and 2."

"Dick, you're a few miles short ... a load."

"It's bricks, Lois, bricks."

"Do you know where these places are?"

"Well, not exactly. But I've seen the names in military documents."

"I just can't believe this. What do the aliens look like?"

"There's at least four types. Each kind is different. One type looks like Big-foot. Then there's some little grey fellows with bug eyes and no nose. And some Nordic ones that look just like human beings except they have pointed chins. Other kinds too, that I've never met."

"You're kidding. How could an alien look just like a human?"

"They have good tailors?" Hayden suggested.

"Actually, you're sort of right, Dick. One time when I was with Krell - he's a ufonaut - one of the Nordic type - he claimed that his ancestors CREATED us... through a hybridization process. Maybe that explains why we look like them. He says he can prove we're related to his species because we have RH blood. He says his ancestors actually interfered with our genetic development at least three times."

"No way!"

Hayden poured another measure of beer into his mug.

"Yep. About 25000 years ago, then 15000 years ago and again about 2500 years ago. Not only from Krell. I read it in a military report, too. Actually, Jesus was part alien. He was created by a hybridization process. That's why he was able to do all those miracles and things. You know, like the Sermon on the Mount?"

"Pretty fishy story, that one." Hayden interjected.

"I'm not surprised you'd think that," I informed Hayden. "You have such a crummy attitude."

"You know that contest you're thinking about entering? Well, if you win, you're going to need a week off to go to Hawaii. It's too bad you haven't been able to take any holidays the last couple of years."

"Careful. Just remember. I'm going to make you famous if you behave yourself." I turned back to Brig. "Do you trust this alien?"

"Yeh, Krell wouldn't lie... superior intellect and all that. Actually, the aliens claim that they created all four of the world's major religions. Not just Christianity."

"Can you talk to Krell whenever you want?"

"Not exactly... but he can talk to me whenever he wants."

"He can?"

"Yeh, he operated on me and installed a ball." Brig pointed to his nose just above his eyes.

"A ball? You have a ball up your nose?"

"A communication device. You bet. But it's not up my nose. It's near the optic nerve in my brain."

"How big is it?"

"Sixty microns. You know how big a micron is?" He pinched his fingers together and held them up. "Actually, Krell tells me that ufonauts have balled 1 out of every 40 Americans."

"What about Canadians?"

"Why not? Flying saucers can go anywhere... anywhere. Even inside the Earth because the Earth's hollow. There's an alien base in there, you know. Actually, there's an alien base on the far side of the moon, too. The astronauts were quite surprised when they made their first flight around the back, but they keep the whole thing hush-hush. They have to. And then there's the bases in New Mexico."

"The Earth isn't hollow. That's ridiculous."

"How do these aliens feel about the Legion?" Hayden asked. "Could you bring Krell in for a drink?"

"I haven't seen Krell for years."

"I've heard about these supposed alien bases before and I don't believe in them." I informed Brig. "Why would the American Government want to keep something like that quiet?"

"For one thing, the military doesn't want everyone to know they can't protect us. It's perfectly obvious they can't do a single thing to get rid of the aliens."

"You know, Brig, you're beginning to make sense," Hayden stated.

"Have another beer," I told him.

"And for another, the military wants to protect the technology. The US military has captured several crashed saucers and they don't want information about the technology to get out."

"Crashed saucers? Then Roswell actually happened?"

"You better believe it. Quite a few bodies too. Actually there was one alien captured alive in 1949... at Roswell. The military pumped him for quite a few years but the poor little guy finally died. He was one of the greys."

"It just doesn't make sense. The US government can't keep a secret that big."

"Hey Lois, you told me that Roswell was the real thing. Even I'm thinking Brig knows what he's talking about."

"In a way you're right," Brig responded. "They can't keep the secret. Not with me around anyway. I'm going to tell it all." He paused and sucked in his breath, thinking. "Actually, that's what happened to Kennedy. He was going to let the American public know what was going on and the CIA up and bopped him off. You remember when Kennedy was assassinated, don't you?"

"Who doesn't?"

"Not me," Hayden countered. "I'm too young."

"Apparently, the US Government has negotiated several contracts with aliens. You know; people and animals for technology. The aliens are entitled to remove so many animals and humans a year in return for technological info."

"No way! What about human rights? The American government would never do that."

"Yeh, what about in-alien a-bull rights?" Hayden asked.

Brig shrugged his shoulders. "Actually, the government's UFO studies are funded by the drug trade. The government justifies selling drugs, because the drugs eliminate the weaker people. You know what I mean? They're trying to toughen up the gene stock."

"My GWGs are tough enough," Hayden protested. He pinched the fabric on his thigh. "Strong stuff."

