

Aliens Below

Crimson Rose

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Closing the folder on his desk as a knock echoed off his office door, Director Frankie Daye slowly exhaled before calling out “Enter.” Door opening, he saw the cute, but stern-looking 31-year-old scientific genius Doctor Alicia Sullivan wearing a crisp white lab coat over a burgundy skirt suit – long black hair pulled back in a ponytail and piercing blue eyes peering through narrow-framed glasses. “Please take a seat, Doctor Sullivan,” he said, motioning to the two very comfortable chairs opposite himself.

“Thank you sir,” Alicia said as she closed the door and the distance to her boss’, boss’ boss. “May I ask what this is about?”

“It’s about this fantastical report I just spent the last fourteen hours going over.”

“Fantastical, Sir?”

“You expect me to believe you and your team detected a UFO supposedly entering our universe at the exact moment of the big bang and that it might be responsible for kickstarting everything as we currently understand it?”

“You have the data, sir. The readings have been tested and verified more than a hundred times by seven teams using everything from neutrino telescopes and the Plank satellite, to the Sagan Observatory and LISA and all evidence points to an object approximately one-point-seven kilometers long, point-nine kilometers wide, not only appearing at virtually the instant of the big bang, but travelling through and out of the dense plasma some three-hundred-eighty-one thousand years later. And not just randomly, Sir. That object – whatever it might be, took a very deliberate course no natural, unmanned object could.”

“So it is your belief that this object isn’t just extraterrestrial, but extra-universal and not only possibly kickstarted this universe, but somehow managed to survive in impossible conditions for hundreds of thousands of years?”

“That is the going theory, Sir.”

“And what exactly is it that you want me to do with this information, Doctor Sullivan? Frankie asked even as her rubbed his eyes.

“I want you to tell the world that after millennia of staring up at the stars wondering if we’re alone in the universe, we finally have a definitive answer, Sir.”

“Do we?”

“You’ve seen the evidence for yourself, Sir.”

“Even if what the report says is true, what makes you believe anything survived traversing through the hottest temperatures possible for hundreds of thousands of years, let alone the billions that followed?”

“We can only assume that a species capable of potentially breaking through the barrier between universes also possess the technology to withstand such temperatures and given the sheer size of the ship it very well may be generational in nature. We can’t say without seeing it for ourselves, but there’s no denying they entered this universe at as near to the beginning of the big bang as we can determine, travelled a purposeful course, and then exited the CMB three-hundred-eight-one-thousand years later.”

“And then what did it do? If you tracked it that long and far then where did it go from there, Doctor Sullivan?”

“It’s all in the report, Sir.”

“I want to hear it from your own mouth, Doctor Sullivan.”

“As best we can tell it just travelled, Sir. For billions and billions of years it charted the universe until...”

“Go on.”

“Until approximately four-point-five-four-billion years ago it came to an abrupt stop on a primordial Earth, Sir.”

“So, it is your belief that aliens landed on earth at its formation?”

“Yes Sir.”

“On a hellish world of molten rock and temperatures in the thousands of degrees?”

“What’s a few thousand degrees to a species with the technology to not only withstand the trillions of degrees of the big bang, but to travel billions of years to get here, Sir? And if it survived all of that then it stands to reason that somewhere on this planet is a treasure trove of information and technologies so far beyond us as to be incomprehensible.”

“Satellites have mapped every millimeter of the planet from the highest peaks to the lowest depths and no massive spaceships or aliens have ever been found.”

“Maybe it’s buried so deep our current level of technology can’t locate it. And who know, perhaps our air is toxic to them and they died billions of years ago. The point is, we have irrefutable proof than an alien spaceship landed on primordial earth and we’d be negligent in our duties to ignore it, Sir.”

“The point, Doctor Sullivan, is that I am not about to go to the general public with a story about aliens visiting Earth – no matter how probable, without concrete evidence to back it up. And I’m not talking about your team’s report. Either we find the ship or the lifeforms that were aboard, or this goes no further than my office. Is that understood?”

“Understood, Sir, which is exactly why we’ve been working with contractors to improve our ability to scan, detect, and identify objects buried far deeper than previously imagined possible. You should be receiving a report soon, Sir, but I wanted to be the first to tell you that we’ve done it. Against all the odds, we’ve located what we believe to be the very same ship that landed on primordial Earth all those eons ago.”

“The fact that I – the Director of the Global Space Administration, am just now hearing about this is more than a little upsetting. How something so important not only skipped my desk, but was funded without my knowledge is a violation on a grand scale!”

