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# *Disclosure from the aliens' point-of-view – Choice fiction*

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by Mike Rozak  
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This is “*Choice fiction*”, like a “*Choose Your Own Adventure*” book. Start reading the short-story from the “*Begin here*” title. When you reach the end of the section, you will be able to decide what your character does. Click on one of the choices to progress further into the story.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Choose Your Own Adventure](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Choose_Your_Own_Adventure))

## Begin here

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You are an alien who is assigned to work on “disclosure” for Earth-Sol. Regrettably, you are not allowed to role-play a Grey in this choice-fiction story. The Greys are a bit radioactive at the moment, so the task of “disclosing” has been temporarily assigned to other alien races.

What alien race do you wish to be? (*Remember the race you have selected. It will be important later-on in the story.*)

- **Simian** – Homo Sapiens are evolved from Australopithecus. Your race is evolved from monkeys. To read science fiction involving Simian races, see David Brin’s *Uplift Universe*.  
(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Australopithecus>,  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David\\_Brin](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Brin),  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uplift\\_Universe](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uplift_Universe))



- **Two-legged sleek cat** – Your ancestors came from “sleek” cats, such as the margay. Science-fiction author *Larry Niven* wrote science-fiction involving cat-evolved people, called Kzin. (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margay>, <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Smilodon>, [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Larry\\_niven](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Larry_niven), <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kzin>)



- **Canine-evolved** – Your race was evolved from canines, including wolves, coyotes, dogs, and foxes. (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Canidae>)



- **Elk-evolved** – Now walking on two legs, your ancestors were elk, deer, or caribou.



You begin your “Disclosure” adventure in a drop-ship, on approach to Earth-Sol. Because the Greys’ Earth-disclosure-attempt failed when the U.S. government made them top-secret, this next attempt will land ten-thousand aliens in public locations all over the planet, all at once.

*“Why are only mammal-evolved races landing?”* you ask your disclosure-buddy, Sam.

*“With the Greys out of commission, the disclosure task was left up to the Saurians and the Arthropods. Both conveniently claim that after extensively studying Earth-Sol children’s television, the “Aliens” movies, and H. P. Lovecraft, that their races would be too scary-looking,”* explained Sam.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alien\\_\(film\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alien_(film)),  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HP\\_Lovecraft](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HP_Lovecraft))

*“Yeah, a likely excuse.”*

You check your gear over. You have an alien-made GPS, a photocopied map from the 1950's, a pad of paper, and a text-only mobile-phone. The only weapon you will be carrying is a small Taser, in case anyone tries to abduct you.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taser>)

*"So we've been chosen because the indigenous Hominids will see us as cute and fluffy?"*

*"Basically. 😊"*

The spaceplane's pilot calls back to you, *"Ten minutes until you land!"*

*"Aren't you going with us?"* you yell back. With only three of you on the spaceplane, you assumed that Chris, your pilot, would park the spaceplane in "invisible mode" and tag along.

*"Hell no,"* answers Chris. *"After dropping you off, we have three other Hominid planets to disclose to today."* Pause. *"Why do I feel like a school-bus driver?"*

You ignore Chris' quip.

Sam jumps to Chris' defence, *"We're landing five-thousand teams all at once, just in-case the off-planet Hominids activate their defences, and decide to shoot us out of the skies. Chris has two chances be blown up, landing and taking off. We only have one! 😊"*

Chris yells back, *"Screw you."*

*"That's wonderful,"* you comment. *"How many off-planet Hominids are already living secretly in their society?"*

*"We have no idea. We think maybe forty million."*

Bweep. Bweep. Bweep.

*“We’re almost there,” yells Chris. “This is an intentional last-minute decision just in-case the Hominid militaries are mind-reading us. Where do you want me to land?”*

*“Your choice bud,” Sam says, looking at you.*

Select one of the following choices:

- *“I want to land in a major city. I’ve never seen one before.”* (Choice A-1)
- *“An out-of-the-way city would be safer.”* (Choice A-2)

## Choice A-1

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[\(Go back to the previous choice, "Begin here".\)](#)

*"Don't forget your lunches,"* quips Chris, as Sam and you jump out of the spaceplane.

You are deposited in Santa Monica, California, part of Los Angeles. The beach is only a few blocks away.

The indigenous Hominid population, having never seen a spaceplane (which they call *"you eff oh's"*) or an alien, quickly surround you.

One Hominid man carrying a satchel, pulls out a small black-box from his pocket. He holds it up in front of him, as if to use it to ward-off evil spirits, and then presses a button on it.

You hear a recorded click played from the device. The man looks at the small box and smiles. He rapidly presses about forty small-keys, and steps to the back of the queue.

*"What the fuck is going on?"* you side-whisper to Sam.

*"I don't know. Just stay calm, and back up against the building... very slowly."*

A woman pulls a camera out of her purse, and photographs the two of you.

*"Should we smile?"* another side-whisper.

Sam doesn't have time to respond.

A different Hominid male hands his small black-box to the woman, and walks right up to you, where you both are standing against the wall.

*"Blah blah,"* he says to the woman. Telepathy must be blocked.

She nods, holds up his black-box, and you hear another click.

Ignoring you, she walks up to the man and hands him his black box.

He eagerly shows you the screen-side of his black box, which is displaying a digital photograph of Sam, you, and him. He says something, most-likely a thank-you, takes a quick close-up photo of your nose, and walks away.

You spend the next two-hours posing for photographs in front of various buildings and street-signs.

Choose one of the following:

- [Something happens.](#) (Choice B-3)
- [Something else happens.](#) (Choice B-4)

## Choice A-2

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[\(Go back to the previous choice, "Begin here".\)](#)

*"Don't forget your lunches,"* quips Chris, as Sam and you jump out of the spaceplane.

It's night-time. No-one is on the streets. Small out-of-the-way cities are like that at night.

Sam pulls out her map, and points to an intersection on it. The streetlamps provide just enough light to see the road-lines on the map.

*"We're here,"* she says. *"I think."*

You look at the map, not that the road-lines mean anything to you.

*"We need to find the nearest television station, and get ourselves interviewed. Military-intelligence thinks this town's television station is over here."*

The map indicates that the television station is two blocks away.

*"Let's go,"* you say.

Sam leads you down a suburban street, lined with houses. Senses heightened, you expect to be accosted by Hominids at any moment.

After walking a couple of blocks, and crossing a few silent streets, Sam looks at her map, and then the white concrete-block house in front of you.

*"No, I don't think this is the television station."*

*"Should we knock?"*

Lost on an alien planet already.

*"Fuck. It's time to cheat."* Sam pulls out her GPS, turns it on, and follows it back to your drop-off point.

*“This way. Follow me.”*

Two blocks in the opposite direction, you find yourself on a vacant night-time side-street, off of the town’s *“Main Street”*. The GPS points to a non-descript building.

*“This is where military-intelligence says the television-studio is.”*

All the lights are off inside the building. You try to open the door, not expecting anything. *“It’s locked. What do we do now?”*

*“I don’t know,”* counters Sam. *“We’ll just wait here until someone shows up in the morning.”*

Choose one of the following:

- [Something happens.](#) (Choice B-1)
- [Something else happens.](#) (Choice B-2)

## Choice B-1

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[\(Go back to the previous choice, Choice A-2.\)](#)

The sun doesn't rise for two hours. Only two cars drive past, neither Hominid driver seems to notice you.

Just before dawn, the light turns-on inside the television station, and a Hominid man with keys opens-up the front door from within. He must have parked his automobile in the back.

You wave at him.

The man looks shocked.

Then he looks you up-and-down.

