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INTERSTELLAR AGENT: Red Scare

A Spy-Fi Adventure Novelette Series

Series One – Book One – Vol. 1

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ATOMIX PUBLISHING™

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INTERSTELLAR AGENT

A *Spy-Fi Adventure Novelette Series*

eBOOK

1

RED SCARE

by
MARK A. PAYNE



ATOMIX eBooks SEATTLE WA

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BACK PAGE

In the next eBook adventure of *INTERSTELLAR AGENT...*

INTERSTELLAR AGENT:

RED SCARE

Lacnar, the Interstellar Agent, is given an assignment by his immediate superior that he must go to the planet Earth to get the nations of Earth to help them unite and defend itself against the enemy -- the Ultra-Centaurians. They are a common threat to both Earth and the Centauris of Centauri-5.

1

Deep Space—in the Milky Way Galaxy—approaching the star system of SOL —our Solar System...

A large Space Cruiser — represented by two large oblong rectangular tube-nacelles (port and starboard), separated and connected by a *larger*, oblong, rectangular fuselage (equaling the size of eight cruise-ships, stacked two-by-two) — launched a MINI-CRUISER, bound for Earth. The

compromised jettison-sound of the Mini-Cruiser could, perhaps, be heard ...in the vacuum of space.

Moments later, appearing from behind a nearby moon orbiting MARS, an ULTRA-CENTAURIAN BATTLE CRUISER, looking similar to an earth-style battleship (except more fierce and intimidating), rapidly approaches close to Earth; attacking the Mini-Cruiser with large, multiple, ENERGY-PLASMA BULLETS. If the sound in space could be heard at all, muffled LASER-BLASTS and EXPLOSIONS would bombard nearly all the area around the small craft.

Lacnar's mini-cruiser was momentarily hit by one of the *energy-plasma bullets*. The aft of his cruiser (particularly the stabilizer fin) sparked and burst into gaseous flames. The Mini-Cruiser began spinning out of control. The interior of his craft sparked and smoked intermittently. The *Control Processor Unit*, which controlled the *entire* ship, tried stabilizing the cruiser as best as it could. All around the Command Cockpit of the alien's Mini-Cruiser...**BANG! CRACKLE! SIZZLE!** Electrical sparks, bursts, smoke appeared intermittently nearly overhead in the cockpit

and ship controls area. Lacnar's *red-skinned face* appeared *intensely stressed, agitated* and *angry*-all while trying to control the ship. The ship rocked wildly back and forth, nearly spinning.

Lacnar's viewer-monitor indicated his mini-cruiser rapidly approaching earth's atmosphere *rocking and spinning*. The *Banging...Crackling...and...Sizzling* continued to reverberate throughout the cockpit area of the cruiser. The turbines *roared* and *pounded--compensating* for the *accelerating descent*. Lacnar's red-skinned face is still intensely stressed and agitated, while trying to control the ship, which is wildly rocking from side-to-side, and spinning. Welding-type sparks are falling from above, with flash-sparks in front of Lacnar's face.

LACNAR'S VIEWER-MONITOR would show the Forward View of the Mini-Cruiser rapidly *bursting* through *cloud cover*, then *foggy-haze*, then fading to clarity, showing *blue sky, mountains* and *waters*. *Lacnar's grayish eyes began showing*

intensity. The turbines would roar and build *even more* to compensate for acceleration. Lacnar's Viewer-Monitor is showing Forward View of Mini-Cruiser spinning toward mountains of Colorado. The sound of the turbines kept roaring, *building more to crescendo.*

Lacnar's Viewer-Monitor is showing Forward View of ground coming up fast. It was approaching the near-edge of the high mountain. The turbine-engines *almost scream*, as the CPU compensates the Mini-Cruiser's landing approach. He lands *hard* onto a flat surface ledge somewhere on a deserted mountain in the Colorado Springs area. The sound of the turbines would gradually drop to *loud power-down whistle*, then *humming*, as it was *crashing* and *scraping* the Mini-Cruiser's hull.

They crash-landed atop of Colorado Springs' **Garden of the Gods' "Tower of Babel"** Mountain. As it gradually slowed to a nail-biting, complete stop, the Mini-Cruiser's nose was just peering off edge of cliff. Rocks and pebbles are being pushed off down the forward side of the mountain. Lacnar could faintly hear the sound of rocks, pebbles, and, possibly,

some heavy dirt trickling down underneath the belly of the Mini-Cruiser, and off the ledge of the mountain — *loudly*. The sound of the turbines whirred quietly, winding down to a dead-stop. The sounds re-assured him that he was safe after all. At that moment, Lacnar exhaled, fell back into his seat, leaning back his head off to one side; closing his eyes...

...He was relieved...He was landed successfully...He was *ALIVE!*

2

"LACNAR.....AWAKE..." The electronic voice ordered...then repeated it over and over, like an alarm...

"LACNAR.....AWAKE..."

"LACNAR.....AWAKE..."

"LACNAR.....AWAKE..."

As the voice reverberated throughout the Mini-Cruiser, Lacnar's eyes started slowly opening. The fog of sleep began lifting from his eyes, and clearing from his head. He felt as if he had awakened from a heavy anesthetic on an operating table, or hospital bed. He had forgotten his surroundings...for only a moment...then realized he was still in his cockpit command chair, in front of his three adjoining view screens; and, almost-floating control panels —within short reach. He reached up, instinctively, toward his head and felt something in the way, coming between his hand and his head. He realized he was still wearing his space helmet. He flipped open the protective visor.

"CPU...? 'Puter...Is that you?" asked Lacnar, coming out of his grogginess; throat slightly parched.

"YES... THIS IS CPU —PUTER...ARE YOU AWAKE, LACNAR?"

"Yes, CPU...I am awake".

Lacnar began sitting upright; straightening himself out; wiping the sleep and grogginess from his eyes and around the bridge of his nose. He performed an immediate systems check. He carefully checked the view screens, his indicators, location detectors, and electronic maps to verify where he had landed. He managed to pull up an electronic map displaying the planet of which he landed, on one of the view screens.

The view screen that displayed the computer-generated image of the planet had just finished scanning and analyzing its composition, both elemental and atmospheric. In a few nanoseconds, it displayed the information (in Lacnar's Centauri language) in the center-right corner of the screen. The systems verified and gave it a name — *GHAEA* (which translates to "Earth", in human language). For the next screen, Lacnar depressed buttons that soon indicated the general location of where he landed. A red, circular indicator light appeared, blinked and radiated thin red rings that seemed to shrink and expand intermittently. This red indicator would be his craft.

