

*Harvesting
Paradise*

By

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Prologue

For years, men, women, and children have wondered if Aliens truly existed. Some even claimed to have seen flying saucers. The Air Force called them Unidentified Flying Objects or UFOs.

Here's one story of such a sighting of a UFO...

It had been five years since this event had happened. This time it reoccurred was during the summer of nineteen fifty-one in Arizona.

It was eleven that night and the temperature was chilling down under the black sky filled with twinkling stars. It was a Friday night in June.

The desert northwest of Camp Verde, Arizona was peaceful. But for some strange reason, it was void of any sounds or movement of the desert critters.

But there was something unusual way off in the desert on the west side of a two-lane Finnie Flat road. Parked in the desert was an Alien spaceship. It had landed twenty minutes ago and scared all the nearby critters. They ran for a safe place to hide.

The fourteen foot tall white-colored bullet shaped Alien spaceship. The craft rested six feet above the desert with four legs that angled down to the dirt. Two highly advanced oval engine nozzles protruded four feet from the rear of the craft. It had the "Yriucni" label on the side in yellow lettering.

The door opened with a whish sound then a ramp whished down to the dirt.

Two Aliens stepped out to the top of the ramp.

These Aliens were six feet tall lanky males. They were bald without eyebrows, a forehead twice the size of a human and a large square chin. They had oval coal black eyes with lime green pupils. Their pale white skin would easily burn

under the bright light of the sun. They also had fingers that were twice the length of the average human.

The Aliens wore light blue jumpsuits with dark blue boots. A pocket in the right leg of the jumpsuit was a holster for their ray gun. This was about the size of a pistol but the barrel was three times the diameter. The ray gun had a button on the handle that served as a trigger. On the right side of the handle were purple, red, yellow, white, and green buttons that would activate the type of laser to handle different situations.

These Aliens were weak and did not have the strength as compared to the average humans. It was their highly technological advanced weapons and brainpower that gave them their strength to survive. They come from the planet called Snaicitilop that was ruled by King Chirlark.

Planet Snaicitilop was located five light-years away from Earth. Their species had visited Earth for the past twenty years collecting data about humans. Data they needed to survive.

The Aliens stood in the doorway of their craft and looked around the desert. They sniffed the air and always loved Earth for the different smells it offered. Their planet was dark and bland and a tad smaller than the size of the Moon. They had pale white skin because their planet had a layer of clouds that covered their planet seventy percent of the time.

The Aliens walked down the ramp and stepped into the dirt.

A futuristic metal stretcher floated through the doorway and down the ramp after the Aliens.

The door to the spaceship closed with a whish sound. The ramp stayed in place.

The one Alien looked at a hand held device that resembled a futuristic GPS. The device had a map of the Camp Verde area. It was actually a locator for all kinds of species. This time it was programmed for human beings.

Two Aliens looked in the direction of the Finnie Flat road. They saw a pair of headlights coming from a black 1947 Plymouth driving down the road.

The Alien looked down at his locator device and smiled at the sign of a yellow blip.

“We have a specimen approaching,” the Alien known as Quark told his partner Lumbark in English. They spoke in the native language while visiting a land. Their natural language sounded like backwards English.

Lumbark smiled while Quark walked toward the two-lane road.

Quark looked at his locator device. The blip turned green and Quark smiled.

The Plymouth drove closer down the road.

Quark shoved the locator device back in a pocket of his jumpsuit. He removed his ray gun and waved a hand over it. The gun powered up with a strange low hum. Quark aimed it at the Plymouth’s headlights and pressed the yellow button on the handle.

Inside the Plymouth was Rodney Harrison. He was a skinny young black haired twenty year-old that worked as a car mechanic in Camp Verde. He still had the grease packed under his fingernails from today’s work.

Being Friday night, Rodney was on his way to his parents home northwest of Camp Verde. They owned a small motel just off Finnie Flat road and lived in a small house behind their establishment. Rodney loved working on cars and couldn’t see a future with running a motel.

The song *Hey Good Lookin’* song by Hank Williams played on the AM radio.

“How’s about cookin’ somethin’ up with me,” Rodney sang along with Hank Williams on the radio, but he sang in a key that really didn’t exist. And while he sang, he thought about his date with Becky tomorrow night. After weeks of persistence, she finally caved in and agreed to go to the movies. He loved life.