And then looks shocked again.

Sam opens the door, and lets you in.

The Hominid man backs-away as you enter.

Recalling that Hominids smile at one-another, you try to smile.

He looks shocked.

That didn't work.

*"What now?"* you ask Sam.

*"He's a television reporter. He should eventually decide to take out his video-camera and start interviewing us soon."*

*"Blah blah blah,"* says the man. Your telepathic implants translate this to, *"Who/what are you?"*

*"We are aliens,"* you answer in your own language.

Sam is tempted to raise both of her arms at right-angles, wiggle her fingers, and go *"Ooo!"* in a ghost-scary tone-of-voice. She doesn't.

The Hominid man doesn't understand your response. He must have been expecting Greys.

You pull-out your pad of paper, and draw a "Grey"-alien head.

Then you point to yourself.

*“Blah blah blah,”* from the man translates to, *“You bear no family resemblance.”*

*“He seems a bit dense,”* comments Sam.

Sam non-dangerously walks past him, and looks into the building’s rooms. *“We’ll find the interview-room ourselves. He’ll get the hint.”*

The man tags along, wondering what we’re doing.

The building only has three rooms, one-of-which is a toilet, the other an office, and the third is divided by a glass partition. Microphones are evident, but no video cameras.

*“I get it,”* realized Sam. *“Military INTELLIGENCE sent us to a RADIO station.”*

Sam pulls out here text-message box, and types a message in. A reply comes back two minutes later.

*“Only television station in [the] city,”* reads Sam from the text-screen. *“If [it is a] radio station, be creative.”*

*“How are we supposed to do a radio interview if we don’t know their language?”* Sam is exasperated.

*“I know. Turn on the television. Some of us should already be on the news.”*

The room has a small television. You fumble around the buttons and manage to turn it on.

The man observes what you’re doing.

Some other buttons lets you flip through the channels. Despite what you expect, none of the news channels are covering the disclosure event.

An idea comes to you. You hold your paper pad with the sketch of a Grey’s head in front of the television.

The Hominid man seems to “get it” and decides to interview you... which isn’t what you mean at all. What you really want to know, is why no television stations are covering the disclosure event.

The man pulls out a microphone and audio-memory box. He turns it on.

*“Blah blah blah,”* from him is translated to, *“I am here with some strange aliens that look like [insert race-description here]. What are your names?”*

You speak your name.

Sam leans over and speaks her name into the microphone.

*“Blah blah blah,”* is translated into, *“And where do you come from?”*

Sam says the name of your planet, not hers.

*“Blah blah blah blah,”* is translated to, *“What message do you have for the people of Earth? No. That sounds corny. Why did you land here? Washington D. C. is on the other side of the planet?”*

In the unlikely event that he understands your speech, you explain that you thought it would be [personally] safer to land in a small city.

The man doesn’t understand a word you say.

He asks three more trite questions before he realizes that he isn’t ever going to understand the two of you. He shuts off his recorder, and sets down his microphone.

The radio-reporter abruptly wanders out of the room, and returns with a camera.

You don’t comprehend how a digital image can be broadcast over radio, but maybe this planet has adjunct still-images mixed-in with the audio signal.

The man gets a quick shot of the two of you sitting. Then he poses you in different locations throughout the building, as well as in different lighting conditions.

Half-way through the photo-shoot, he remembers a camera feature. He spends a few minutes pressing buttons and swearing. From telepathic impressions, you deduce that he cannot figure out how to get the video-recording capability of his camera working.

The man took charge of the situation when he began photographing you. He leads you into the office, where he sits down at his desk. The man turns on a hinged combination keyboard and computer terminal. He thoughtfully rotates the display in your direction, so you can watch as he works.

You had expected to be plunked in front of a live radio-microphone for the interview.

The man transfers the interview-audio from his audio-memory device to his computer. The same with the photographs. He E-mails them by pressing an envelope icon on his computer screen.

The E-mail takes a minute to send, and then the computer starts beeping. It takes you awhile to understand what is happening. The beeping indicates that new E-mail is arriving. The E-mail must have been cached elsewhere in the planetary computer-network while the computer-terminal was off.

The radio-reporter reads the E-mail and says, "*Crikey!*" which translates to "*Fucking shit!*"

As he reads the text of the incoming E-mails, he shows you the attached digital photographs. Fifty-ish E-mails arrive, half of which include photographs of other aliens from the "disclosure" team.

"*Blah blah blah,*" translates to, "*Oh well, so much for the scoop.*"

With his morning E-mail-read finished, the man pulls you two back into the recording studio to watch television. The news is still generic news, talking about the weather and the stock market.

The man flips to another news station. It has no news either. “Blah blah,” translates to “*What the fuck?*”

There is no coverage of disclosure in the mass-media.

You spend the rest of the day with the news broadcaster. He takes a few more photographs of you. He eventually figures out the video-recording feature, and records a few videos. These, he E-mails, and then surveys the two-hundred new E-mails he has received since the morning.

The television, on all day, still shows no information about disclosure. Coverage must have been squelched by world governments.

His shift over, the man double-checks the automated radio-broadcast feed; the town you’re in isn’t very large. All three of you pile into his car for the four-kilometre drive to his home.

- [Something happens.](#) (Choice C-3)
- [Something else happens.](#) (Choice C-4)

## Choice B-2

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[\(Go back to the previous choice, Choice A-2.\)](#)

The sun doesn't rise for two hours. Only two cars drive past, neither Hominid driver seems to notice you.

Sometime after sunrise, you begin expecting someone from the television station to show up and unlock the door.

It doesn't happen.

In fact, so few automobiles have driven on the road, that you suspect it's a holiday. Everyone in town must be sleeping-in.

After sunrise, only one automobile drives past. The driver takes no notice of you. Two children in the back of the car wave to you though.

You wave back.

*"Should we walk down to the Main Street and get someone to notice us?"* you ask sarcastically.

*"Not yet,"* answers Sam. *"I'm not hungry enough. We'll do that when we need [free] food."*

You chuckle.

Half an hour later, a Hominid man with keys opens-up the front door from within. He must have parked his automobile in the back.

You wave at him.

He looks at you, a bit puzzled, and then invites you inside with a wave.

He says, *"Blah blah blah,"* which is translated by your implants to, *"How many of you have landed?"*

Other landing teams must already have gotten onto the news. You answer, *"Ten thousand."*

*“He won’t understand our language,”* commented Sam. She holds-up 4 fingers in front of the Hominid man, digitally-symbolizing a one with 4 zeroes following it.

Now he looks puzzled. A telepathic impression from him implies that he suspects that way-more than four aliens have landed.

*“Blah blah blah”* translates to *“Can you understand me?”*

*“Yes,”* answered Sam, shaking her head left-and-right.

He looks puzzled again.

*“Blah blah,”* is telepathically translated to, *“Was that a yes or a no?”*

*“Yes,”* answers Sam, without shaking her head.

*“Blah blah blah blah,”* translates to *“No good. 😞 I got it! As a test, raise your right hand.”*

You raise your right arm. From the sly look on Sam’s face, you can see that she is thinking about raising her left arm. She gives-in to practicality, and also raises her right arm.

*“Blah blah blah”* translates into *“You can understand me, but I can’t understand you. I get it.”*

*“Blah blah”... “Follow me.”*

The television-reporter leads you into a room divided in half by a glass window.

He turns on a small television.

The video shows various clips of spaceplanes landing and depositing “disclosure” team-members. Interviews with team-members are also shown, interspersed with talking Hominid-heads.

Unhappily, video-clips also show spaceplane crashes in numerous cities, along with some destroyed Hominid buildings.

