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| "There's the birthday girl!" gushed Dory when Remiel showed |
| up at her home. With a basement and four floors all done |
| up in finely crafted hardwood, it was one of the more |
| magnificent homes in Havilah, lying halfway up Treehouse |
| Hill. Cubby called it the Shybear Hut, as though it were an |
| alpine shelter. |
| |
| Remy said, "I've got my heart set on taking a road trip." |
| |
| Dory said, "Do I need to remind you the first week of June |
| is finals, and you can't afford to miss it. You've already |
| slipped a year behind us. Do you want to make it two?" |
| |
| Remy said, "My wings are starting to come in." |
| |
| Dory drew close to wrap her arms around her, and sure enough |
| she could feel a pair of bony stubs under Remy's blouse. |
| |
| "My mother is a nurse, Dory. I can't hide these from her. |
| Dr. Wahkan will tell her it's nothing to worry about, but we |
| both know my mother will take me to a doctor in Lusk for a |
| second opinion. You can imagine what will happen after |
| that." |
| |
| D01: "Quarantine. Federal agents snooping all over Havilah. |
| You're right, finals can wait. The faculty won't punish you |
| for doing the right thing." |
| |
| "I need to hide until my wings start actually looking like |
| wings. Then my mother might listen. For now I just want you |
| to show me how to make a halo." |
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| Dory smiled and said, "Oh, you mean like this?" |
| | |
| And suddenly she was enveloped in a bubble just like Glinda |
| the Good Witch of the North, transparent, but it wasn't |
| pink. With reduced weight, she was able to do a double |
| backflip in the sight of Remiel before landing on her feet |
| and letting her halo snap off. |
| | |
| Dory said, "It's complicated, like swallowing, but who ever |
| taught you how to swallow? You just know." |
| | |
| Remiel said, "You make it look so easy." |
| | |
| She remembered how Dr. Mikaela's introductory lecture on the |
| physics of halos began with a personal anecdote from |
| twelfth-century Constantinople. Seeking a formal portrait |
| for diplomatic purposes, she sat for a celebrated icon |
| painter. The artist quickly became exasperated. Mikaela's |
| halo distorted perspective, altered the proportions of her |
| white wings, and seemed to twist parts of her face. |
| | |
| After days of failed sketches he declared Mikaela impossible |
| to paint and depicted a simple gold disc behind her head. |
| Other artists copied his image, then copied one another. |
| Within a few generations, halos throughout Christendom had |
| become decorative golden plates. Professor Mikaela concluded |
| that new human knowledge began with careful observations, |
| but sooner or later it bumped up against the eternal |
| principle of human laziness. Somebody always wants to take a |
| shortcut, and if that somebody is deemed an authority, the |
| shortcut persists. |
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| All the students found this depressingly plausible. Remiel |
| caught Dory's wandering glance and said, "It's my birthday. |
| Where's my Dizzy Lizzy?" |
| |
| And Dory's glance, having been caught, narrowed a bit. "How |
| did you know such things as Dizzy Lizzies existed?" |
| |
| Remiel shrugged and said, "I have a tutor these days." |
| |
| "Anyone I know?" |
| |
| "It's not any one of the professors here in Havilah. It |
| seems I merit someone from Upstairs. Her name is Hope. Have |
| you met her?" |
| |
| Cubby joined them and he caught the tail end of the |
| conversation, enough to ask, "Is that a new seraph? Did |
| Ayvah finally decide to get a living avatar?" |
| |
| Remiel shook her head. "She says she's really Davar." |
| |
| "Davar's back for his much-anticipated second run? And a |
| she this time? I thought the elohim on our side were dead |
| set against serial possession." |
| |
| "Hope says she solved the underlying problem, and I think |
| she may be right." |
| |
| Dory got her brother caught up. "Remy wants to see her izzy |
| DLizzy. Somebody spoiled the big surprise." |
| |
| Cubby said, "We'll have to walk to the campus. Dad's |
| already at Temple and he took the Woodie." |
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| The Shybear place was usually in a whiteout situation that |
| cleared up a little when one dropped off Treehouse Hill. |
| Two blocks west of the Academy's music hall, Gran Via |