He enabled the system to “zoom in” and pinpoint the hemispheric and regional location of where he landed. It indicated and displayed that it was the Western Hemisphere of the planet, and the far mid-west region of, what the humans would call, the continent of North America. He was able to “zoom in” further to indicate the State of which he landed...Colorado. He was able to narrow it down even further to an area within the limits of Colorado Springs. He then narrowed it down even further to the mountain to where he landed...**“Garden of the Gods”**.

These names were strange to him, of course. Lacnar needed to consult with the audibly-verbal CPU for translatable answers...

“Puter...can you tell me something about this region we are in?” Lacnar asked.

“THE REGION WE ARE IN IS IN ONE OF FIFTY STATES, IN THE LOWER HEMISPHERE OF WHAT IS CALLED, NORTH

AMERICA. THE UPPER-SECTIONED HEMISPHERE OF NORTH AMERICA IS CALLED, CANADA... WHICH IS A SEPARATE COUNTRY",
CPU responded.

"'Puter...is the atmosphere outside *safe* to go out?"
asked Lacnar.

"THE ATMOSPHERE OUTSIDE IS COMPARATIVELY SIMILAR TO THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE CONDITIONED DOMES OF CENTAURI-5. THE ATMOSPHERE IS DEEMED SAFE."

"'Puter, can you run a *diagnostic* on the condition of the ship, and assess *any* and *all* damages to the ship?"

"RIGHT AWAY...LACNAR."

"Many thanks, Puter."

'Puter began running a complete diagnostics and systems check. The cybernetic systems, hard-drive, and interior database (which seemed to take up nearly an entire

wall of the Mini-Cruiser) started blinking and sequence-blinking almost *furiously*. The shuffling and clicking accessing of data and other pertinent information relating to the systems-check was barely-audible. The entire process took approximately the span of thirty seconds...

...Then 'Puter had Lacnar's answer.

"THE ORGANIC OUTER-SKIN IS SLIGHTLY DAMAGED...THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM IS JARRED OFF-LINE...THE AFT STABILIZER-FIN IS VERY BADLY DAMAGED BUT CAN BE REPAIRED WITH GRAFTING..."

"So, the Mini-Cruiser needs work. I understand. Do what you have to do to get it fixed, then, 'Puter."

"UNDERSTOOD, LACNAR."

"I'm going to take a walk outside, but I'm keeping on my *helmet* and my *life-support* on, *just in case*."

"COPY THAT, LACNAR."

Lacnar kept open his visor as he unbuckled his safety-seat harness. He got up and moved toward the entrance/exit-way of the Mini-Cruiser. He placed his hand upon the small, transparent acrylic scanner panel next to the exit door. In the span of ten seconds, the door pushed in and moved up overhead pneumatically; where he then crawled out and stepped onto *terra firma*, land.

Lacnar found that the ground was brown, and red, and lots of dirt, rock, and pebbled. He hesitantly took a deep breath, to inhale some of the air, and shut his eyes — wincingly. After a few seconds, he relaxed, slowly opened his eyes, and exhaled in relief. He found that the air was not only breathable...but was also quite refreshing. The atmosphere was different to what he was use to on Centauri-5; then, he thought— *"I'll adapt"*.

3

Lacnar leaned against the wall of one of the rock formations near the cliff of the mountain Garden of the Gods and removed his helmet. He instantly instinctively corrected his closed-cropped, jagged-edged, widows'-peak hair ...mainly for comfort's sake.

He took time to view his surroundings: the open blue sky with some clouds here and there; the brown, green and gray rock formations; the patches of green grass, shrubbery,

and brush. A smile grew onto his face. The air smelled *strange* to him, but...*pleasant*. The open air was also pleasantly-strange to him. The high-altitude suited him fine (since it was similar to the atmospheric density of his homeworld).

He spoke into his aural-communication device, placed into his ear (it almost resembled Earth's own Blue-tooth communications device), keeping in constant contact with 'Puter...

"Puter..."

"THIS IS PUTER..."

"I'm looking up at the sky to see signs of any invasion or penetration from the Ultra-Centaurians...None, so far. Does your sensors and scanners detect any Ultra-Centaurians ships or craft in Ghea's --uh, Earth's atmosphere?"

"NO SIGNS OF INVASION IN THE AREA DETECTED SO FAR...LACNAR."

"Confirmed", Lacnar responded. "I'm coming back inside."

Lacnar was heading into the Mini-Cruiser.

There was a faint, humming, buzzing sound from far away. Lacnar could not make out the sound, at first. The sound kept getting closer and closer; more audible as it got closer. The sound became more like something rapidly beating against the wind. Lacnar realized the sound was coming from *overhead...way overhead...miles* overhead.

Lacnar instinctively looked up, well into the blue sky, to find the direction from where the sound kept coming. As his eyes focused, they zeroed-in on the dark spot high up in the sky; the spot got bigger and bigger, and closer and closer.

"I thought you said 'there were no signs of invasion'?" Lacnar spoke with his finger pressed against the 2-way transceiver in his ear.

"CLARIFY", CPU responded.

"There is a flying object that appears to be heading for us."

"ANALYZING...IT IS 'TERRESTRIAL' IN NATURE..."

CPU ("Puter) quickly scanned the "terrestrial" craft coming at them. Within seconds, it pulled up the image, identity of the craft, schematics, and full description —including its capabilities onto its large viewscreen..

"...IT IS AN 'EARTH-TYPE' MILITARY ASSAULT HELICOPTER CRAFT."

Lacnar responded with perplexed anger...

"A WHAT?!"

"IT HAS DETECTED US AND SAW US AS A HOSTILE THREAT...IT IS ATTACKING."

"IT IS PREPARING TO FIRE."

There was rapid pelting and ricochet sounds accompaniment coming toward Lacnar and his Mini-Cruiser. It came closer and was more visible. As it flew over Lacnar's head, he could see it more plainly. It was a black, Air Force MH-53J assault helicopter. He was not familiar with Earth-type assault aircraft, but he had remembered something similar to that, back during the Great Centauri War, as a former soldier. He knew an attack-craft when he saw it, and he knew to take cover.

The helicopter seemed to be flying away from them; but he recognized that maneuver before. It was merely making a pass...he could feel it. He waited a few seconds for it to turn around. A few seconds later, it seemed to do just that. It turned around and came back at them —like a bull-toward-a-matador— blazing its Gatling-gun side-cannon, once it got within range.

