

Tracking The Future

by

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“Look Mummy, there’s an airplane up in the sky.”

***Little girl in Pink Floyd’s album ‘The Wall’
From the song ‘Goodbye Blue Sky’***

“Bogey at angels 80. Speed is...” There was a pause as the radar operator waited for his equipment to spit out the number which did not happen. “Sir, I seem to have a problem here.”

“The only problem I see is someone too dependent on a computer. Direction?!”

“West to east just crossing Hawaii and heading for the west coast.”

The officer stared hard at the screen and then made his decision. “Warn Washington,” he barked.

The blip disappeared from radar and the operator cursed. “I’ve lost tracking, sir, he’s gone silent.”

On the eve of destruction
God’s angels openly wept
As about them demons crept
Their Boss and the Devil tossing the dice.

With a roll of the bones
God leapt to his feet
Scratch gnashing his teeth
Man’s future now written in stone.

A small red light awakened on the aircraft’s heads-up display. The blacked out ship, thrust reduced, quickly dropped in altitude. When it came to thirty five thousand feet it changed course and lit up its navigational transponders; coming to life as Eurojet Flight 339. When queried, the pilot hit the ‘ident’ button and was passed on without further question.

Twenty miles out over the gulf the pilot climbed back up to altitude and returned his aircraft to its dark nonexistence; returning from whence he’d come.

Sleep tight America.

Such a thing could really only ever happen to someone else.