The off-planet Hominids must-have activated their planetary defences. How many had died? The television-news doesn't say.

All of the television channels have news coverage.

You watch television for a few hours.

Meanwhile, the television-man makes a few phone-calls. After hanging up, the man says, *"I am going to drive you to the mayor."*

The man turns-off the television, and leads you out the back of the building, to his automobile. You hop in, and get driven eight kilometres to a house. It is one story, made out of cement blocks.

A man and woman walk out of the house to greet you. You follow them into their kitchen. Two of their children stare at you, mouth-agape, and then go back to watching television coverage of "disclosure".

*"Blah blah blah,"* the mayor says to the television reporter. *"Can they understand me?"*

*"Blah blah," ... "Yes, but we can't understand them."*

*"Blah blah," ... "No problems."*

The mayor holds up a hand for us to wait. He picks up his phone, and begins making phone-calls. After a few minutes, the mayor's wife invites you into the living room to watch the news. She, the television reporter, the two children, and both of you spend half-an-hour watching more news coverage.

From new statistics shown on the television, you learn that several-dozen spaceplanes were visibly shot-down. The news-reporters think they crashed accidentally. You know that invisible spaceplanes that crash might not be included in the preliminary statistics. At least five-hundred teams landed successfully. There is no indication how complete and/or reliable the statistics are.

The mayor finishes with his phone-calls and spends another half-an-hour explaining the situation to you.

The military doesn't need any more aliens. They have enough. The politicians wouldn't mind some more aliens at the capital. But, there are no government airplanes available to fly you to the capital. They're already all in the air, transporting aliens.

So are all of the private airplanes in the region. The locals were all hired-out three hours ago. No airplanes were left in town.

Commercial jet aircraft were still flying, but a valid photo-ID would be required to board one. The mayor could get some photo-IDs printed-up, but the airline might not accept them as valid.

Government officials in Canberra, the local government seat, suggested that the mayor hop in his car and drive you there.

It would be a two-and-a-half day journey by automobile, and then two-and-a-half days back for him.

Unless we wanted to camp beside the highway tonight, and the mayor didn't want to camp, we'd begin our road trip tomorrow... maybe... perhaps... something else might come up.

Consequently, the mayor had invited some friends over for an early tea (dinner). They'd be arriving in a few hours.

You spend the next few hours watching television and talking with the adults. Sam takes a shower.

Four of the mayor's friends arrive, and take a few photographs of you two. While you're talking and sketch-pad-conversing with the mayor's friends, he and his wife cook-up some snags (hot-dogs).

The snags are served on bread slices, with accompanying sliced-up fruit.

The neighbours stop-by after dinner.

You get to sleep a few hours after dark.

...

A couple of hours before sunrise, the telephone rings. Everyone in the house wakes-up and listens, as the mayor groggily talks to someone for fifteen minutes.

The mayor walks into the living-room, where you and Sam were sleeping.

*“Blah blah blah,” ... “They have an airplane for you. I need to drive you to the airport now.”*

No road trip?

Oh well, you have never been in airplane. That should be an adventure. Sam comments that she was in a biplane when she was a child.

You pack-up your gear while the mayor puts on his clothes. You're in the airport fifteen minutes later.

As you board the single-propeller airplane, the mayor takes a parting photograph, just before sunrise.

- [Something happens.](#) (Choice C-5)
- [Something else happens.](#) (Choice C-6)

## Choice B-3

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*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice A-1.)*

After posing for nearly one-hundred mobile-phone photographs, that's what the little black-boxes are, the two of you are approached by someone with a really-huge camera. A man with a microphone-on-a-pole tags along, as well as a well-dressed woman.

*"These are professional television-crew people,"* speculates Sam. *"We're supposed to find some and get on television."*

Your telepathic translator-implants haven't worked so far. They certainly don't work when the Hominid woman walks up to you and says, *"Blah blah blah."* The video-camera, resting on the man's shoulder and pointing directly at you, is obviously recording.

*"Uh,"* you look at Sam, *"I don't understand."*

*"Bleh bleh bleh,"* says the woman.

*"No, I don't understand."*

Sam pulls out her pad of paper and scribbles something on it.

*"What are you drawing?"* you ask.

*"Anything... a picture of a disc-spaceplane, I think. It'll keep them busy so we can get on television."*

Sam hands the sketched image to the woman, who says, *"Blah blah blah"* to the cameraman. She displays the sketch in front of the camera, and then says *"Blah blah"* back so Sam.

*"You don't know what she said, do you?"* you verify with Sam.

*"No clue. Can you draw anything?"*

*"I used to be obsessed with drawing flowers when I was in the third grade."*

Sam smiles. *"They have flowers here. That won't impress them enough."*

*“How about some mathematical equations?”*

*“Fuck,”* says Sam. *“I barely remember algebra.”*

Sam takes the pad back from the woman and writes an important-looking mathematical equation. *“I think that’s the equation for the derivative of tangent(x).”*

The reporter is impressed. She holds the pad vertical for another video-shot, and then motions for Sam and you to follow her. She holds-onto your upper-arm to ensure that you don’t get lost.

The news camera-crew leads you half-way down the block to a panel-van. The woman reporter opens the sliding door and motions for you to get in.

You both hop in, along with the reporter and cameraman.

During the car-ride through town, you are videoed while the woman tries to communicate with you through sketches.

Twenty minutes later, you arrive in the underground parking-lot of a tall building. The woman ushers you into an elevator, and up to the fourteenth floor, the cameraman filming the entire time.

You are led into the television-studio’s offices, and directly into a cushion-seated waiting-room. Other Hominids in the office clap quietly at the woman as she passes, the two of you in front. A large television is turned-on, watched by three Hominid men and women. They gave you odd looks when you first arrive, and smile “congratulations” to the reporter woman.

You are motioned to sit down.

Someone brings you sodas and turkey-wrap sandwiches.

You spend the next few hours watching television news-coverage of *“The day that disclosure happened – a special report”*, while trying to talk with the Hominids that walk in. Your translator

implants still don't work. You scribble through a ream of paper, and two pens.

Television-broadcasts show spaceplanes of all sorts landing. Yours was naturally extradimensional, so anyone watching you land would only have seen a doorway. Several videos of hovering-and-landing pure-silver three-dimensional discs are televised. Only a few still-images of doorway landings are shown. Later in the day, an amateur video of a "disclosure" team-pair jumping out of their fog-producing extradimensional-doorway makes it onto the news.

Interviews of "disclosure" team-members are interlaced with spaceplane videos. Located on different parts of the planet, their telepathy translator-implants must not have been blocked.

Several times, you are ushered out of the waiting-room and into an official interview-room. You are videoed pointing at spaceplanes on a television monitor, and redrawing some of your better illustrations. You learn how to say "Yes" and "No" in English when cued; finger-up from the director means that you say "Yes", finger-left means you say "No".

At the end of the work-day, well into the night, one of the Hominid television-employees walks into the lounge. You had dozed off. After fifteen minutes of back-and-forth sketches, he manages to ask you the simple question, *"Do you want to sleep in the studio here tonight? Or do you want to stay in my nearby apartment? I have a spare bedroom and a spare couch."*

- "We want to stay at the studio for the night." (Choice C-7)
- "Thanks. We'll go home with you." (Choice C-8)

## Choice B-4

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*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice A-1.)*

After posing for mobile-phone photographs for an hour – that’s what the little black-boxes are – someone gestures to you that they wish to take you on a tour of the area.

“Wait a minute!” you think. The telepathy jammers must have been turned off. If that’s the case, most of the Hominids won’t be able to understand you, but you should be able to get the gist of what they’re speaking.