As the helicopter got closer, the rounds came down at him and the ship, like hard-raining droplets of bright light. The bombardment kicked up dirt and small rocks, penetrated the short mountain walls, exploding *more* debris...all within near inches of Lacnar and his ship. Lacnar riskily made a mad-dash for his Mini-Cruiser and successfully dove underneath one of the wing-nacelles of the craft.

The helicopter zoomed past. It seemed to be going away for a moment. It came around for another approach, except, it came around slowly. Its movements seemed more precise this time around. It appeared to be facing the craft, but hovering ...*waiting*. It moved above and along the ground as if it were on invisible stilted-legs.

Lacnar looked at the MH-53J helicopter, perplexed; wondering what it was going to do next. He carefully moved his hand up to his two-way earpiece communicator, while still eyeing it —as if any inappropriate movement would spook it to

attack (as if it were a dangerous giant insect-creature; Lacnar saw his share of those, as well).

“’Puter, what’s it doing now?” Lacnar asked quietly.

“IT IS WAITING.”

“Waiting for *WHAT?*”

“WAITING FOR YOU TO COME OUT.”

Lacnar took a moment to think of a strategy in finding a way to escape the hovering flying machine, survive, and protect the Mini-Cruiser at the same time. He decided it was time to ask the CPU (“’Puter”) for some *feasible* suggestions...

“’Puter...” Lacnar spoke quietly. “Based on the current situation, what do you suggest?”

"PROCESSING...", 'Puter responded, with associated processing-shuffling noise.

"Well?"

A few seconds passed. Lacnar then received his answer...

"DRAW AWAY THEIR FIRE."

"Draw away--- How do I do that?"

"YOU STILL HAVE THE TRANSMUTE DEVICE ON YOUR PERSON, DO YOU NOT?"

A realization "light" went on in Lacnar's head...

"I could run from the Mini-Cruiser, avoiding their fire and...GOT IT!"

Lacnar got up from under the nacelle wing of his spacecraft, eyeing the assault helicopter, and stood aside from his craft, attracting the helicopter's attention. Inside the assault helicopter, the pilot, co-pilot, and gunner saw from their windows, that the alien-target seemed to be drawing their attention towards *him* by waving his hands *high* above his head. They looked at each other perplexed then started smiling. They took it as a queue for them charge toward him; of which they *do*.

Lacnar wasted no time in taking off in a sprint, away from his craft, heading toward open field. Meanwhile, they opened fire on him; intentionally barely missing him, as if to chase him down for the *sport* of it. Their multiple-rapid gunfire was kicking up dirt and debris and chasing behind the heels of his footsteps. His heart was beating rapidly. He could feel it pulsating through his chest. His adrenaline kicked in overtime. Inside the assault-'copter, its occupants were laughing it up as they were having fun chasing their target with rapid gunfire.

Lacnar, believing his very life to be immediate danger, quickly knelt down —as if in pain— and grabbed at his waist-zipper on his spacesuit. He quickly unzipped it and took out a medium-sized, strange-looking, cylindrical-type object. Inside the window-like center section of the object, was a sort of greenish-yellow clear liquid. He jammed the cylindrical object fiercely into his upper thigh and pressed down hard on the spring-loaded top-section of it. After a few seconds, he took some deep breaths (in through his nose; out through his mouth), frowning with his eyes shut. He seemed to be “recovering” as his breaths became more and more relaxed. He had given himself an “*injection*” of some sort.

High above him, inside the assault-‘copter, its occupants noticed that he was crouched down on the ground below them. They looked at each other —still smiling— wondering: “*Did we get ‘im?*”, with “*Daps*”, being their best reaction. They hovered over him a little longer for confirmation of their “kill”. Meanwhile, down below, Lacnar recovered. He placed the cylindrical object back into his thigh-zipper pocket, and slowly opened his eyes, rocking back

and forth. His eyes became a frightening yellowish color, from his pupils to his orbits. He resembled the familiar, frightening, archetypical character from religious-superstitious-folklore, of which some would call...*the Devil-Man*.

4

High above inside the assault-helicopter, the occupants were looking at each other ...no longer smiling; then looking at the figure below —who is Lacnar...

"Is he dead?" asked the pilot to his co-pilot.

"I don't know", responded the co-pilot. "He looks dead ta *me*. WHAT'DYOU THINK, *GUNNER?* HE LOOK DEAD TO YOU?"

The gunner, behind the gatling-type cannon, looked over to his sergeant for advising affirmation, then over the side of the open area closest to him to confirm for himself. His sergeant then gave the gunner the nod to give his opinion...

"HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MOVING!" yelled the gunner, competing with the rotary-noise and generated winds. "MAYBE WE SHOULD SET 'ER DOWN AN' GET A CLOSER LOOK, CAPTAIN!"

"I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, AIRMAN", yelled back the pilot. "GOOD SUGGESTION."

The pilot then motioned to his co-pilot, speaking at a moderate pitch...

"Let's set 'er down, Lieutenant."

"Roger, that, Captain", responded the co-pilot.

They cautiously land the assault-'copter at a safe distance away from Lacnar and the spacecraft, leaving it

running on conserved power. They all jump to the ground, in assault-ready formation. They cautiously approach Lacnar on foot, checking to see further if he is “dead”. They all have their weapons drawn, but relaxed.

“Is that some sort of **spacesuit**, he’s wearing?” chuckled the co-pilot.

They managed to get close enough to him to identify whether he is dead, or simply immobilized, or in incapacitating pain. He was crouched down on nearly all fours, breathing deeply, as if recovering from an extreme painful attack. To the small crew of the assault-copter, Lacnar appeared to be alive. They cautiously walked closer to him, almost near enough to stand over him.

Lacnar’s eyes were still yellow-colored; either cat-like or reptilian-like. His adrenaline was powering-up, like a nuclear reactor about to go *thermal*. He was tensing and frowning, as if about to go into a *rage*. They were almost upon him. Their weapons were trained on him pre-cautiously. As if

full power had suddenly just “uploaded” within him, he vigorously tapped a small, orb-like device on the upper-left section of the chest-plate of his spacesuit. He then sprung into action, sprinting to his feet, away from his pursuers; the assault-‘copter crew suddenly felt tricked and cheated.

“HE’S ON THE MOVE AGAIN... GET ‘IM!” shouted the pilot.

The crew opened fire on Lacnar immediately. The bullets seemed to be bouncing off, creating a temporary-glowy-starry-haze at each point they would hit, and ricocheting in different directions away from him. The bullets looked as if, each time they tried to hit, they would spark away from his body. They paused for a second or two; they couldn’t understand it. Lacnar just kept running at top speed, unaffected by their somewhat “impressive” firepower.

