

## Chapter 1

Even after three months of living and working in The Last Frontier State, the cold and remote stillness of winter Alaska still fascinated and intrigued Logan Watson. He slowly looked around at the snow topped mountains and forests from the balcony of his apartment in Anchorage, breathing in the clean fresh air and sipping his steaming coffee as he gradually became aware of the cold morning's winter air on his hands. Logan had never thought about living in the vast wilderness of Alaska, having lived in multiple major American cities before, but he was now feeling comfortable with the peace and quiet of this beautiful area.

With his wife and FBI partner, Madison Hayes, he was on attachment to NORAD to investigate recent sightings of anomalous craft in the skies above Alaska and help gauge the threat to American interests. He was desperately hoping for another jaunt soon in an F-15 Eagle as a passenger or in a Chinook H47 again from Elmendorf, as being a former USAF pilot, flying was in his blood.

Logan's thoughts were then disturbed as Madison came out onto the apartment balcony, coffee cup in hand. She was dressed for work in a two-piece suit and had just finished checking the latest emails on her secure FBI issue laptop.

"Hi Honey!" she said. "It is such a beautiful, fresh and peaceful view, isn't it?"

Logan smiled, realising that once again his wife had read his mind without him saying a word.

"It certainly is! I thought I might struggle up here at first when we moved up but not now. This place is so clean and peaceful - but a little cold at this time of year! I think we should go skiing or snow-boarding again at the weekend."

Madison felt both pleased and contented. She was happy that Logan was settled here as she had worried that his city background would have made him unhappy but seemingly not so.

"Sounds good to me! But let's get up to Elmendorf now as it looks like there is something big happening at last. I will tell you more about it in the car."

They left their coffee cups in the kitchen, locked up the apartment and went out to their GMC Sierra 1500 Duramax for the fifteen minutes' drive to work.

As Madison drove along Glenn Highway, Alaska Highway 1 towards Elmendorf AFB, she started to reveal the new information and intelligence she had seen earlier that morning.

"One of the F-15 Eagles was up near Mount Hayes on a routine flight last night when something odd appeared near the summit."

"What was it?" said Logan. He was well aware of the staff chatter on base about unknown craft in the remote mountain areas, particularly Mount Hayes. "Was it a UAP?" he asked bluntly and excitedly.

"Well, the pilot, Major Bryce Reed, captured infra-red video and pictures of what had appeared so we can see for ourselves in a while. But after all this time, you know me well enough – I would never speculate and I need hard facts!" she replied with a wry smile. Watson knew Major Reed fairly well now and he looked forward to hearing more details about the encounter.

Logan's attention then reverted back to the journey on Highway 1 and he fell into looking at the jagged and snow-capped peaks all along the route as they cruised along. He was always on the lookout for wildlife in the trees or glacial water, like the occasional whale, but he saw nothing today.

They soon reached Elmendorf AFB, cleared the base perimeter security, parked up and walked to their small office quickly swiping through the security doors. As soon as they were in their office attached to Intelligence Squadron, Madison and Logan logged onto their laptops and Madison started to play back the footage sent to her from the previous night's flight.

## Chapter 2

“Major Reed first saw a large silver shape on his HUD as he flew close to Mount Hayes on a surveillance trip and thankfully started to record everything that was visible. He was travelling at Mach 1 at an altitude of about 8000 feet his instrumentation shows.”

They watched utterly intrigued as a silver metallic craft could be seen banking hard near the top of the mountain before accelerating at an incredible speed, vertically and then away. Unfortunately, the footage only caught a few seconds of the UAP but that was enough to catch the interest of the sceptical Hayes.

“Wow!” said Watson, genuinely surprised. “That craft was really moving and significantly faster than anything the USAF have”.

He paused briefly before adding. “So, we will need to determine a few things. Firstly, what it is, secondly if it represents a threat to our National Security and thirdly if it is from a hostile foreign power – or somewhere completely different”.

Hayes then started to analyse the footage using various advanced scientific tools, especially developed for the FBI to gauge a craft’s speed and altitude. She went quiet and looked puzzled whilst in deep thought and then after a few moments she looked up at Logan.

