

A.L.O.M
Episode 1

By:
Y. Correa

Copyright 2014 Y. Correa
Smashwords Edition

To:
Monica, my Sista!

A.L.O.M
Episode 1

A-Avionic
L-Linear
O-Objective
M- Manipulator

The Year 2130

Even at age thirty-five Vlad still had an affinity for antiquated things, including and not limited to television shows. At this time and age there was no need for them. The regal interweb was now the new fixation of mankind. The king of the Internet. No screen was needed, no CPU. All that was needed was your brain power and a microchip in your watch, and *BAM!* A screenless, splendor of florescent images that floated over your head like an opera of electrical charges, easily manipulated with your mind and fingers.

Vlad was not a fan of such things. One of his favorite things in fact was the long time archived clips of the History Channel's reruns of Ancient Aliens. Still the questions and theories that the show posed so many years ago seemed relevant, and more than that, plausible.

The more he watched the shows, although low quality televised definition (Who used HD anymore anyway?) the more he kept telling himself that they had to be right.

Especially considering the new archeological finds. Pieces of metal aviation devices were found hidden deep in the Mayan landscape. When compared to the artifacts of The Ancient Mayan king flying an aircraft, and the tiny gold airplanes they'd found in the remnants of a Pre-Inca civilization, it was fairly safe to believe that intelligent life had visited the ancient culture and laid the groundwork for their primitive civilization to survive. As a matter of fact, the engineering utilized to create the aircraft that he and his colleagues were working on came directly from the fragments found.

Posed over his desk, with a single desk lamp switched on and loads of wires, tools, papers and gismos, he fiddled with his current project.

Vlad kept the television running in the background just to hear it. Fiddling as he worked his glasses slipped to the tip of his pointy nose, his curly chocolate hair was soaked with sweat and stuck to his face. With a knuckle he pushed his glasses to the bridge of his nose. The sweat droplets made him blink his enormous brown eyes, then a small puff of exasperation escaped his full lips. Still he continued with undeterred focus on his current task.

Vlad spent his entire adult carrier working with scientists, chononaut physicists and engineers in crafting the first ever time travel device. His full lips curled absentmindedly into a small smile when he thought that just one hundred years ago—right around the time that Ancient Aliens ran on a regular basis—people thought that time travel was limited to science fiction. Now, it was something especially credible. What with all of the advances in science within the last one hundred years.

As Vlad tinkered with the motherboard of the would-be time travel avionic devise, he listened.

Did aliens actually help the Mayan people build their homes and create their way of life, as Ancient Astronaut Theorists believe?

Vlad giggled at the sound of the narrator's voice. It amused him how the narrator always emphasized the words *alien*, *extraterrestrial* and *ancient astronaut theorists*. He tittered a little more when he noticed that it almost seemed out of the narrator's control.

Arguably the most remarkable Mayan artifact ever found—the stone sarcophagus lid of King Pacal—has produced considerable controversy. Mainstream scholars believe the depiction of King Pacal on a journey to the underworld, but ancient astronaut theorists believe the king is portrayed at the seat of the controls of a space craft and have dubbed him the Palenque astronaut.

“Ouch!” Vlad hissed as he cut his finger on the sharp metal shards of the motherboard. Like a reflex he raised his finger into his mouth then turned to look at the television show, his eyes looking over his glasses, head bent downward. A second or two later he took his finger out of his mouth, assessed the damage and upon evaluating that the cut was not so bad, he proceeded with his work—fiddling and mumbling something incomprehensible about his cut finger under his breath.

There is also the discovery of the Inca Airplanes. Archaeologists have found sophisticated pre-Incan sculptures made in the shapes very similar to that of airplanes, jets, helicopters and space shuttles. These small gold figurines are approximately two inches in length and estimated to date between 500 and 800 BCE. Some archaeologists have suggested that the figures depict animals; however, this seems most unlikely.

Another interesting note is the wings of the aircraft have small ornamental drawings on them, many in the form of spirals. To the ancient Indians of South America these spirals represented ascending and descending. These sculptures could be evidence of many things. Some say birds, other say advanced Inca intelligence, and still others the influence of ancient aliens.

