

# Only If You're Wrong

By Bill Wolfe

Angela didn't yawn like most people did. First, she would scrunch her face into a tight pout, lips pursed and eyes squinting so hard that it was evident that she could barely see. She would exhale loudly through her nose. . .this was the warning stage. The sharp intake of breath that accompanied the expansion of her face and immediate, ridiculously wide-mouthed, closed-eye rictus of apparent agony, made a whistling/squeaking noise like you'd just stomped on a dog's playtoy. After this, she didn't make a sound. Dead silence. The whole ordeal took at least fifteen seconds, start to finish. How she didn't dislocate her jaw when she did it, had been a mystery to me, for years. I promise you that if you'd never met her, and if you just saw a video of her yawning, you'd swear it was a Hollywood special effect. Maybe those weird CGI mummies from the series of the same name could have outdone her, but barely. It was a fascinating thing to watch.

And scary, too. At least this time it was. It was dark, we were on a winding Kentucky backroad at the time, and she was driving.

"Dammit Angela!" I shouted as I reached across to grab the wheel, barely managing to keep the car within the boundaries of the narrow road. "You're going to kill yourself—probably somebody else—one of these days." My heart was still pounding in my chest from the instant adrenalin rush. "You just scared the living crap out of me!"

"Sorry." Her face had just snapped back to normal, no apparent harm done. "I didn't get much sleep, last night. They were buzzing the house, again."

"Oh Lordy, girl," my voice was exasperation, itself. "You didn't call 911 again, did you?"

"No, you were right about that. They said that the last time was my final warning. They haven't even sent a car out since last year."

"They can charge you with misuse, you know."

"That's what they keep telling me. Bob, I know you don't want to hear this, but I'm telling you that UFO's are freaking everywhere!"

"Ang, you know how I feel about it. When one of them walks up and bites me on the butt, I'll believe it. Till then. . ."

"I'm not the only one, Bob. Angela's Space Angels gets more hits than Top10UFO, Informant News and TruthSeekers, combined. Only MUFON's website gets more than me. I hear stories from all over. Just the other day. . ."

I looked over at her, fearing another yawn, and she was staring up through the windshield into the moonless sky.

“Look!, UFO!”

Without even thinking, I looked. “That’s a plane, Angela. See the lights on the wings? We’re maybe a mile from the Harlan airport.”

“Yeah, I guess it is.” She sounded disappointed. I couldn’t tell if it was because she would have had me as a witness, or just because it wasn’t little green men from Mars. “But when I was passing-out flyers at the mall, yesterday, one lady told me that she sees them all the time around the Lexington airport.”

“Maybe she doesn’t know the difference between a plane and a flying saucer, either.” I wasn’t proud of myself, but it had to be said. “When you saw an obvious small airplane in the sky, your FIRST thought was ‘UFO’, Angela. I have to say it doesn’t help your case.”

“But I have thousands of photos and hours of video that people have sent me from all over the world, it’s on my website. There are literally thousands of people in the chat sites and blogging about their experiences. . .I read them all, every day.”

“Any of those pictures yours?”

“No.” She paused to concentrate on the road. We were on the switchback that lead to Highway 90, almost home. “Whatever that green glow is doesn’t show up on film or digital pictures. I’ve tried dozens and dozens of times.”

“So how come other people can take pictures, and videos?”

“Oh, the pictures they take are never the same as what I see. I think the ones around here must use a different technology. Though I did get a very good drawing of one in my email, yesterday. I haven’t put it up on the site, yet. From a teenage boy down in Somerset.”

“A drawing?” I tried to mask my interest, if she thought she was making headway with me, she’d just go on and on and on about it.

“Oh yes. The kid’s got some talent. It’s a perfect depiction. He’s definitely seeing the same craft I am. He says that he’s seen them his whole life. Same as me.”

“I thought you said in one of our meetings that you didn’t start seeing them till you’d already been drinking for years?”

“I did, but it wasn’t strictly true. I saw them when I was little, but then they seemed to fade—eventually to nothing—until I started the binge drinking. I killed so damn many brain cells, maybe whatever changes as you age that makes everyone else blind to them was damaged, or something. I know you’re not supposed to lie in AA, but I kind’a forgot that I’d seen them till I was three or four.”

I got a funny feeling when she said this. It sounded like it might be something important. But we were almost to my home, so I started gathering my stuff. “Thanks for the ride, Angela. I’ll pick-you-up, next week. Carpooling to AA was a good idea, seeing how close we live.”

As I watched her drive away, I pulled out my cell and dialed a twelve-digit number. “Harris here, sir. Altering the distortion field frequency had no effect on the Subject. I’ll file a full report tomorrow, but I’d like to have Research to look into early childhood Immunity slash subsequent brain trauma, and there might be an unregistered adolescent Immune in Somerset. Only this one, can draw.”

The End