“Yes, you are right Logan,” said Hayes in complete agreement with his last summary. “We do need to determine if that now represents a real and present danger to the US. I was just checking the speed and altitude that the craft flew away at after Major Reed saw it. I have had to double check the data and it was at Mach 30 and rose to 80,000 feet in 2 seconds”. Her scientific brain was struggling to compute this mind-blowing data almost as if she didn’t believe what she had calculated.

“That is insane!” gasped a bemused Watson. “Surely that can’t be from this world. If it belongs to Russia or China, then America is going to have big problems”.

Hayes nodded in agreement. “We need a brainstorm to come up with ways of investigating this just like we have always done. Those brainstorms really helped map out a plan when we were in Florida after Miguel Perez and his drugs. Good job he didn’t have anything as fast as that craft!” Madison got up and went to the interactive whiteboard, pen in hand and ready to scribe.

She started to set the scene “As we both know; Project Stargate was established by the CIA back in the 70s to utilise the alleged ability of Remote Viewers and precognition. Not my deal really, but an RVer called Pat Price claimed he could see an alien underground base beneath Mount Hayes. And Mount Hayes is of course, in the middle of the so-called Alaska Triangle. There is no concrete evidence to support that for me but there is enough high strangeness going on up here to merit these further investigations.”

“About 140 miles away from Mount Hayes, at Mount McKinley, there is allegedly an energy source pyramid that is located underground and there have been reported sightings of multiple mysterious flying objects, or UAPs as they are now called.”

Watson listened carefully, taking in her words and suppressing his surprise as she was now almost implying something he had never heard her speak of before. Watson then added “This incident may change a few minds now. In my opinion, we need to get some observations up there on Mount Hayes quickly and monitor activity over a period of time – preferably from high above but also with some ground presence. We should utilize those Balor sCMOS ultra-fast cameras and video to

capture anything that flies near the top of Mount Hayes – or out of it! These cameras are fast and ideal for big sky surveys, operate in low light conditions and would really help us.” We also need some more regular air patrols – maybe to poke at the nest.”

“I agree Logan. The cameras are a great idea and I’ll arrange for them to be supplied from the base here with some supporting communications personnel. I will also get the sky patrols authorised. We need to get this surveillance started as soon as we can. Hey! It also looks like you may get a flight up there too in that F-15 Eagle again as I can tell you really want to! This is hot now so I want to get things moving very quickly this week. I’ll speak to base commander Colonel Jackson, later this morning to bring him up to speed and get his approval. I don’t want to annoy him though as he is not very keen on FBI, ARU, civilians or NORAD!”

## Chapter 3

Colonel Mitch Jackson was a career long former air force pilot having served his country proudly all over the world. He had seen action in Kuwait, Iraq, Afghanistan and the Middle East before returning to the US to become Squadron Section Commander at Malmstrom AFB, then Flight Commander at Spangdahlem AB in German. He had returned to the US to become Commander, first at Peterson SFB and then at Elmendorf AFB.

As a proud patriot, he had been decorated many times in his career having been awarded the Air Force Achievement Medal and the Defense Meritorious Service Medal. He wasn't used to having to deal with women however but with one eye on a potential future political career, he worked hard to quell his misogynistic tendencies. He felt NORAD was an apology of an organisation and all intelligence should be solely managed by the United States of America.

Madison went to his outer office where Jackson's secretary, Helena, was based. Madison liked her and pitied her for having to work with Jackson and tolerate his often-odious moods and outbursts.

"Hi Helena!" she said as she went into the outer office. "Is the Colonel free for a few minutes as I have something very urgent?"

"Hi Madison" replied Helena. "I'll check if he is available now for you." She buzzed through to Jackson's office and asked if the Colonel was free. To Madison's surprise, he immediately came through the door and cheerfully invited her into his office.

"Hi Madison. Come on in."

"Thank you, Sir," Madison always called him Sir out of respect and was tempted once to salute him but Logan had later pointed out said that wasn't right coming from a civilian. Madison had quickly noticed that Jackson liked Logan as he was a pilot - and a handsome man.

"I hear that we had some strange activity up on Mount Hayes last night. Any idea what it was?" asked Jackson knowing full well that she wouldn't have any more information just yet. Hayes wondered again if she was being provoked and tested out by Jackson.

She kept calm and opened up her laptop to show the footage but guessed Jackson had seen this already from other sources on the base as news and gossip travelled fast up here.

