

LGM Duty

Little Green Men

Katherine LE White



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For Carrie, without which, there would be not be a goddamned
Humphrey

Chapter 1

“God, they’re the dumbest bunch of monkeys I’ve heard of.” Airman Cobbes plugged his alien’s air tube. “They can’t stop us all,” he mimicked. “And the media is just egging them on!”

“The media wants a story,” Airman Halvin shrugged, dumping his duffle bag about fifty feet away from Cobbes. “They always want a story.”

“They should have a story about some dumb-ass getting shot trying to enter The Test and Training Range of Nellis Air Force Base.” In his camouflage ABU’s, Cobbes was not very well hidden in the Nevada desert, but with the sun setting, soon he would be difficult to make out with the blue splotches on his uniform. He opened the bag and took out one of the heavy balloons from it. Finding the air tube, he began to blow it up

“They might still,” Halvin predicted. He looked in his duffle bag before raising his head. “At least we only have to blow up 100 of these things each,” Halvin tried to sound appreciative, failing miserably. He plopped the neon green alien doll on the sandy ground. Hefting his bag over his shoulder and moving his obligatory 500 feet from the doll he just dropped, he dumped the bag unceremoniously on the ground again. “Humphrey has to do the entire 200 alone.”

“Humphrey’s full of enough hot air,” Cobbes mumbled.

“Someone had to do Little Green Men Duty,” Halvin continued, hefting his own bag and moving forward along with all the other airmen that were blowing up the three and half foot tall alien balloons in front of the Area 51 complex. “We just got the short end of the stick.”

Cobbes stopped blowing up his alien and turned to Halvin. “Seriously? What president sends out an executive order to blow up ten thousand alien dolls to prepare for the Area 51 Raid? And what happened to shooting people on sight?”

Halvin reached into his ABU pants pocket and took out the order that each airman had been given. “This one,” he said, holding it up. “I’m gonna guess that they’ll shoot anyone who gets past the fence,” he said, looking back toward the fence that warned that no one should come closer, unless they wanted to end up dead. “But this should stall them for a while.”

“Dumbest bunch of monkeys,” Cobbes repeated, throwing down his duffle bag with a huff, glaring at it as if it had offended him in some way. “I’m going to beat the snot out of Humphrey when this is over. Always gets us into this kind of crap.”

“You gotta admit, dude, it’s funny,” Halvin said, plugging his doll and moving forward again.

“It would be funny if someone else was blowing up these damned aliens,” Cobbes replied. “Like Humphrey. They didn’t even give us a battery pump.”

“How many you got left?”

Cobbes counted. “Four.” He hefted another balloon out of the bag.

“Me, too,” Halvin said. “Then we can head back to the truck.”

They blew up the rest of the balloons and headed back to the truck in silence. Several airmen were already there in the bed, having

conversations that mimicked the one Halvin and Cobbes had in the desert. Soon, almost everyone was waiting.

“I hear that they’re going to put us on sniper duty tonight for the raid,” someone said.

“No!”

“We just blew up ten thousand alien dolls,” someone replied. “They can’t put us on sniper duty when none of us can breathe.”

“Shut up!” the man next to him hit him in the chest with a flat hand. “You’re going to make it happen.”

“Humphrey still isn’t back,” someone grouched.

“I’m going to kick Humphrey to next Tuesday.”

“Take a number.”

Finally, an airman, barely visible in the low light with the Air Force Battle Uniform, stumbled into view. Humphrey, with a few strands of her brown hair having escaped her bun, was red faced and seemed to having trouble catching her breath. One of her comrades helped her up into the bed of the truck. It started before she was even all the way in.

“I’m gonna kill you when we get back,” said the airman who still had a hold of her arm.

She groaned and sat down. “I think I’m gonna die of asphyxiation on the way.”

After arriving at the training facility, all were grateful to not see an armory official waiting for them. Instead, a lone man, in a black suit, wearing sunglasses in the night, held a red strobed laser pen. He headed toward the passenger side of the truck and said, “Go to bed, boys, I’ve got it from here.”

Afterword

I wrote this piece for an anthology that was very quickly put together to spoof the Area 51 raid that was planned in 2019, "They Can't Stop Us All" (where about 20 people showed up and were promptly arrested). The proceeds went to a prominent veterans' organization, as Area 51 is actually part of Edwards Air Force Base. After the anthology went it, it was given the opportunity to be part of a project that sent literature up to the moon. Yes, our moon, Luna. So this story, that you are reading right now, is sitting on our moon, waiting for someone, whomever that someone is, to read it in years to come. If I had known that would happen, I would have tried harder to make it a better story. As it is, I hope that you enjoy this little shortread.

About Katherine

Katherine LE White is an award winning poet, essayist, and international best selling fiction writer, who has had the privilege of growing up all over the world. A rare beauty with green eyes and crazy titian curls, she goes about having grand (mis)adventures with her family and many friends, and then tries hard not to write about them. She often champions the causes of those on the fringes of society in her writing, while pretending to be an urban farmer in real life. Pretending being the operative word. If others were to rely on her skills to eat, they would most assuredly starve. She lives in Southern Appalachia with her husband, two children, and several animals, all of whom, thankfully, are better urban farmers than she is.

Also By Katherine

The Therian Initiative

Man of Light and Shadow

Lady of Lost Souls (coming soon)

The Act

Beer and Sandwiches

La Rue Montmartre

No One Is Going to Believe Me

Various Spicy Shorts For No Reason

Behind the Fleur de Lis

The Devil's Ride

Daughter of the Moon

Istasha's Mirror

Bias of Priene mysteries (with Michael Bruce Edwards)

Murder at the PanIonic Games

Murder at the Festival of Apaturia

Murder at the Oracle of Didyma

Murder at the Heraeum of Samos

Bias and The Adulterous Daughter

Bias the Public Arbitor

Bias and the Artists of Lebados

Darkwood Feathers (with MK Tanner)

Rogue Feather

Friend or Feather (coming soon)

Rook, Knight, Queen, Player (with GL Finch)

Stalemate