

Dirt Racers Adventures in space and other stories

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DIRT RACER:

Adventures in Space

And other stories.

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To the grown children that created the stories

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Prologue

January 12th 2048

The rain on the roof makes me feel sleepy. I am also tired because my body is very old, but, sitting in my comfy chair, with the fire gently brushing the glass on the wood stove, I realize that my life is as close to perfect as a human life can be. I have traveled, been on many adventures, have a great

family, am respected for my intelligence, had the love of a wonderful woman, beautiful children, and beautiful grandchildren. I realize that the only flaw in my life is that I have not been allowed to share my story due to government censorship.

As a young man, I watched my elders become less coherent and forgetful. I think about how the memory of their lives is no longer attainable via their own minds and is lost to us. I think about how their minds became plagued with senility and I know that this disorder also runs in my family. One day I will also lose my memory and/or pass from this life and, because of this, I am writing down my experiences and locking the manuscript in a vault so that my later generations can find it and share the story of the wondrous adventures of my youth.

You are about to learn the single most heavily guarded secret in human history, the story of Dirt Racer: The Only Real Peace Keeper.

Chapter 1

Years ago, just after World War II, before the first person was launched into space, there was a man named, Jonathan Quesence. He was considered by most to be forgetful and unkempt. Few people knew him well enough to understand that Jonathan was truly brilliant. Only one man could understand his genius, but we will come back to that man later. Right now, Mr. Quesence is the topic at hand.

Jonathan was in his secluded home in a desert, which I cannot name, on a date, that I cannot say, working to finish a paper he was to present to the "smartest people on the planet". Suddenly, his entire house shook like thunder in a coffee can for a few brief seconds. He got up and walked lethargically, as if asleep, to the window to see what had happened. When he got to the window, his jaw dropped, his eyes popped and he even dropped his cup with the coffee that had been fueling him for the last 72 hours.

Completely forgetting the shattered coffee mug on the floor, he bolted out the door like a madman. He was still wearing his PJ's and slippers, which were now covered in hot coffee. He jumped into the little Jeep he kept for grocery runs and zoomed away like an angry hornet.

Now you are probably wondering, "What did he see????." Well, what he saw was a cloud of dust clearing from the end of a sixty yard long trench through the shimmering desert sand. A trench that had not been there a few seconds ago. Since Jonathon was in his early twenties, he didn't think of the possible dangers in his exploration. All he could think was, "Am I going to see some secret experimental aircraft from NACA?..." How very wrong he was. This was not an aircraft at all. It came from somewhere other than this planet.

This was the single most important event ever witnessed by a member of modern society. Jonathan knew that he would have to hide this information from the military. The military had corrupted the United States in the 1940s with information that could have been used for the good of all people. In 1940, the U.S. military took Jonathan's discovery of "**Atomic Energy**". The energy created by splitting atoms could supply almost limitless clean energy to an electricity-hungry world. Instead, the Government and the military focused on using the destructive potential of the process.

Jonathan's mind came back to the trench in the desert floor and what appeared to be a large silver thing at the end. Jonathan realizes that what he sees burrowed into the desert floor is not from Earth. Before he could keep plan to keep this "thing" from the military, he had to determine exactly what he had stumbled upon.

He approached the metallic hulk cautiously, after getting out of the little truck. He was not afraid of this "thing", but he was afraid he might do something to harm it. He strode around the "thing", which was surprisingly small from what he could see. He then did something very surprising for a human: He actually sat down and thought about what he was seeing, rather than letting his emotions think for him. This simple man knew that emotional actions often led people to do foolish things.

It was a perfectly smooth mass in the shape of a teardrop. Its surface was completely devoid of blemishes or imperfections. Indeed, it seemed to be spun of metallic glass. As he contemplated this object he said his thoughts aloud. As if to answer him, a seamless door opened directly in front of him. He was stunned. He was even more stunned when a voice said, "If you come in, I will tell you." These words brought a feeling of peace and contentment to Jonathan. He wished to hear the voice again. "Who are you," he thought. "When you feel so inclined as to enter, you will find out" was the reply in his head--almost as if it was his own thought.

He was startled because whatever was communicating with him knew what he was thinking. However, Jonathan felt light and happy again and so he fearlessly entered.