| crossed the brook Eschol on a bridge. |
| |
| Cubby led Remiel and his sister down the riparian left bank |
| of that stream. They went about four hundred paces, until |
| the creek turned to the northeast to flow on to Lake |
| Taijitu. They struck off overland toward the Academy until |
| they arrived at a large concrete apron painted with |
| guidelines. |
| |
| This was an outlying area of the Migdalel College campus. |
| Previously, Remiel had no idea it even existed. The shore |
| of the lake lay along the north side of the flight line, at |
| the bottom of a slope of boulders. Cubby said, "You should |
| see this place at night, all lit up." |
| |
| Dory said, "Yeah, the lights pulse and light up the fog. |
| When you're looking down at this place from above you can't |
| miss it. |
| |
| A hangar resembling a giant Quonset hut made entirely of |
| wood was built right on the field. There were two giant |
| roll-up doors on each end. Dory led the way through the |
| offices inside the hangar as though she owned the place. In |
| a sense she did. Dory had already logged many hours of |
| flight time. |
| |
| To Remiel, this place reminded her of the tunnels under the |
| Temple, a whole new world unknown to her, but one in which |
| the Shybear kids were thoroughly immersed. |
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| Double doors at the end of the hallway past the offices led |
| into the main space, which was dizzyingly enormous. At a |
| glance, Dory saw only four Dizzy Lizzies parked in the |
| hangar and drew near to one with an aluminum skin. In |
| outline it was a squat hexagonal pyramid made of metal. She |
| said, "Here's yours, Remy." |
| |
| And indeed Remiel's name was lovingly painted on the |
| aluminum skin in white script. |
| |
| The thing was built on a base five meters flat-to-flat. It |
| rested on three wheeled pylons a full meter off the deck |
| and was itself a meter thick. At the crew positions, two |
| separate glass bubble canopies lay wide open like book |
| covers, on hinges. |
| |
| The core of the vehicle was a hollow cylinder two meters |
| in diameter, with flow baffles slung below and two |
| counter-rotating propellers, each one with its own motor on |
| a lubricated chain drive. |
| |
| Cubby ascended a ladder installed on the hull and reached |
| down to pull the girls up. There were areas marked NO STEP. |
| Dory said, "Try to stay on the non-skid." |
| |
| Remiel looked down into the central core and asked, "Why |
| does it have two propellers?" |
| |
| Dory said, "The short answer is Isaac Newton. You know, for |
| every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. A |
| Dizzy Lizzy would really make you dizzy with just one |
| propeller." |
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| Cubby added, "Those baffles direct the thrust and tilt the |
| whole thing, because after you get airborne the idea is to |
| actually go somewhere." |
| |
| "Why is mine so shiny?" asked Remiel. |
| |
| Dory told her. "These things are supposed to match the |
| color of your wings. I think yours are coming in silver." |
| |
| For some inexplicable reason, this made Remiel start to |
| cry, and both Dory and Cubby instinctively moved in close |
| to comfort her. They were confused, and if they only knew |
| what Remy knew, it would break their hearts also. Remiel |
| accepted the love of her friends and seemed to rally a bit. |
| She asked, "Where's your own ride?" |
| |
| Dory pointed at another Dizzy Lizzy that was identical to |
| hers in every way, except it was sky blue, matching Dory's |
| feathers. Remy crouched to touch the hull of her own and |
| said, "I want to take mine up." |
| |
| Dory said, "Good thing Cubby came with us. I think the |
| three of us together could wheel your Dizzy Lizzy outside. |
| But unless you can make a halo, that's as far as it will |
| go." |
| |
| "Then take me up, Dory. I'll ride shotgun." |
| |
| "You've really got your mind made up about this thing with |
| your momma, don't you?" |
| |
| Cubby said, "I wanna go with." |
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| But Dory shook her head no. "It's just a two-seater. |
| There's a small compartment for luggage, but riding in that |
| would be about as fun as being thrown in the trunk of a |
| car." |
| |
| "What about that wheelchair?" Remiel nodded aside. For the |
| first time, Dory noticed a wheelchair sitting there by |
| itself in the middle of the hangar. It was a material non |
