

## Abduction At Roswell

### Chapter 1. MURDER

They were in the house.

The 8-year old boy lay paralyzed with fear, and resolve, in his little bedroom at the end of the dark hall. He didn't dare move to look at them behind him, or let go of his steel bike key the strange unknown boy had told him about, and his friends, out in the wet, damp fields of rotting bamboo. The bigger boy whom none of them knew had scared them to death with talk of Martians coming to burn Tokyo and kill everyone, in the stinking shed in the middle of the muddy wastes around their little houses on the United States Air Force Base. "Only steel will keep you safe," the mean boy warned. "If you hold some steel tight in your hands, even when you're asleep, you'll be safe."

"Why?" one of the quivering boys asked, sitting on the floor of the dirty shed after school.

"Because they're Martians. For some reason only steel stops them, and will keep you safe."

David kept his fist clutching his steel Japanese bike key safely under his pillow, all night long, every night, terrified of the dire warnings. He didn't know why, but the bigger boy seemed to know what he was talking about. He didn't think he was totally a mean kid just trying to scare littler boys. He never let go of that key, and carried it to school, in the bath tub, everywhere.

And then that unforgettable night came, and THEY were in the house. He knew it. He wasn't asleep like everyone else in the quiet, dark little 3-bedroom military house on Grant Heights, in the middle of stinking, destroyed Tokyo. Even in 1956, over ten years after The War, it was still a sewer of putrid stench and naked, starving children living in the gutters downtown. He couldn't believe the destruction and poverty; the misery in the sad eyes of the skinny yellow kids. He also couldn't understand why the Americans didn't live down there, and were all clumped together in one isolated, clean neighborhood. Even over 50 years later the boy didn't know why he was the only one not asleep in the whole house, in the middle of the night. He didn't know if he'd been awakened by something, or the private fear had kept him awake. Normally he was always an untroubled, deep sleeper and never worried about anything. But that night he was wide awake and alert to the most awful danger he'd ever faced or imagined in his life.

But he didn't face it, and that, he was sure, was the bravest thing he ever did. He did not look around behind him where he was sure They were coming down the dark hall at the back of his head, where his cheap military cot was by the open bedroom door and his head facing away from the hall, facing across his room to his brother Steve's bed, where he could see Steve, 7 years old, was sound asleep under the window. There were no lights on in the house, or outside, and no sounds at all - except for an eerie buzzing he'd heard many times in his life, a silent buzzing like a tuning fork, that he came to know was the sound of Their approach and presence. But for now, he knew, he KNEW, They were standing right behind him, behind his head, looking down at him, daring his curiosity to turn around and look at Them!

But he didn't! He hoped they couldn't see him, but he knew they could. He hadn't even dared to cover his head with his scratchy blue wool USAF blanket. He didn't move. He held his key tightly under his blanket.

They didn't make a move or a sound.

The whole world was tingling with the unearthly threat of their buzzing, and silence, and terrifying Presence. It was not his imagination. It was not a dream.

He wasn't sure when it ended, or how, but he knew there was no missing time and attack against him that all-important night, as there was on other occasions over the years, before and after. He was sure he heard them, or felt them, finally moving away from the back of his head, and working their way around the rest of the house. He remembered almost every minute detail of that simple house the rest of his life, even more than he remembered great events or places or people more recently, because it was the turning point in his dear family's long descent into inexplicable tragedy and dysfunction, despair, and total psychological collapse. Nothing else could rationally explain how that solid Catholic, American family could shatter so completely so quickly.

It was the Martians. Yes, he'd been influenced by comic books and movies about evil Martians stealing into the Earth with horrible faces and monstrous purposes, but this was something else. This was as real as a stomach ache and a broken leg when he was 6. It was a direct, logical threat and assault that had permanent effects on all of them.

Just across from his open bedroom door was Mom and Dad's room, where newborn baby Penny was also asleep in her crib next to Mom for midnight nursings. The next room down the hall 2-year old Jacque slept in a crib, and 4-year old Kathy in her own cot. The tiny bathroom was next to their room, and the short hall led into a small living room on the left, with the front door outside to the bare street, and right from the hall into a small dining room alcove, kitchen, and the back door out to the dangerous fields where boys talked of supernatural fears.

He didn't know what they were doing, but they were moving into the other rooms. He desperately wanted to look to see what was going on, and maybe even fight them, or yell for Dad to fight them! But he didn't dare. It was far too dangerous. He wasn't even sure how he knew that, but he knew it: to look at them meant defeat. He didn't even know for sure if there was only one or more. He had no idea what "They" looked like or really who or what they were, or It was. But he knew for sure now they knew who he was and what he was doing, and of course that probably frightened him more than anything. Years later he also realized he felt a little guilty that they or It was leaving him alone and going around to do something else or hurt someone else in the household. He also had no sense of any Spaceship or anything waiting or hovering outside the house, or anywhere in the neighborhood. He never saw a Flying Saucer or anything remotely like one. He just knew there was something that had powers greater than people, that could move silently into houses and maybe become invisible and fly or whatever. They or It had incredible magic powers.

Soon, it became normal and quiet again. They'd left. And he went to sleep, tired from his nightlong ordeal, thankful, relieved.

The next day he rode his cool red bike home from Narimasu Elementary School on Grant Heights, in a chilly late winter afternoon at the end of February, and came in the front door to a startling scene of adults sitting all around the living room. They were almost like foreign entities to him, almost unrecognizable, he thought later, like robots or something. They stared at him strangely, sadly, ominously. Steve sat by the door and said in a cold matter-of-fact voice, "Kathy died."

"What?"

Mom was sobbing with babies Penny and Jacque on her lap, and the priest was patting her hand next to her, and the strange adults all stared at him for some kind of reaction. David was embarrassed to be the center of attention, like he was on a round stage expected to perform, and all he wanted to do was run out of there. Steve's words were like a knife stabbing in his guts. He went over to Mom and hugged her and said something, he didn't remember what, and she desperately hugged him back. Maybe they said something about Kathy had measles, and they had to take her to the hospital, but he didn't remember that she was sick at all. None of the other kids caught the infectious disease. Mom was so beautiful, with long black hair, and her heart was broken forever that day. David had to run outside, out the back door, and cowered under a crawlspace under the house, sobbing and growling miserably in the cold wet dirt. "It was the Martians! It was the Martians! I should have fought them!"