The opening was only about 3½ feet tall and 1½ feet wide and Jonathan had to crouch down to enter. What he saw upon entering was a plain cubicle, which housed a small high-backed chair and a solid cube that had on its top what looked like a half crystal. He looked around the room for any sign of life. All he saw was a low wide door opposite him and behind the chair. He looked curiously at it. "Oh you won't find me in there," said a peaceful voice. The sound was very soft, yet it seemed to come from everywhere around him. "That is the latrine." "Then, where are you and, furthermore, who are you?" Jonathan said, who was a little startled by the voice. "I am right in front of you." When Jonathan looked again he saw a small, pale blue hand lying gently on the arm of the chair attached to an arm clothed in a maroon sleeve, which looked like silk.

Jonathan, under normal circumstances, would have been surprised to say the least, but the calm atmosphere was almost tangible. Jonathan felt no foolishness at having not seen the hand or fear at having found such an obviously unearthly thing. Even though he was very curious, he felt no urge to ask more questions because he had a deep feeling that he would find out more about this creature through the silence rather than the spoken word.

The creature turned his chair to look at Jonathan. He (or so Jonathan assumed) was not so unlike a human. He had the same face and body of a man, except his hands and bare feet were of a bluish tinge. There was a patch of fine silver hair on his head and, despite his passive voice, his face was somber and full of worry.

As Jonathan took notice of this the being said, "You can tell I am not as happy as I try to sound." The creature's lips had not moved, yet Jonathan had clearly heard him. Still Jonathan said nothing for he knew he would soon find his answers. "As I flew through your system, I was struck by a meteorite. I am afraid that, if I continue on my journey, I may lose control of this ship once again and the results would probably be far worse." The being said this in a voice completely devoid of emotion. Jonathan said, "Wait, flying through my system! What do you mean?" "The Milky Way Galaxy," responded the being and his voice was just as pleasant as before. "As in the stars?" asked Jonathan. Just the slightest smile came to the lips of the being, "Yes."

Suddenly it dawned on Jonathan that he was hearing this creature's thoughts rather than his words. Telepathy is an amazing way to communicate. Then Jonathan wondered if this beautifully amazing creature used a tremendous amount of brain power to project his thoughts into Jonathan's mind. "Forty to fifty percent," the creature said. "Excuse me?" Jonathan said with a smile. "You were wondering what percentage of my brain is constantly in use." Jonathan knew he

shouldn't be surprised that he (or she) knew what he was thinking and he tried not to be. However Jonathan was in awe. Everything about the creature was amazing. Now it was the creature's turn to smile. "You really are quite clever." "Do you have a name?" Jonathan asked as politely as he knew how. "You can call me Kaki." "Well then Kaki, I did not mean to interrupt you, I was genuinely interested." "I know. I should have guessed," Jonathan said with a smile.

"Well I cannot get out of my ship to repair the damage because, if I am seen, the results could be terrible." Kaki very calmly said, "So now I must ask you to help me. You could say, no, right now, and I will be powerless and could never leave your planet. " "I will help you, but I must be assured that you are not going to use the help that I provide to do any damage to another being." "I will not," said Kaki. Jonathan said, "I know nothing about you or where you come from." Kaki replied, "I am from the planet Zordonia, located farther away than any technology of Earth to detect. We are a peaceful people and have not been involved in a war in our recorded history." Jonathan was quiet for a few moments as he mulled over what Kaki had said.

As he thought, Kaki said, "I can see that you are a rarity, a peaceful human. If you will help me, I will give you a gift of technology far greater than that of Earth. You will promise, without the slightest air of deception, that you will use it only to promote peace and harmony on your planet." Jonathan said, "I have no desire to be the cause of anymore discord. I have already created an invention for peace that was used for widespread killing. I will use your gift solely to reverse the devastation that has occurred."