| sequitur. |
| |
| "Who left that standing there?" asked Dory. |
| |
| Remiel said, "That was Hope. She says she wants to teach me |
| a lesson about operational deception, among other things." |
| |
| And suddenly all the pieces fit into place for Dory. She |
| said, "This is a Prank! You're on a Prank." |
| |
| Remiel said, "I'm on my graduation Prank, and it's not a |
| safe one, so I'm glad Cubby can't go along. I've grown quite |
| fond of him, if you've noticed." Cubby winked at her when he |
| heard her say that, and broke out into a broad smile. |
| |
| "Aren't you quite fond of me?" asked Dory with mock |
| timorousness. |
| |
| "Yes, I'm quite fond of you, too, Dory, but I can't fly |
| without you, and Hope is of the mind that you should go |
| along." |
| |
| Dory wasn't even a tiny bit afraid to go, but she did ask, |
| "Why were you crying just a moment ago?" |
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| "Oh, I was just feeling sorry for myself. Hope showed me |
| some things. I'm going to be drop-kicked a couple times. You |
| will be safe, you won't have to see the worst of it. But I |
| do need your help for this first part." |
| |
| Dory didn't hesitate an instant. "Where did you want to go?" |
| |
| "Basically due south. Hope said twelve hundred klicks. |
| We're supposed to buzz the Roswell Army Air Base." |
| |
| "The Army mightn't like that," Dory suggested. |
| |
| Remiel replied, "No shit. Hence the designation of Prank." |
| |
| Dory grinned at that. She asked her brother to fold up the |
| wheelchair and load it into the "trunk" while she took |
| Remiel to the hangar offices to file a flight plan, draw |
| two box lunches, and acquire the appropriate maps. She also |
| made arrangements for a fuel truck to meet her at a certain |
| place she had already checked out on a previous flight. |
| |
| "Your Dizzy Lizzy can only go five hundred klicks before it |
| needs gas," Dory explained. |
| |
| "I get it," Remiel said. "I really do. It's physics. |
| There's nothing miraculous about it, not even the halo." |
| |
| "The Family has several landing pads set up in a ring |
| around Havilah, to give us a footprint, but your proposed |
| Prank is taking us further still. |
| |
| "So?" |
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| "So, before we can buzz that air base, we'll need to hit a |
| gas station somewhere. |
| |
| "How hard can that be?" |
| |
| "Gas stations have attendants, you know. Somebody's gonna |
| see us, and even if they're willing to gas us up they're |
| going to have quite the story to tell." |
| |
| "Angels haven't always been mythical creatures like |
| fairies," Remiel said. "Hope told me the Academy has |
| been keeping a very low profile since the days of the |
| Enlightenment, but now she thinks that whole idea has |
| played itself out. That's really what all this is about." |
| |
| Dory squeezed Remiel's arm and walked across the hangar |
| floor to open one of the roll-up doors. Remiel grinned at |
| Cubby and said, "Come here." |
| |
| He drew near and was rewarded with a kiss, but this alone |
| seemed to worry him a little. He said, "Why do I feel like |
| there's something you're not sharing with me?" |
| |
| Remiel said, "This thing I gotta do, this field work, Hope |
| says it's going to be a pretty long Prank." |
| |
| "How long?" |
| |
| "Your sister will be back home fairly soon, but I'm gonna |
| take a lot longer." |
| |
| "What does a lot longer mean numerically?" |
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| "Five months? In fact, it'll take a whole 'nother Prank |
| just to get my ass back here. But you'll have my brother |
| with you." |
| | |
| "And all this was cooked up by this Hope person?" |
| | |
| Remiel nodded her head. "I trust her. I've learned more |
| from her in six months than all the time I was here at the |
| Academy, and that's really saying something." |
| | |
| Now, with the door open, Remiel, Dory, and Cubby wheeled |
| the aluminum Dizzy Lizzy outdoors. It wasn't an easy labor. |
| Sammy and Cubby could have done it alone, but it would |
| still take two because it was so wide and ungainly. |
| | |
| Seated apart in their individual crew bubbles, the only way |
| Dory and Remiel could talk to one another was over a |
| headset. |
| | |
| The engines started, and Dory's halo expanded to encompass |
| the whole vehicle. |
| | |
| She said, "I'm going with Notch Three," and when Remiel |
