

A.L.O.M.

Episode 2:

Stranded

By

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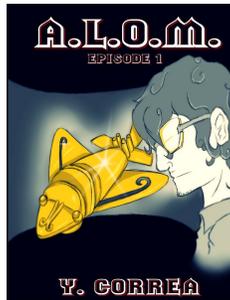
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A.L.O.M. Episode 1 Blurb:

The year is 2130. Long gone are the days of high definition television and rock and roll. Mankind has entered the greatest age of technology. Vlad Kappel is a man of few words and even fewer desires, one of them being a dream to pilot the world's first time machine which he has helped to invent and build. A fan of the eons old television show Ancient Aliens, Vlad has always been intrigued by the ideas of time and space travel. When he is suddenly and unexpectedly given the opportunity to live out his secret dream the results are astounding... and none too coincidental.

A.L.O.M. Episode 1, the first in the A.L.O.M. series.

Coming Soon

A.L.O.M. Episode 3: Underearth

Vlad Kappel quickly found out that not everything was as it seemed.

This world that he'd been whisked away to was something entirely different than what he'd been taught. Vastly different than what scholars had tutored his generation in.

Yes, these were ancients. Indeed, they lived primitive lives—but cro-magnans, they were not. Nor were they neanderthals. They did not bounce around the wilderness like beasts, they did not beat each other atop the head with clubs, they did not hunt with pointy sticks and did not live in trees.

This was intelligent man. Sophisticated and rational. The only thing they lacked, that Vlad had at one time in his life, was access to modern technology. A technology that was no longer at his disposal. Certainty filled him that had he had said technology, he could teach them how to use it, and not only would they understand, but they would learn.

Industrial science, machinery, robotics, electronics... how he missed it. The wonders that it would do in a civilization such as this, he mused.

Vlad lacked a thorough understanding of their language. He knew a little. Very little. Still, until he could find a way back home, he would have to make it a point to become more proficient in ancient Incan. Becoming fluent in every aspect of it was imperative to his future as well as theirs. Honestly, how else would he be able to teach and guide, more importantly dialogue effectively, unless he could communicate with them?

Everyday Vlad—as the people's new god—would approach them to learn things. Words, culture, their rendition of daily living. It was all so new to him. New *and* intriguing.

In all truth, it bothered him that the people revered him as a living god. They would prostrate themselves in front of him until he coaxed them to stand and speak to him. This was not what he wanted. All he wanted was to go home, and in the interim help them build a more civilized habitat. The one thing that he'd noticed about these Incans was that they did not live in the spectacular pyramids that he had studied about in his time.

Had they not built them yet, he pondered?

As for the A.L.O.M., Vlad knew that for the time being it was pretty much out of commission as it pertained to space-time travel. However, other more practical uses could be a possibility. Transportation maybe.

For some reason the thought of such things cause Vlad to recall the day he'd arrived to this time and place....

Like a violent ball of fire the A.L.O.M. descended from the sky, encapsulated in smoke. The speed with which it came billowing down to the earth was ferocious. Vlad, frivolous. He went light-headed and nearly vomited due to the brutal propulsion and turbulence. Then like a comet crashing into the earth, the A.L.O.M. collided onto soil and rock. Inertia followed rumble, which preceded thrusting and rocking. Never had Vlad experienced such a potent ride. His body could barely take the commotion.

Minutes later, after the fog in his head cleared—as well as the fog and smoke that surrounded his vehicle—Vlad tumbled out of the machine, spacesuit stained with dirt, grit and brimstone.

First his knees gave out on him, causing him to flop to the ground, his hands the only thing keeping him from liquefying into Mother Earth's gravitational pull, then he slowly lifted his head and floundered to remove his helmet, gasping for fresh air. Clean air.

That's when he saw them, got to his feet and walked towards them.

The crowd of the prehistoric civilization bowed. Knees on the hard rock and land, heads practically touching the soil, hands stretched out in front of them.

The king approached Vlad, and with the little that Vlad knew of their language he was able to decipher what the king had asked as he pointed to the large metal object that had fallen from the skies and now laid in front of them both... *in front of everyone.*

“A.L.O.M.” Vlad replied.

“Alom!” Called the cluster in reverence and unison as they worshiped their new sky god. The name of his aircraft echoed like a song carried in the wind—majestic veneration resounding in the breeze. Wonderment, indeed.

The crowd marveled at the enormous machine and the god like man that stood in front of them now sent from their very own Sun God. They were awe stricken and worshiped him with zeal.