Jonathan stood to look for damage to the ship from the meteorite. As he stood, he realized that the desert sun had been beating down on him. His back was soaked in sweat. He thought to himself, "It must be 100 degrees out here." In Jonathan's mind he heard, "It is 102 degrees Fahrenheit by human measurement." Jonathan realizes how simple life can be when thoughts take the place of spoken words. Though the front of the spaceship is partially buried in the hot sand, Jonathan sees a dark hole about 1 ½" in diameter about 2 feet back from the nose of the ship. He goes to the other side of the ship to look for an exit hole. As he searches the hull, he hears, "The object is still in my ship." As Jonathan walks back to the open door, Kaki raises his bluish hand. In Kaki's hand is what looks like a round piece of dull glass. In Jonathan's mind he hears, "In your world this is called a diamond." Kaki reaches his hand out to hand the diamond to Jonathan. Jonathan is confused. He knows that a diamond this large would be worth a fortune. In his mind he hears, "An object on your planet is only worth what others will pay for it. On my planet, Zordonia, we have place value on possessions. This would be of no value to me there." As Jonathan takes the diamond, he realizes that he is putting a large fortune in his pocket. Jonathan says "I can probably repair your ship in my shop at my house."

I don't know what type of metal your hull is made from ..." As Jonathan pauses, he feels Kaki say, "That won't be necessary. If you reach in the pocket behind my seat, you will find a repair rod." Jonathan leans over and feels behind Kaki's seat. He feels a flap at the top of a cloth pouch. As he pulls up on the flap, he is expecting to hear the snaps release. Instead, he hears a ripping sound. Jonathan pulls his hand back quickly because he fears that he has damaged his new friend's pouch. "You did not damage anything. That is only the latch for the flap. You will learn about that from the cube." Jonathan finishes opening the flap and pulls out what looks like a silver road flare with a black handle at one end. As he looks at the device, his mechanical mind is trying to figure out what it is. His mind says, "That is a repair stick. You will squeeze the handle and rub the other end over the hole in the hull. The stick will re-materialize the hull back to its original state." Jonathan goes back to the hull and does as he was told. As he rubs the stick around the hull, the hole starts to get smaller until there is only a pin hole in the shiny metal. More rubbing makes the hole go away and there is, miraculously, no sign of damage to the ship.

Jonathan returns the stick to its pocket and, as he straightens, he asks Kaki, "I am glad to help you, but why didn't you come out of the ship and repair the hole yourself." Kaki turns to Jonathan and he smiles. Kaki opens his mouth and with a high gravelly voice, that has not been used in a long time, he says, "The diamond that went through my ship hit my legs and I am unable to use them." Jonathan gets suddenly worried about his new friend's health. In his mind, he feels the comforting thoughts say, "Don't worry about me. My suit will repair my legs on my journey home. By the time I get back to Zordonia, I will be healed." With that Jonathan looks up to see his friend holding out what appears to be a shiny black cube about the size of a tennis ball. As Jonathan takes the cube he feels the information radiating from the object. In his mind Kaki tells him, "Wait till you are alone and ask the cube anything you want to know. Whatever you do, don't let anyone know you have it. The knowledge in the cube can do great things for a world, but, in the wrong hands, it can do great harm." Jonathan straightens up and steps back from the spaceship. He is sensing that Kaki must leave before he is seen by any other humans. Kaki turns his head to Jonathan and says in that gravelly voice, "Good-bye new friend." As Jonathan thinks, "I hope to see you again." The door slowly lowers and Jonathan waves to his new friend. As Jonathan watches, the ship starts to hum and rise off the sand. At about 5 feet in the air, the ship goes nose up and disappears with only a slight thump to indicate the acceleration. Jonathan feels the diamond in his pocket. As he turns to his jeep, the sun is directly overhead and he feels Kaki's thoughts in his mind say, "You will see me again." Chapter 2

THE MAN NAMED JONATHAN QUESCENCE, also known as Q, honored his word to the alien. The information given to him was in a device that was no bigger than a tennis ball. When the device was held in the hand, the information could be retrieved. Jonathan spent weeks learning from the device. As he held it in his hand, he would simply think of a question and the device would put the answer in his mind. It was a lot like how a movie projector puts the movie on the screen. Jonathan had no intention of letting anyone else know of his gift, since his last great invention, an unlimited energy source, was perversely used to make bombs that killed thousands of people.