| asked about it, Dory further explained that Notch Three |
| meant acceleration inside the bubble would be close to 3 |
| meters per second per second, a little less than what one |
| feel on the surface of Mars. |
| | |
| "What's Notch Zero?" |
| | |
| "Notch Zero is nothing. You just float. Notch Ten is normal |
| gravity." |
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| Remiel felt euphoric. It was her first experience of |
| reduced gravity, but the feeling was short-lived. Dory |
| throttled up, and the Dizzy Lizzy rose into the low cloud |
| layer that perpetually draped Dole Crater. |
| |
| Remiel's heart seemed to drop into her stomach. But soon |
| they reached altitude and leveled off. They were above the |
| fog, but still at Notch Three, and the euphoria returned. |
| Remiel saw Migdalel Butte, the central splashback peak of |
| Dole Crater, poking above the fog and the undulating rim |
| enclosing everything. |
| |
| The sky is never visible from the town of Havilah. There |
| are no stars evident, no moon, and no sun. The high |
| humidity modifies the temperature gradient between night |
| and day. Street lamps backlight the fog by night, and |
| by day things don't get much brighter. There are no |
| discernible shadows in Havilah, so sundials are useless. |
| Havilah exists in a timeless suspension that plays havoc |
| with circadian rhythms, and the perpetual lack of direct |
| sunlight adversely affects the psychology of people in |
| Havilah. Only a certain breed can stand it. Angel Academy |
| operates one local radio station, broadcasting from the |
| summit of Migdalel Butte. It offers no current news and |
| plays a diverse mix of songs from every preceding decade, |
| doing nothing to give the townspeople a firm sense of the |
| present. |
| |
| The Dizzy Lizzy had one radio apiece in each crew |
| compartment. Once they were clear of the Havilah fog, |
| Remiel wanted to know what music they had in places where |
| it actually was the first of June in 1946. |
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| The nearest town big enough to even have a radio station |
| was Lusk, Wyoming, about thirty-five miles away. It wasn't |
| a very powerful transmission, and there was a lot of |
| static, but Remiel caught half of "The Gypsy" by the |
| Ink Spots. "Prisoner of Love" by Perry Como was a |
| little clearer. |
| |
| Remiel asked how fast they were going. Dory said, "We're |
| making one hundred ten knots. About two hundred klicks per. |
| I'm not so much in a hurry as I want to get to that |
| waypoint with a little bit more than just fumes." |
| |
| "Laughing on the Outside" by Dinah Shore was playing on |
| the Lusk station, but it was starting to get staticky |
| again, so Remiel turned it off. Such was life on the Great |
| Plains, with big zones of nothing between radio stations. |
| |
| When Remiel saw the green band along the North Platte on |
| the horizon up ahead, she went searching for music again. |
| |
| Remiel heard "I'm a Big Girl Now" by Sammy Kaye with Betty |
| Barclay. She first heard that one back in April. Then came |
| the Frankie Carle and Marjorie Hughes version of "Oh! What |
| It Seemed to Be." Remiel heard that even before April. |
| "Sioux City Sue," with Bing Crosby and the Jesters, was a |
| favorite. |
| |
| By the time they crossed the Arkansas River, Remiel decided |
| Wawokiya's kid, Ehawee Wicasa, knew exactly what she was |
| doing, running the Academy radio station back in Havilah. |
| "Bat Kol" kept everyone up to date. She just liked to mix |
| older things in with the new. |
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| Dory began to descend to the waypoint. Remiel asked, "Do |
| you know who is supposed to meet us there?" |
| |
| "The front office said it'll be Cadence." And Remy was |
| delighted. Cadence was her favorite Lan, her favorite among |
| the immortal Nephiloth. |
| |
| Cadence once told Remiel a story about something that |
| happened when Remy was still very young, perhaps only two. |
| A massive black stallion became the terror of three |
| counties. The animal broke fences, escaped corrals, bit |
| handlers, and kicked down stable walls. A Stiffneck breeder |
| arrived in Havilah and sought out Remiel's birth mother. |
| |
| "Professor Ariel," he said, "I will pay five hundred |
| dollars to the person who can break that horse." |
| |
| She accepted because she knew the money could go toward |