They chased after him, shooting as they were running. The bullets were still bouncing off, creating brief flashes of light; pinging everywhere.

He reached the edge of the cliff. It appeared to be the “end-of-the-line” for Lacnar, and they **knew** it. He skidded to an abrupt stop. He looked over the edge of the cliff to the valley below; then he looked back at them. They felt that they had him at their mercy, so they arrogantly walked up to him – guns trained on him once more; confident that they will either not miss him this time, or that he will be forced to jump off the cliff.

“WELL”, shouted one of the crew, “WHAT’S IT GONNA BE?”

All of the crew began chuckling.

What they did not know was... they were about to get their answer; although, not the one they expected.

Lacnar confidently eyed all of them for a brief second; then he turned away from them and jumped off the cliff into the open air below, as a professional **skydiver**. The crew's jaws all seemed to drop simultaneously. Their stomachs fell to their feet, as the feeling they would get from the first big drop from a rollercoaster ride. They couldn't believe that he would actually **jump**. They all ran to the edge of the cliff to see where he "fell". They all suddenly witnessed something far more incredible...

...he flashed into a **body of light**, streaked into a forward **light-beam**, then **disappeared into nothingness**.

"Oh, my God...Did you just see that?" each of them took turns saying, in some form or other. "He just took off in a **streak of light**."

5

The streak of light came zooming across the sky, over past the low hills and valleys. It stayed on a steady course, in the open air, away from the clouds. It was controlled at a steady stream and pace; not random; resembling air contrails, like those left by a fighter jet aircraft. It approached an area

of large, open body of water. The light started to angle its descent.

The light-streak began decelerating its speed as its rate of descent was approaching the water. The light-streak quickly changed —from a body of **light** — into a more recognizable **humanoid** figure. The man plunged into the deep water. The figure was of Lacnar —in his spacesuit— caught in the foam-bubbles of the spot in the water where he splashed down. The area he plunged into was near **the bluffs**, south of **Ice Lake**. The bluffs were a series of steep rock-face extending along a rocky coastline, near a rural spot, in the outskirts of Colorado Springs. His first instinct was to panic; but he calmly adapted to his immediate surroundings and swam his way to the top of the water.

His spacesuit, made to protect him from the vacuum and airlessness of space, protected him from drowning. It was water-tight, provided him with breathable air, and assisted him with buoyancy to float to the top of the

water. He briskly, but swiftly, swam across the water —closer and closer to the rocky shore by the monolithic rock-face — which were the bluffs.

As Lacnar approached the rocky shore, he crawled out of the water upon the large rocks, and then rested. He was exhausted from, not only all the swimming but, also, the excitement of all the danger he was in — of which he narrowly escaped. Lacnar opened his visor to take in the atmospheric air around him. He decided better to remove his helmet, set it aside; then proceeded to remove the rest of his spacesuit.

Lacnar happened to look up into the unobstructed blue sky, as he was removing the remainder of his spacesuit. He noticed high in the sky, in the distance, which made him pause for a moment. There was a dark, oblong object —which appeared to have large, vertical rotors on each end. It seemed to be carrying something ...something **familiar**. He couldn't make it out, at first. As it got closer, it became more and more recognizable. It was close enough for him to get a full glimpse as it was moderately passing overhead. He was

able to see it more clearly now. It was another military twin-rotor helicopter (an HH-47 Air Force variant of a Boeing Chinook helicopter, to be precise), made to carry large cargo or smaller aircraft; in this case, it was Lacnar's Mini-Cruiser —suspended by either strong ropes, or suspension steel cables...

...they had captured and commandeered his small craft.

As his head and eyes followed the movements of both the helicopter-carrier and his Mini-Cruiser, he watched — almost helplessly— the helicopter-carrier fly over him and away from him, disappearing over the mountain.

Lacnar continued to complete removal of all of his space-gear. He then removed some parts from his spacesuit and helmet. He took apart the orb-like device from his spacesuit chest-plate, disconnected the compact harness connected to it underneath, and slipped it over his tailor-made, breathable, dark-blue snug-fitting bodysuit, over his

own upper-left chest. The trimming around the seams and edges of his bodysuit were of a fluorescent light-blue.

He checked for his black, snug-fitting, **reinforced cummerbund** around his waist — of which he immediately confirmed was still around his waist. Inside the front of his cummerbund, were a series of secret tiny devices, lock picks, and the like — of which he always kept with him; if in the event he may be captured, he would always have something that would be of help to him. He removed the 2-way earpiece transceiver device, from the helmet of his spacesuit, and placed it inside one of his red pointed-ears.

He unzipped one of the larger pockets of his spacesuit trousers and removed a strange, black and silver, tube-like device — similar to a flashlight (although, it was not a flashlight...it was a pulse-light weapon), and hooked onto the side of his cummerbund. He unzipped one of the sleeve-pockets of his spacesuit and pulled out what looked like a dark, shiny cigarette case and matching lighter.

Lacnar's eyes changed back to their original light-grey color. He began taking deep breaths — powering down — so-to-speak; relaxing and closing his eyes momentarily. He took the "cigarette" case and opened it. In the case were brown-colored versions of those "cigarettes". He and his fellow Centauris would call them "cigarettes" or "cigs". They would closer be related to "cigarillos" to some Earth-humans.

Lacnar placed one of the cigarettes into his mouth and lit it with his lighter; then closed and placed the cigarettes-case into a compartment behind his cummerbund. He took a good, long drag. He then exhaled the bluish-grey smoke from his lips, into the air above him. He suddenly felt more relaxed than he ever felt in a long time. He kept taking momentary drags from his cigarette, while he was formulating a plan to get to his **Mini-Cruiser spacecraft**.

6

Lacnar, still smoking his cigarette, in his mind was still formulating a plan to get his ship back. He realized that the only way to do so was to **contact** his ship, to find out where it is going. He removed the cigarette from his lips, with eyes lit up, as if he just had an immediate revelation...

"That's IT! THAT'S how I'll do it!" he immediately tossed the remainder of the cigarette into the water. "I'll use the 2-WAY."

Lacnar pressed against the earpiece in his red, pointed-ear and began speaking into the hidden microphone inside his glove-wrist facing him. He called out to his CPU ('Puter) —his onboard ship computer— to guide him to where his Mini-Cruiser craft is.

"'Puter...can you guide me to where you are being taken?"

'Puter took a brief moment to respond...

"ACCESSING... ONE MOMENT PLEASE... I MUST ACCESS THEIR INTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS AND DISPATCH COMMUNICATIONS...TO FIND OUT WHERE I AM BEING TAKEN..."