Jonathan became very peaceful and was able to use the knowledge gained to invent other helpful devices. He invented the first solar cell, which was immediately bought by a large company. Next, he invented a process for melting aluminum together using electricity. I won't get into details, but this invention became known as T.I.G. welding. This allowed Q to spend his time working on a flying ship that would stop wars and keep the earth safe. I won't get too technical on how the peace-ship is built, but I will describe a couple of inventions used. The most amazing information learned from the box was how to make energy using water and air. Basically, the generator on the ship would separate air and water into its basic elements and then use the hydrogen and oxygen to power the ship. Q also built a non-lethal weapon that balls electricity up and fires it at the speed of light. We will discuss this weapon more later. Another innovation learned was a way to mix steel and aluminum together to make a metal alloy called "Aluma-steel". This material is one hundred times stronger than steel and lighter than aluminum. This is the basic material used for constructing the peace-ship,

Next, I want to describe a period of time that is a blur for Q. He was able to sell the diamond, which gave him enough money to live quite comfortably. Q spends much of his time working on what he calls the peace-ship. After 2 years of working in his shop and trying to be a good father to his little boy and a good husband to his beautiful and patient wife, the ship is ready to fly. Since Q is a young parent and he doesn't want his wife or son to know about the flying ship he has built because they would worry about his safety. He decided to load the peace-ship onto a trailer and he covered it with a tarp. He then towed the trailer out to the most desolate part of the desert that he can find.

Chapter 3,

First Flight

Q drove for 3 hours on the dusty, endless back roads. By the time he got to the designated storage place, he was 50 miles from the nearest dwelling. It was noon in the desert and the sun was directly overhead. Q puts his cowboy hat on and stepped out of the jeep into the hot desert sun. Each step raises a small cloud of dust. To his right he sees a lizard scampering under a rock. He walks around to the trailer and unties and pulls off the tarp to expose a silver teardrop-shaped vessel. It has 2 windows in the front or what appears to be the front.

The teardrop is about as long as the jeep, but Q is able to slide it off the back of the trailer by himself. Q then touches the side of the vessel with his open hand. A door opens from the bottom up. Q slides his right leg over the opening and slides his body into a form fitting seat. The interior is dark and cool. The view out the front windows is the back of the trailer and the shimmering desert beyond. Since Q is the builder of the machine, his hands go instinctively to the red switch, which he pushes. This causes a stick, much like a stick shift in a car, to rise up to his right. He lays his right hand on the stick and squeezes. He hears a high-pitched whirring sound that sounds like

a fan starting. This is the hydrogen generator coming to life. Then he reaches out with his left hand and pushes the red button on the left side of the dashboard. This causes a stick similar to the one on the right side to rise on the left side. When he squeezes this stick, a TV screen lights up above the windshield. This TV screen is flat and thin. Q has learned a lot about light crystal diodes. It will be many years before the diode technology is released to the public. By twisting the right handle he is able to turn the throttle up or down. It is just like a motorcycle throttle. When the left handle is pushed forwards or backwards, the vehicle goes in the same direction. The right handle will make the vehicle tip, so, when the right handle is pushed forward together with the left handle, the peace-ship will dive forward. When the right handle is pulled back, the peace-ship will climb. The harder the throttle is twisted, the faster it will climb. As you probably have guessed, when the left handle is forward and the right handle is pushed to the right, the ship will bank to the right. It must be said now that when both handles are centered and the throttle is turned up, the peace-ship will hover up or down, depending on the throttle.

Q centers both handles and throttles up. The ship goes straight up. The problem he is noting is that, even at lower throttles, he is feeling some motion sickness. He is about 50 feet in the air and pushes forward on the left handle. The forward momentum is obvious. A slight push to the right on the right handle and the machine is going forward and banking to the right. When he looks out the right window he can see the old junkyard off in the distance. He is now circling and he sees his jeep just below him and, now, Q is ready to go. He throttles up and climbs. The landscape he sees is barren and bright. In the distance the ground is shimmering. It looks like a lake. He has lived in the desert long enough to know that this effect is called a mirage.

Q suddenly realizes that it is really hot outside, but he is nice and cool. He thinks of his 7 year old son watching cartoons, safe and secure. He realizes that the whole point of this endeavor is to keep his son and the world safe and secure. Q puts the machine through many dives and swoops and, when he is heading back to the landing site, he realizes that the peace-ship is more powerful than a human adult can handle alone. He pushed the ship as hard as he could and it was barely off an idle. Q realizes that the only humans that can handle the G forces, that this machine puts out, are children. He thinks of the fair ride that he rode and how the ride made him sick, but his son and his son's friends thought it was the most fun thing they had ever done. Q now hovers the craft down to the trailer and lands perfectly. Suddenly Q realizes that this ship can only do what it is designed to do with a child flying it.