“I can understand your frustrations, Sir, but with all due respect, you weren’t informed because this endeavor doesn’t concern the GSA. At least as far as new scanning and detection technologies are concerned. I only know about it because I happen to be married to the lead engineer of the project and he gave me special permission to inform you of our findings based on what teams here have discovered.”

“And what exactly has been found, Doctor Sullivan?”

“As I said, Sir, we believe the alien vessel has been located approximately seventeen-hundred-ninety-six kilometers below the surface of Antarctica and we know this because it’s not only completely intact, but readings indicate multiple materials not native to our universe.”

“So, what, now we have aliens living inside the Earth?”

“Given the readings it’s quite possible, Sir.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning readings indicate a series of unnatural caverns and tunnel systems running the same approximate depth, Sir. And given the age of the landing I don’t think I need to tell you what this means.”

“Yell me anyway.”

“It means, Sir, that humans are not the first intelligent life on Earth. In fact, for all we know, they may have set everything in motion and actually seeded this world hoping to find a new home for themselves.”

“Then why wait billions of years to populate it? No, more likely they built underground homes for themselves and then eventually died off due to starvation, disease, old age, or who knows what else?”

“Unlikely, Sir.”

“Are you going to counter everything I suggest, Doctor Sullivan?”

“Think about it, Sir. We have an alien species capable of travelling between universes, crossing billions of lightyears, and landing on a molten hellscape of a planet. To last that long they must have some sort of replication technology allowing them to create all the food and water they need. And unless their ship flew on autopilot the entire time without even a single hiccup it must have a crew. Obviously we have no way of knowing their lifespan, but if the ship is intact as we believe it to be and they do, in fact, have replication technologies, then I don’t think they would’ve starved to death. Disease? Possibly, but any species that advanced would have equally advanced medical knowledge. So that just leaves old age, which, could be a possibility, but I can’t believe for a second that a species that advanced would allow themselves to just die off. The only thing we know for certain is where the ship is located. Getting there, on the other hand, is a problem for the engineering team.”

“And that’s all you’ll ever know,” a disembodied voice said just before an imposing, well-dressed brick house of a man standing well over 7-feet tall suddenly appeared out of thin air.

Years of military experience kicking in, a gun appeared in Director Frankie Daye’s hand with sights aimed at the intruder’s forehead. “I don’t know who you are, or how you got in here, but...”

“SIR!” Alicia gasped. “What in the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“What do you mean ‘what am I doing?’ There’s an intruder in my office and he’s going to...”

“This gentleman was either here the entire time cloaked by technologies far beyond us, or he just appeared out of thin air using technologies humanity has only fantasized about. Either way, if he wished us harm we wouldn’t be having this conversation,” Alicia said as she stepped between the barrel of the gun and the mysterious figure. “Something tells me it’s the latter and that this gentleman is more than he appears. You’re one of the aliens that came to earth all those billions of years ago, aren’t you? The same aliens that may have given birth to this universe and potentially all life on this planet. Before you do whatever it is you came here to do to silence us, please tell us who you are and what we can do to avoid an untimely death.” Seeing a look of utter disgust at the mention of death, Alicia breathed a sigh of relief. “So, you’re not here to kill us then?” Again, a look of disgust bordering on actual physical discomfort washed over the man’s wizened face.

“We wish you no harm, but knowledge of our existence is cannot be allowed to spread. Already we are working to erase all evidence you have of us from every system on Earth, and erase it from the memories of those in the know. Unfortunately, scans indicate that you, Miss Alicia Sullivan, are amongst the rare humans immune to the procedure,” as the man spoke, two more imposing men appeared, grabbed the GSA Director, and then vanished. “Now that we’re alone...”

“What did you do to Frankie?”

“He will be returned once all knowledge of our existence has been erased from his memory.”

“You can’t just kidnap and wipe people’s memories!”

“We can and we must.”

“Why? Give me one reason to believe what you’re doing is right or so help me...”

“What? You’ll resort to violence?” the man scoffed. “That is the human way isn’t it? Think about what you’re doing and why, Miss Sullivan. You’ve stumbled upon an alien civilization that has been occupying this world since it was a molten ball forming in space. We were here before the planet itself. We possess technologies billions of years ahead of your current understanding. What do you think would happen if humanity got it’s hands on it? Or one of us for that matter? We created technologies to escape one universe; we can do it again. No, the only way to ensure Earth and all of its inhabitants survive to see an age of peace is to maintain our secrecy and to do that all traces of us must be erased.”

“But you said I’m immune to whatever barbaric procedures your forcing Frankie and others to go through against their will! That doesn’t sound very peaceful or enlightened to me!”