"No, not yet Colonel. However, I would like to request your authority to start to sky patrol and track an area of approximately five square miles around the summits of both Mount Hayes and Mount McKinley using the base's F-15 Eagles. I also want to observe the mountain range with Balor cameras from a lower level and give us views from both angles. This craft on the footage you have seen here could present a real threat to our national security and airspace, as we currently have zero idea of origin. Nor do we comprehend the speed it flew away at."

To her total surprise, Jackson was in full and supportive agreement. Maybe he was unnerved by the mysterious craft too?

"Yes, I agree. I will immediately put Majors Reed and Dixon at your disposal in their Eagles along with Major Drysdale, who flies our H-47 Chinook Block II helicopter. They are good men who will co-operate fully and work with you. That should give you a good start on aerial observations and we

always have 2nd Infantry Brigade Combat Team Airborne, on standby here if needed to deploy up the mountain.

“I will also personally request the presence of an E7 Wedgetail at 30,000 feet to monitor everything using spy-in-the-sky radar and imagery during the patrol flights. But we will at best only get a week’s time to investigate this. We need some detailed information and evidence.”

Hayes was nearly lost for words but managed to show her appreciation. “Thank you, Sir. I will provide regular updates on all activities for you.”

Madison was buzzing as they drove home from the base that evening as she sensed big things were now starting to happen. Logan felt it too and was proud as his wife told him that Jackson had agreed to everything requested so far.

“Most of the men onsite think Jackson is a jerk, on a self-proclaimed ego trip but it sounds like he gave full support to you Madison.”

“Yes, it felt strange because he is usually very patronising but not today. Maybe he is worried too?!”

“To start us off, I’ll arrange an initial briefing meeting tomorrow at 10.00am on the base for Reed, Dixon, Drysdale and us. We will start the surveillance flights in the evening and agree flight routes for a week using the F-15 Eagles and Drysdale’s Chinook. We will get support by the E7 Wedgetail and then we can review findings at post-flight debriefs each day. We have a week’s allotted time to survey and report”

“Good work Madison and hopefully we will capture something on film that will help us.”

## Chapter 4

Hayes and Watson had only been in the base meeting room for a couple of minutes when there was a knock on the door at 09.59am. USAF precision timing!

“Come in” said Madison, trying to sound as confident and authoritative as she could and the three pilots filed in, all wearing their flying suits, ready for action if needed. They had all been instructed to co-operate fully by Jackson and to temporarily report to Hayes.

“Take a seat” she added trying to be as informal as possible and standing next to the front lectern and pedestal.

“Hi. For those of you that don’t know me, my name is Madison Hayes, I am a Deputy Director at the FBI and Head of the ARU, Anomalous Research Unit. I think all of you guys know Logan Watson, Assistant Director FBI and a former US Navy pilot”.

A chorus of “Hi” went round the room along with nods of acknowledgment and the pilots individually introduced themselves to Hayes.

“Well guys, you will all be aware of the footage captured by Major Reed on Wednesday night and I have been asked and authorised to lead the investigation, reporting back regularly to Colonel Jackson, the FBI and the Pentagon. I have Major Reed’s flight footage loaded here on my laptop, so let’s start off by taking a look at it again together, discussing and I’ll explain what we are planning to do to move this on. I am asking for and really need your help gentleman with these observations and intelligence gathering. I want us to work as a strong and cohesive team and any suggestions you may have are always welcomed!”

This combined and inclusive approach went down well with the pilots who were not used to being asked for their views.

The meeting room lights were dimmed and Hayes played the footage through from her laptop, twice onto a large monitor at the front of the briefing room.

“Right” she said when the footage had finally finished, “Whatever that craft was, it travelled at Mach 30 from somewhere around the top of Mount Hayes, rising to 80,000 feet in about two seconds. Speeds and a rate of ascension that we just don’t understand. Major Reed, what did you think at the time you saw this craft?”

Hayes was a little anxious directly asking Reed and hoped for a good reaction from him and all the pilots. She needn’t have worried.

“Call me Bryce please Madison” said Reed gently and instantly making her feel both at ease and fully accepted, even though she was a civilian. He appeared to welcome the USAF and Government combination approach being adopted.