On the hot dry ride home Q looks off into the distant desert. The desert is so physically real to him. Driving in his jeep, Q can feel the heat from the sun on his arm. He can hear the tires hitting the dusty road. In the peace-ship, he is totally cut off. The air is the perfect temperature. The machine goes so fast and is so quiet that it seems like he is watching the world through a movie camera.

For the next month Q builds what he calls "the peace-ship simulator". The simulator looks like a large black box; it is about 4 feet tall, 3 feet wide and about 6 feet long. There is a top-hinged door on the left side with a handle at the bottom. From the outside, the simulator could be mistaken for a furnace or a steam box or maybe a large trunk. Inside the box there is technology that goes far beyond the science of the time on Earth. In the early 21st century, there are Video Arcades filled with games that mimic this technology.

Jonathan is a brilliant scientist. He, like many adults, wanted to have a family. His son's name is Quade. At 9 years old, he is a good student, very bright and somewhat athletic. He likes baseball, basketball and cartoons. Qesence realizes that the skills to operate the peace-ship can be learned by most kids, male or female. The most important quality needed to make a good pilot, is discipline and compassion, qualities that Quade possesses. Quade has trouble understanding why some people will hurt other people or why a man will climb into a roped platform and hit another man until he's bloody.

On the next Saturday morning after the machine is completed, Q decides to show Quade the simulator. Quade's favorite cartoons are over--Bugs Bunny and Road Runner. Quade is invited into his Dad's workshop to see the new toy that has been built for him. Quade walks out to the shop in his blue jeans and sneakers. He expresses great anticipation on his freshly washed face. When he sees the black box, he is a little confused and disappointed. His Dad touches the bottom of the door and it opens up to reveal a padded black seat with headrest and a well-lit cozy interior. Quade becomes very interested. His Dad says, "Just climb in. Push the red button on each side of the dashboard; this will bring the control sticks up, the stick on the right is the throttle, forward reverse and left and right. The stick on the left is up and down and this stick can be locked in any position by twisting clockwise." Dad also tells Quade that once the door is closed and the handles are activated, the screens will come on in front of him. "You will be flying a pretend space ship around the desert. No matter how real it may seem, you are still sitting in my shop. At any time, you simply need to let go of the handles, open the door and you will be right back here."

Quade pulls the door down slowly as if he is afraid of breaking something. He has a look of excitement and anticipation as the door closes. After a few minutes, the box starts to move. The front end pops up and down and it tips from side to side. The box starts to move smoothly as if the operator suddenly figured it out. The front is now lifting and dropping smoothly and slowly. A quick look at the Monitor tells Q that Quade is flying at 5,000 feet above the Grand Canyon. The sudden drop of the front end means that he is flying down and skimming the rushing and muddy Colorado River. The machine suddenly stops and the door flies open. Quade climbs out and he has a glow of excitement as he runs to his Dad and hugs him. "This is the neatest thing I have ever done. I want to fly a little more." Q allows Quade another hour of flying.

An amazing simulated flying machine is really fun to experience, but it is just a toy. Q is looking for ways to help the Earth find some peace. The history of world has included some smooth talking leaders, who come along and convince a group of people to do the most horrific things. For example, in late 1945, World War II ended as an atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. In another part of the world, thousands of Jewish people were killed because a diabolical person convinced a political party that they were pure and that the Jewish people needed to be exterminated. Q longs to find a way to stop evil and fearful people from inciting others to keep hitting each other till they bleed or die.

The First Impulse Cannon

Q thinks about how the people that are creating the wars are using machines that depend on electricity, combustible fuel and gun powder. He believes that the advanced technology he has could probably stop the craziness going on in the world. His toughest task is to harness and use the energy to create only good results. He has been experimenting with a process that balls up electricity and shoots it like a projectile. This process is to be used to transfer energy as a propulsion unit. The Zordonians used the balled energy to propel their space ships to half the speed of light while in space. Q has incorporated this propulsion unit into his peace-ship. He now realizes that this balled energy could also be used as a non-lethal weapon.

Some discoveries are made by accident and that is how Q discovered the impulse cannon. It happened like this: The peace-ship was loaded on the trailer with the propulsion unit facing towards the back of the Jeep. Q was running the drive system in short bursts to check the power output. When the tests were done, Q tried to start the jeep to take the peace-ship out of the shop. The Jeep was dead. Upon inspection, Q found that all the wiring in the jeep had been melted and the battery was now inert. Also, the snake pistol that he kept for his ventures into the desert would not fire.

