

Revolution

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The UFO controversy has raged for decades, but when a small town reporter makes the sighting of a lifetime, events are set into motion that will forever change the world. The secrets go far deeper than anyone could imagine, however; deep enough to turn families against each another, divide nations, rewrite human history, and threaten the existence of the entire world. Some secrets should never be revealed, but when choosing between the right thing to do and the important thing to do, how will you know which side to take?

Revolution, book one in a trilogy about secrets, discoveries, and the crisis of faith that results from ordinary people thrust into extraordinary situations. Coming soon.

Chapter 1

Jennifer could easily see the light glowing below the horizon some distance in front of her, sending a supernatural aura skyward into the dark, moonless night sky of central Arizona. Thunderstorms were brewing further off to the north, and the backdrop of lightning lent a surreal atmosphere to the situation. She was approaching a series of small hills that broke into an open plain and the light appeared to be stationary in one of the valleys, perhaps over the next hill or maybe the one after it.

She was no stranger to anticipation and adrenaline, but the waves of fear cascading shivers throughout her body were foreign and unnerving. She continued to urge her faded black Camaro on down the rough, broken pavement that was Central Wood road, determined to find the answer to the strange light she'd been following for the past fifteen minutes. Her 35mm camera was within easy reach to her right, loaded up and ready to shoot, and if there was time her old Sony Hi-8 camcorder was in the back, ready to document whatever the hell it was she had been chasing.

She crested the first hill and dove for the second, certain that the light was hiding behind it. As she drew closer the dark pavement actually became difficult to see, such was the intensity of whatever lay in wait over the next crest. She quickly glanced around the countryside, looking for any sign of life other than her own. She had never driven this far north on Central Wood road before, and she was quickly beginning to see why. Other than a dilapidated 19th century barn and some scattered trees, she was the only

other object in the vicinity. *Typical*, she thought as she began to decelerate at the crest of the next hill. *Something like this would never happen if a bunch of people were around.*

Jennifer locked up the brakes as she broke over the hill, sliding to a stop slightly askew in the road. Right in front of her, set against the dark Arizona sky was an object deceptively small for the amount of light bursting from it. It looked like a saucer, circular shaped and flat, maybe thirty feet in diameter. It was rather thick around the edges, and gradually sloped up and in towards the middle. Directly in the center was what appeared to be the main body of the craft; it looked to be about ten feet around and extended upward at least twice that far. Aside from several dark rectangles that resembled window shutters on a country home she could see no other distinguishing features, no clear entrance, cockpit or control surfaces. The craft was hovering just a few feet above the road, slowly rotating in a clockwise motion. It made virtually no sound aside from a subdued, mechanical hum, and it produced no amount of turbulence distinguishable from an ordinary gust of wind. Other than the powerful light beneath the object that didn't seem to have a specific source, she observed no possible explanation for its propulsion system.

She sat rigid behind the wheel, completely frozen in place by thousands of screaming emotions. She'd heard all the stories, seen all the pictures, and she'd even taken a road trip to New Mexico with a crazy boyfriend to hunt mysterious objects near the fabled "Area 51", but she never really believed in any of it. She believed in real life, things that she could see and touch. Everything else was for the weak-minded, left for those who couldn't stand to have something unanswered. But here was something that she could definitely see, and if her fear allowed, she could even try to touch it. She made no such attempt however; she just sat there, gripping the steering wheel, jaw slung open, eyes splayed out in a combination of awe and fright. She could actually feel the conflict inside her; the fear telling her to grab first gear, pop the clutch and drive like hell. But then came the curiosity, the daring and that damned reporter side of her personality that always, *always* got her into trouble. "*Go on.*" it whispered. "*Get closer, find out what it is.*"

It took a few more moments to work up the courage, but Jennifer finally reached over, grabbed her camera, pulled herself out of the car and began snapping photos of the object hovering directly in front of her. All the recent photography lessons were flashing

through her brain as she worked the right angles and positions for the best shots, and she was now thankful for the hours spent on all those classes. The distant lightning continued to dance; a particularly intense bolt blistered down from the clouds and struck something in the distance below the horizon, bright enough for a moment to be visible despite the punishing light from the craft. Jennifer didn't even notice; she was moving into her stride, ripping off picture after picture until the film ran out, after which she bolted back to the car and grabbed the camcorder. Her aggressive side was starting to take over, and with the video rolling she sidestepped her fear and closed in on the object; gingerly at first, but more audacious with each step. The craft held its position like a supermodel, gracefully posing for the camera as she drew ever closer. Seconds were hours as she filmed nearly every angle of the thing, inching closer with each passing moment. She started to feel a bit hot, and nausea began to spread through her abdomen, but she didn't relent. Like most photographers or videographers, her world became a tiny two-dimensional square, and she lost perspective of just how close she actually was to this unknown machine.

The hum was louder now, or at least it seemed louder. And hotter, definitely hotter. She panned up and felt dizzy, but she stayed on her feet somehow. It felt like she was actually leaning back on something, or perhaps something was pulling her up, but her feet were still definitely on the ground. Through it all, her eyes were glued to the video screen, making sure the picture was steady and focused. This was going to be her ticket to the big time, and that wouldn't happen with just another blurry video of some lights in the sky. All she needed to do now was find a door of some kind.

And then it started to move again, ever so slightly upwards, pulling away from the road.

The movement snapped Jennifer back to reality. The devil of curiosity on her shoulder let out a scream and she dashed for her life, running full speed back to the outstretched door and presumed safety of her Camaro, the floating disc doing God knows what behind her back. The sprint last only a few second, but by the time slammed into the front seat of the car, the object was gone.

Jennifer sat motionless behind the wheel for a couple minutes, trying to gather her thoughts and calm her nerves. She'd always thought of herself as a strong woman, never

afraid to push the barriers or the buttons of others to get what she wanted. She *really* wasn't used to the numbing fear that had her all but paralyzed; it left her vulnerable and that was a place she swore to never revisit. Lightning continued to spider web across the horizon, and though the storms were still some distance away she could just begin to make out some rumblings of thunder. It didn't echo like Jennifer thought it should; the sound was muted and flat, and actually her entire surroundings seemed almost lifeless, causing her to think for a moment she was dreaming, or maybe even dead. The dizziness and nausea were fading, but she wasn't sure if they were natural side effects of too much adrenaline or something from the machine itself. As more time passed, her stomach—and senses—began to settle. She became aware of a gentle breeze rustling bushes near the road. Occasional rolls of distant thunder became mixed with what sounded like a light airplane somewhere nearby. She was still alive and also apparently still in normal reality, and her dry, stinging eyes reminded her that she'd been staring into the cosmos for several minutes without so much as a blink. It was of little concern—she yearned to see the object again and if the briefest blink could mean a missed opportunity, a little bit of eye discomfort was a small price to pay.

But the light was well and truly gone. Whether it simply faded out, or shot off to some other location, she had no idea. It made no extra noise while her back was turned, and there were no marks or scars anywhere in the area. It was there, and then it simply wasn't.

Finally she made a move towards the gearshift, surprised to find some jitters of adrenaline in her left leg as she pushed in the clutch, but the thrill of what just happened was replacing all the fear with something approaching ecstasy. She pulled first gear and pointed the car towards home, keeping a watchful eye to the sky for a return engagement at a moment's notice. As the miles clicked away that seemed less and less likely, but at the same time she began to truly comprehend the extraordinary event she'd just witnessed. And photographed. And videotaped.

“Holy hell have I got a story” she thought as the adrenaline and excitement stretched her lips into an involuntary grin. *“I just saw a U.F.O....”*