“The procedure is complex but painless. We are a peaceful people, Miss Sullivan, but after billions of years of persecution and being hunted to near extinction for what we are...”

“And what are you exactly?” Alicia cut in. “I won’t stop until I know the truth so if you can’t erase my memories then how are you going to prevent me starting all over?”

“We will not kill you if that’s what you’re worried about,” the man answered. “But we do have other options. If you’re intent on continuing with your investigation and releasing knowledge of us to the world leading to chaos and death on an unthinkable scale, then I’ll have no choice but to take you back to our city where you’ll spend the rest of your life in prison. Alternatively, we can perform another procedure that will transform you into one of us, but it is not without risk.”

“Transform me into one of you? I don’t even know what you are so why would I agree to become one of you? And if you think I’ll just let you throw me in prison without a fight, you don’t know the first thing about me!”

“We appeared and took your friends and coworkers without issue. You’ll be no different. As for what we are...” reaching out faster than Alicia’s brain could register the movement, the man wrapped an arm around her and as she was pulled closer, everything dissolved into a maelstrom of colors that rapidly reformed into a field surrounded by trees.

“W-What just happened? Where are we?”

“I’ve translocated us to a secluded place where we can speak freely, and to show you what I really am,” the man answered as he took several steps back. “Please don’t be afraid,” he said as his human visage melted into that of what appeared to be an anthropomorphic fox with deep purple and black fur highlighted with bits of white. “My name is Kyrenic Naeran and I am of the Zel’vrat.”

Transfixed on the man’s exotic and mind-shatteringly handsome features including the long tail slowly swaying left and right, Alicia’s heart couldn’t help but thump harder in her chest as she slowly stepped closer. Reaching out, she gently touched the soft fur covering his right hand. “Y-You... you’re beautiful!” she exclaimed. “I’ve seen creatures like you before in...”

“Where?” Kyrenic said, his voice tense. “Where have you seen my kind before?”

“I... not your kind specifically, but close. I assume you’ve heard of a now long dead form of media known as anime? I’m something of a historian myself and would watch every scrap I could get my hands on. There were people in them closely resembling you. But not just foxes.

All types of animals were represented and while they're cute, they don't even come close to what I'm seeing right now. I... you... I've never... wow! Wait! Why are you showing yourself to me? What are you hoping to gain from this?"

"Your reaction towards my true appearance."

"And?"

"Definitely not what I expected. I don't want to imprison you for the rest of your life, Miss..."

"Alicia. You may call me Alicia."

"I don't want to imprison you for the rest of your life, Alicia, so by showing you my true self I am hoping you'll accept the alternative."

"Which you said comes with risk. Explain if you don't mind. What exactly is it you'll be doing to me?"

"Using technologies I am not going to bother explaining, we will rewrite your genetic code into that of a Zel'vrat. Once the process has started it cannot be stopped. And once completed may never be undone. Not because we would refuse, but because our genetic code is immune to such tampering."

"And the risks?"

"Death," Kyrenic said – his voice quivering with utter disgust at the mere mention of the word.

"You said you wouldn't kill me!"

"And we won't. Not intentionally, but as I'm sure a scientific mind such as yours is well aware, rewriting genetic code isn't exactly an easy task even for a species as advanced as ours. We will take every precaution possible to ensure you come out of it alive, but truth be told, while we've performed it on species in our home universe, we've never attempted it on a human and, well..."

"The process could kill me."

"What are the odds I'm immune to that as well?"

"Virtually zero."

"What happens if it doesn't work and I come out of it still human? Do you toss me in a cell for the rest of my life?"

"If you survive the process you'll become Zel'vrat and you'll be welcomed amongst your new people with open arms and the knowledge of why we must remain unknown. And if you do not survive, your loss will be felt and mourned by every Zel'vrat for all of time. But if you somehow survive and are not transformed, then... then I honestly don't know what will happen to you, Alicia. All I can say is by accepting the transformation you're showing a profound level of trust that will go a long way in the eyes of our Elders when time comes to determine your ultimate fate. So, what will you choose?"

"What if I choose to go home and forget any of this ever happened?"

"We cannot risk you telling others of our existence so, unfortunately, that's not an option."

"But imprisoning me for no crime, or performing a procedure that will most likely kill me is? Tell me again how peaceful you are. I'm beginning to get a picture of why you were forced from your home universe. How many species have yours experimented on? How many innocent people have you falsely imprisoned? Tell me, Kyrenic, why did you really run away? What could anyone possible do against a seemingly immortal race with the ability to survive the birth of a universe, teleport, and God only knows what else? If you want me to make a fair and

informed decision you're going to have to be honest with me or humanity learning of your existence will be the least of your concerns," Alicia said as if she held all of the cards of every deck every created when, in fact, she held none.