Sam and you follow the woman, why not. You are tired of being photographed.

The woman first guides you into a shopping mall. Surprisingly, you aren’t swarmed by camera-phones there. Two other “disclosure” team-pairs are already working the beat, one in the food court, and one in front of a department store.

The woman invites you to select whatever food you want from the food-court restaurants. Hopefully she’s paying, because you don’t have any money. Having been on a spaceplane for the last half-year, fighting the war, all of the fast-food meals look good... except the meals with noodles. Space-food engineers are overly-fond of noodle meal-accompaniments.

You select a hamburger by pointing to the picture. Sam goes for a doughnut. Everyone gets fresh fruit-juice. The Hominid woman thankfully pays.

She seems to anticipate your situation: She purchases your food first. Then the fruit-juice, which is just outside of the food court. And then she’s leading you out of the mall, away from the lunch crowds, and the swarms of cameras.

She leads you two blocks to the beach. You eat as you walk.

Unfortunately, no “disclosure” aliens seem to be working the beach scene, so photographers swarm you. They alternatively have photographs taken of themselves standing along-side you, or holding odd items like Frisbees. Someone even tries to get you photographed wearing their rollerblades, but the shoes don’t fit your feet.

You haven’t been to a beach for over a year, not since you were conscripted into the military. Sam has never been on a beach. She wraps-up a handful of sand into your hamburger wrapper, to begin an alien-planet beach-sand collection.

It’s about that point that the fun ends.

A military truck with soldiers parks by the side of the road.

Uh oh.

Should you run?

No.

A few armed soldiers walk up to you, the crowd, and the woman. She begins to protest, but you shoo her away... She gets the point.

The two of you are led into the back of a large canvas truck. The two alien-pairs working the mall are also there, burritos and cokes in hand. They wave hello.

After picking up a few other “disclosure” team-members, you get a scenic bus-ride out of Los Angeles and into a military facility.

After the truck stops, your group is separated into your original pairs. Each pair is led into separate rooms. Yours has two chairs, and a table.

A Hominid soldier-man brings you some coffee and prefabricated cookies.

Then you wait.

Eventually, an officer shows up.

His *“Blah blah blah”* is translated by your implants into *“Can you understand me?”*

*“Yes,”* you answer in your own language.

His response of *“Blah blah,”* is translated to, *“Was that a yes or a no?”*

Hmm. A logic puzzle. If you had answered *“No”* for the first question, would it be logically-correct to answer *“Yes”* for the second question?

Sam has a simpler solution. She pulls out her sketch-pad and draws a cartoon of the man speaking. Some wavy lines indicating sound waves, with some text over them to indicate words. She redraws the text to indicate a translation, as well as wavy lines going into her skull, instead of into her ear.

The man gets it. All that time playing Pictionary has paid off, he thinks. (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pictionary>)

*“Can you understand me?”* telepaths Sam.

*“Blah blah” ... “Yes, I can.”*

*“Good,”* she telepaths. *“You have better-quality implants than the other people we have met.”*

The officer is surprised. *“Blah blah”... “How do I have implants? Was I ever abducted?”*

*“Most-likely not. Implants can be invisibly-inserted into your brain when you sleep.”*

*“Blah,”* translates to *“Oh.”*

*“If you just think hard, we’ll understand you. You don’t have to speak.”*

*“Got it,”* he thought. *“That cleared up, I have some questions for you.” “They’re not going to like this.” “Oops, was that telepathed?” “I hope not.” “Why are you here?”*

Sam answers. *"We are here to get some photographs of ourselves taken, and to try and contact the public media or government."*

The officer, Jake, writes down the answer.

*"Where is your UFO?"*

*"Our pilot flew-off with it. He's doing three other disclosures today."*

*"On this planet?"*

*"No, some other Hominid planets in the area."*

Jake writes some more.

*"Oh, so we're not alone."*

*"No, there are at least 50,000 of you."*

Surprise.

*"Just out of curiosity, what number are we in the cue?"* (As I am writing this choice-fiction, I (Mike) have been informed that 109 "disclosures" have-been initiated since the beginning of the war.)

*"I have no idea."*

Some more word-scribbles from Jake.

*"Are you the leader of this operation?"*

Sam lightens the mood. *"No, we're just grunts here for the free food."*

Jake doesn't believe us... about the being "grunts".

More writing on his pad.

*"Why did some of your UFOs crash?"*

*"Crash!?! We didn't hear about that."*

I interrupted, *"Can we watch some television-news to see what happened?"*

Jake, *"No, I'm afraid you're in [an information/news] blackout."*

*“Are there any leader-aliens with you?”*

*“I don’t know,”* answers Sam.

Jake writes down Sam’s answer.

*“That’s all I need for now. I’ll be back sometime later today.”*

Jake is thinking that his priority is to find a leader-alien, and to talk to them.

Jake walks out the door, forgetting to say goodbye. He closes the door behind him.

The two of you finish the packet of prefabricated cookies.

An hour later, four military-police with truncheons and guns show up. They are distinctly less-friendly than Jake, who was less-friendly than the people in the shopping mall.

The military-police lead you down a few corridors, out the building, and into a holding cell. A dozen other “disclosure” team-members are also there. You are stripped of all of your possessions, including Sam’s beach-sand collection.

Something must have gone wrong.

- [You can be nice to the guards.](#) (Choice C-1)
- [Or, you can demand to be released.](#) (Choice C-2)

## Choice C-1

---

[\(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-4.\)](#)

A few hours after you are locked into the holding cell, some staff brings the group sandwiches and cans of liquid. You make sure to telepath a *“Thank you”* to the people when they hand you the food. You don’t know if they receive the telepathic-sentence though.

The sandwich isn’t as good as this morning’s fare, but it beats space-station ready-meals. The carbonated drink is a bit different.

You go to sleep for the night.

The next morning, more food is brought in. This time it’s eggs, ham, and fruit-juice on a tray. You hand the server a nicely-folded sandwich wrapper, and crushed can of Coke. Once one bored alien learns how to stand on can of Coke and crush it flat, all of them do.

Then you wait.

After a lunch of a chicken-and-lettuce salad with ranch dressing (and a bottled water), a guard stops by, and unlocks your cell. You make sure to bring your neatly-cleaned plastic salad containers with artistically-enclosed water-bottles. Water-bottles don’t crush neatly like Coke cans.

You are led down the hall and into an interrogation room.

*“Blah blah blah”* from the non-Jake interrogator translates to *“Are you the ones that said there were 50,000 planets being disclosed to?”*

*“Yes.”*

*“Blah blah blah” ... “What is happening on the other planets?”*

*“We don’t know. Usually it...”*

Sam whack-nudges you.

*“No, I’ll say this. Usually it isn’t good. The off-planet Hominids like causing trouble.”*

*“Blah blah blah”... “Who are the off-planet Hominids?”*

*“You don’t know yet?”*

The man nods left-and-right in response. That might mean “No.”

*“They are people that look just like you, except they were born on another planet.”*

*“Blah” ... “And you say they’re here?”*

*“Yes, loads of them. They are ALWAYS present on non-disclosed Hominid and other low-tech planets, pretending to be low-tech people.”*

The interrogator squints at you.

*“Blah blah,” ... “And who are they, specifically?”*

*“I don’t know. They look just like you. You could be one, for all I know.”*

Lip-pucker from the man. *“Blah blah,” ... “No, I’d be long-gone from this planet if I weren’t from here.”*

The man writes some notes.

*“Blah blah blah blah,” ... “Thank you, that’s all for now. We’ll return you to your cell.”*

The man walks you back to your holding cell.

