

## WE, R

My appellation is Nick Wolfe, and I hold the esteemed position as the head of an exceedingly clandestine agency, tasked with the solemn duty of safeguarding the entirety of humanity by any means necessary. The burden of our undertaking is weighty, for we concern ourselves with individuals who inexplicably vanish from the fabric of existence, dismissed by most as mere enigmas. Yet, I assure you, not all simply dissolve into the ether.

How do I possess such knowledge, you may wonder? It is because within the confines of our agency's covert stronghold, there exist isolated cells containing those who have experienced the unfathomable, those who have encountered beings beyond terrestrial comprehension. Yes, dear reader, I speak of extraterrestrial life.

I am privy to a myriad of methods to substantiate my assertions, although the divulgence of such information would undoubtedly result in my demise, as the powers that be staunchly guard against the dissemination of such truths to the general populace. I am well aware that my vocation may cast me in the light of a villain in the eyes of many, yet I harbor no remorse. Our agency's mandate remains unwavering: the protection of humanity from both known and nebulous threats.

Consider, if you will, the testimony of those who claim to have been plucked from our planet by alien hands, only to return with eerily consistent accounts of their encounters. The annals of our agency, alongside those of various governmental bodies, are replete with depictions and narratives detailing the peculiar features of these interlopers: diminutive mouths, expansive ocular orbs, and elongated digits. The question persists: why?

Contemplate, as you reflect upon these ponderings, whether the burgeoning advancements of contemporary technology offer tantalizing clues suggesting a kinship between humanity and these enigmatic visitors. Behold the ubiquity of digital communication, the proliferation of screens both large and small, and the resultant evolution of our ocular faculties. Might it not be conceivable that we are glimpsing our own distant future?

Would it strain credulity to suggest such a notion? Would it challenge the tenets of established faith to acknowledge the existence of beings omitted from ancient texts? The labyrinth of inquiry beckons, and I hold within my grasp a wealth of elucidation. Alas, the revelation of such truths would seal my fate, yet this is my narrative, laid bare for your consideration.

For now, my existence finds purpose within these shadows of secrecy, though the winds of change may yet alter my course.

## SO, IT BEGINS

"Agent Wolfe, we have another missing person, gone for the last four days, and now she is back. She goes by the name Madison Monroe, and what is more, she contacted her husband who lives in another state far from her re-appearance in Los Angeles," alerted Agent Young.

"Oh man. What a shitstorm," I grumbled.

The news hit me like a ton of bricks. Madison Monroe, another individual mysteriously spirited away and just as mysteriously returned. It was becoming a distressingly familiar pattern, one that sent shivers down my spine each time it repeated.

"Any leads on where she's been or what happened to her?" I inquired, though I already knew the answer would likely be as elusive as ever.

Agent Young shook his head solemnly. "Nothing concrete. But her husband mentioned something about her acting strangely, almost as if she were in a trance when she called him."

I rubbed my temples, feeling the weight of responsibility pressing down upon me. Each disappearance, each inexplicable return, added to the ever-growing pile of unanswered questions that haunted me day and night.

"We need to delve deeper into this," I asserted, my mind already racing through the myriad possibilities and potential leads we could pursue.

"But how, Wolfe?" Agent Young questioned, frustration evident in his tone. "We've been down this road before, chasing shadows and dead ends."

I sighed heavily, grappling with the gnawing sense of futility that threatened to engulf me. "I know it's daunting, but we can't afford to sit idly by while these incidents continue to occur. We owe it to Madison and all the others who have suffered this inexplicable fate to uncover the truth."

As we set about assembling our investigative team and formulating our plan of action, I couldn't shake the feeling that we were merely scratching the surface of a much larger and more sinister conspiracy. But we were determined, driven by a relentless pursuit of justice and a steadfast commitment to protecting those who remained in the crosshairs of whatever malevolent forces lurked in the shadows.

The journey ahead would be fraught with peril and uncertainty, but I knew that we could not falter. For the sake of Madison Monroe and all the others who had vanished without a trace, we would persevere, even in the face of the darkest unknowns.

Swift and sure action was of the essence, especially now that this woman's husband was in the picture. My primary job is to find returned abductees and interrogate them for any and all information. We then feed information into a master database populated by details from the many other returnees. As you may have already guessed, my other agents and I do whatever it takes for said information—including good old-fashioned American torture.

After Agent Young's report, I assumed my standard command mode:

“Do we have our units out on this Monroe situation?”

“Yes, sir. There are units pursuing her as we speak,” Agent Young crisply replied.

I demanded, “What are the coordinates and estimated arrival time until they bring her in?”

“We have a general proximity, but we are looking at roughly eight to nine hours before capture and arrival to us,” Young informed.

The urgency of the situation weighed heavily upon me as I absorbed Young's words. Time was not a luxury we could afford to squander, not when the fate of Madison Monroe and potentially countless others hung in the balance.

"Get me a direct line to the field units. I want real-time updates on their progress," I instructed, my tone brooking no argument.

Young nodded briskly, swiftly complying with my directive. Moments later, the crackle of static filled the air as the connection was established.

"Units in pursuit of Madison Monroe, this is Agent Wolfe. I need constant updates on your location and any developments. Is that clear?" I barked into the receiver, my voice tinged with urgency.

A chorus of affirmations echoed back through the line, reassuring me that my orders were being heeded. But even as the wheels of our operation were set into motion, doubts gnawed at the edges of my mind.

"What if we're too late?" I mused aloud, more to myself than to anyone in particular.

Agent Young regarded me with a sympathetic gaze, understanding the weight of my concern. "We'll do everything in our power to bring her in safely, sir. That's a promise."

I nodded, appreciating his unwavering support. But deep down, I knew that promises were only as good as the actions that followed them. And in our line of work, the margin for error was razor-thin.

As the minutes stretched into hours, each passing moment felt like an eternity. But we pressed on, driven by a relentless determination to fulfill our duty and uncover the truth behind Madison Monroe's disappearance.

For better or for worse, the clock was ticking, and we could only hope that our efforts would be enough to tip the scales in our favor.

Marching briskly, I approached the monitors and stood ramrod straight next to Young. Both of us watched intently at the action on the screens. We were tense and anxious for the arrival of the Monroe problem.

After watching, we left the screen room. Young and I had to make preparations for the Monroe's deposit at the facility. It is always the next step; we make "preparations" for all new captures. I know the word *capture* sounds harsh or inappropriate, but to be honest, that is what we call

them. These unfortunate, innocent people, those so recently abducted, abused, and dropped back off on earth like piles of trash were soon to realize their trials of terror were just beginning. In our world, the word captivity takes on a new meaning.