Q spent the next week repairing the jeep wiring. While on this project, Q realized that, if He could harness a small Electromagnetic pulse, he could make the tanks and weapons of destruction inoperable. He had read about this phenomenon after the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

The Zordonians do not believe in violence or weapons of any kind, probably because they have much more brain usage than humans. They do not resort to violence or antagonism when faced with a conflict. The Zordonians have not done any weapons research, according to Kaki. This means that Q is totally on his own, when it comes to building a weapon. Even though the weapon is non-lethal, it is still called a weapon. Q found that if he was able to spin the pulse, much like a projectile is spun in the bore of a rifle; the centrifugal force should keep the pulse solid and together for long distances. Quade spends many hours in the shop learning the basics of flight and, during this time, Q finally builds what he thinks will be a prototype pulse weapon. It resembles an Ice cream cone in that it starts wide at the generator end and goes down to a point at the discharge end (all this to shoot electricity).

The next morning is sure to be a hot one. The ball of sun comes up shimmering to the east. It is a sure sign that it is going to be a hot day. Q loads the cannon and a spare hydrogen generator in the back of the jeep and heads out to the junkyard. In the 20 minutes that it takes to get to the junkyard, the desert wind is already getting warm. Q sets the cannon on the ground and aims it at a Model A truck. As the generator charges, he hears the whirring sound that becomes a high pitched whistle, that gets higher, as it charges to full. Once the sound is constant, Q pushes the trigger button. There is no movement from the cannon, but, instantaneously, the target truck shakes like it had been hit by a gust of wind. There is no notable damage to the truck, but a closer look shows that the wiring is melted and even the remaining headlight filament is melted. Q finds an unused shotgun shell on the floor. The gun powder is crystallized and it will not burn. As the day goes on, the targets are further and further away until he has targeted a car that is a mile away. When he drives over to inspect the car, he finds what appears to be a dead jack rabbit. Q thought, "Oh no, this is a lethal weapon!" As Q is making plans to scrap what he believes to be a lethal weapon, the rabbit wakes up and takes off across the desert. With a happy feeling, Q realizes that the weapon does everything that it is supposed to do. Humans and animals all have electrical impulses going through their bodies to control their muscles and organs. Being hit by a ball of electricity must stun a living creature, but it is not lethal. On the way home, Q decides to call the new weapon, the Impulse Cannon.

The New Toy

At breakfast the next Morning, Q tells his wife, Doris, and Quade that he has built a new attachment for the flight simulator. Doris just wants to make sure that it is safe and Quade is very excited to try it out. Although Q hasn't built the final version of the new impulse weapon, he has decided that it will be mounted stationary on the nose of the peace-ship. This means that the ship would have to be pointed at whatever the target might be, much like the wing guns on a fighter plane. The big difference between this and a fighter plane will be that the fighter is a weapon of war and the peace-ship will be a weapon to make peace. The next day is Saturday.

Quade normally watches cartoons, but today he decides to try out the new toy. As Quade enters the spacious shop, his Dad is just finishing up the modifications on the simulator. Q walks over to his son and puts his arm around him and asks how he likes the toy. Quade smiles and tells his Dad, "It is amazing. I am now able to fly at Mach 5 (which is 5 times the speed of sound). This is so real, I feel like I am really flying. Q tells his son, "We should call this the Mach Vehicle." The boy likes the idea. So now the vehicle will be officially called, the Mach Vehicle. Dad now explains the new items on the vehicle. "On the end of the left handle there is a button with a flip up cover. Hold the button down for 2 seconds to start or stop the impulse generator for the Impulse Cannon. When the cannon is activated, there will be a 3-dimensional sight on the screen. Where you line up the crosses on the site, is the location the impulse will target. A quick push of the button will fire the cannon. It will take 5 seconds for the cannon to recharge for the next shot. I have, also, added a voice-activated radio system. You will say "radio" or "call Dad" to communicate with me. Quade is excited, but he seems confused." He asks, "How is this stuff possible. This is like a future ship." Dad cannot explain, at this time, but he assures his son that he will tell him soon.