| building homes for certain of the Kuwapi poor. |
| |
| Ariel slowly approached the animal. The horse stared back |
| and rolled its eyes. Ariel discovered this was really |
| Cadence, who was a shapeshifter and something of a castaway |
| in time. She was a Nephiloth exchange student from Kemen |
| and a notorious truant. |
| |
| Cadence insisted she wasn't hurting anybody. "I'm taking a |
| gap year. Back home everyone expects great things from me |
| up here. Instead, I'm struggling. So I ran away." |
| |
| The breeder assembled a crowd to witness Ariel tame the |
| monster. |
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| Ariel walked into the paddock and scratched behind |
| one ear. The horse transformed into a naked young Lan. |
| Ariel quickly covered her with a blanket on account of the |
| assembled crowd. |
| |
| The Stiffneck removed his hat. "Well. That explains some |
| things." The reward money was paid. The Kuwapi council of |
| elders built their houses. Cadence returned to school. |
| |
| Dory's waypoint was a well-marked concrete pad, a miniature |
| version of the Academy flight line. Soon after Dory made |
| her landing, a fuel tanker arrived. It was a big aluminum |
| gas tank on a steel chassis with black trim. |
| |
| The massive semi hauling it was nearly all black. Two |
| pillars of black soot rose from the exhaust pipes. The |
| truck stopped. The engine stopped. The cab opened, and the |
| driver who got out looked like an equally menacing human |
| version of his giant truck, all black leather and chrome |
| studs, with a chain for a belt. Remiel expected to see a |
| cigar clenched in his teeth to make the resemblance |
| complete, but this was strictly a non-smoking operation. |
| |
| When the driver saw Dory and Remiel standing near the Dizzy |
| Lizzy, he smiled broadly and began his transformation, |
| shrinking down to become a slender, unclad waif. One bat |
| wing covered her breasts and the other one covered her |
| privates. |
| |
| Cadence in the flesh, as Dory promised. |
| |
| Remiel asked, "Why the big burly dude just now?" |
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| Cadence gaped at her with mock astonishment and said, "Look |
| at me, Remy! My grandma wouldn't hesitate to steal this |
| truck out from under me looking like this!" |
| |
| "Don't knock grandmothers," Remiel objected. "My |
| grandmother is the angel of fire." Cadence conceded the |
| point. |
| |
| The leather jacket and boots had been part of the illusion, |
| but Cadence brought along a wide-brimmed hat that was real |
| enough. She had parked the truck alongside the Dizzy Lizzy |
| with enough room to work in and around the craft. |
| |
| |
| On the edge of the concrete pad was a kind of kiosk |
| with fire extinguishers and two reels. Per procedure, |
| Cadence checked to make sure the preventive maintenance was |
| current, but she had absolutely no doubt it was. Then she |
| grabbed a clip on one reel and walked the cable out to |
| ground her truck. Dory did the same thing with the other |
| cable and attached it to Remy's Dizzy Lizzy. Everything was |
| sitting at Earth ground potential. |
| |
| Cadence found the fuel port on the rear of the Dizzy Lizzy |
| and attached a special nozzle bonding clip directly to a |
| clean, unpainted metallic spot that was tied internally to |
| the tanks. She opened the cap and dispensed the fuel while |
| keeping the nozzle touching the tank neck. While the tanks |
| were being filled, she said, "It's all about keeping sparks |
| away from vapor, ladies. When people see you in this thing, |
| they're gonna think it came from Mars. But if we screw up |
| refueling, you'll be headed straight there." |
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| From long experience, Cadence could tell from the sound of |
| the filling operation that the tanks were nearly topped |
| off. She didn't let them overflow. Cadence stopped fueling |
| and disconnected everything in exact reverse order. She |
| gave the cable to her truck a little tug and walked the |
| grounding strap back onto its self-winding reel. Dory did |
| the same for the strap to the DL. |
| |
| "It's only the first day, but this Prank is already a |
| legend, Remy. Do you know what they're already calling it |
| back in Havilah?" |
| |
| "Not a clue, Cadence." |
| |
| "Operation Veilburner." |
| |
| The interlude with Cadence at the waypoint got Remiel |
| thinking about her real mother while she continued her |