"I read you, 'Puter. I'm coming to find you. Keep me posted as soon as you find out something."

"ACKNOWLEDGED."

Lacnar opened his spacesuit backpack to retrieve a **smaller** travel-pack tucked in the compartment underneath the oxygen tank. He strapped the travel-pack onto his back as quickly as he could. He then stuffed the spacesuit and all of its accessories behind and underneath some rocks by the water, to be hidden from sight. He began making his climb, ascending upwards, finding the simplest access to get to the top where he can find an open road. He believes this open road he finds may lead him to civilization, and get him closer to finding his craft.

He continued getting closer and closer to his goal; getting more and more confident. His confidence began to turn into cockiness and arrogance, and he almost lost his footing, making a rock slip from under him. His sudden realization of possible mortality brought him back to reality, telling him to be more careful —not care/ess.

The special gripping on the bottom of his soft-soled boots gave him an extra-edge in climbing the rocky sides of

the cliff. It was saving his life, and, helping him climb better — contributing to his added confidence. Seeing the top of the cliff, Lacnar seemed to increase his drive to get to the top of the bluff. After a minute (or three), he aggressively threw his arm onto the edge of the top of the bluff, and pulled himself up and over to safety. Lacnar gleefully rolled over to a more generous flat surface, where took an immediate, and well-deserved rest; exhaling in relief, and smiling; grateful to be alive.

Lacnar rolled onto his belly. He reached for his wrist-phone imbedded into the inside wrist of his glove. He held it up to his mouth to speak into it; while, simultaneously, pressing against his imbedded earpiece transceiver...

“Puter...Is there any way you can tell me where you are?”

Puter responded, *“PUTER, HERE... I AM ACTIVATING MY LOCATOR BEACON. I SUGGEST THAT YOU DO THE SAME ON YOUR WRIST-TRANSCIEVER DEVICE.”*

Puter continued, *"...IT WILL GIVE YOU A SERIES OF 'PINGING-BEEPS'. THE SHORTER THE 'PINGS', THE CLOSER YOU ARE TO YOUR CRAFT."*

"Gotcha...uh, er... acknowledged, Puter", Lacnar affirmed.

On the outward side of his wrist, is an extension of his transceiver-wristband —a solid band, extending from the wrist of his glove onto the red-skin of his lower wrist. There is a small, rectangular section embedded and centered onto the bare-metallic section of the wristband. There is a recessed divot between the lip of the tab and the bare surface. He used his thumb to carefully lift the tab onto its unseen hinges into its full upright position. It automatically exposed a miniature view-screen and activated the receiving end of the locator-beacon, which started the "pings" and indicator light, signifying the craft's location. The series of pings were audible, only to Lacnar's ear. The pings were long; given in short bursts in-between.

Lacnar held his forearm upright close between his chin and his upper chest area; carefully pivoting and moving in the direction where the pinging locator-beacon is leading him. He twisted his inward wrist slightly toward his mouth to speak to Puter, periodically, hoping to get more information on the craft's location.

7

Lacnar was in the open, rural highway. He was using his wrist-device to hone-in on the locator-beacon Puter activated to guide Lacnar to his craft. Puter's locator-beacon instantly triggered a triangulation system and locator-map on Lacnar's tiny view-screen. Puter informed Lacnar that the road he is traveling on is "New Santa Fe Regional Trail", and that there should be a road sign to indicate to him of that fact. Lacnar follows that road heading north, as indicated by the beacon.

The translator-collar around Lacnar's neck, with two small rubber receiver-prongs pressed lightly against his throat and just underneath his chin, enabled Lacnar to

translate the written signage into his own language. He was also able to read how far—in miles— of which he then transposed into “kilo-metricons (similar and slightly larger than kilometers in human language)”. In short, Lacnar simply followed the signs; although, he had to follow the quickest route.

He proceeded to follow the route on foot. After nearly an hour, he realized it was too far to walk. There was no other way to get there, as far as he knew. Then, as luck would have it, a blue pickup truck pulled up on the highway. It was a marked United States Air Force pickup truck, which seemed to be a dated 1980's model. The paint-job was a clean, but non-glossy finish. It pulled over, off the road, by some greenery, and skidded to an abrupt stop. Lacnar quickly took the opportunity to duck behind some tall, tree-like shrubbery, to hide out-of-sight.

A young Airman duty-driver popped open the driver-side door and hurriedly leaped out of the truck, slammed the door

shut, and ran far into the brush, away from the road. He stopped at a satisfactory spot in the brush —from prying eyes— and took a long, relatively overdue piss. Lacnar watched, thinking: *“Oh! Is that all... I thought he was chasing me. He just wanted to relieve himself. I can’t say I blame him. He must be a very busy man”*. Lacnar maintained his hiding place for a moment. Lacnar suddenly realized that the Air Force duty-driver could very well be his transportation to his desired destination in finding his mini-craft.

As the duty-driver continued to **relieve** himself, Lacnar quickly (and stealthily) maneuvered from behind the front of the truck, to the back of the pickup canopy bed, where he immediately crawled in —hidden under a tarp, that covered some parts and incidental supplies. The duty-driver let out a sigh of relief as he properly, and proudly, completed his task. The Airman’s shoulder-mounted radio squawked loudly, nearly shocking him to reality.

“Hey, Airman Pike...Are you finished with your run, yet? We need you back at the Duty Office —over.”

The Airman grabbed his shoulder-mounted radio and responded:

“I’m on my way —over.”

“Okay, no pressure. Just hurry back, buddy —out.”

The duty-driver wiped his fingers on the sides of his pants (perhaps, to remove any sprinkled residual urine off his hands); then double-timed it to his truck, climbed in the driver’s side, powered it up. He then took off. He drove as fast as he could (without exceeding the speed limit) along the highway that led to the South Entrance of the Air Force Academy’s airfield and main hangar.

The duty-driver pulled into the main hangar, as the doors were opened. He drove in close to the door leading to the Duty Office, opened the door, got out of the truck; then he went in to the Duty Office. As he was going in, his Airman

First-Class (who contacted him on his shoulder-mounted radio) was waiting inside the doorway, holding it open for the Airman duty-driver. He was asking the duty-driver what was taking him so long. The duty-driver responded: "I had to take a piss on the way back. I'm not gonna hold it 'til I get to the Duty Office".

"Okay, okay", responded his Airman First-Class, "I getcha".

They were about to exit through the office door, when suddenly, the duty-driver remembered something, and immediately made an "about-face" turn...

"Oh, wait a sec... I forgot something."

