

# circles

He threw a few T-shirts into the suitcase on top of several pair of jeans beside some flip-flops and tennis shoes. Although he had a condo in Washington DC, just a little ways from the White House, he spent most of his life living out of a suitcase. It was the condo that gave him a small feeling of having roots and a place to feel like he was coming home to.

The phone rang and he answered it, "Hello, Orin?" A familiar voice came into his ear.

"Hi, Matt."

"What are you doing?"

"Packing to go look at another circle," Orin sighed. He knew what was coming. He had hoped just this one time that Matt would let the report pass.

"Can you come over to the White House? I want to talk to you."

"Matt, there is nothing in the report that will harm the President. Can't you just send it on? I have a hot circle."

"Get over here!" The phone buzzed in his ear. Matt was a good guy, but sometimes he let his authority go to his head.

It was a nice day, so Orin decided to walk. There was something about the White House that was inspiring. It was not only the President's home and office, but it was the awesome architect of the building, comparable only to the Capitol Building or the great cathedrals in Rome. The traffic was maddening and he was glad to be walking.

However, the sidewalks were pretty busy. Some jerk bumped into a lady and dislodged her shopping bag. She was scrambling to pick up her things while people walk by unconcerned about her dilemma as well as the products they were trampling under foot and kicking around. Oren stopped to give her a helping hand by helping her gather her things and she gave him a warm smile and a thank you. He watched her walk away and felt good inside. He looked around him and marveled at the state of zombie-ism that most people walk around in. They had lost something vital from their dead lives and they apparently were not even aware of it.

After waiting for the security check to get in the building, he looked at the image of himself on his ID card that hung around his neck. He had a nice face, a little rugged looking, dark wavy hair and a small mustache over his even lips. His eyes were steel gray and seemed sharp in the picture. He wondered if people seen him that way.

He was shown into Matt's office and told by a well-dressed young woman who was apparently his secretary that Matt would be with him shortly. The office was not large and there was only a huge desk with a comfortable looking chair, a small loveseat against the wall beside the door and a glass front bookcase that lined the left wall, filled with law books. He sat down on the loveseat and waited. He looked at his watch. He hated

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waiting on someone in an office. I made him feel useless and uncomfortable.

Then Matt breezed into the room and went to his chair saying, "Hi," on his way. Orin stood up and came to stand in front of his desk. Matt picked up the six-page document and looked at it saying, "This is very confrontational."

"Yes, just like all the other reports I have given you. I don't see that it matters, no one reads them anyway."

"I read them," Matt looked up at him through his steel-framed glasses, his hazel eyes showing a touch of brown in them to match his expensive suit. His light brown hair was set in perfection and he reeked of aftershave.

"You are the consultant to the President on matters of logistics. It is your job to read them, but no one else does. That is why they just get filed and forgotten.

"Well, Orin, if you would come to some concrete conclusion on these crop circles it would give me some reason to take them to the president."

"No matter what I conclude, there are others in the field of botany who conclude differently." Orin opened his hand to him. "It's as bad as getting a bill passed through Congress."

"It's a matter of national security, Orin. We can't just take one person's word on something this important. You have to have proof that these things are made by extraterrestrials. And, if you did come up with something, it would be a matter of national security. It would cause a panic that would throw the world into total chaos. Until you can find convincing evidence of it, we cannot sign off on it."

"Even if I could, Matt, you know the government would just cover it up to prevent the scenario you just described."

"Governmental policy is not ours to make."

"The government finances my research so they can be the first to know what they don't really want to know. They find any excuse to just shove crop circles in a drawer. It's a vicious circle, I know because I am in the circle business."

Matt raised one eyebrow and gave a quick smile. "Every one of your findings, you yourself nullify by bringing in the opinions of others who contradict you. It appears that you don't want them to believe your research."

"I'm a scientist, not an ET cultist. I give the facts as found by botanists and leave it up to the government to interoperate it as they please." Matt tossed the document on his desk, looking at it, and sighed. Orin opened his hand to Matt, "Do you really want me to come in here with a report that says extraterrestrials have been visiting our planet, making crop circles?"

"Not really," Matt raised his eyes and looked at him.

"Why not?"

"Because then I would have to tell the president that instead of contacting governmental officials, aliens are contacting farmers. That would not speak well of their opinion of this world's governments."

"Maybe that is precisely the point they are trying to make. Maybe they would make contact if they could find a government they could respect."

"There is no good way to govern this world, but the USA has the best there is to offer, at present."

"You're right," Orin nodded, "Can I go now before I miss my plane."

"Where are you going?"

"Winton, Kansas."

"Okay, uh, one other thing."

"What?"

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"The Planetary Gazette magazine wants to do a piece on crop circles and they want their reporter to hang out with you for a while to get the story."

"Aren't you afraid that I will prove to them that we are being visited by aliens and then they will panic the world with the news?"

"No," he shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Because of this," he picked up the report again. "Get out of here." Matt scowled at him and tossed the report into a basket on his desk.

The plane set down on the tarmac and rolled to a stop at the Dodge City Regional Airport. Orin spent an hour retrieving his equipment duffle and bags. Then he rented a helicopter to take him to the crop circle. From the sky it was apparent that it was a type seven circle. He had developed a scale from one to ten to evaluate circles from the sky. This looked to him to be an authentic circle.

"What are your instruments telling you?" he asked the pilot.

"They are going crazy," the pilot gasped.

"It's the EM from the circle. It is not your instruments."

"EM?"

"Electro-magnetic energy."

There were authentic circles and man made circles he called 'duds'. At the authentic circles, there were usually unexplained changes in the vegetation to indicate something that man could not duplicate as well as other scientific evidence unnatural to the regions. This circle had three defined circles and seven off shoots called, 'lineals'. The lineal may or may not connect to circles and are lines. These were all Orin's terminologies that fit into his research criteria. He took several pictures of the circle as the chopper flew around it.

A half-mile from the circle was a large farmhouse seen from the air and a van churned up dirt as it raced along the narrow gravel road toward the farm. Orin called the farm owner on his cell phone and asked for permission to land the chopper in his field to examine the crop circle. The farmer agreed and said he would come out and meet with him.

Orin has a website where crop circles can be reported. For every one reported there are several that are not. The people are asked only for their names and phone numbers and directions to the sight. He had spent three years in England looking at circles and now he was interested in the ones found in the USA. If this were just an English phenomenon then he would have lost interest in it. However, he had looked at circles in many countries, Australia, Japan, Canada and Africa, now he wanted to explore the one found in America. All of the authentic crop circles he had examined had the same basic characteristics.

The pilot set the chopper down and Orin took his equipment duffle and went out in the main circle or 'central attraction.' He squatted on one knee and looked at the stems of the wheat in the circle. They had tiny blister bulges to nodes at places where the crop shoots juncture and the wheat in the pods was strangely deformed. He pulled a few of them, putting them in a long plastic tube container. He took out a Geiger counter and the residual radiation here was somewhat above normal. His compass showed the inability to hold to the magnetic north and which direction he would go determined the change radically.