Not good, thought Vlad, *Not good at all.*



Now, a few weeks had passed and still Vlad had not found a way to fix the A.L.O.M. “Damn it!” He spat, as he kicked the large hunk of metal in frustration, then slamming his hands against it, he all but gave up. He knew that there were many things that he needed in order to fix it that this civilization simply could not supply. Like an average, everyday screwdriver. Better yet, a sodding iron. Those things would be useful. Woe is he if he would even dare say it... *think it...* he needed—he really, truly needed—a computer!

He had to make due. He had no choice.

“Yachay ninasisa a qullqui et?” Uttered Vlad slowly, considering his words and hoping that he'd strung together the proper syllables.

The king's daughter looked at him dumbfounded, with her full lips puckered in thought. Her beautiful large brown eyes, squinted. Vlad watched as the words sunk in. During the few seconds that she needed to process his needs, he gazed at her face as the sun beamed on her caramel skin, and her pin straight, pitch black hair danced in the breeze.

Suddenly, her eyes shot open, large and bright. Had she understood? Oh, how he hoped that she did. He asked where he could get fire and silver. The combination of the two could serve as a makeshift sodding iron.

“Tariy ninasis da qullqui, Quari-puyu.” Deliberately the king's daughter spoke slowly, ensuring that Vlad could understand. He needed to follow her in order to find fire and silver.

He knew that he'd have to focus on fixing one part of the A.L.O.M at a time. For now, he just needed to be able to communicate with someone, somehow. Since there was no word for 'thank you' that he could think of, with a nod of the head as an acknowledgment that she'd done a good job in understanding him, he finished, “Tao.” Saying princess as a form of appreciation and recognition.

She nodded in return with a smile and coaxed him to follow her. Taking off like a trained animal in the wild, the Princess headed to the jungle. Her lean and strong legs moved with skill, swift and agile. Her body seemed to be built for such endeavors.

It took Vlad all that he had to keep up. Not that he was out of shape, but never did he have to tackle the wild before.



“Holy fucking, shit!” Win's fingers were tangled in his hair. The look of disbelief in his eyes was in explicable. “He did it! He fucking did it,” Winthrop said as he shook his head. “Wooh, unbelievable!” Win thrust back in his seat with the sudden rush of shock. He was marveled at the video footage of Vlad taking off in the A.L.O.M. It had been weeks and it still ceased to amaze him. Every time he saw the film it was the same reaction—disbelief.

The biggest problem was getting him back. Through the holographic tracker, Win was able to see *where* Vlad had landed. Using the inner-craft computer which was connected to his own, Win could also see *when* Vlad was.

However, the fierce crash of the A.L.O.M. had damaged Vlad's end of the communications device, so as much as he would have loved to, Win couldn't reach him. Still he hoped that Vlad could find a way to at least fix the communications device, this way they'd be able to talk. Maybe fix the problem. Hopefully bring him back.

“Orville Winthrop, have you worked on fixing the situation with Mr. Kappel? Why haven't you contacted me with a status report?” Demanded Mr. Sanders, his patience at the peak of explosion. The large holographic screen which displayed his images as he spoke beamed like an iridescent symphony of lights above head.

Privacy, Win thought. *A dude likes his freaking privacy from time to time*. Still, he tried to maintain his composure and not sound too disrespectful. “Dude- I mean- Sir, I've said it several times now, I can no longer do anything else on my end unless Vlad finds a way to fix his communications device or something.”

“Perfect.” Hissed Mr. Sanders in sarcasm, with that the screen crackled with static as if it could sense his anger. “Just perfect.” Then dismissing Win's update completely he finished, “I want a status report on my desk by the end of the week—no exceptions.”

“Bu-” Win was fuming. This old man was a precise pain in his ass. What the heck was he going to do? Vlad really needed to fix the A.L.O.M. and quick.



“Da ninasis da qullqui, Quari-puyu... ehhh-” the Princess stopped herself, she'd become so accustomed to calling him Sky Man that she sometimes forgot to honor him, and his Metal Bird, by their proper names, Alom.

Vlad was truly like no god she'd ever known. He was too simple and too nice. Sky Man seemed like a better fit. Still, he was her god so she knew that addressing him correctly was of an important nature, lest her father catch wind of her irreverence. “... ehhh, Alom.” Then she bowed her head cordially.

Vlad nodded at her then looked around to see where she'd brought him.