The Airman First-Class stopped as well.

The duty-driver went back to the pickup, to the driver's side, and opened the door. He reached for, and grabbed a large, aircraft coffee/hot beverage container that

was supposed to be cleaned out and refilled with hot coffee for the pilots on the next scheduled C-141 airlift. After shutting the driver's-side truck door, they resumed heading back to the office entrance door, and also resumed their casual-ribbing conversation. They both trailed off with their conversation, as the door swung closed.

The next moment, in the back of the pickup, the large lump under the tarp covering the parts and minimal supplies on the flatbed —moved. Then the lump pushed the tarp off and away from it. The lump was Lacnar. Lacnar rose up in a sitting position, looking around, making sure it was clear and that no one could see him. He looked at his wrist-mounted locator small-screen, at the flashing red dot. It seemed to be flashing faster now. He spoke into the inside wrist facing him, almost as if he were speaking into his hand. He was checking in with 'Puter, his CPU.

"'Puter...am I getting close?" Lacnar asked. "Where are you?"

'Puter answered: *"YOU ARE GETTING CLOSE ... YOU ARE IN THE VICINITY OF THE AREA."*

8

Lacnar followed CPU's directions, and the locator beacon, directly leading to the Lacnar's Mini-Cruiser. CPU's directions were leading Lacnar through another door adjacent to the door of which the duty-driver went through. That door which lead him to a stairwell; that stairwell went down. He followed the stairwell downward. Further and further downward he went; the indicator kept drawing him downward.

He kept following the downward stairwell for at least five levels. Lacnar only moved in the direction where the locator/indicator beacon was leading him. As he traveled to —what appeared to be— the final level of the stairwell, he realized, and thought: *“This must lead **underground.**”* He continued to fixate and focus onto the indicator light as it started to blink faster, the closer he seemed to get to where the U.S. Air Force is keeping his spacecraft.

“Are you and the craft being kept in an **underground hangar**, CPU?” asked Lacnar.

“THAT IS CORRECT, I-A-DNE.”

Lacnar approached a door that reads —in bold, red, intimidating, authoritative lettering— with red and yellow candy-stripes above and below it:

SUB-LEVEL 5 – HANGAR

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY!

**MUST HAVE—
TOP SECRET, SECRET,
OR CLASSIFIED—
SECURITY CLEARANCE
TO ENTER!**

Lacnar's translator collar device, hidden just under his suit-collar, also enabled him to translate and understand what is inscribed, as well. He relayed the information he was reading to his CPU...

"It says I am not authorized to enter ...need a...*Security Clearance?*" Lacnar relayed questioningly.

"I ASSUME, I-A-ONE, THAT A MERE CLOSED OR LOCKED DOOR HAS NEVER BEEN A DIFFICULTY FOR YOU", CPU responded.

"You are so-o right, 'Puter", Lacnar smiled. "You are so right."

Lacnar reached into —what looked like— a small, black-velvety pouch-bag, which was slung across his shoulder, down to his hip; suspended by a lengthy, narrow, small-buckled, leathery black strap. He removed from it a small, rounded-rectangular, seemingly plain and black. He removed the non-stick adhesive-guard from behind it and placed it onto the electronic lock on the side of the door. As soon as he pressed it onto the door, an indicator light on the face of the device began blinking rapidly. Lacnar moved far enough away and immediately crouched down into the stairwell for cover. The device let off a suppressed "BANG" and a quick flash of firelight, followed by some residual white smoke. The door fell open —just a crack— just large enough for Lacnar to

pull the handle and walk in nonchalant, whimsically humming as he walked in.

CPU had further information and instruction to give Lacnar, in order for him to find his craft:

"I-A-DNE...LOOK TO RIGHT...ON THE BULKHEAD NEXT TO THE ENTRANCE YOU JUST BLEW OPEN...THERE IS A POWER SWITCH...PUSH IT UPWARD, AND YOU WILL SEE."

Lacnar did as he was instructed. On his far right, on the wall, was a medium-sized power-box, with a lever-type switch. It was marked—in large letters—“ON” and “OFF”. Lacnar pushed the lever-switch to the “ON”-position. A sectioned-off set of lights came on over the light-blue painted cement deck. To Lacnar’s surprise, it was his Mini-Cruiser lit up by the overhead lights, which seemed to surround the craft in a rounded-rectangular fashion.

Lacnar was awed and mystified by its sight —as if he had seen it for the first time— as if it were given to him as a **gift**. He stared at it momentarily; with mouth open; not able to breathe a word.

9

Lacnar, momentarily mesmerized by the awe-inspiring seeing of his Mini-Cruiser, snapped out of his brief hypnotic state to approach the craft. He spoke into his "inside wrist" communicator to his CPU, onboard the Mini-Cruiser, quietly, as a precaution...

"Puter...I see the Mini-Cruiser. Is it alright?"

"YES...I-A-ONE. IT IS FINE. I AM CONTINUING TO MAKE REPAIRS."

"Are you working from the inside out?"

"CORRECT."

"Good. Would you open the hatch and lower the lift for me, please, CPU?"

"IMMEDIATELY, I-A-DNE."

The CPU opened the hatch and lowered a white-grey colored half-enclosed, L-shaped, humanoid-sized lift onto the cemented deck. Brief billows of pressurized cold-steam, which soon followed, came from its surrounding cables, downward toward the cemented deck below it. Lacnar eagerly stepped inside. Upon immediate request, it took him up into the craft. The hatch sealed shut after him.

While inside the craft, Lacnar gave a nostalgic "once over" —looking over the interior of the craft to see what immediately needs to be done. He gave the command to turn on the lights by simply barking: "Lights". The lights came on, illuminating the interior of the craft. Lacnar barked again: "Lights Off". The lights went off. He barked another

command: "Outboard Viewer On". The large view-screen came on, scrambling to acquire picture.

"CPU...Run diagnostic on all craft's outboard cameras and their functioning angles."

The CPU made an internal buzzing sound, indicating that it was performing the requested and self-prescribed task of checking all audio-visual functions of all of the well-placed exterior craft cameras. A moment later, a response came up on the view-screen:

"ALL AUDIO-VISUAL RECORDING SYSTEMS ARE CORRECTLY FUNCTIONAL".

"Excellent!" Lacnar responded. "Continue to run all diagnostics and resume repairs. Also, conserve power. Use auxiliary only...**Stealth Mode.**"

"CONFIRMED", responded CPU.

"I'm going to take a look at the exterior of the craft to see what the damage is. 'Puter...Open the hatch and lower the lift."