The new Mach Vehicle modifications are working extremely well. Quade goes through the new programmed simulations and becomes very accurate with the impulse cannon. As the simulator moves, raises and banks, Q realizes that he will need to know if his son will be safe if, and when, he goes into a hostile situation. Q comes up with an idea for doing a real world test on the Mach Vehicle.

For the next week Q is busy in the shop, he is going through the Zordonian database and learning how to make a remote control system for his new flying machine. He decides that he will not let his son fly the real thing until it is thoroughly tested without a pilot. The remote ties into the central computer, which is built into the ship. In the mid 1940s, there was no such thing as a computer. The radio waves generated are at such high frequency they are the only ones like them on the face of the earth. "It's pretty simple," thought Q, "I will use the remote, which looks like a bread box with two handles coming out the top. I have a 200-mile range line of sight. That should work, since I am in the flat desert. I can see 200 miles all around me." Q looks around the blue and gray globe that is his planet. He feels the morning warmth of the desert sun on his face.

On Tuesday morning, after Doris takes Quade to school, Q rolls the peace-ship out of the shop. He is amazed by the ease of rolling it out on the piano dolly. "This thing can't weigh more than a couple hundred pounds. " The machine is sitting in the stark desert sun. The teardrop shape reminds Q of a "Buck Rogers ship", except this is the real thing. As the start button is pressed, the high pitched whistle becomes a higher and higher pitch. The machine starts to lift off the ground and a cloud of dust kicks up. As Q lets go of the control to shield his face from the dust, the peace-ship slowly drops down to the ground. Q moves the control back and tries again. This time the ship hovers up and tips in the directions that Q tips the handle on the remote control. As the left handle is pushed forward, the machine goes forward. When the left handle is shoved forward all the way, the machine suddenly disappears. Wow!! About 2 miles straight ahead, Q can see the ship moving like a rocket. By releasing the handles, the ship stops. "Good thing I live in the desert. If anyone saw this, I would have the Air Force all over me." After about an hour of practice, Q is

able to fly the peace-ship, as if he is in it. Q aims the machine toward the ground about 200 yards away. He throttles the machine half-way and, as soon as the machine hits the ground, there is a thud and a cloud of dust. A quick pull back on the right stick and the machine shoots out of the cloud and straight up. At this point, Q is shaking with excitement. He brings the machine over and hovers it down to the same spot from which it took off. The ship is dusty, but undamaged. As he walks out to the point of impact, Q sees a mound of dirt. As he gets closer, he sees a hole. The hole is about five feet deep and 4 feet wide. "I now have a machine that will crash without any damage to the ship and the shape will allow the ship to slice into the ground much like a spade being pushed into soft soil, instead of stopping dead. The fast rate of deceleration on impact should not damage the young pilot.

The final touches on the flying machine take about 2 months. After all, Q has a family and he wants to be at Quade's baseball games and he wants to go to the P.T.A. meetings. Even while Q is playing catch with his son, part of his mind is thinking about the ship that he has created with the help of The Zordonian box. When the peace-ship is complete, it seems that Q has a new idea every time he wakes up from a sound sleep. He is now using this great technology to build a second ship. The second ship will go faster than the first ship and it will be capable of long space flights.

Q has not shared his new machine with anyone, but he decides to call his very good friend at NACA (National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics). This is the predecessor To NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration). Q invites his friend Brad to see a new invention. Brad has always had great regard for Q's inventions. On a day when the family is gone to town, Brad shows up in a government vehicle. Brad, who is a tall, thin, brainy-looking guy, sees Q coming out of the shop. He greets him warmly. They have been friends since they were roommates in college. Q tells Brad that what he is going to show him is a total secret and cannot be shared with anyone, but top level government officials. Brad agrees. The two friends go into the cool shop. It is clean and well lit. There is what appears to be a giant silver teardrop on saw horses. Q points to the teardrop and says, "This is what I wanted you to see." He walks over to the machine and puts his right hand on the side. A door rises vertically on invisible top hinges. Brad is not easily surprised. He was a test pilot during the war. Brad steps back and his face flushes. "Is this alien?" "Well yes and no." Q tells Brad about the alien and the box and how he wants to stop violence. Brad starts to stammer about what the government could do with this machine. Q sternly tells his good friend that the government will never get their hands on this technology. I will help our government stop wars and killing but this machine will not ever be used offensively. Q reminds Brad of his promise and Brad agrees.