A cave. This wouldn't do. A cave? Shacks? These could never serve as proper homes. Something had to be done. This civilization deserved better housing, was the random thought that crossed his mind momentarily.

Nevertheless Vlad peered inside, turning on the built in flashlight of his watch. “What is this place?” He asked her.

The Princess shook her head, failing to understand his language.

Vlad motioned his arms in a wide circle, hoping to encompass the entire expanse, then pointed with both pointer-fingers to the ground. “This place,” he continued by shrugging his shoulder with his arms pointed towards the ceiling, “what is is?”

“Ahh.” She nodded. “Pukinara.” She replied as she made the same motions as he.

“Pukinara, cave. Got it.” Vlad said to himself, trying to memorize the word.

The girl nodded.

“Yachay ninasisa a qullqui et?” Vlad asked again, slowly.

She nodded once more. In a blink, she ran forward, then in a far corner of a cave she perched, grabbed two stones and set them gently to her side and then started to dig. Vlad inwardly queried what she was doing.

After a few moments of digging the girl stopped and with a sound of glee turned to face him, cupping something in the palm of her hands.

Running towards him she said, “Da,” then pushed the substance into his hands.

He thanked her with a small gesture of his head and then glanced down. Silver. “Thank you!” He was amazed and happy.

She smiled. “Mhm.” She hummed in response.

Just like that, the girl shot off once more. Vlad watched as she happily grabbed and assessed some branches, touching them and smelling them. After she'd collected a hand full of them, she jumped in the direction of the stones that were on the ground. Next she stacked the sticks in a nice pile on the floor of the cave, then took to clicking and rubbing the two stones together in a unanimous motion.

The fleeting thought crossed Vlad's mind that he quite liked the Princess. She was smart, and knew how to take initiative. These were great traits in a person—resourceful and driven.

Instantly Vlad knew what she was doing. What an idiot he'd been. Being from the future, simple things like how to start a fire with friction seemed alien to him; he'd grown so accustomed to flicking a match.

Kneeling in close vicinity to where the Princess was engaged clacking the stones together, Vlad scoped the ground for a couple more. Finding a good set, he grabbed them and busied himself beating them together. After long a spark took. The Princess blew softly on her flicker and soon after a fire had stated.

Awesome. This was good.

Later on that evening Vlad and the Princess repeated their small ceremony in front of the A.L.O.M. Vlad had already removed the mechanisms—a motherboard looking segment—which housed the holographic tracker and communications device, and had carefully placed them next to him on top of a piece of fabric which laid on the ground. All he had to do was sod-iron a few scant pieces of wire together and it might begin to work.

One thing at a time, he reminded himself.

The Princess watched in admiration. She was perplexed *and* impressed with his dilly-dallying. Moreover, she was transfixed with curiosity. All of this metal... all of this string; what could all of those things accomplish? How she yearned to understand. Even further, she didn't mind watching him muck about—he was attractive and looked nothing like the men from her land. What woman wouldn't mind watching a man like him tamper? A foolish one maybe. If there was one thing that the Princess had learned in her years, it was how to appreciate nature. *This* was nature—Vlad.

Silently and analytically, she watched.

Utilizing some things he found lying around the Incan habitat, he made a makeshift sodding iron and was pleased with the prehistoric outcome.

As he focused on the task at hand, looking over his glasses, forehead dripping with sweat, he could specifically remember one particular episode of Ancient Aliens....

Abydos, Egypt & Ancient Airplanes:

This image depicts the clear shapes of what seem to be an airplane dropping some kind of bomb, package, or object and to the upper left the figure of what seems like a modern day helicopter...

Instantly Vlad noticed that he was not surprised as the memory of that episode scanned his mind.

Even more controversial than the model airplane are the enigmatic carvings found in the temple of Abydos, Egypt by Dr. Ruth Hover. Hover photographed a wall panel which had been revealed when a newer overlaying panel crumbled and fell off. The older panel beneath contained embossed images that resemble modern aircrafts...

How long would he be here, was the very next thing that crossed Vlad's mind. He realized that the voice of the narrator no longer made him chuckle as it once did. *Was his coming here a loop in time? What did all of this mean?* The questions ran like a marathon through his mind as he dawdled. With his forearm he wiped the sweat from his brow. The memory persisted.

But since airplanes had not yet been invented in 1898 (never mind ancient Egypt), it was labeled as a model of a bird and stored away in the basement of the Cairo museum. The object was rediscovered many years later by Dr. Khalil Messiha, an authority on ancient models. According to Messiha and others who have studied the object, it has characteristics of very advanced aerodynamics, much like modern pusher-gliderng that require very little power to stay aloft. The curved wings are today known as reverse dihedral wings, which can attain great amounts of lift. A similar design is employed on the supersonic Concord aircraft.