Later that night, you miss dinner because the two of you are pulled out of your cell, and taken back to the interrogation room.

This time, the interrogator is there, along with someone in civilian clothes.

The civilian begins, *“Blah blah blah blah” ... “Hello, my name is Bill. I’m sorry for the accommodation. Some of you are complaining about it, I here.”*

*“The food is good,”* you add positively.

*“Blah blah blah blah,” “That’s nice to hear. I have a few questions. Simply put, what the hell is going on?”*

*“We’re here to appear on television.”*

*“Blah blah blah,” ... “No, not that part. All of our communications are down, everywhere on the planet. Fibre is down. Radio doesn’t work. Lasers get blocked within a few minutes. Our radar-encrypted signals don’t work either.”*

Sam answers, *“The off-planet Hominids must be blocking communications.”*

*“Blah blah,” ... “Are you sure it’s not you guys?”*

*“It could be. I wouldn’t expect it though,”* answers Sam.

*“Blah blah blah” ... “Thank you,”* he answers. *“Unfortunately, you need to return to your cell.”*

Two days later, after being fed meals of beef burgundy, pizza, and lasagne, you are escorted out of your cell and into an office.

The civilian man is sitting there.

He resumes the conversation, this time not bothering to speak.

*“All communications are down. We are having to fly propeller-aircraft between bases with messages written on paper. I am jokingly trying to source some carrier-pigeons.”*

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carrier\\_pigeon](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carrier_pigeon))

Grimace on Sam’s part.

*“Some of our aircraft have been shot down.”*

Surprise. *“By whom?”* asks Sam.

*“We don’t know.”*

*“Humans in UFOs have landed everywhere. They claim they are here to help.”*

The civilian continues, *“At the same time, shadow-figures in the shape of giant insects or human-reptiles are seen wandering through Los Angeles at night.”*

Sam is quick to answer, *“Crap. The shadow-figures must be special-forces in military encounter-suits. Has an infantry-war begun yet?”*

*“Infantry war!? Whatever happened to “We come in peace?””*

*“WE come in peace. The off-planet Hominids don’t want us here, since this is their planet, and you are their civilians.”*

You add, *“Have any of your co-workers been acting funny? Impeding workflow? They could be off-planet Hominids?”*

This time the “civilian” man grimaces. *“No comment.”*

He thinks a moment.

*“What do you recommend I do?”* he asks.

- *“Do what you can to impeded the off-planet Hominids.”*  
(Choice D-3)
- *“Do nothing. Take no action against either party. Don’t get involved.”* (Choice D-4)

## Choice C-2

---

[\(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-4.\)](#)

A few hours after you are locked in the holding cell, some staff brings the group sandwiches and cans of liquid.

Your sandwich isn't as good as this morning's fare, but it beats space-station ready-meals. The carbonated drink is a bit different.

You go to sleep for the night.

The next morning, more food is brought in. This time it's eggs, ham, and fruit-juice on a tray.

Then you wait.

After a lunch of a chicken-and-lettuce salad with ranch dressing (and a bottled water), a guard stops by, and unlocks your cell.

You are led down the hall and into an interrogation room.

*"Blah blah blah"* from the non-Jake interrogator translates into *"Are you the ones that said there were 50,000 planets being disclosed to?"*

*"Yes"*

*"Blah blah blah" ... "What is happening on the other planets?"*

*"We don't know. Usually it..."*

Sam whack-nudges you.

*"We don't know."*

Sam interrupts, *"Can we have our communication-boxes back so we can contact base?"*

*"Blah blah," ... "No, I'm afraid not."*

*"Are we being held as prisoners of war?"*

*"Blah," ... "No, you're not."*

*"Then we'd like our communication-boxes at some point, please."*

The man changes subjects. *“Blah blah blah”... “Who are the off-planet Hominids?”*

*“They look just like you. For all we know, you might be one.”*

The man scribbles something down on paper.

*“Thank you, that’s all.”*

You are led back to your cell.

A week later, you are loaded into a truck, along with other “disclosure” team-members.

Your group is driven through the desert for half a day.

When the truck stops, you are escorted into a large building with dormitory-style rooms, a television room, and a cafeteria. Hundreds of “disclosure” team-members are already interred there.

You spend several months at the facility. Telepathy is blocked. You have no news from home, nor any news from Earth-Sol television.

One morning, some detonations are heard at the compound.

For stunning effect, the building’s door is blown open by a small grenade.

A platoon of Arthropods shows up, part of the multiracial “disclosure” team. They have a rescue-spaceplane waiting, for you.

As you are boarding the spaceplane, you telepathically hear one of the Arthropods talking to another-one, *"This disclosure isn't going well, obviously. Disclosure-planets #5431 and #5895 aren't yet at war. Most are worse-off. They [the Hominids] half-nuked #4997 in revenge. "It's the principle of the matter," they say."*

**- THE END -**

## Choice C-3

---

*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-1.)*

The radio-broadcaster's home is a single-story cement-block house, with air-conditioning running full-bore. The inside is slippery white-tile, with light-lavender walls, and a white stucco-ceiling. The front door enters into a combination living-room and dining room.

As soon as he enters his house, the man turns on his flat-panel television with a remote-control. He flips to a news-station, but it only reports mundane news. Meanwhile, the man's E-mail inbox is full of person-to-person "disclosure" news. The mass-media is still squelched.

You follow the man into the kitchen; Sam wanders around the house. He pulls-out a large pot, fills it with water, and heats the water on a gas-jet cook-top. From his refrigerator emerges a box of yellowish sticks, and a plastic container with a red goo.

*"This isn't good,"* grumbles Sam from another room.

She walks into the kitchen, reading her text-message box.

*"Yellow-rocks [your planet] received [a] retaliatory nuclear strike because [of our] participation in disclosure on this planet [Earth-Sol]. 100-million estimated dead. [You are needed elsewhere.] We will pick [you] up at 43:23 [sunset]"*.

What!?! You don't know how you should react. You should feel enraged, worried, and sad, but until you see the damage, the emotions won't kick in.

While your mind spins with the news, Sam keeps her head.

She walks outside the front-door to see if there is enough clearance for the spaceplane. You look out from inside. The street

is quite wide. There are some trees along-side the road, and behind the houses, but they shouldn't affect landing.

Sam types something into her text-message box, and sends it off.

Just as Sam is returning, the man steps out of his kitchen, and looks to see why Sam went outside.

With telepathy disabled, you can't easily tell him what is about to happen. It might be more fun for him if he's surprised. You do make sure that he has his camera handy. He left it on the kitchen counter, but you surreptitiously move it to the dining-room table when he sets it up for dinner.

Half-way through dinner, you hear the rumble-hum of the spaceplane.

You hand the man his camera.

He doesn't know why.

Sam heads over to the front door. You follow, and motion to the man.

Outside is the materialized doorway of a spaceplane, with fog-effects and all.

After entering the spaceplane, you turn around and wave to the man. Hopefully he will get some good photographs.

After the spaceplane door closes, you re-recall that you dis-accidentally left your GPS and Taser behind, on the kitchen countertop.

**- THE END -**

## Choice C-4

---

*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-1.)*

The radio-broadcaster's home is a single-story cement-block house, with air-conditioning running full-bore. The inside is slippery white-tile, with light-lavender walls, and a white stucco-ceiling. The front door enters into a combination living-room and dining room.

As soon as he enters his house, the man turns on his flat-panel television with a remote-control. He flips to a news-station, but it only reports mundane news. Meanwhile, the man's E-mail inbox is full of person-to-person "disclosure" news. The mass-media is still squelched.