“Within these four walls, an awful lot of US pilots have likely seen a UAP at least once in their careers and we have all learned not to talk about them for fear of ridicule or being grounded. This all stems from Project Blue Book which ended back in the late 1960s and was closed down. AATIP and AARO followed but there is still a big reluctance from USAF pilots to speak up around the topic.

I saw some weird objects and lights when I was stationed at Hickam AFB, in Hawaii last year but this thing at Mount Hayes summit came from absolutely nowhere and moved out at what seemed to be

hypersonic speed. I wanted to give chase but before I could get authorisation from Elmendorf, it had gone off in a south-westerly direction at that blistering pace and I had no chance. The thing was, it flew directly into a head wind of 120 knots effortlessly. I managed to flick the cameras on when I first saw the strange tri-angular shape with lights on the wing tips. When it flew off, it left absolutely no trails or emissions. I have no idea whatsoever how it was propelled.”

Reed’s account opened up a group debate that seemed to settle any lingering nerves and encourage a completely open dialogue – maybe because this was being led by a civilian woman and not a USAF male officer. Next Major David Dixon spoke.

“Bryce is right about US Fighter pilots seeing UAPs and keeping quiet. Many of us want to speak out because it blows your mind but we have to leave all that to the satellite TV channels to speculate. My father was a pilot aboard USS Nimitz back in 2004 when the Tic Tac craft first appeared. The crew were stunned but under strict orders not to discuss with anybody. He told me how exposed the pilots felt and feared that these crafts could blow them away with ease as we don’t understand their technology. It feels like times are slowly beginning to change now and the pressure for full disclosure is coming from many Senators. But that hasn’t happened yet so we are still frustrated and unsure who to speak to.”

Major Steve Drysdale followed suit. “Yes, I agree with everything the guys have said so far. I was on manoeuvres on the USS Omaha when the ship was surrounded and tracked by strange little objects for several hours off the coast of San Diego. These 30-foot craft flew at about 50 knots around us and buzzed us. Other ships in the area experienced the same interactions. They disappeared from our radar and two appeared to ditch straight into the ocean. We started to feel that they were just observing and teasing us really.”

Logan then spoke out. “When I was with the US Air Force at Lakenheath in England, we were scrambled to chase lights flying from Rendlesham Forest. Our ground teams had detected radiation activity but we never captured footage of the craft folks said flew up from the forest. I try to keep an open mind about strange and inexplicable things like this and it was the same for Madison and me when we were in Mexico on an FBI/DEA narcotics case. We both saw a very strange creature down there that was not from this world and that we could neither explain nor classify. But we both saw it clearly.”

Hayes now felt included in this part of this conversation and jumped in.

“Yes, and we filed numerous reports of dates, times and observations along with video footage captured from a Navy SEAL’s headcam but all that information got buried somewhere high up. To this day, we have never heard anything more about the high strangeness at play. I found it very frustrating that this went no further in getting to the full background.”

She felt really positive about today’s meeting and that the five personnel from different backgrounds were starting to bond and share experiences, which augured well for the future of this investigation. There appeared to be general openness about a restricted subject.

“That is great thanks guys. So, our next steps will be night monitoring flights over a route from Mount Hayes to Mount McKinley in both directions. Bryce and Dave can alternate flight routes and record any activity with Logan on-board for additional eyes. Steve and I will be in the Chinook at Mount Hayes peak observing at 7000 feet. The Wedgetail will be our overhead radar companion at 30,000 feet. We only have a week’s authorised activity time so we need to start tonight at 20.30pm”.



There was a mood of palpable excitement in the room as the briefing finished and everyone returned to their offices or quarters. Playing cat and mouse with Russian or Chinese pilots was one thing but trying to snare something from out of this world, well that was quite another.

## Chapter 5

As the winter period from September through to the end of April, was now active, all Elmendorf base staff had been issued with authorized cold weather uniforms and accessories, including wearing reflective belts outdoors for visibility purposes during hours of darkness or limited visibility. This kit was invaluable in the hostile Alaskan winter weather, particularly around Mount Hayes. Snow ploughs and tractors kept both the base's 8,000-foot and 10,000-foot runways clear - but that was a busy and arduous job.