| flight south toward Roswell. For years, Ariel had been |
| inexplicably absent, but the brown Dizzy Lizzy back in |
| Havilah was made for her. Much like Raphael, the body |
| of Ariel Haivri-Lange, daughter of Mikaela, produces an |
| overabundance of designer molecules. In the case of |
| Ariel, these are airborne pheromones that strongly affect |
| animals. In her presence, beasts eagerly comply with her |
| vocalizations and gestures. Ariel returns their affection |
| in equal measure. |
| |
| Some talebearers among the Root of Jesse Fellowship, |
| who proudly call themselves the Stiffnecks, said Ariel's |
| husband, Joshua Lange, had likewise fallen under her odd |
| influence. |
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| Joshua stilled their wagging tongues by suggesting they |
| were embracing the godless doctrines of Charles Darwin by |
| placing man on a level with the beasts. |
| |
| Ariel's wings bear brown feathers, and when folded away, |
| they are largely concealed beneath a fringed and bleached |
| buckskin jacket. She considers herself something of a |
| cowgirl, with none of her mother's "highfalutin" ways. |
| |
| When they were passing high over Route 66, Remiel drifted |
| out of her reverie and said, "You know, Dory, I've almost |
| forgotten what they looked like, my real parents." |
| |
| Dory said, "I'm sorry, hon. I do know why they had to make |
| themselves scarce, and I think it broke their hearts, both |
| of them. In fact, I know it did. Your momma, at least, never |
| let you go." |
| |
| "What do you mean?" |
| |
| "I mean that trick Cadence does, turning herself into a mean |
| old horse or a mean old truck driver. Elyonim can't quite go |
| that far, but we can do a pale imitation. Certainly your |
| mother can." |
| |
| "Please explain." |
| |
| "Remy, of all the professors at the Academy, don't you have |
| an absolute favorite? Isn't there a special one who makes |
| you sorry when the hour's up and she has to stop teaching?" |
| |
| "Are you talking about Anael?" |
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| "Of course I am." |
| |
| "Oh, I love her dearly, but she's a Lan, and, well, she's |
| black!" |
| |
| "You've seen her wings. She looks like a plucked chicken. |
| And she's not black, she's a gorgeous mahogany. So, yeah, |
| her Dizzy Lizzy still matches the color of her wings." |
| |
| "Dory, are you telling me my real mother is our music |
| teacher and I never knew it?" |
| |
| "Anael is indeed Ariel, and I really think you did know it |
| on some level. Think about that while you go through with |
| this birthday trip of yours, and piss off the government, |
| and get yourself caught. Yeah, wherever they take you, we |
| can break you out again, but you know they'll never stop |
| looking for you, so you'll have to do exactly what your |
| mother did. No more green-eyed, red-headed Stiffneck girl. |
| Maybe you'll be Kuwapi like me, who knows? It's not even the |
| trickiest thing in the Elyonim toolkit. But now you know how |
| convincing you can be." |
| |
| As Dory and Remiel flew south, the Pecos River Valley |
| started to come in alongside them on the right. They saw |
| broad benches and rolling hills covered in a mix of |
| shrubland and shortgrass prairie, with mesquite, yucca, |
| prickly pear, sagebrush, and scattered cholla. The Pecos |
| was the conspicuous green feature, with a narrow ribbon |
| of irrigated agricultural land following along it. The |
| river valley was substantially greener than the surrounding |
| uplands. |
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| Very few trees existed away from the water, only scattered |
| mesquite, yucca, and the occasional juniper. |
| |
| There were low hills, benches, and shallow draws, |
| particularly around Sumner Lake. Sandstone, siltstone, and |
| mudstone formed low ledges and sharp slopes. Irrigated |
| fields lay along the river, standing out sharply against the |
| dry surrounding grassland. |
| |
| The river corridor was a long, irregular green scar running |
| through an immense expanse of prairie and scrub. Human |
| settlement clustered along that line. |
| |
| Remiel started to get worried about the fuel situation, but |
| Dory put her mind at ease. |
| |
| "Gas up ahead." |
| |
| "How do you know?" |
| |
| "I see a dinosaur." |
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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION Office Memorandum