You follow the man into his kitchen; Sam wanders around the house. The man pulls-out a large pot, fills it with water, and heats the water on a gas-jet cook-top. From his refrigerator emerges a box of yellowish sticks, and a plastic container with a red goo.

The toilet flushes.

Sam enters the kitchen. Both of you watch the man cook dinner.

A quarter of an hour later, the three of you take your plates of pasta into the dining-room, where you watch television until midnight. The man also has his laptop turned-on. Every-time he checks for new mail, he receives more photographs of aliens and their spacecraft. But the television still has no news.

You sleep in the living-room, with the television on, but muted.

Morning dawns.

Neither of you packed a toothbrush – your first waking thought.

Your second thought is to glance at the television, which now shows coverage of a spaceplane hovering above a city.

And then shows interviews with some members of the “disclosure” team.

That’s a relief. The news-blackout has finally ended. Maybe everything will go well.

It didn’t!

Two minutes later, the news shows a few detonated skyscrapers. And then amateur video of a small nuke going-off in the middle of a high-rise city. The news slow-motion zooms-in on a pixelated semi-transparent silver disc-spaceplane near the high-rise. The explosion happens. The spaceplane zooms-off at lightning speed, immediately after the explosion.

That wasn’t good. Not at all.

What happened?

You wake up Sam, and tell her the news.

She turns up the television volume.

Fifteen minutes later, the same scene is rebroadcast.

“*What happened?*” you ask Sam.

“*Wait. I’ll check my text-message box.*”

Sam types something into her box.

The scene replays, along with some more updates. Interview-video of members of the “disclosure” team includes audio of them speaking, “*That wasn’t our spaceplane. We are sorry about your city being attacked.*”

A quiet beep, and Sam reads her text-message display.

“*[Off-planet] Hominids attacked [a] city-centre to make it look like we attacked, and are [part of an] invasion fleet. Stay calm.*”

Your conversation and the un-muted television must have woken-up the radio broadcaster. You still don’t know his name.

He walks in, and watches the television with interest.

Sam pulls out her sketch-pad and communicates the “disclosure” team’s point-of-view about the attack.

She shows it to the man, who maybe-perhaps comprehends the sketch.

He speaks something, *“Blah blah blah”*...

There is no translation!

The off-planet Hominids have turned on telepathy blockers.

Crap!

That makes things more difficult.

After fifteen minutes of sketching, Sam visually explains that telepathy translation is now blocked.

The three of you exchange sketches for the next few hours.

The news-media is saying that the “disclosure” team is an invasion-force, and that the nuking of the city proves it. Several officials from government intelligence-agencies are interviewed on television, explaining the attack.

Your host obviously isn’t very happy about his planet being attacked. With many aborted sketches, he eventually sketch-explains that, from his point-of-view, he doesn’t know if he should trust you or not. *“You guys show up, and all of the sudden New-York-City is attacked by a UFO.”*

With even more sketches, you and Sam try to explain that the disc-spaceplane was piloted by Hominids from another planet.

He doesn't quite believe this. How could Hominids be on other planets?

Nor does he believe that they would intentionally be trying to undermine disclosure.

- Something happens. (Choice D-5)
- Something else happens. (Choice D-6)

## Choice C-5

---

*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-2.)*

The propeller-airplane ride lasts all day. You land and take-off twice for refuelling.

As you approach the capital's airport-runway, you spot a large triangular spaceplane parked off to the side.

The airplane lands and taxis to the small-airplane parking area.

Soon after stopping, a large four-wheel-drive automobile drives up. A man hops out and invites the two of you in. The airplane pilot, Glen, gets a last photograph of you, and then waves goodbye.

Your trip to the triangle spaceplane is a short one.

It is manned by Hominids dressed in blue military-uniforms.

They have guns.

You are escorted onto the spaceplane, where a dozen other "disclosure" team-members are waiting. Their wrists are twisted.

Early in the morning, the spaceplane takes off.

A few days later, you are notified by a Hominid ombudsmen that you are prisoners of war.

Within a month, you are sold into slavery.

**– THE END –**

## Choice C-6

---

[\(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-2.\)](#)

The propeller-airplane ride lasts all day. You land and take-off twice for refuelling.

Your plane lands on the capital's airport-runway. It taxis to the small-airplane parking area.

Soon after stopping, an automobile drives up. A man hops out and invites the two of you in. The airplane pilot, Glen, gets a last photograph of you, and then waves goodbye.

You are driven into the city, and to a hotel room.

Telepathy translation works. On the way, the talkative driver, Kyle, tells you that he has been shuttling aliens back-and-forth to hotels all day. Unfortunately, you will be confined to your hotel room, for the most-part.

The local Hominids working with the aliens, have also taken up the moniker, "the disclosure team". They see themselves as an impromptu sister-organization. The Hominid team-members have been assigning an alien-pair to every parliamentarian, and two pairs to parliamentarians in the underemployed opposition. So many aliens have shown-up over the past two days, that all of the spare-bedrooms in all the parliamentarians' houses are full. You are left unassigned.

You reach your hotel, and are escorted up to your room. You are provided a card-key for unlocking your hotel door, a high-tech gadget that you have never seen on other planets.

Your room has a single bed, unfortunately. There is a toilet, shower, balcony, a small fridge, and "free" food. Oh yes, and a television that you turn on.

Guards are posted in the alien-assigned hallways to prevent you from leaving, but you can wander through the hallways and talk to other “disclosure” team-members. Since personal weapons are not allowed in the country, you have to give up your Tasers.

The short orientation over-with, you close the room’s door, turn-on the television to 240-hour-a-day coverage of “disclosure”, and fall asleep.

The next morning, sixteen of you are woken-up by a delivery of fast-food breakfasts, egg-and-ham on a bread roll, with a coffee or orange-juice.

After eating, you wander-out into the hallway and find other “disclosure” team members. Most of them have been here for two days already, having gotten car-rides from neighbouring cities. They all report a generally-good experience. One pair actually made it to a television station, and was extensively interviewed. Their interview doesn’t seem to have made it onto television yet... a bit disappointing.

Lunch is sandwiches with a choice of meats, and bottled water.

In the afternoon, a Hominid woman stops-by and takes you for a driving-tour around the capital. Some of the attractions of the city are pointed out, such as a museum and interesting buildings. She notes that any other major city in the country would have been a more-interesting place to be holed-up. Even the middle-of-nowhere town where you landed. Unfortunately, no-one has enough time to escort you through the city’s attractions, so you’ll have to wait for a few days.

You spend several weeks in the hotel.

You eventually visit the museum, zoo, and get a tour of the wilderness outside of the city.

From watching television, and talking to other team-members, who have their own personal parliamentarians leaking classified information to them, you learn that representatives of all the countries on the planet are in talks with the off-planet Hominids.

The world governments didn't know the off-planet Hominids were on the planet. Now that aliens obviously exist, representatives of the off-planet Hominids are meeting and negotiating with indigenous world-leaders.

The resident off-planet Hominids see the "disclosure" team as an invasion-force, and want you removed from the planet. The same views are expressed by the interplanetary Hominid governments. Since spaceplane traffic on-and-off the planet has been halted by the off-planet Hominid militaries, some of the "disclosure" team-members are acting as political envoys for the multiracial non-Hominids.

Indigenous-Hominid world-leaders have quite a lot to learn, understand, and decide.

- [Something happens.](#) (Choice D-1)
- [Something else happens.](#) (Choice D-2)

## Choice C-7

---

*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-3.)*

You spend the night in the news-room's lounge. It is difficult to sleep with the lights on, but every time you turn the lights off, you are woken by a random news-team member, currently working around-the-clock. They open the door to the lounge to have a rest, turn on the lights, and see you sleeping. Oops, they must think. They turn-off the lights, and silently close the door.