The CPU complied with Lacnar's request. With a "*whoosh*", the lift brought Lacnar down, from the craft, to the cemented deck below it.

Lacnar walked around, from the front of the craft to the back of the craft, touching it, examining it —checking for "dings", dents, and the more serious-types of damage. As he was at the back of the craft, looking more intensely to the fraying and plasma-beam fire damage to the aft-aileron, something abruptly startled him; something **frightening**, yet **almost familiar**.

That somewhat frightening sound, that startled Lacnar, was the familiar sound of semi-automatic rifles being drawn on him —followed by the startling, **authoritative bark** of female voice, giving an order...

“STOP WHERE YOU ARE!”

A second or two of silence came. There was no warning. The Air Force hangar security—dressed in Air Force regulation camouflage and berets— was stealth in their approach. Lacnar immediately withdrew his hand from the hull of the craft, placing his hands to his sides; looking downward; not turning around. A shiver briefly coursed through his body. He knew he was caught. There was no way out of this situation, nor any method to explain it away. He felt **this was the end.**

10

“Put your hands over your head and clasp them together behind your head...Carefully!” the authoritative female voice commanded Lacnar further.

Lacnar —without saying a word— complied with her commands.

“Back away from the vehicle very carefully”, the female voice continued her order.

Lacnar carefully backed away a few meters from the craft, as she ordered. She then ordered him to stop. He stopped. His hands still attached to the back of his head.

“Now”, continued the female voice, “get down on your knees”.

Lacnar failed to respond right away.

“ON YOUR KNEES!” barked a more aggressive male voice. At the same instant, Lacnar felt the nozzle of the gun pressed against him as he was being shoved down to the ground, on his knees.

“AND KEEP YOU HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!” the aggressive male voice continued. “Continue to FACE FORWARD.”

Lacnar was getting angry. This time, he felt he was being threatened. If he spoke up, he would be regarded as being **defiant**, while **simultaneously** showing **weakness**. He felt it was the moment to act, and act promptly. He had to do

it in such a way that would not cause suspicion or alarm to the security detail.

Lacnar continued to face forward. He suddenly doubled over, as if in pain, grabbing at his abdomen. Then he fell on his side.

The security detail was startled. Their suspect seemed to be in danger. Perhaps he was having convulsions...maybe even a **seizure**.

"Get 'im!" the woman shouted. "I'm calling Medical."

Lacnar was only **pretending** to be ill. It was to buy him enough time, and cover, to quickly slip out —from inside his cummerbund— his injection device; inject himself with his miracle "booster" drug; and slip it back into his cummerbund secret compartment, without them knowing. Lacnar was laying there —still pretending to be sick; also giving the drug time to become effective and potent. His eyes changed color

—to the catlike-serpentine look he received before, back when he was at the mountain, just before he escaped his previous combatant captors.

The security detail let down their guard for a moment. That was their mistake. Lacnar turned around facing them. Their reaction to seeing his eyes was that of sheer terror. It made them freeze momentarily. That was their **second** mistake. Lacnar reveled in their fear and frowned with a grin, for good measure —striking the closest one of them in the face, the way a venomous serpent would strike at their prey.

Lacnar used his feet as weapons. He used them as vice-grips, clamping onto a security man's head tightly and throwing him aside. He would wield them as blunt objects, striking as many security personnel as possible, as they kept coming at him. He used his hands, wrists, and forearms —the way a master swordsman would attack and thrust and strike his opponents with his sword. Lacnar wondered why no one

fired a shot at him. He quickly thought: *Maybe I'm too fast for them to realize.*

He snatched a semi-automatic rifle from one of them, and quickly pointed it at an African-American woman—a Tech-Sergeant (he visually identified to have been giving the orders, matching the face to the voice)—to fire it at her. He immediately pulled the trigger without hesitation. “CLICK!” nothing happened; no firing; no projectile; no noise; just: “CLICK!” Lacnar looked at the weapon, confused, wondering what went wrong.

He was struck in the face by one of the security detail. Lacnar dropped the weapon and was briefly fazed, but not stunned. The assault on his face **angered** him more than anything. Lacnar widened his eyes in **fierce anger** and struck back with a furious back-handed chop-blow to the side of his head —taking the security man out of commission for a while. Immediately after, another security personnel-man fired his tazer weapon into Lacnar’s side. Lacnar instinctively


struck the guard with a well-placed back-handed chop across his forehead, taking him out.

Lacnar quickly pulled the tazer-charges from out of his side and continued to fight for his life. He soon issues a series of defensive body blows, another after another. He moved across the deck; making certain he was away from his Mini-Cruiser so it wouldn't block his "fighting room". He gave thrusts and lunges at each of his attackers, successfully connecting with each blow. They would lunge and attack him. They would either unsuccessfully miss, or each of their attempted blows would be blocked by his fast, muscular forearms. He seemed —to them— **impossible** to take down; even when giving their all.

Lacnar reached down and grabbed a tazer weapon from two of the felled guards each. He remained steady in a squat-like position. He carefully, but quickly aimed them —in crisscross fashion across his upper body— at two security guards, in his sights, at both sides of him. With near pinpoint

accuracy, he fired the two tazer weapons into the guards' chests simultaneously. The two guards, systematically, went down, with brief flailing about, to the ground.

Without warning, the female leader of the security detail squatted, as well. With her tazer weapon in hand, she fired her shot into Lacnar's abdomen. One of the other security men took the queue and fired his tazer weapon into Lacnar's back. Like a one-two punch, they both kept their triggers mashed down until Lacnar was frozen in his position; clawing at air. He gritted his teeth—growling angrily; writhing in pain. He never took nor withstood such a charge of energy, surging through his body before. It was too much for him to bear. He shut his eyes, trying to shut out the pain—hoping to **will** himself back to consciousness. He realized he was fighting a losing battle. His strength fled him. His legs gave out from under him. He collapsed on the deck. He **blacked out—unconscious.**





Lacnar's Mini-Cruiser -- on a secret mission -- to Earth.



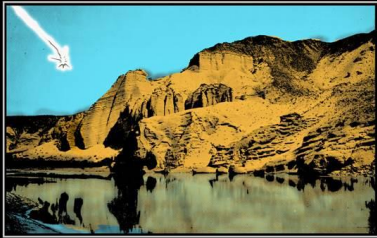
Lacnar, the space-man -- trying to hold his own (with the help of 'Puter) , as his Mini-Cruiser is being attacked.



Lacnar's Mini-Cruiser -- after being hit -- crash-landing in the **Garden of the Gods** - Colorado Springs, Colorado - **Earth**.