Vlad shrugged after he'd glanced back to look at the tiny golden aircraft like artifact displayed on the screen. It was surprising how sophisticated those little things looked he mused. Surprising indeed.

~~~~~

Even after more than a century, people were still people. The world was still, just the world. Even humanities manner of speech remained unchanged. Nothing drastic had changed at all, with the exception of modern technology.

“Hey bro, check this out.” Winthrop coaxed Vlad. Winthrop had a fascination with Rock and Roll from the twenty-first century. As the matter of fact he considered himself a rocker and was proud of it. With his long shaggy hair, multiple tattoos and glasses, he was the perfect modern day mix of rocker and nerd. He did not care very much for his first name so he opted to be referred to by his last. Honestly, what real rocker was named Orville? Winthrop would have to do—Win for short.

Winthrop pointed to a gadget under the hood of their current project—the first ever A.L.O.M.

This stood for: Avionic Linear Objective Manipulator.

Named after the Mayan god—which was believed to be a Mayan sky god, as legend told that Alom descended from the heavens—this was the very first practical and almost functioning time machine. Some work was needed of course.

The idea behind this technology was simple. The only way man could attain enough speed to travel through time would be to reach the speed of light and the only way that could happen would be via flight. More specifically intergalactic flight.

This was based on both Einstein's theory of, the Rosen Bridge:

*A wormhole, also known as an Einstein–Rosen bridge, is a topological feature of space-time that would be, fundamentally, a "shortcut" through space-time.*

As well as his theory of Relativity:

*Based on physics, this would be the theory that space and time are relative concepts rather than absolute concepts.*

Vlad trekked over to Win, climbed the few steps up the step ladder, then crouched in under the hood to have a better look. The machine that the men had been working on was a hybrid mix of an antiquated rocket ship and modern day hovercraft. They had taken rocket engineering, made it smaller and compacted it into a hovercraft type device.

The vehicle was very similar in shape and size to a twenty first century military aircraft. The F15E Strike military aircraft, to be exact—only with a single tail as opposed to two. Of course the exterior was crafted out of aluminum alloy and adamantium, which made it lighter and more durable. Much better suited for travel at such speeds. This also gave the time machine a high gloss and reflective exterior.

“What's up?” Vlad asked Win.

“Look dude. I revamped the molecular engine by hitting it with some solidified nitrate. You bring me that motherboard?” Winthrop replied, all in a single breath.

“Yep.” Vlad stepped back down, jogged over to his work station and brought the small motherboard back to Win. “Here ya' go.”

“Sweet!” Winthrop grabbed the gadget and pulled it towards the molecular engine, then attached a few scant wires to it. “Go in the pilot seat and rev it up for me, will ya'.” This was part order and part question.

Vlad stepped down once again and did as Win had asked, in the process asking Winthrop a question. “So, do you know who's gonna fly this thing yet?”

“Naw man. They won't tell me nothing.” He answered. Referring to the powers that be.

“I'd hate for one of those know-it-all, pompous, shifty pilots to come in here and mess everything up. You know how they can be. They think they are better than all of us, then wind up destroying all of our hard work.” Vlad stated.

Winthrop chuckled. “Yeah man. You're right. But, who else is gonna do it? You?” Then he laughed again, the rhetorical question causing him some amusement.

“No man. I'm not saying that,” Vlad continued as he started the engine. The aircraft sputtered.

“I'm just saying that they should have a better system. You know what I mean? Someone that,” he tried the engine again. More sputtering, “actually listens to us.”

“Yeah man. I understand,” Winthrop replied. Pausing to look over the hood at Vlad that was in the pilot seat, he raised a single finger, indicating Vlad to wait a minute. Vlad heard some

knocking some tinkering and some tapping, then Winthrop raised his hand and gave Vlad and *go ahead* gesture with the flip of a wrist. "Would be nice." Win concluded.

Vlad tried the ignition again. "Mhm. Would be." Just like that, in an almost silent hum, the engine started.

Winthrop leaped off of the step ladder in a single hop, and danced a little *happy dance*. "Wooh! Yeah!" He exclaimed. "We did it bro!"

"We sure did!" Vlad replied, just as happily.