Since sunlight never enters the lounge, you awake for the day when someone knocks, and delivers you coffee and bagels.

Telepathy is still blocked.

Neither you nor Sam have ever been in a news studio. A woman gives you a tour around the studio, where you watch news-feeds coming-in from all-over the planet. Every feed-channel in every satellite is overbooked. From all of the swearwords and gestures directed at computers sending and receiving E-mails, you guess that the planet's computer-communication network is overloaded also.

From surveys of the news-feeds, you conclude that "disclosure" team-members have landed everywhere on the planet, except the frozen continent in the south-pole. You watch a computer-graphics specialist produce eye-candy maps of the planet, using icons to show where "disclosure" team-members landed.

You spend a few days helping him make computer-graphics models and animations of spaceplanes, cities you have visited, as well as your sister's house. The computer-modelling people are very interested in technology items, as well maps of the galaxies. Since neither you nor Sam have any clue as to the political and

racial layout of the galaxies, you fill in your knowledge-gaps with your imagination. You even invent an alien race, or two.

A few reporters interview you via sketch-pad. Your interviews don't seem to get aired, though. News-feed interviews are better, because telepathy is not blocked on other parts of the planet. Interviewers there can actually communicate with interviewees. Ultimately, the news-staff use you as test interviewees before they fly-off to not-blocked remote countries. When they arrive, your news-station's reporters do their alien-interviews, and E-mail the videos back to Los Angeles.

Your text-message boxes occasionally work, despite Hominid communications-blocking. Base asks you to stay-on at the newsroom to answer questions the reporters and staff have, as well as to monitor news-feeds.

Over the next few weeks, the news-feeds and sketch-pad Pictionary sessions indicate that world-leaders are meeting independently, and as a group. Many ultra top-secret votes are taken. Their results are leaked to the mass-media an hour after the ultra top-secret votes have been tallied.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pictionary>

You hear "the announcement" first, as a news-feed arrives at the news-station. You text-message the announcement to base.

"Earth's indigenous Human leadership realizes that "disclosure" is a contentious issue between non-Humans, and Humans that live on other planets. We do not wish our planet to be turned into a war-zone. Earth's governments have collectively decided to abort "disclosure". All non-Human aliens are requested to leave until tensions have

cooled-down.” You decide not to correct the mixed-metaphor at the end of the official announcement.

Two days later, “disclosure” team-members begin leaving. News-feeds report that a few-thousand indigenous Hominids sneak-out with them.

You are not allowed to leave until nearly everyone-else has been evacuated. Your location in the news-room is too-critical.

A month after the announcement, your friends at the television-station film your spaceplane taking-off. Two Hominids from the newsroom somehow manage to stow themselves away. A couple text-message boxes (yours) are left behind, so the stowaways can transmit their reports back to their news-colleagues on Earth.

**– THE END –**

## Choice C-8

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*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice B-3.)*

You take the elevator down to the parking garage. The man drives you to his apartment. It takes half an hour. The three of you groggily stumble into his apartment, and rapidly fall-asleep.

Three hours later, the man's alarm-clock goes off. He wakes you up, and drives you back to the news-room. Telepathy is still blocked.

You spend the day watching television news-feeds, and helping computer-graphics people model and animate spaceplanes.

That night, the same staff-member takes you back to his apartment. Not being nearly as exhausted as the previous evening, the man remembers to tell you that his name is Mark. On the way home, he pulls his car up next to a fast-food restaurant-building, and picks up hamburgers and soft-drinks through a small window.

Once again, you crash-out in Mark's apartment.

Mark leaves you in his apartment the next day, where you watch television, eat all of his pasta, and play video-games.

The television news-room has no real use for you over the next few weeks, so Mark leaves you at home during the day... with an apartment key. You wander around town while he is out. Most people have seen enough aliens by now that they are merely curious. With some of the cash that Mark lends/gives you, you purchase meals, buy supplies for an evening dinner, and pick up souvenirs for friends and relatives.

One day, Mark returns home with an official text-announcement from world governments. He spends half-an-hour sketch-translating it for you.

“Earth’s indigenous Human leadership realizes that “disclosure” is a contentious issue between non-Humans, and Humans that live on other planets. We do not wish our planet to be turned into a war-zone. Earth’s governments have collectively decided to abort “disclosure”. All non-Human aliens are requested to leave until tensions have cooled-down.”

A few days later, your text-message box informs you that you will be flown off the planet in a few weeks. The exact pick-up date is not yet known.

Before you are assigned a specific flight out, Mark offers to hide you on Earth-Sol if you wish. Apparently, many of the “disclosure”-team aliens are staying behind, hiding in people’s homes. To emphasize the point, Mark brings home a DVD of “*E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial*”. ([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ET\\_the\\_Extra-Terrestrial](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/ET_the_Extra-Terrestrial))

You decide to stay. Base cannot condone your decision, but if your text-message device somehow gets lost, you might miss your spaceplane-flight off. Evacuation spaceplane flights are expected to cease in 30 days.

Your text-message device is temporarily lost in the bottom of Mark’s underwear drawer whenever base tries to beep you; he’s an alien-gadget kleptomaniac.

Oh well.

You spend the next few months hiding in Mark's Glendale apartment. At night, you get clandestine car-rides to safe-houses for socialization, parties, and pizza.

A secret underground network of aliens and alien-hiders slowly emerges. Living near Hollywood, you make some under-the-counter cash-earnings by appearing in movies and television shows, saving computer-animators the effort of animating your race.

**- THE END -**

## Choice D-1

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*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice C-6.)*

Everyone on the planet has seen weeks of 240-hour-a-day news-coverage of the alien “disclosure” effort. News-broadcasts now show video-articles about how Hominids from other planets have been living and hiding on Earth for nearly a century. Some resident off-planet Hominids are interviewed in silhouette, admitting that they have to maintain secrecy for fear of their lives.

One afternoon, you hear that the President of the United States is going to make a live broadcast around noon US-time. Midnight Australia-time. World-leaders around the globe will simultaneously live-broadcast their own national announcements, all at the same time.

Some of the aliens in the “disclosure” team understand enough English to translate television-shows for everyone else. Normally spending their day translating children’s television shows to your language, they are assigned translation-duties for the Presidential announcement.

Everyone watches.

The President of the United States walks up to the podium.

*“Blah blah blah,”* spoken by the televised-President is verbally translated by a “disclosure” team-member. *“He says lots of words that basically mean, “Hi there!””*

*“Blah blah blah blah blah blah,”* is translated to, *“The President of the United States says that we have caused a lot of problems here.”*

A cheer goes up in your room.

Someone from next-door’s television-viewing peeks in, and wonders if their translator-person missed something.

*“No, it was only Jen being comedic.”*

Another five minutes of *“Blah blah blah”* formalities are translated into new jokes by Jen. Your room begins to fill, as people leave the less-comedic television-room.

Jen is too-slow translating the most-important *“Blah blah blah.”* She begins to speak the translation, *“Hominid militaries from other planets...”* Booing and hissing from the other room interrupt her. Jen looks irate; her thunder has been stolen. She says sadly, *“Hominid militaries from other planets will be allowed to land on Earth-Sol, and be included as part of a multinational peacekeeping force.”*

Everyone boos and hisses.

The peacekeeping forces prevent large-scale violence, although strong tensions (Weasel-word alert!) exist between the non-Hominids and the off-planet Hominid peacekeepers. Slightly-weaker tensions quickly form in Earth’s indigenous Hominid population.