A strange yellow light suddenly encapsulated his entire Plymouth. “Turn off your fucking high beams,” Rodney

yelled thinking it was an oncoming car. The yellow light continued to encapsulate his car.

The radio shut off. The headlights turned off. The lights on the dashboard turned off. The engine shut off. The yellow light dissipated and it was completely dark.

The Plymouth coasted to a stop.

“What the fuck?” Rodney said while he looked around the dark dashboard.

He turned the ignition key thinking the engine would start. There was nothing but a clicking sound under the hood. “I don’t need this shit tonight!” he said while he got out of the car. He looked around and was satisfied Rattlesnakes were not soaking up the heat from the road.

Rodney rushed over and popped open the hood of his car. He peeked inside but it was too dark to see any obvious engine problems. He needed a flashlight. But first he needed to relieve himself of those beers he drank after work.

Rodney walked over to side of the road and stepped into the dirt. He looked in both directions of the road to make sure no other cars were going to shine their headlights on him. The desert was quiet and peaceful.

He pulled out his member and started peeing in the dirt. It felt so good to relieve his bladder from all that beer.

Rodney was finished so he zipped up his pants.

He started to turn around and head back to his car but heard footsteps in the desert. He got curious and strained to see the two figures that approached. “Who are you?” he said the second he saw Quark and Lumbark and thought their jumpsuits were strange.

A purple light emitted from Quark’s ray gun. The purple light encapsulated Rodney’s entire body. He was paralyzed and dropped to the dirt. He landed on his back.

“Help!” Rodney tried to cry out but all he could muster up was a whisper. He was scared to death while he stared up at the twinkling stars.

Quark and Lumbark walked over to Rodney.

Rodney saw them and his gut told him they were not of his planet. "Aliens!" he whispered out in extreme fear.

Rodney could sense Quark and Lumbark lifted him up from the dirt.

After a few seconds, Rodney could sense he was floating five feet in the air. All he could see was the twinkling stars in the sky.

Quark and Lumbark escorted the floating stretcher while it floated back to their spaceship.

Rodney lay with fear in his eyes. He thought his life would be over tonight.

Quark and Lumbark walked behind the stretcher while it floated up the ramp and went inside their spaceship.

The door to the spaceship slid closed with a whish.

The ramp slid back in the spaceship with a whish.

Meanwhile, hundreds of other Yriuqni spaceships from the planet Snaicitlop rounded up other specimens in other countries while others monitored human activity on Earth.

The Aliens returned in August of nineteen seventy-five.

One of their Yriuqni spaceships landed in a clearing during the night outside Francistown, Botswana in Southern Africa.

It was two in the morning and the full Moon illuminated the countryside and the town of Francistown.

In the field, the door to the spaceship slid opened with a whish. A ramp came out to the ground with a whish.

Aliens Parpip and Abilet stepped out onto the ramp in their standard light blue jumpsuits. They walked down the ramp.

They stepped on Botswana's soil and looked around the dark countryside.

Parpip removed his GPS locator device from a pocket. He moved it around until a yellow blip showed in the map of Francistown.

"We have a specimen," he told Abilet.

Another futuristic stretcher floated out of the spaceship.

The stretcher floated after Parpip and Abilet while they walked toward Botswana.

The door to the spaceship slid closed with a wish.

A little while later, Parpip and Abilet walked to the rear of one of the homes in Botswana. The community was sound asleep and the two Aliens were able to sneak undetected to the rear of that home.

Parpip looked at the rear door. He touched the doorknob and instantly figured it was an opening device. He turned the knob. The door opened.

Parpip and Abilet entered the home.

The stretcher stayed outside and floated in the air.

Parpip used his locator device to guide him through the quiet and dark house.

Parpip and Abilet walked down the hallway.

Parpip looked at his locator device and the yellow blip turned green. Parpip shoved the locator back in a jumpsuit pocket.

Abilet removed his ray gun while they entered a bedroom. He pressed the purple button on the handle. Parpip aimed his ray gun at a forty-year old black man named Polo Kario that slept in his bed.

Polo was a light sleeper and heard Parpip and Abilet. His eyes lit up with fear at the sight of the Aliens in his bedroom. But before he could scream, Abilet pressed the trigger of his ray gun. It emitted a purple light that quickly encapsulated Polo's body. His body was paralyzed except for the fear in his eyes.

Polo sensed the two Aliens lifted him up off his bed. He tried to scream, but his voice was paralyzed.