~~~~~

The A.L.O.M. was in working order. This was good. Now all they had left to do was get the information back from Intel in regards to who the assigned pilot would be.

Vlad couldn't help but feel upset. He knew that they were going to assign the atypical snotty pilot to fly the A.L.O.M. He silently felt like that was ridiculously unfair. After all, it had been he and his colleagues that broke their backs in order to make this dream a reality.

Pacing back and forth in front of the glorious machine, Vlad could not hide his annoyance. The first thing he heard were the muted voices of the crowd of professionals and not-so-professionals as they made their way down the hall to his whereabouts.

Mr. Sanders, an incredibly tall, balding, round man in a suit, was the first he saw as the small crown turned in through the door. "Well, well, well, Mr. Kappel."

"Vlad." Vlad corrected him dryly.

"Yes. Yes. Indeed. *Vlad*..." Mr. Sanders acknowledged with minimal concern. "this is Captain Connor. Captain, this is one of the bright minds behind this outstanding machine." Mr. Sanders said with a gesture towards Vlad.

"Captain." Vlad greeted with a nod.

"Mr. Kappel."

"Vlad."

The Captain nodded with little concern of his being corrected. "Is this the A.L.O.M.?"

Vlad nodded in response.

"Great. I was already given all of the specifics and aviation manual in a module. Is there anything else I need to know?"

"Everything you should know was implemented in the module."

"I'll take that as a no." In the background, the men chuckled. He was pompous indeed, just as Vlad has suspected.

Brushing his agitation under the rug, Vlad continued. "Were you already provided with the uniform? The suite is imperative. This is a 'spaceship' after all... kind of."

The Captain looked at him with a blank and belittling stare, then responded, "Of course."

Mr. Sanders, amused by their interaction, laughed hard and then knocked the Captain on the back in a hard slap, "Men, men, men! Glad to see you're getting along! Well then, we'll leave you two alone. I'm sure you have much to talk about."

My ass. Was Vlad's only thought.

"Mr. Kappel, be sure to get our Captain here better acquainted with the A.L.O.M. Thank you." Finished Mr. Sanders, adding a scatty high-pitch to the last word. Spinning on his feet and starting his march out of the room, he exited, the small group of liken men following.

"Vlad." Vlad called out in a high whisper, knowing that no one was listening.

"Well then Mr. Kappel. Let me get suited up. Time to take this baby for a test ride."

"Vl-", knowing that obviously no one wanted to call him by his first name, Vlad stopped

himself and then let out a small unhappy sigh. “Okay.”

~~~~~

***Two Weeks Later  
Official Launch Day  
Target Destination:  
The Year 3130***

Everything was set and ready for launch. Vlad had mixed feelings. He was excited to finally see the A.L.O.M take off, but at the same time was disappointed that it wouldn't be him flying in it.

An enormous throng filled the outskirts of the landing strip. The officials were all posted on an extremely high platform in order to have a better look at all of the occurrences. Excitement filled the air. This was going to be a historic event. Something the generations to come would read about in story books. This was big! As big as when Americans elected the first black President. As big as Pearl Harbor. As big as the discovery of electricity. Vlad knew this. *Everyone* knew this. The anticipation that hung in the air almost asphyxiated him with exhilaration.

In the enormous garage-slash-workstation, Vlad was helping Captain Connor finish his last minute preparations, while Winthrop dabbled and trifled a little more, as he knew how to do all too well.

For conversations sake Vlad spoke, “Are you ready Captain? This is a big deal.”  
“I'm always ready. Always.” Replied the obnoxious Captain, a comment that was followed by a cough.  
Vlad's ears rung with the sound of the cough. “Are you sick?” This was unacceptable. The Captain could *not* fly this ship with a cold. Period!  
“No. Don't be silly!” Another cough.

Like a whirlwind of occurrences, everything *just happened*.

One minute the Captain and Vlad were talking about his cough, the next the Captain was on the ground—head clutched, eyes rolled to the back of his head. Vlad was frozen in fear and surprise. He was simply flabbergasted!

Win came running to his aid with a small rod like object in hand which blinked, and swiped it across the Captain's body. The little object beeped several simultaneous beeps, then one long final note, and with the final beep a diagnosis flashed on the tiny screen.

BRAIN ANEURYSM.

Winthrop gazed at Vlad, and Vlad at him. “What the fuck are we gonna do now Dude?” Win practically screamed.

Vlad's response was a gasp.