The Aerospace Ground Equipment specialists at Elmendorf maintained all planes and helicopters on base in top condition for use at a moment's notice, so the Eagles and Chinook were always ready and available for action.

The Winter wind was bitterly cold as it screamed across the dark, loneliness of Runway 1. The three pilots, plus Hayes and Watson, walked briskly from the control tower towards the Chinook and two Eagle planes standing prepared and ready.

Watson was excited inside and itching to take off, whereas Hayes was apprehensive – and cold despite the kit issued. She had her flight suit on, proudly showing her embroidered name on the top pocket, now fully zipped up with a thermal but baggy T-shirt of Logan's underneath and two pairs of socks under her heavy-duty USAF issue boots. She was aware that the Chinook's cockpit was not heated like a passenger jet but hoped the thermal gloves, insulated suit, socks, T-shirt and balaclava would help stave off the chill.

The attentive ground crew slid the Chinook doors open and Steve and Madison climbed in. Drysdale settled down in the pilot's seat and helped Madison get her safety belt over her shoulders before giving her the thumbs up and then started talking through the headsets.

"Are you OK Madison?" he asked. She nodded, gave the thumbs up sign and felt better for being out of the freezing night winds and in the cockpit.

After running through his pre-flight check routines, Drysdale started the massive beast's engine and the propellers slowly rotated then roared into life. He entered the co-ordinates for Mount Hayes north-east face into the digital moving map display and GPS and then asked for tower clearance to take off. Soon, the mighty helicopter effortlessly lifted off, banked upwards and buzzed away in the direction of Mount Hayes.

Back over on Runway 1, Bryce climbed into the first F-15 Eagle pilot's seat, whilst Dixon got into the pilot seat of the second craft, and the ground crews secured the canopies. All three crewmen had their parachute harness, full-body flight suit on to combat gravity and survival suits, as the planes would be flying at very high speed, Mach 2.5, between Hayes and McKinley. The distance of 174 nautical miles would only take a mere forty minutes at that bewildering speed.

Logan climbed into the rear cockpit of the F-15, helped by the ground crew and buckled up his seat belt. He attached his gravity-suit valve to the aircraft's feeder valve and could feel his heart rate increasing with excitement. His internal communication channels were turned on so now he could hear both Bryce and also the control tower via his headset.

The fighter jet's Pratt and Whitney engines were warmed up and ready to go. Both planes were fully armed with AIM-120 advanced medium range air-to-air missiles on the lower fuselage corners and

on two pylons under the wings. An internal 20mm Gatling gun was located in the right-wing root but as Hayes had pointed out to them all beforehand, there had never been a verified report of a UFO behaving in a threatening manner. But just in case....

It was very dark outside, and the only lighting came from the control tower and runway lights as Bryce manoeuvred the Eagle onto the start of the runway, to await permission to take off. Major Dixon pulled alongside in his Eagle and soon the announcement came through from the tower.

“You are cleared for take-off”.

In perfect synchronization, and after years of dedicated training, the two pilots accelerated their jets rapidly along Runway 1, with afterburners blazing and their noses lifted off the ground simultaneously as their speeds reached 145 knots. Effortlessly, the 38,000 lb jets lifted into the night sky, with Reed heading for Mount Hayes and Dixon tracking the course to Mount McKinley. Watson still got that adrenalin thrill from the cockpit at these speeds and altitudes. After being thrown back in his seat, he sat back to enjoy the ride. The \$80 million SuperJet very rapidly ascended to a cruising height of 40,000 feet and a speed of Mach 2.5. The experience always made Logan’s stomach tingle and today was no different.

Both pilots confirmed their flight statuses with Elmendorf Tower and also with the Boeing Wedgetail, high above, so external tracking and observations could start. All on-board radar and LIDAR were initialised ready to use on location arrival.

Some minutes later, Logan was delighted to hear Madison’s voice in his earphones and felt reassured she was OK.

“This is AK99 to AK63 and AK79. We have now reached Mount Hayes and are in position at 8000 feet on the South-West side of the mountain. We have LIDAR activated and are sweeping the surface to capture any anomalies. Await your arrivals and updates. Over.”

Bryce replied “AK63 to AK99. Our ETA is 7 minutes. Over”. Dixon’s ETA was 9 minutes from McKinley so everything was green for go at present. Madison felt excited.