All he saw was the ceiling of his home while he was carried away.

A few minutes later, Parpip and Abilet placed Polo on the floating stretcher outside his house.

Parpip and Abilet walked away and the floating stretcher followed.

Polo again tried to scream but all he could muster up was a faint whisper for help. All Polo could see was the

stars and the full Moon that illuminated the countryside while he floated on the stretcher.

A few minutes later, Parpip and Abilet entered their spaceship with Polo on the stretcher.

Polo thought tonight would be his last night in this world.

The door slid closed with a whish.

Elsewhere around the world, hundreds of other Yriyuqni spaceships rounded up specimens in other countries. Other Aliens were only monitoring human activity. Quark and Lumbark landed their Yriyuqni spaceship outside Villefort, France for their specimen.

Our visitors came back in nineteen ninety-eight.

Another one of the Yriyuqni spaceships landed in the middle of the night in a field north of Moranbah, Australia to the east of Goonyella road.

Elsewhere around the world, Aliens Quark and Lumbark landed their Yriyuqni spaceship outside a small community in Canada. Parpip and Abilet landed their Yriyuqni spaceship outside a small village in Ireland.

The door of the spaceship slid open with a whish and then the ramp whished out to the ground.

Wallark and Cillard stepped on the ramp and looked around the dark countryside. Wallark held up his GPS locator device and aimed it at the town of Moranbah. A yellow blip appeared and they looked satisfied. This time, they were seeking a certain type of specimen.

Wallark and Cillard walked down the ramp.

A floating stretcher floated out of their spaceship.

Wallark and Cillard walked through the dark field and headed to Moranbah. The stretcher floated after the two Aliens.

The door to the spaceship slid closed with a whish.

A little while later, Wallark, Cillard, and the floating stretcher went through Moranbah undetected since everybody was sound asleep.

Wallark, Cillard, and the floating stretcher arrived at the back of the small hospital in Moranbah.

Wallark opened a door and stepped inside the building with the floating stretcher trailing behind them.

It was quiet inside the hospital. The hallway had minimal lighting and a nurse at the nursing station slept in her chair.

Wallark and Cillard walked to a room and went inside with the floating stretcher.

On the bed lay Mindy Watson a middle-aged woman. Mindy was terminal with lung cancer from all those years of smoking cigarettes. She had four months to live.

Wallark and Cillard looked down at Mindy and showed an inkling of sorrow for the human.

Mindy was asleep.

She woke up when Wallark and Cillard started disconnecting all the tubes stuck inside her veins.

She didn't know these two were Aliens. She thought they were doctors taking her for more Chemo treatments.

Wallark and Cillard moved Mindy onto the stretcher.

They left her room and walked down the hallway with Mindy on the floating stretcher.

The nurse was still sound asleep at the nursing station while Wallark and Cillard with Mindy on the stretcher walked out of the back door of the hospital. The light from the corner of the hospital provided Mindy the realization Aliens were abducting her. She passed out from fear.

Wallark and Cillard walked away and headed back to their spaceship.

The stretcher floated behind them with Mindy still passed out.

Wallark and Cillard took Mindy on the stretcher inside their spaceship. The door slid closed with a whish.

Another Yriuqni spaceship was in a field outside Augusta, Georgia.

Aliens Mirlink and Tirmink had forty-year old Michael Wheatstone on a floating stretcher while they walked out of their Yriuqni spaceship.

Mirlink had a bit of a crooked nose that turned to the left. This was from an old injury when he was young and

was going through his training camp back home on Snaicitlop.

After they dumped Michael off in the field they returned to their spaceship with the floating stretcher. The door closed.

The ramp retracted back into the spaceship with a whish.

The engines fired.

The Yriuqni spaceship lifts off the ground and ascended up into the night sky.

Michael Wheatstone lay on his back in the field and stared at the sky. He was paralyzed with fear. His left arm was severed off at the shoulder. Then the feeling to his body suddenly returned. "AHHHHH!" Michael screamed at the top of his lungs.

During the next six years, the Aliens from Snaicitlop increased the number of their Yriuqni spaceships sent down to Earth for more specimen observations and monitoring.

They studied the Earthlings for some unknown reason.

Chapter 1

It was the beginning of September in two thousand and eighteen. It was a cool morning in Augusta, Georgia.

