

Beaver James

A UFO Short Story

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Based on the characters and series created by
Gerry Anderson



In the supply room at SHADO HQ, I looked at the clock as I pulled a white container off the shelf. It was 09:30 and the difficult task of checking the personal effects, belonging to Astronaut Andrew Conroy, had fallen to me.

Although I did not know Conroy well, I still felt a sense of terrible remorse for my fallen comrade. Just this morning, Colonel Foster had mentioned that they still did not know why Conroy had snapped, and not knowing made this job even harder than it should be.

I shouldn't be complaining, really, as I'm damn lucky to be alive. But I do miss flying, it was my life. It's so hard to believe that it's been over two years since the UFO attack on the lunar supply ship I was piloting. A busted hip isn't too bad, considering that it was a miracle that anyone of us survived. I still don't know how I was able to stay conscious long enough to land the ship. The shrapnel in my side cost me three pints of blood. I'll say this much for the Commander, he does take care of his people. I expected to be put out to pasture, but instead he found a place for me at HQ.

I set the container down and started removing its contents, laying them out on the table.

Conroy's wallet, identification papers, a notebook, and other personal effects, were neatly arranged so they could be inventoried. As I sorted through the items, I quickly thumbed through a notebook that appeared to contain notes for a story. "Looks like a western," I muttered to myself.

The last item in the container was a crystalline moon rock. I held it up to the light for a moment but I didn't see anything remarkable about it, so I marked it down on the sheet and placed all the items back in the container along with the inventory sheet, signing off the inventory below. Captain Theodore Francis James, what a mouthful. Finished, I placed the box on the outgoing shelf. Colonel Foster had told me that he would pick it up later that morning, after he and Colonel Lake had completed the computer analysis of the UFO crash site. Colonel Lake, I don't know why everyone thinks she is so cold. She's always been pleasant to me, hell she even brings me

coffee, most mornings, saving me a walk to the mess hall. I was in there this morning when I overheard two lieutenants talking about the *Icy Lake*. By the gist of the conversation, I have no doubt that they were referring to her. Damn kids!

I lit a cigar, grabbed my clip board and walked out of the supply room. This hip is giving me more trouble than normal this morning. The doctor told me that, because of the injury, I was going to have problems with arthritis. It's either that or I'm just getting old.

As I walked down the corridor, I ran into Lt. Cooper. God these new recruits are getting younger every day.

“Hi Beaver.”

“Oh Hi.”

I didn't mean to be unsociable, but I was looking over the latest shipment schedule when young Cooper called out to me.

“Oh, Beaver?”

“Hmm?”

“Have those parts arrived for the G6 yet?”

Quickly I thumbed through the manifest and the delivery sheets from yesterday morning.

“No, afraid not.”

“They were due in yesterday.”

I shrugged as I said to him, “Only one shipment arrived yesterday, stationery.”

“Then get it movin’ hey, Beaver?”

I looked up from the sheets and almost went into shock. Where Cooper had just been standing now stood an alien. Very quickly, I punched him in the gut and the alien crumbled to the ground. I noticed that he was carrying a SHADO pistol so I reached down and removed it from the holster.

Walking down the corridor as fast as I could, all the while cursing this damn hip and thinking,

I've got to warn control! I looked at my watch and it read 10:22. I ran across another alien coming out of the armory. My God, they're all over.

"Don't move," I said to him. "Stay where you are."

I had my back against the wall and I found and hit the alarm button with my elbow. As I did, the alien lunged towards me. I fired the gun hitting the alien in the side and he crumpled to the floor.

Finally, I came to a telephone. I picked it up and dialed control.

"Control..."

But I heard nothing but static coming from the receiver.

"This is Captain James!"

Again, nothing but static.

“Oooh! What the hell are they doing?” I asked aloud.

I continued down the corridor towards the control room. In front of the Medical Center, a third alien stepped out and turned towards me. We’ve been taken over! Where is everybody? I aimed my pistol and fired again and the alien dropped to the floor.

I was almost to the Commander’s office when I saw fourth alien stalking me, so I ducked behind the pylon next to the elevator leading down to the main computer room.

I turned as I heard a noise coming from the corner leading into control. Another alien had stepped out from control and he was holding his hand out like he wanted my gun. I took aim and fired twice and the alien ducked out of sight. It was the first time that I had missed. I knew that I was cornered when suddenly I heard the elevator activate. If an alien emerged, I would ambush him.

The elevator doors opened and sure enough another alien walked out into the corridor. I grabbed him, placing my arm around his neck.

“All right you aliens, I’ve got one of you. Stay back all you! I’m going into Control. Now don’t try to stop me!”

I dragged the alien into the corridor where the Commander’s office was. “Now come on, keep moving,” I said the alien as I dragged him along.

“Get Straker! Well come on someone tell Straker!”

I looked around the control room. A half dozen or so red suited aliens were standing in there, as well as the two in front of me. Where the hell was the command staff?

“Oh my God...”

My back was against the wall, and I was holding the gun to the head of the alien that I held around the neck, but I knew there would be no

way out. My mind reeled, wondering, how did this happen?

Suddenly, the alien I held struggled and broke free of my grip, before I could level my pistol I felt a sharp pain in my midsection. I looked around and suddenly realized that the Commander, Colonel Foster, and Virginia Lake, were standing across from me. My God, it was Ginny Lake I was holding; I hope I didn't hurt her... I would never want to hurt her...

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