Within ten years, 10% of Earth-Sol’s population has emigrated off the planet. Approximately, 5% flee to the non-Hominid side, and 5% emigrate to other Hominid planets. Meanwhile, Hominids from other planets migrate to Earth-Sol in increasing numbers.

After a few years, nearly everyone who wants to emigrate from Earth-Sol to non-Hominid planets has done-so. Non-Hominid “disclosure” team-members do their tourist-rounds to places like the Grand Canyon, and then depart. Only a small spaceport-staff of non-Hominids remains after ten years. They run a few small evacuation-spaceports scattered about the planet, just in case any

indigenous Earth-Sol Hominids wish to leave.

([http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grand\\_canyon](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grand_canyon))

In the long run, approximately 20% of the indigenous Hominids are expected to emigrate, 10% to each “side”. The “spark”-people are the first to leave. They are the people who invent-and-engineer gadgets-and-content, such as music, automobiles, movies, televisions, computers, computer-games, and mobile phones. Without them, the rest of Earth’s population could decide to settle into a comfortable 1950’s lifestyle. Hominids immigrating from other planets might replace the indigenous “spark”-people, and push Earth-Sol’s culture in a different direction.

**– THE END –**

## Choice D-2

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*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice C-6.)*

Interplanetary Hominid governments begin partaking in the international peacekeeping force. They land their spaceplanes and troops on Earth-Sol to “stabilize” the situation.

Unbeknownst to the media and public, approximately one-million resident off-planet Hominids silently evacuate Earth-Sol via the temporary military-spaceports maintained by the Hominid peacekeepers.

People on the “disclosure” team, working off-of Earth-Sol, watch this happen. They estimate 40 million off-planet Hominids are living on Earth-Sol in total. Only 2.5% of the resident off-planet Hominids leave. Most stay, either because they don’t want to leave, or because they aren’t told they can leave, or because they aren’t allowed to leave.

The Hominid nations see “disclosure” as an invasion of their territory.

To ensure that no other disclosure-invasions occur, anonymous-and-untraceable Hominids, not affiliated with any Hominid organization, small-nuke the downtowns of one-third of Earth’s major cities. They threaten total destruction if the planet is not returned to the Hominids within two decades.

**– THE END –**

## Choice D-3

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*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice C-1.)*

“Are you sure I should impede them?” asks the “civilian” military-leader.

*“It’s your decision, but that’s what my leadership suggests.”*

*“I will try it,”* he says with foreboding.

The state’s military receives orders to become more-obnoxious to off-planet Hominids. US martial-law police detain interplanetary Hominid soldiers when they break the law. Martial-law police also threaten to detain the Hominid soldiers with the same *“illegal immigration”* laws that are used to detain the *“disclosure”* team-members. At this point, ALL *“disclosure”* team-members are in immigration detention, but no off-planet Hominid soldiers are.

Discussions occur about what to do with the suspected off-planet Hominids that have immigrated to the United States over the past forty years. Technically, they are illegal immigrants, and should be shipped off to Mexico. *(Only Americans and Mexicans will get that joke.)* No-one is prepared to make such a move. But, lists of suspected immigrant Hominids are being made. The martial-law police are prepared to arrest and deport any immigrant Hominids that are acting as subversives, undermining the elected United-States government.

One month after the “civilian” military-leader makes his decision, official US military-police fly-in, and request that he steps down. You only hear about this confrontation second-hand.

The “civilian” military-leader and his immediate command staff are not seen again. They may have been imprisoned, or forced into retirement.

A few months later, off-planet Hominid militaries are everywhere. Already detained by the US military, you are flown-off the planet by a Hominid cargo-plane, and detained in a prisoner-of-war camp on another planet.

**– THE END –**

## Choice D-4

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[\(Go back to the previous choice, Choice C-1.\)](#)

*“Are you sure I should stay neutral?”* asks the “civilian” military-leader.

*“It’s your decision. My leadership recommends that you do nothing, take no action, and stay neutral.”*

*“I will try it,”* he says with foreboding.

At this point, ALL “disclosure” team-members are in military detention. No more “disclosure”-team spaceplanes are allowed to land.

More-and-more off-planet Hominid militaries land and set up their own military bases next to US military bases. Within a few years, fences that separate the side-by-side militaries are torn down.

An agreement between the Hominid nations and the non-Hominids is reached. Detained “disclosure” team-members are bussed to a pick-up point in the desert, where they are evacuated to by non-Hominid spaceplanes.

**– THE END –**

## Choice D-5

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*(Go back to the previous choice, Choice C-4.)*

By the evening, one of the news-channels has changed its conclusions. It is now reporting that the bombing of New York City was a deception, and that Hominids from other planets bombed the building to cast doubt on the “disclosure” aliens... which is what you and Sam claimed.

The other two channels maintain their story that the aliens bombed the buildings.

Your radio-broadcaster host, now provided with a legitimized version similar to your explanation, is much-more willing to believe you.

You spend the next few weeks walking around the town and meeting the locals. Though uncertain whether you are “*the good guys*,” or “*the bad guys*,” or if “*something was messed up*”, the locals are friendly. Television reporters don’t bother interviewing you; they have enough aliens elsewhere.

Unexpectedly, another group of “aliens” lands small teams in all of the same places where your “disclosure” teams landed. The new group of “aliens” are much-friendlier towards the Hominid Federation, than people in your “disclosure” team. Due to intergalactic political considerations, I (Mike) cannot name or physically describe the hypothetical next group of “aliens” in this choice-story.

Four of them land in the town where you're posted. The new "aliens" get-along well with the indigenous Hominids in your assigned town.

Within a few weeks, a spaceplane picks you up. The second wave of "aliens" remains.

**- THE END -**

## Choice D-6

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(Go back to the previous choice, Choice C-4.)

Television news-coverage continues to report that “*the aliens bombed New York City*”. The radio-broadcaster doesn’t trust your motivations, despite your sketch-pad discussions.

A week after your landing, news-coverage is reinvigorated as thousands of large spaceplanes land in airports around the world.

Uniformed Hominids step out of the spaceplanes, and announce that they are from a “*Federation of Hominids*”, like in *Star Trek*. They refuse to say anything more until they have met with indigenous political leaders.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star\\_Trek](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star_Trek)

A week later, the news-services report that the Hominid militaries are here as peacekeepers. There is an enormous war in space; the non-Hominid “disclosure” team is from “*the other side*”. The Hominid Federation has negotiated a truce with its enemies to keep Earth-Sol out of the war’s path. As an afterthought, television-news announces that all of the non-Hominid aliens will be allowed to board spaceplanes and leave the planet.

One month later, you board a Hominid spaceplane. You and Sam have no idea if you are going to be released to your side, or if you will be interned in a prisoner-of-war camp.

– THE END –

## Other “disclosure” scenarios

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- “Disclosure” might not happen, but...

Over the past hundred years, many alien abductions have resulted in abductees being voluntarily flown off-of Earth. People’s friends and family would have assumed that the abducted people wandered-off, ran away, or had been murdered. Such rescue-abductions could resume.

- Hominids from other planets might “disclose” to the indigenous Earth-Sol population without the involvement of non-Hominid aliens. The off-planet Hominids would most-likely “disclose” to the wealthiest indigenous Hominids first. And then to the top-2% wealthiest within a few decades. By that point, rumour and news of disclosure would slowly filter throughout Earth’s population.
- Other “disclosure” scenarios are possible. **Anything can happen at any time.** For more information see <http://www.disclosuree.com/AfricaEarthFullEBook.pdf>.

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