## Chapter 6

As Bryce started to closed in on Mount Hayes, he dropped his altitude progressively down to 10,000 feet and throttled back his speed to Mach 1. He constantly scanned all the data on his HUD looking for any sign of unusual activity.

He spoke to Logan on the internal channel to say “We will be over the summit of Mount Hayes in 60 seconds. I’ve activated all the cameras and now you keep observation with the night camera console”

“Sure, will” replied Logan.

“I’ve got AK99 Chinook on radar now” said Bryce to Logan, Madison and Drysdale. A few moments later, the F15 flew over the peak of Mount Hayes with Watson and Reed scouring the landscape whilst Hayes and Drysdale observed for any unusual activity around the huge mountain top. Reed banked hard and did a full 360 degree turn for another pass and data capture. Lower down the mountain, communications experts from the Brigade Combat Team had the Balor cameras trained on the mountain ready to capture any surprise activity.

A minute later, Major Dixon’s F-15 screamed over the South face of Mount Hayes, with all cameras and radar active. Like Reed, he completed a large loop and then a second pass over the peak.

Hayes looked out of the Chinook window and was privately disappointed. There had been no obvious unworldly activity.

All three craft headed back to Elmendorf AFB and the first de-brief that was scheduled for at 09.00am next morning.

Both Logan and Madison were subdued on the morning drive up to Elmendorf AFB. Logan was driving whilst Madison was looking at her laptop, to review footage from the previous night.

“Nothing new to see honey.” She said again in a resigned voice.

“The first LIDAR shots might be processed by the time we get there as the communications team were going to work through the night. The Balor footage can be reviewed too for what it is worth.”

“Still, plenty of time to go” said Watson, sensing her sliding mood and trying to revive her spirits.

“I couldn’t settle or sleep at first last night and I started to think that on tonight’s flights we should use some Chaff and Flare as we fly over the top of the mountain. The Eagles carry combat loads of over 100 flares to fire and this would increase visibility and who knows, activate a response? I will raise at the briefing and see what the guys think too, as together we could have 120 flares to fire.”

Madison smiled. “Thanks Logan! You know I feel a bit down and I am not looking forward to briefing Jackson later. He will be thrilled we have found nothing.”

“Come on Madison” replied Watson. “Rome wasn’t built in a day and we are all going to learn together. Let’s stay strong and keep poking hard at the nest! I bet the other guys are up for it”

Hayes nodded again and did feel her spirit’s lift somewhat. What had she really expected she kept asking herself? She was a big sceptic about UAPs yet here she was feeling very disappointed that

they hadn't found anything on their very first attempt and now starting to feel a failure. She patted his knee as they drove up to the base perimeter gate.

"Yes, I will be strong and I'm ready for Jackson and his sarcasm!"

## Chapter 7

On the base in their office, Hayes and Watson reviewed the Balor camera footage but, as Hayes had feared, that showed nothing of interest to them. However, the LIDAR scans, expertly and quickly processed by the Communications team, did indicate some large cavities about 40 feet below the surface of Mount Hayes and that immediately lifted the atmosphere.

“Told you not to be so glum!” teased Logan. “Something for us to work on there for sure as those areas could hold all sorts of secrets or craft”.

They headed down to the conference room for the 09:00am de-brief from last night and briefing for tonight’s flights. As Logan and Madison opened the door to the briefing room and went in, they were surprised to see Bryce, Dave and Steve already sitting there and chatting in animated fashion.

“Morning Guys.” said Madison. “You all seem keen and eager despite us not capturing much last night! I am pleased you all sound so up-beat!”

“Well let me explain!” said Dave quickly and excitedly. “I got a call from my wife at 6am, whooping with joy as she had just done a positive pregnancy test - I’m going to be a dad!” Madison and Logan both cheered and offered their handshakes, immediately understanding why the atmosphere was jubilant.

Whilst delighted for their new colleague, they both suppressed pangs of envy, as they had been trying for a child for some time now – but without success so far.

“So, to help celebrate, please help yourselves to a slice of Black Cake made from an old family recipe of mine from Guyana! Take it easy though as there is a fair measure of rum in that cake!” Dave offered. Everybody took a slice and settled down relaxed, with a coffee, for the de-brief session.