File:65-EP-452

Headquarters File: 65-HQ-364893

*Title: UNKNOWN SUBJECTS; (TWO FEMALES); VIOLATION OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE STATUTES (50 U.S.C. 31 Unlawfully Obtaining
National Defense Information)*

Date of Transcription: June 7, 1946

Field Office: El Paso (EP)

Investigated By: Special Agent John J. "Jack" Bolt

Location of Interview: Fort Sumner, New Mexico

3T

*Subject: Unidentified Aircraft; Suspected Violation of
Restricted Airspace*

DETAILS OF INVESTIGATION: On June 5, 1946, interviews were conducted on site with four civilian subjects employed at Martin McCall's Garage and Service Station, located on US Route 60 in Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The premises are easily identifiable by a twenty-five-foot-tall green Tyrannosaurus rex concrete and rebar roadside attraction, informally referred to by the staff as "Bud" (which is also the nickname of the station's owner, Martin McCall).

The interviewees were Martin "Bud" McCall, Roy McCall (son of Martin), Bill Hatcher, and Bob Whitaker.

All four subjects stated that they had been present at the station during the period in which the unidentified aircraft was observed. Their statements were taken for the purpose of establishing the time of the incident, the direction of the departing aircraft, and any unusual characteristics observed prior to its disappearance.

After being advised of the identity of the interviewing agent, the four men were interviewed separately and provided substantially uniform accounts of an unusual vehicle that arrived at their Conoco station. According to the witnesses, the vehicle rolled onto the property without apparent power and came to a halt beneath the station's overhanging roof.

The witnesses provided the following physical specifications for the craft. The hull appeared to be composed of aluminum or a similar light-colored metal. The exterior shape was hexagonal in outline. All four witnesses independently estimated the vehicle to be no more than twenty feet in width.

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The ground clearance was estimated at approximately three feet. Three wheels were mounted in the undercarriage. The vehicle was occupied by two young women. One subject, described by the witnesses as appearing to be an Indian female less than twenty years of age, remained with the vehicle while the second subject, described as a Caucasian female with dark red hair, immediately exited the vehicle and went indoors to "powder her nose."

Following refueling, and at the request of one of the women, who offered to permit the men to retain nearly one dollar in change, three of the interviewees physically pushed the vehicle until it was clear of the station's overhanging roof.

Once clear of the overhead obstruction, the witnesses described the vehicle as appearing to shimmer or waver, although they reported no unusual sensation or change in temperature. The witness reported hearing two small internal-combustion engines starting. Despite the engines sounding entirely inadequate to propel the vehicle, the witnesses stated that it abruptly leaped into the air at a high rate of speed and thereafter proceeded on a generally southerly course.

It is possible that other persons witnessed the departure, particularly motorists traveling on US Route 60. To the knowledge of this agent, however, no such persons have approached the Bureau or local authorities to provide a statement. Other residents of Fort Sumner have reported observing the aircraft while in flight, but testimony obtained from the Conoco station employees, while incomplete, is considered more accurate, detailed and of greater value to this investigation.

It is critical to record, however, that at no point during the

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refueling, cleaning, or physical handling of the craft did any of the four interviewees realize that the vehicle was capable of flight. All four maintained that they believed it to be an experimental automobile until the moment its engines started and it became airborne. While this circumstance might ordinarily call the reliability of the witnesses into question, their statements remain significant. To the best knowledge of this agent, the four men are the earliest known observers of the so-called Roswell flying disk.

