

INCIDENT
by
Lang Thompson

The UFO was a disappointment. I had been driving home from the grocery store one night last week when a cone of light the size of a sports car zipped from over the trees, hovered perfectly still in front of me, then flew straight up until I couldn't see it anymore. Big deal. I've read enough UFO books that I could tell that this was a standard sighting. Actually seeing a UFO was an anticlimax and rather dull.

A few days later, somebody knocked on my door and I opened it before thinking to check who it was. Standing there were two men dressed in black suits, black shoes and even black hats. I instantly knew I was in for trouble. These were the infamous Men In Black who often followed UFO sightings to discourage viewers from talking about their experiences. There are usually three so I assumed the third was waiting in the parking lot.

One of the men identified themselves as agents of an Air Force group, flashing an official-looking card, and said that they were checking up reports of aerial disturbances. Another witness had been able to supply my license plate number in this case and they tracked me down. The way they talked indicated that they didn't really care if I believed them or not.

Before they could go any further, I stopped them. That night, I explained, my car had been loaned to a friend for a date. He hadn't mentioned any such occurrence to me.

The Men In Black looked straight at me and I pictured them grabbing me by the throat and choking me until I told the truth. Instead, one of them asked for my friend's name and address. That caught me off-guard, so I gave them Frank's name and said that he lived in Green Forest Apartments. I hoped they wouldn't follow up on this.

Still expressionless, they thanked me for my assistance, turned and left.

Nothing else happened for a month until I happened to see Frank on the way to class. He saw me first or I would have avoided him. We talked about nothing that I can remember for a few minutes before he said that some strange things had happened around his apartment. A large black car that no one recognized had been parking in the lot for an hour or two and then leaving. It was never at the same time, one day it would be three in the morning and another day at noon. Frank thought they followed him as he drove to school one day but he wasn't sure. He hadn't seen them around for about a week now so he guessed they had left.

I told Frank there were some strange people running around and headed off for class.

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