"Strong? Those jeans are nothing, Dick. It's your feet I keep noticing."

Hayden eyed me gleefully. "Way to go, Lois. You won't have any trouble getting time off work if you're unemployed."

"I have evidence," Brig continued.

"What evidence?"

"Well... like crop circles. The British government is behind a campaign to rubbish crop circles with organized hoaxing. You know... instead of maverick hoaxing? Three different government ministries are in cahoots... disinformation. You look into it and you'll find out for yourself. The British Government is deliberately hoaxing circles to discredit UFO investigators. And they're doing it because they know the circles are the footprints of alien space craft."

"Yeh, maybe that's why that British prince guy is acting so persnickety," Hayden suggested. "Maybe he's being manipulated by aliens that stuck a ball up his nose."

"You said you had evidence."

"When Hayden asked me to talk to you, I didn't expect you to be such a doubting Thomas. Consider something like the Tunguska catastrophe. You know that big explosion three hundred miles from Lake Baikal in Russia? Happened around the turn of the century? Some Japanese researchers have decided that Tunguska was the explosion of a nuclear-powered space craft."

I shook my head. "I thought it was just a meteor landing?"

"A meteor doesn't fit the evidence."

"According to Quirks and Quarks, a stony meteor does fine."

"If these aliens look like us," Hayden suggested, "and they have bases nearby, they could be walking around keeping us company." He looked at me then turned back to Brig. "I might even have one working for me."

"You might have," Brig responded. "Have you heard of E.O.? Extra-terrestrials Only. It's a club. I've been trying to get a membership but they don't want abductees. They want real aliens. I have their address right here... located in Intervale, New Hampshire." He rifled through some papers in his wallet. "Can't find it."

"No problem. I don't qualify. You don't need it, do you Lois?"

Brig sat back in his chair. "Have you ever been abducted, Lois?"

"No."

"Ever had a missing time experience? You know where you lost an hour or two and have no idea what you were doing during that time?"

"No."

"I have," Hayden interrupted. "Just about every time I go out drinking." He sat for several seconds, mulling over his drink. "How about an inverse abduction? Is that part of the deal... one where you gain time?"

Brig turned and looked at him seriously. "I could go for that," he suggested. "Great idea... an inverse abduction."

"The whole thing is a little too much for me," I told Brig.

"You need a few more drinks," Hayden told me.

"Dick, you're going to kill yourself."

"No way. I don't drink and drive. And if you're referring to my health - well, it went down the tube the day I hired you."

"So, how are you getting home tonight?"

"You're driving. Why else do you think I invited you?"

"The whole UFO thing is kind of overwhelming, isn't it," Brig continued.

I got up to leave.

Hayden still had one eye open, so Brig carried on.

"Actually, there're some people that figure the UFO phenomenon doesn't result from aliens at all. They think we live in parallel with people in another universe. Like a universe right on the planet. Once in a while you hear reports of things like black hands that reach out. You know... from the other universe into our space. Abduct us. Black hands don't hold water with me though... because I've been through the real thing."

"I'm going home," I stated. "Dick if you want a ride, you'd better come now."

"No, I don't want a ride. And we'll have a talk about that contest tomorrow. I'll think of some really gross things to do so you can win it."

The next morning, Hayden's eyes were rimmed with red and decorated with spiders. His feet were on the desk and he didn't bother to take them down when I sauntered into his office.

"So, how did you get home last night?"

"I phoned my wife. She came and got me."

"You have a nice wife. I'd kill you if you did that to me."

"That's only one of the reasons you're not my wife. And believe me, I can think of quite a few more. So? What about last night?"

"Brig?"

"Yeh. What do you think of his theory?"

"His theory? I'd say it isn't all it's cracked up to be. It's just – kinda cracked."

"What do you mean... after me going to all the trouble of introducing you and everything?"

"I really appreciate that. So much that I went home last night and wrote up the first draft of my entry for the Worst Boss Contest."

"You haven't mailed it yet have you?"

"No, not yet."

"Good because I have a few ideas for you. How about telling them how your boss usurps the winnings from any contest you enter?"

"Well, it is a trip for two," I bargained. "Maybe we could cash the prize in and make separate bookings - you one week and me another."

"I kind of wanted to take my wife. So she can drive me home from the bars. But you can have a week off."

"Oh what the heck, I'll phone Brig. With his connections, he can arrange a flying saucer for me."

"That should work out great then."

I sat down by his desk and grabbed a piece of paper out of his pile of scrap. "So, what do you think I should say about you for this contest? Can I tell them the only acceptable excuse for being sick is a hangover?"



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