A homeless bum curled up asleep against the rear wall of an Italian restaurant. The bum used his folded up ratty Army field jacket for his pillow. His name was Marcus Paxton. He was thirty-six year old and had been living on the streets for the past four years.

Marcus had not taken a shower for a week and he got use to his body odor. He normally showered during rainstorms while he camped out in secluded woods. His chestnut brown hair had grown down to his shoulders and was normally greasy. His beard started to grow long and shaggy.

Marcus was a mess and a far cry from his Army days when his hair was cropped short and he cared about his appearance. His teeth were stained with plaque. He brushed everyday, but was in dire need of the tender loving care of a dental hygienist.

Marcus wore a worn an old flannel shirt and blue jeans with ground in dirt stains. He got the clothes from Goodwill located in Orlando last summer. His shoes were old Army combat boots he bought at an Army and Navy store in Birmingham last fall.

He cuddled a six-dollar bottle of Black Velvet Canadian whiskey like it was his baby. The bottle had three ounces left at the bottom.

Marcus had a dream...

In his dream, Marcus was in a room while he glared at an Army Colonel. "You asshole," he yelled at the Colonel then threw a hard punch to the face.

The Colonel's mouth took Marcus' fist splitting his lip. It was bloody. The Colonel flew back and landed on his ass.

Marcus ran over and grabbed the Colonel by his uniform shirt. He yanked the Colonel up on his feet. Marcus punched the Colonel hard in his face.

The Colonel's right eye took Marcus' fist. It immediately swelled up shut. The Colonel looked like a boxer losing his fight while he flew backwards and landed on his back.

Marcus now stood in front of a panel of Army Officers. There were two Majors, two Lieutenant Colonels, a Master Sergeant, and a Colonel. The six panel members were not happy with Marcus while they glared at him from behind their table.

The Colonel slammed his gavel down and it echoed in the room. "Guilty!" the Colonel yelled and that word resonated in the room.

Back to reality...

Marcus woke up from his dream. This was a reoccurring dream that had haunted him during the past four years. He hated it.

Marcus sat up against the wall. His head throbbed from all that whiskey last night. He wanted some aspirins but didn't have the cash to buy a bottle. But he was once an Army Ranger so he coped with the pain. He closed his eyes. His stomach was queasy. It was coming up and there was no stopping it. Marcus bent over and vomited on the concrete. Some splashed on his field jacket. He cared less. He opened the whiskey bottle and guzzled the rest of the booze. He burped.

Marcus tossed the bottle in the air. It shattered against an adjoining building wall.

He stood up. He stretched and yawned.

He bent down and picked up his folded field jacket. He wore his jacket then bent down and picked up his backpack.

With his backpack in hand, Marcus walked over to the dumpster located at the other end of the restaurant.

Marcus lifted up the black plastic lid. He peaked inside and saw torn up cardboard boxes that once contained food

supplies. He reached inside and rummaged through the cardboard boxes.

“Bingo,” he said while he spotted his prize.

Marcus reached farther down inside the dumpster and scooped up handful of cold Lasagna that was discarded from a customer last night. He gobbled down his breakfast.

He rummaged some more in the dumpster and his eyes widen when he found more breakfast. It was two pieces of garlic bread with a few bite marks. Marcus snatched up the bread. He shoved one of them in his mouth and chewed it with a huge bulge from his cheek. He swallowed. He shoved the other piece of garlic bread in his mouth. He chewed it with a huge bulge from his cheek.

“Get away from here you fucking bum!” a male voice yelled.

Marcus looked in the direction of the voice and saw a fat and balding cook with a dirty tomato stained apron by the rear door. The cook yielded a large butcher knife in a threatening manner. “I said, get the fuck away,” the cook yelled again and waved his knife to indicate he meant business.

Marcus let go of the dumpster lid and it slammed down.

“Sorry sir. I was hungry,” Marcus replied while he shuffled away from the dumpster.

The cook kept his eyes on Marcus to ensure he would leave the establishment.

Marcus rounded the corner and walked down the street.

The cook went back inside the kitchen to work.

With his backpack in hand, Marcus shuffled down the street. Because he had been living on the streets for so long he didn't have a clue as to the day or month.

A little while later that morning, Marcus parked his butt by a building on a busy sidewalk of Augusta.

He held up his cardboard sign that he scribbled “Need Money For Food” with a black marker.

He had his plastic cup from buying a Coke at a McDonalds last year in Jackson, Mississippi.