Hayes shrugged all other thoughts from her mind and opened up the meeting by showing her appreciation for the professionalism everyone had shown in flight timings and data collection on the first day of the operation.

“Unfortunately, we didn’t manage to get any telemetry indicating a craft of NHI or Non-Human Intelligence or belonging to a foreign adversary but we did get some interesting LIDAR on Mount Hayes. It looks like there are some large cavernous areas under the top of the mountain on the North West face after all. Maybe that Remote Viewer was right all those years ago! “She teased “At this point we can only speculate what they might be or contain but let’s carry on analysing tonight.”

At that point, Dave spoke up again. “Well Madison that is really interesting because after my early morning, **“you are going to be a Daddy call!”** I was re-checking all my data logs this morning from last night’s flight. I noticed that I had picked up a very short and strange broadcast somewhere near to Mount McKinley on frequency 5070 GHZ, which, as you know, is illegal in the US. I have no idea what it was about, who sent it or who it was aimed at.”

“Hmm. That is very interesting and unusual Dave. We will have to see if anything broadcasts again on that frequency at either Mount McKinley or Mount Hayes tonight during our flyovers.”

At that point, Logan spoke up. “Bryce and I were talking about stimulating more reactions from any entities on Mount Hayes and we think firing off some Chaff and Flare near the top of the summit of Mount Hayes on flyby may help to interest or flush out any visitors. We have no idea what had

happened before the craft appeared for the first time when Bryce saw it, but maybe bright lights and afterburner noise will do the trick.”

“That sounds a good idea to me” said Steve and with the Balor camera we may get a look and capture some footage, as long as we are quick! I will ask the ground crews here to load up for the Chinook too with flares.”

“Great! Now I will have to submit our first activity report and progress plans to Colonel Jackson. I feel very positive now thanks gentleman.” All those present in the room, felt excited again and fully motivated about the night ahead.

Back at her desk, Hayes completed typing her report of the night’s activities, proof read it and then printed a copy out that she signed and dated. She inserted tidily into a Veloflex folder and then walked round to Jackson’s large office and spoke to Helena.

“Hi Helena. Is the Colonel free? I have last night’s activity and progress report for here him as he requested.”

“Hi Madison. I’ll just check for you. “She buzzed the phone in his office but this time there was a long wait for any reply. Helena shook her head vigorously at Madison, not to indicate that Jackson wasn’t there but that he was not in a good mood. That put Madison on her guard, and she went into mental preparation mode. Be strong she told herself.

After an awkward ten minutes of waiting on the reception sofa and making small talk with Helena, Jackson opened the door of this office. “Come in” he said sharply to Madison.

Madison went into his office holding the report in a plastic Veloflex folder. She had now decided to keep conversation to a minimum and exit as soon as she could.

“Here is my report from last night’s activities Sir.” She passed the file to Jackson and stepped back from his desk, expecting to be invited to sit down. She wasn’t.

Jackson took the report out from the folder and read it all in complete silence whilst sitting at his desk while Hayes stood awkwardly waiting for any questions. Privately, Jackson found the report was well written and fully detailed but he wasn’t going to say that to Hayes.

“So, basically nothing was found last night?” he fairly spat at her. “This exercise is starting to eat up a lot of dollars and officer time. “

Hayes took a long, deep and calming breath before replying. “The LIDAR scans show large underground cavities at Mount Hayes that in theory could be used for sheltering a craft whilst the communication Major Dixon picked up was on an unauthorised channel at Mount McKinley. We might be onto something here however small it seems right now. Tonight’s flights might reveal further information, as we search for a needle in a haystack.”

Jackson huffed almost contemptuously.

“OK. Let me have another detailed report first thing tomorrow morning.”

He knew that there were powers above him in the Government that wanted an investigation and he did not have the power to abort it now.

“Yes, Sir will do” said Hayes and gratefully left his office.

## Chapter 8

Hayes and Watson decided to leave the office a little earlier to go home, rest up for a few hours and shower before the evening's activities began. As Logan drove them along the highway, they chatted about the de-brief meeting in the morning.

"I felt the meeting went really well this morning and the team has really started to glue together," said Madison. "But I don't think Jackson is very happy and I have this feeling he wants us to fail and get off his base."