How much longer would he be here, his mind pressed. The more he reflected on it, the more he realized that he was indeed an alien in this ancient land.

A spark jumped. Vlad bounced back, the Princess leaped in fear. Running to hide behind the A.L.O.M. she pointed at the motherboard and muttered something incomprehensible at it.

"It's okay. It's okay. Look," Vlad coaxed her. She was altogether not convinced and stayed her place hidden behind the enormous machine.

The tip of his sodding iron mechanisms touched the communications and holographic tracking device and kindled again. Suddenly, it began to hum.

“YES!” Cried Vlad as he realized that he'd fixed it. “YEAH!” Picking everything up and rushing like mad to connect it to the A.L.O.M. Vlad seemingly bounced with felicity.

Within seconds everything was connected. In that instant Vlad began to press all of the pertinent buttons and spoke into the receiver. “Hello? Hello?”

Ugh. Dumb, dumb, dumb. This isn't a freaking telephone.

“Vlad Kappel calling base. Come in base. Come in base.”

“Vlad? Vlad Kappel, is that you?”

“Oh my god! Win? Yes, Win it's me!”

“Oh my fucking god, Vlad! What the fuck man? I can't fucking believe it! It's you!” Though scratchy, the voice on the other hand was undeniably Win's.

“Yeah man! It's me!” Vlad was elated. “Now tell me, how the hell do I get out of here?”

“Dude, I don't know.”

Vlad's heart leaped into his throat. The understanding was something that he couldn't bear to think about. He may be stranded here forever.



Weeks melted away.

Vlad continued his static transmission with Win, albeit with extreme care. He worried that he might lose communication again—that everything would blow up in his face. Who was to say how long the mediocre restoration might keep its place?

“Dude, I think I have an idea.” Win's choppy, elusive voice relayed from thousands of years away.

“What? Tell me, what? I'll do anything.” Vlad was desperate. Any idea, at this point, was a good idea.

“If I can help you reconstruct the basic mechanics, which I can do from here—you're good at following directions, right? Right! Anywho, as I was saying, if you follow my directions, then the only other thing you're gonna need is fuel.”

“Man, I'd need metallic hydrogen! How in the hell am I supposed to get my hands on that?” More than one hundred years had passed since the creation—or better yet, replication—of metallic hydrogen. And even to their day it still remained the strongest fuel available to man.

What was it exactly? It was a petrol created by humans, made to replicate the chemical core components of the planet Jupiter. Without a doubt, the most powerful synthetic sustenance known to man. Getting *that* in *this* time? Impossible.

“Yeah, man, well... you can't. But, you can get something else. Something just as strong.”

“Bro, I’d need like…” Vlad racked his head trying to think of feasible, natural elements that might equate the electric and metallic properties of metallic hydrogen. Pacing back and forth, his head hanging towards the ground, arms crossed in front of his chest, he thought. “... like- nickel, maybe aluminum. Obsidian- no, no, magnesium. Something like…” Vlad gulped hard once the picture had become clear. It was an epiphany that he dreaded to think of. He knew what he needed, he just didn't dare say it.

“*Yeah, man, you need lava.*” Win eagerly interjected.

“*You have got to be fucking kidding me!*”



“Toa, jamuy yoj su cha orqo.” Vlad said slowly and deliberately, hoping that the Princess would understand.

The Princess gulped deeply, her eyes widened. She pointed to herself as if to ask if Vlad was certain that he was directing his question to the right person. He nodded his response. She gulped again. Was this crazy Sky Man actually asking her to go to the fire mountain with him? Was he mad? Had he finally lost his marbles?

Yes, was the most likely answer to all of those questions, she considered.

He had the look of desperation in his eyes, and try as she might, she could not resist the invitation. Besides, he would more than likely need her in his venture. He knew nothing of the fire mountain and could very well get killed in the attempt to climb it. Finally, having decided that while this undertaking was indeed insane, she wouldn't have the heart to let him go at it alone, she answered, “Ari.”

Vlad's smile widened.

Hope. Finally, he had hope.

No one ever said that time travel was easy.



I hope you enjoyed “*A.L.O.M. Episode 2: Stranded*”

Stay tuned for “*A.L.O.M. Episode 3: Underearth*”

Coming soon.