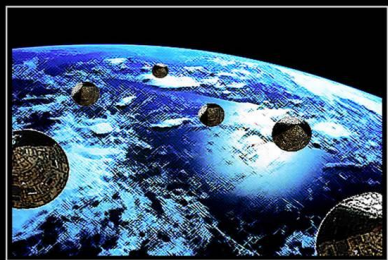
Lacnar -- turning to his pursuers -- about to surprise them with a **great escape**.



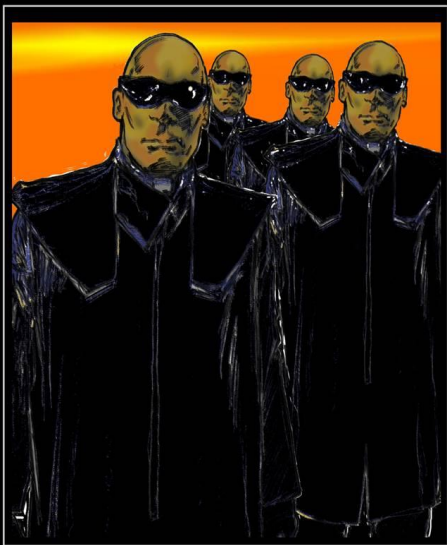
Lacnar, as a form of **speeding light**--comes into the **Ice Lake bluffs**,
for a **hard, wet landing**.



Ultra-Centaurian Rail-Gun launches an Earth-probe module to Earth.



The Earth-probes saturating the planet; each targeting major cities and countries around the world.



The **Spy-Surrogates** --each from their own pods-- are on a **"search-and-see
-out"** mission, on planet Earth.



LACNAR -- standing his ground -- facing his attackers.

LACNARS' EYES (below) -- change to a yellow, panther-like gaze --when drug-induced, and being confronted to a fight.



11

[EPILOGUE ONE]

Lacnar slowly awakened —groggily— from a brief, foggy-haze. He did not completely open his eyes. He kept them partially shut, so the others (his captors) would believe he was still unconscious. While they were partially shut, he was able to move his eyes carefully around the room, without moving his head. To the others, it would appear as if he were in R.E.M.-sleep; that his eyeballs were just moving around while “unconscious”. He was able to see (from his perspective) that

he was in some sort of sterile, hospital/infirmiry-type environment. He noticed he was lying in a relatively-comfortable elevated bed, covered in white sheets. He could vaguely see an electronic monitor to the left of him (he deduced that it may be attached to **him**) to read his **bio-functions**. He realized that he was in no danger, as long as he remained still, and continued "appear" unconscious.

He saw the African-American female tech-sergeant outside the observation window, along with her captain supervisor. They appeared to be discussing **him**. He saw their lips moving intermittently and they would return their observations to **him**. He laid still. He closed his eyes completely, wishing he was back on his Mini-Cruiser, taking a long nap in his sleep-cocoon.

Outside of his room, in the Observation Area, the tech-sergeant and her captain were discussing Lacnar's status...

“We took a blood sample from him”, stated the tech-sergeant. “We’re waiting for the results to come back for that.”

Her captain nodded understandingly.

“We’re also checking to see if his red skin-color is either some sort of **paint**, or **food coloring**. That couldn’t **possibly** be his **real skin color**.”

[EPILOGUE TWO]

Out in space, leaving Mars’ nearest moon, a Battle-Cruiser was approaching close to the vicinity of Earth. It was cruising at a moderate speed, closing in the distance of millions of miles from Earth, in order not to be detected by possible sensors, monitors, and satellite-trackers. It was massive. It was large enough to equal the size of fourteen Earth-type aircraft carriers in length and width, from end to end. It was able to get close enough to Earth —within a few million miles— without being visually detected, but close

enough to launch any necessary probes they wish to launch for further investigation.

Inside the ship, there is a Command Center. In the Command Center, in front of the observation viewer, there are two silhouetted figures, wearing black leathery military-dress uniforms. The uniforms are reminiscent of the Earth-type Gestapo uniforms of the Nazis. The figures were standing over a heavily-lighted, multi-colored control board —with lighted square buttons and small levers.

“We are in position, Star-field Marshal”, said one of the two.

“Very well”, responded the other. “Launch the probes...one by one. Make sure they reach all the designated targets on the planet.”

“Yes, immediately, Star-field Marshal.”

The launch was made —one by one, as ordered— of bell-shaped capsule-type probes, by high-speed rail-gun. The size of one bell-capsule was just large enough to fit one man

inside each. The launches of each of the bell-caps were fast enough to break through all the layers of the Earth's atmosphere without danger of "re-entry burn".

They streaked across the dusk sky; one behind the other. Landing and nearly crashing into the beaches below, peppering different locations around the world. Afterburner jets came out in spurts; automatically slowing their descents; only enough to prevent damage to the outside and inside of the craft. One such bell-capsule crash-landed at a beachhead near Colorado Springs, with a significant "THUD".

One moment later, the smoke was clearing. The capsule, tilted slightly on its side, resembled a fallen giant acorn. The flames were dying out. The hatch of capsule ejected away with an explosive "FLASH-BANG". Smoke and sparks briefly erupted from the opening of the hatch. Then a black-panted leg and black shoe-boot stepped out of the opening, followed by the rest of the figure. The figure was dressed in a short, black Euro-styled trench coat, crossed with a shiny black rain-slicker. It wore dark, wrap-around

sunglasses. It had a clean-shaven, moderately-tanned bald head. It stood almost six and a half feet tall.

The figure appeared to be **humanoid** in form. Its skin looked semi-smooth, even-toned, and flawless. It seemed to have an **athletic build**. It displayed a blank expression on its face. It showed no emotion. It cracked no smile or expression of anger. It simply looked around, slowly, patiently surveying the area where he landed.

Shortly, another humanoid figure (same as the first) walked along-side, adjacent to the first. It also appeared to be surveying the area. Then a third figure appeared, and then a fourth. Each of them from their own separate bell-capsule; scattered about the beachhead. They all turned to each other, as if for confirmation. Then they turned away from each other simultaneously, as if "message received". They all walked in linear formation; then they fanned out, in unison, as if with a specific purpose —to find something...or,**some-one**.

In the next eBook adventure of...

INTERSTELLAR AGENT

I-Agent LACNAR tries to convince his interrogators on **Earth** that he is **not** a threat. Meanwhile, the **Ultra-Centaurians** launch a **secret invasion** --using "surrogates" as **spies from space...**



THE SPACE SPIES

by
MARK A. PAYNE