~~~~~

Vlad could not stop thinking about how he'd gotten here. How in the hell had it all happened? His mind spun with questions. The most predominant of which was, *What the fuck?*

Yes, he'd wished that it were him. True, he silently hoped that it was he who wrote history. Indeed, it was his forbidden secret to want to fly the A.L.O.M for himself. But like everything in his life, it was just a dream. Something that was never supposed to actually happen. Yet here he was, in the cockpit, dressed in the Captain's suit. With the bulky helmet, no one could ever tell that it was him.

He mentally ran through how he'd gotten here.

He heard Win's voice. "Dude, you do it. Fly the A.L.O.M. I'll hide the body."

Absentmindedly Vlad nodded his head and got dressed.

Next thing he knew he was in the cockpit. The enormous garage gate started to go up. He turned the engine on. His hands shaking without control. *What the hell are you doing Vlad?* He questioned himself.

The A.L.O.M. moved forward. The crowd cheered. Muffled screams and hands lifted was all he could see. His eyes darted to the platform where his boss and his boss's colleagues stood. Glee written on their faces, hands clapping.

A bright light began to blink in his eyes.

The numbers flashed, 3-1-3-0... 3-1-3-0... 3-1-3-0!

Panic set in. His already shaking hands started pushing all of the pertinent buttons. Frustration set in. Then fear. The A.L.O.M. was moving forward. The engine almost reaching its peak for takeoff.

Without being mentally ready, the ship took off. Vlad felt the inertia as it thrust him. His strapped body bouncing front then back regardless of the restraints. A sudden rapture of mania surged him. Already in full flight, having reached the curtain of the cosmos, the ship was at the cusps of hitting the required speed for space time travel.

Vlad wanted out! He *needed* out!

No longer able to control himself, he began to bang away at the windows. Then chaotically slamming his hands against all of the controls.

"STOP! JUST STOP!" He screamed. "DAMN IT! STOP!"

A series of bleeps and bloops rang inside of the aircraft. Vlad seemed to not notice them while his tantrum continued.

Then an obnoxiously loud beep rung, while the outer-space sky began to turn into an aurora of colors. Blue, purple, red, orange, a rainbow of unnatural colors. This was a clear sign that Vlad was about to warp into another time.

BEEP! 5-0-0 BCE! 5-0-0 BCE! BEEP! Probed the light on the monitor.

"NOOOOO!!"

Most unwillingly Vlad heard the voice of the Ancient Aliens narrator in the back of his mind:

There is also the discovery of the Inca Airplanes. Archaeologists have found sophisticated pre-Incan sculptures made in the shapes very similar to that of airplanes, jets, helicopters and space shuttles. These small gold figurines are approximately two inches in length and estimated to date between 500 and 800 BCE. Some archaeologists have suggested that the figures depict animals, however, this seems most unlikely.

~~~~~

The crowd of the prehistoric civilization bowed. Knees on the hard concrete, hands stretched out in front of them.

The king approached Vlad. With the little that Vlad knew of the Incan 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.

“A.L.O.M.” Vlad replied.

“Alom!” Called the cluster in reverence and unison as they worshiped their new sky god.

For more information on the author, follow her via Twitter or Facebook at:

@YCorreaFB

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Y-Correa/292580497432168>

Y also loves to hear from her readers. So if you have any questions or comments, please send her an email:

ycorreafb@gmail.com

~~~~~

Y. Correa is also the creator and founder of the All Authors Support Group and All Authors Magazine.

Would you like to meet your next favorite author? The visit the All Authors Magazine at:

@AllAuthorsMag

<https://www.facebook.com/AllAuthorsMag>

<http://spiasg.weebly.com>