"Maybe but don't worry about him. I hope you realise that you have the full support of all the guys on the team without any doubt. You are doing a great job with your sharp analytic mind and feminine skills!" Logan replied. She smiled but he could see that sadness hung over her.

"Great news for Dave and his wife about the baby too." Madison added trying to inject a happy note into the chat but inadvertently opening up a conversation Logan had been trying to avoid.

"Yes, he is a good guy and I am really pleased for them" said Logan and then noticed a few moments later tears streaming down her face. He quickly pulled the car up by the side of the highway, put his arms around her and hugged her. He wiped the tears from her cheeks and kissed her forehead, desperately trying to show his love and care for her.

"Come on honey" he whispered gently and trying desperately to comfort her.

"Logan, I just want to give you a child too. We have a great life and a little baby would be the topping but I can't seem to" she sobbed.

"Hey Madison. Try not to get yourself worked up as that won't help. Let's relax and keep trying – we have to let nature take its course and if not, well then...we have a great life together with so much to do. I am so happy with you and I love you so very much."

He kissed her on the lips and squeezed her hand. Madison felt a tingle inside as Logan, like many men, didn't always communicate his inner feelings very well. But right now, she felt complete and unconditional love.

"I am sorry Logan. Maybe Jackson, and the investigation are starting to stress me but I do love you so much too," she sniffled.

She put her hand on his leg and stroked up and down his thigh as they neared home and back at the apartment in Anchorage they went straight to bed. No sleep was had though.

After a shower and some tacos to keep them going, they got back into the car and returned to Elmendorf. When they were back on the base, they got into their flight suits to rendezvous with the rest of the team in the briefing room at 20.00pm, ready to walk to the crafts and board at 20:30pm.

Tonight, Logan would fly in Drysdale's Chinook rather than Dixon's F-15 and both Eagles would fly together first to McKinley, then onto Hayes. Flares would be dropped at both mountain sites and an additional loopback flight would look for any response or activities, with all possible measurement instrumentation in use. Again, the Balor cameras were set up to point at Mount Hayes summit and the communication team were monitoring, on another bitterly cold Alaskan night.

For Madison, the walk to the Chinook was now starting to feel familiar and she was very relaxed for this flight – especially with Logan sitting with her in the Chinook cockpit.



The Chinook whirred into action and slowly elevated from the ground into the pitch-black sky above Elmendorf. Steve set off in the direction of Mount Hayes as per the previous night and they smoothly flashed over the snowy and mountainous terrain. The whiteout made it hard for Madison and Logan to clearly make out anything below as they chatted on the internal channel to Steve.

“We’ll be over Mount Hayes in ten,” said Steve. “I will fire off some of our flare-set about five minutes before the first Eagle is due to start to help illuminate the area and see if anything happens.”

“OK. Let’s hope we invoke a response quickly!” replied Madison enthusiastically and Logan agreed.

Meanwhile, the two F-15 Eagles were closing in rapidly on the summit of Mount McKinley with Reed leading Dixon. They separated flight paths so Reed was 2000 feet higher than Dixon and then approached the mountain in opposite directions, East and West approaches at rapid and loud pace.

“AK79 to AK63 I’m ready to discharge flares in thirty seconds and light the sky!”

“Roger that AK79” replied Dixon, preparing to fire half of his own arsenal of flares and incendiaries.

Reed let the flares go and then circled the dark shape of the mountain followed at a lower and opposite trajectory by Dixon, who gleefully let his batch go. Both pilots started to circle and admire the view.

“Mighty pretty lit up Bryce ain’t it\_\_\_” said Dave. But before he could add anymore, he suddenly shouted out. “Hey! Hey! There is that broadcast again on frequency 5070 Ghz”

Bryce confirmed he had picked up the broadcast also and this was noted by Steve, Logan and Madison at Mount Hayes. Dixon scanned the mountain top for any signs of activity via the infra-red view finder built into his visor but he saw nothing.

“I wonder if that broadcast was a warning to Mount Hayes?” speculated Watson in the Chinook and all the listeners wondered the same thing.

A further rapid circuit above the mountain revealed nothing more and neither were any further broadcasts captured.

“AK63 to AK79 Heading to Mount Hayes now,” said Dixon. Both planes then set course to head East at Mach 2, afterburners on, to provoke the huge massif - and see what would happen.

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