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| With the motors shut down, Dory and Remy coasted off |
| the street right into Martin McCall's Garage and Service |
| Station. "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" by Bing Crosby was |
| playing on the radio. Dory set the brake, and the girls |
| flipped open their glass canopies. |
| |
| Roy McCall was the owner's son. Two other gas attendants |
| were waiting there with him, Bill and Bob, as indicated by |
| white oval name patches. The eyes of Dory and Remy were |
| drawn to the toothy grin of Bud the Tyrannosaurus rex, |
| twenty-five feet tall and greener than the attendants' |
| uniforms. Every customer who came to Martin "Bud" McCall's |
| Conoco gas station for the first time invariably stared |
| open-mouthed at his namesake giant dinosaur made of concrete |
| and rebar, but Dory and Remiel had done something brand new. |
| Bud and his son and two hires stared with equal astonishment |
| at the strange and shiny vehicle riding high on three |
| wheels. Dory snapped them out of it with, "Fill 'er up!" |
| |
| Roy saw the aft fuel port and moved to start topping it off. |
| Bill and Bob took one glass canopy apiece and started wiping |
| them down, inside and out. |
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| "They have their own Roy and Bill and Bob in this place," |
| Dory said. "What do you think it means?" |
| |
| "Beshert," said Remy. "It was written in the stars." |
| |
| The gas came to four dollars. Dory gave Roy five, and said, |
| "Keep the change. I need you fellas to give us a little |
| push, so we can get out from under that roof." |
| |
| Roy said, "Sure thing!" He took the money and gave Dory a |
| sheet of forty Green Stamps. |
| |
| She asked, "What are these?" |
| |
| He said, "You don't collect these?" |
| |
| Dory shook her head and said, "I don't even know what they |
| are." |
| |
| Remiel offered a sheepish explanation. "We're a little out |
| of the way back where we came from." |
| |
| He said, "You lick 'em until you're dry, twelve hundred to a |
| book. Fill up twenty books, maybe you can redeem 'em for an |
| S&H catalog." |
| |
| When they were airborne again, Remiel said, "I think I know |
| how to whip this thing around in the air, but I have no idea |
| how to land it." |
| |
| Dory replied, "That's not something I can teach you until |
| you can call up a halo of your own." |
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| "Well, even so, for this next part I need to take the |
| controls. This is where what I call the Dance of Life comes |
| in." |
| |
| "Dance of Life? What is that?" |
| |
| Remiel said, "Sometimes I can see what's about to happen to |
| me. That's my Mercy. Or, at least, it's the Mercy I'm being |
| asked to accept. The only way I can describe it is as a very |
| vivid daydream. But Hope keeps turning it on and off." |
| |
| Dory was genuinely curious. "Why does she do that?" |
| |
| Remiel said, "You probably think seeing the future is a |
| wonderful Mercy to have, but really, it's like watching a |
| house of cards that collapses every time I do something |
| different from what I saw. Then it rebuilds itself, and |
| maybe collapses again. It can be real distraction, you |
| know?" |
| |
| "I can see why Hope is letting you try it out first, rather |
| than just dumping it on you," |
| |
| "Well, honestly, sometimes it's a pretty good thing to have. |
| If someone is trying to hurt me I just avoid them. In an |
| actual tussle such avoidance gets pretty fine-grained, but |
| it works. You should see it. Well, for that matter, you're |
| about to see it, very very soon. So I call it the Dance of |
| Life. But already, from just the try-outs, it seems like |
| something that would quickly drive me crazy. I think Hope |
| keeps turning it off so I don't run away screaming 'no' |
| right off the bat." |
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| The center of Roswell was the corner of Main Street and E. |
| 2nd Street. Roswell Army Air Base was six streets north of |
| this and twelve streets west. Three concrete runways crossed |
| in the desert there. Seven of the Silverplate B-29s were in |
| the Pacific for Operation Crossroads, one was in the air for |
| training, and one was in the shop. But six of the bombers |
| gleamed in the sun when Dory passed directly overhead at |
| four hundred feet. |
| |
| They took no pictures, but Dory just looking at something |
| was every bit as good. The planes were the currently |
| sharpest end of the American stick, but for the time being |
| the Army could do absolutely nothing to deter a flyover. |
| |
| "You got your birthday wish," said Dory. "You made your rude |
| appearance. The US Army was caught flat-footed, We got in, |
| we got out, and no one took pot-shots at us. What's next?" |
| |
| Remiel didn't tell her pot-shots. Instead she said, "I |
| always wanted to see the Grand Canyon." She said this |
| knowing well they weren't going to get anywhere near it. |
| |
| Dory said, "Then hang a right." Remy tilted the stick, and |
| they were on their way. |
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Special Agent Bolt requested interviews with two test pilots assigned to the 428th AAF Base Unit (Flight Test), who had transferred to Kirtland in support of the atomic Z-Division. The pilots were identified as Captain Daniel R. Mercer, Flight Lead, and First Lieutenant Thomas J. Keene, Wingman. After being advised of the identity of the interviewing agent, the two officers provided the following account:

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The pilots were briefed on the last known vector of the contact, moving northwest, as though Kirtland AAB, approximately 165 air miles distant, were its next destination. This simplified the search somewhat.

Mercer reported that the Mustangs conducted a highly disciplined engagement consisting of four distinct passes. The first was made for visual confirmation of the contact. The P-51s flew a tight parallel pattern to close with and identify the target. Mercer and Keene both reported that the craft had a metallic skin, possibly aluminum, but was shaped like a broad disk or plate with no wings or visible control surfaces.

As both pilots were assigned to an Army unit involved in the development of experimental aircraft and were familiar with the active designs, Mercer determined that the craft was not one of our own and ordered an attack.

The P-51s banked sharply and engaged the vehicle with .50-caliber Browning AN/M2 machine guns. Both pilots reported scoring hits, as pilots, frankly, are wont to do.

Mercer reported that the craft descended on a ballistic arc, as though all power had ceased. Neither pilot witnessed the contact striking the ground.

On the first confirmation pass, the fighters circled back to observe the vehicle lying at approximately a forty-five-degree angle on the wall of a borrow pit. No smoke or debris field was evident. The pilots made a final low-altitude sweep over the wreckage before continuing on to Roswell AAB, their fuel supplies dwindling. They delivered an after-action report directly to Colonel Philip W. Talbot, commanding the 509th Bomb Group.