A man around forty years old that wore a shirt and tie walked up to Marcus. Marcus held up his sign with a smile for some cash.

The man sneered at Marcus while walked away and headed down the sidewalk.

“God bless you,” Marcus called out to the man to let him know there weren’t bad feelings.

A woman around sixty years old walked down the sidewalk.

Marcus held up his sign at her.

The woman felt sorry for Marcus so she stopped and opened up her purse. She emptied all her change into the palm of her hand that consisted of quarters, dimes, and nickels.

“Now, I don’t want you spending this all on booze,” she told Marcus in a motherly tone.

“No ma-am,” Marcus replied and looked sincere while he fibbed. He would buy booze, as food was easily obtained in dumpsters.

The woman dropped her change into Marcus’ cup.

The sound of that money clanging with the other change in the cup was music to Marcus’ ear.

“God bless you,” Marcus said to the woman with a warm smile.

The woman returned a warm smile at Marcus and she walked away down the sidewalk.

A male Army Captain walked down the sidewalk and headed toward Marcus. The Captain was in charge of the nearby Army recruiting office in Augusta.

Marcus held up his sign at the Captain.

The Captain looked down at Marcus and looked disgusted with seeing a homeless bum.

The Captain walked away.

“Asshole,” Marcus quietly muttered while he gave the Captain the finger. He hated military officers with a passion.

Four hours had passed and business today was great for Marcus. He counted thirty-five dollars and seventy-five cents in his cup.

Marcus stood up, and tucked his cardboard sign in his backpack. He shoved his money cup in his right side pocket of his field jacket. He had some shopping to do today.

Marcus shuffled off down the sidewalk.

Fifteen minutes later, Marcus approached a fellow homeless bum named Sammy Walters who sat up against a building. He was sixty years old and had been living on the streets for the past fifteen years.

Sammy held up his cardboard “Money For Food” sign he made.

“Hey Sammy, how’s business today?” Marcus asked while he stopped by his fellow homeless bum.

Sammy held up his plastic cup and shook it. No sound. “Sucks,” he said then placed his cup back on the sidewalk.

Marcus reached inside his plastic cup and removed some cash – six dollars and twenty-five cents worth. He dropped it in Sammy’s cup.

“Thanks my friend,” Sammy replied with a smile knowing he would eat and drink a little tonight.

“I’ll catch you on another street or town,” Marcus said then he shuffled his way down the sidewalk.

“Okay,” Sammy replied while he held up his cardboard sign at an approaching woman.

Marcus shuffled down the street and headed to a liquor store.

A little while later, Marcus walked out of the liquor store with a bottle of Black Velvet Canadian whiskey. He paid seven for it and with his earnings that was a lot of money. But he needed the booze to chase away his demons.

Marcus tucked the bottle in the brown paper into his left side field jacket pocket.

He shuffled on down the street.

An hour later, Marcus shuffled into a Burger King restaurant.

The patrons in the Burger King looked disgusted by the sight of Marcus.

The manager, a young female saw Marcus while she worked behind the counter. She glanced at her customers and noticed they were displeased at the sight of the bum. She looked back at Marcus while he walked over to the counter. "Sir, you can't eat here," she replied while she walked over to the counter.

"I just want a hamburger," Marcus said and removed a five dollar bill from his plastic cup. "Two Double Whoppers and I won't eat them here," he added while he looked up at the lighted menu.

The manager looked at Marcus and felt sorry for him being homeless. She turned around and got two Double Whoppers that were just made a few minutes ago. She placed them in a paper bag.

After Marcus paid her, he walked out of the store.

The customers in the eating area were glad the bum left.

An hour later, Marcus walked out of Augusta and headed north.

He finally walked to some woods nestled between Interstates 20 and 520. There he had a small tent he pitched up in the woods two days ago. The tent was his home.

Marcus walked up to the tent that had a blanket on the ground. He tossed his backpack into his tent then he sat down in the dirt.

Marcus opened up his Burger King bag and removed one of his Whoppers. He tossed the Burger King bag in the tent to save that hamburger for tomorrow.

He unwrapped the one Whopper and started munching down on his dinner.

Fifteen minutes later and Marcus was finished with his burger. He kicked back up against a tree and it felt so good to be off his feet. He opened up his bottle of Canadian whiskey and took a sip. He needed it.

Marcus spent the next hour propped up against that tree sipping on his whiskey. He was starting to feel no pain.

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