"You're in no position to lecture anyone on forcing experiments on others against their will when humanity has done far worse than any Zel'vrat's worst nightmare!" Kyrenic shot back – his voice barely containing the rage he was feeling in the moment. "We lived in peace on a planet in the oldest galaxy in the universe for billions of years. We watched stars burn out and planets form. We witnessed the rise of nations and the fall of countless civilizations and yet we endured safe in the knowledge that no other species could work together long enough to explore their own planetary system, let alone another galaxy. We were so focused on the greater universe that we failed to notice a planet giving birth to a new species in our very own back yard until it was too late. Spreading like a plague, they conquered and claimed dominion over everything they encountered."

Seeing the anguish in Kyrenic's eyes and hearing it in his voice with every word spoken, Alicia nearly stopped him, but something in the deepest pits of her being told her this was a story she needed to hear no matter how devastating.

"We are a peaceful people and when the Khaad arrived we welcomed them as such, but the only thing they were interested in was our superior technologies and using us as slaves. Even when they began slaughtering us by the thousands to keep us in our place we did not fight back. When generations of Khaad died of old age while the Zel'vrat remained ageless and they began experimenting on us to figure out why, we never fought back. We... the Zel'vrat are innately empathic with memories stretching the lifespan of the universe. The agony... the pure desperation we felt as our own kind were dissected while still breathing... it broke our spirit, but we never fought back. No, we did as we always have. We endured. We plotted and schemed while biding our time as our greatest minds worked in secrecy to escape the nightmare the Khaad had so easily rained down upon us. We knew there was nowhere we could hide where they wouldn't find us so our only hope of survival..."

"Was to find a way out of your universe and into another," Alicia said, her voice cracking as she fought to hold back the tears. "I understand not wanting to wage war, but even the most peaceful creatures will fight back when cornered so please help me understand why you people didn't."

"Because it isn't in our nature to. The Zel'vrat have never known war. The very thought or harming another, let alone killing them is... it's simply something we cannot bring ourselves to do no matter how poorly we're treated."

"And yet, even as we speak your people are performing unnecessary and potentially deadly procedures on mine. How are you any different than the Khaad?"

"We have scanned and scrutinized every bit of the human genome and have calibrated our equipment accordingly so no harm will come to them."

"That doesn't change the fact that you took them against their will. If you know anything about humanity you'd know it has taken us thousands of years to work out our differences and while we're far from perfect we've come a long way towards global peace. There hasn't been a murder in nearly a century. The last Great War was more than four hundred years ago. Nearly all crime has been eliminated so when an alien species starts kidnapping and screwing with our brains you best believe we'll defend ourselves from that and any other threat your people pose no matter how peaceful you claim to be. If you cannot coexist with us then perhaps it's time for you to find another planet to call home."

“We cannot leave without destroying this world and everything on it or we would’ve left eons ago.”

“If you’re so peaceful why do you have prisons? And in what universe is locking an innocent person away for the rest of their life not causing them irreparable harm? I would think you of all people would understand the effects of psychological trauma.”

“We’re talking in circles. Decide. Prison, or transformation?”

“Or option three: I come with you and then finish the job the Khaad started,” Alicia countered.

“Y-You wouldn’t...”

“To save my people from being your lab rats? If you think for a second we’ll stand idly by while you pick us off a few at a time then you better recall your human history lessons. What will you do to stop us? Go to another universe? Wait, you already said you can’t leave this planet without destroying it and you won’t lift a finger to defend yourselves even in the face of extinction so, what precisely will you do when fifteen billion very pissed off humans make you pay for your crimes against us?”

“What we do is for self-preservation. We...”

“No, what you do is out of cowardice!” Alicia snapped. “You don’t get to hide behind a veil of peace while forcefully screwing with my people’s minds and threatening to lock us up for knowing you exist. Sorry, but that’s not a crime any human will recognize or abide by so I strongly suggest you return the humans you kidnapped before they undergo any procedure and then return to whatever hole you crawled out of as I will not be responsible for the nightmare we rain down on your kind if you don’t!”

“I’m sorry, but you give me no other choice,” Kyrenic said as his left arm wrapped around Alicia. Pulling her in, the last thing he saw before everything exploded into a maelstrom of colors was her lips curling into a grin that made him tremble to his very core.