The next 2 hours are spent showing the G-man and good friend what the machine will do. "There is just one problem with the machine. It moves so fast that an adult pilot would pass out from the g-forces," Q tells his friend. "The only humans that can fly it are children." He explains about the need for young compact bodies. "I have created a special G- suit. If my calculations are correct, this suit will keep an adult safe to 10 Gs, but a child could take 20 Gs in this suit. The ship could take

well over this amount of pressure. Brad and Q are just finishing up their business when Doris and Quade get home. With a hug for Doris and a handshake for Quade, Brad turns to Q and says, "Now I see what has been keeping you so busy lately. I need to go and see my own family." Brad drives away with a wave. Q knows that his good friend will be good to his word. Doris walks over and puts her arm around Q's waist. Q and Doris have a very open relationship and he has told his wife all about what he is building and what he plans to do. Doris has always encouraged Q to build the machine, but he is never to forget about his family. At times, when Q has gotten too involved in his project, Doris has brought him back to his family with her quiet logic.

The First Mission

It has been 3 weeks since Brad's visit. Q is busy with the second peace-ship. Doris is busy helping at Quade's School. Quade has mastered the simulator. It is now Fall in the desert. The hot shimmering days and cool breezy nights have turned into warm days and cold nights. Q is watching Quade fly a homemade kite in the evening breeze. There is a feeling of peace in Q's world. He has a beautiful family and it seems that everything around him is flourishing. The phone rings. It startles Q out of his peaceful mood; a feeling of urgency comes with the ringing of the phone. As he picks it up and says "hello", he hears Brad's panicked voice say, "Q we have an emergency. We have reason to believe that The Nazis have sent a squadron of super bombers across the Atlantic. We believe they are going to drop multiple atomic bombs on the United States." Q is stunned. He didn't think that the Nazis could fly this far. Q built the peace machine for just such a problem.

Q hopes that his labor of love will perform as he has intended for the first time. Q gets the coordinates and hangs up. As Q feels a lump of fear growing in his stomach, he looks out the window and sees his beautiful son innocently flying his kite. Q realizes that the fate of the United States will be in the hands of this child who still has some of his baby teeth.

Q walks outside and, with a feeling of apprehension, he calls his son. Quade hears the emotion in his Dad's voice. He drops the roll of kite string into a sage brush and he jogs over to his Dad and looks up at him. "Yes, Dad." Q reaches down and hugs his son. When he stands up, Quade is looking a little confused. "Quade, I have something to show you in the shop." They walk hand in hand to the big doors. Quade is a little scared since his Dad is rarely serious or quiet. As the doors open and Quade sees the silver teardrop, he asks his Dad if this is a spaceship. "Well, yes and no. Quade, go put your right hand on the side of the ship." Quade cautiously does as he is told. The door lifts up and Quade jumps back. Dad says kindly, "It won't hurt you. I built it for you." Quade looks in the door and sees the familiar controls from his simulator. "Wow, Dad, this looks the same as my game box." Q says, "The game box is actually the same as this ship." Q brings out a gray jumpsuit and tells Quade to put it on and get into the ship. The boy does as he is told and climbs in. As Q gets down on his knees to talk to Quade through the door, he tells his son, "I don't have time to explain everything, but this ship was built from information given to me by some very friendly spacemen. I can't fly it because I can't handle the G-forces. My reaction is similar to when we go to the Fair and I get sick on the 'Rotor' (Early Gravitron). With this suit on and what you have learned

from the simulator, you will be completely safe." With excitement in his eyes, Quade says, "I am not afraid, but what can I do?" Q tells his son, "The Nazis have sent 12 super bombers across the Atlantic Ocean and they intend to drop very powerful bombs on our country. Since the war ended, the Air Force doesn't have the planes to stop them. This machine has the capabilities to stop the planes and save our country." The look on Quade's face is a mixture of excitement and fear. As he starts to ask another question Q stops him and says, "Remember, that on the simulator, we can talk while you fly." The look of fear drains from Quade's face and he says, "I can do this if you are with me and help me know what to do." Dad pushes the door down and, as he assures his son that all will be OK, it is the hardest thing he has ever done to let his little boy take off by himself to save the United States. *

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