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THE EXTINCTION SERIES

# THE FIFTH KIND

Δ R R I V Δ L



**JAMES D. PRESCOTT**

THE  
FIFTH KIND

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## **Books by James D. Prescott**

The Genesis Conspiracy

Augmented

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The Fifth Kind: Arrival

## **Dedication**

To Ethan Siegel, theoretical astrophysicist, professor, and science writer, I extend my heartfelt gratitude for your invaluable guidance in navigating the complex scientific concepts that enrich this novel. Any errors that remain are solely my responsibility. My deepest appreciation goes to Lisa Weinberg, Margaret Furst-Karaway and the dedicated beta team for their unyielding support and keen insights. A special mention to my editor RJ, whose eagle eyes and unwavering attention to detail have elevated the quality of my work. And, most importantly, to you, dear reader, for embarking on this journey with me and making all of this possible.

## **Book Description**

In the depths of an ancient Egyptian tomb, archaeologists make a baffling discovery: the mummified body of a man clad in a space suit.

Halfway around the globe, exobiologist Dr. Katherine Shepard and intelligence officer Colonel Devon Peters are summoned to the site of a downed UFO. To their amazement, they find one of the occupants alive. Even more shocking, he appears to be human.

As Shepard and Peters delve deeper into the enigma, they expose a chilling truth: aliens have inhabited Earth far longer than anyone could have imagined, and they are not alone. An ancient, hidden war is being waged, with humanity's survival hanging in the balance.

Thrust into a perilous world of shifting allegiances and veiled motives, Shepard and Peters must race against time to decipher the aliens' true intentions and shield humanity from a revelation too shocking to comprehend.



Human-initiated contact with extraterrestrial beings.

-Close Encounters of the **Fifth  
Kind**



# Chapter 1

## Egyptian Desert, present day

The sun was dying.

It hung low and bloated in the sky, casting a deep, fiery orange glow across the horizon. Fatima watched for a moment too long before blinking away the blinding glare. Even the thick goggles she wore to shield her eyes from the desert sands couldn't fully mitigate the visual imprint left on her retinas.

The lingering tension from a recent border skirmish with Libya permeated the air like an insidious vapor. Not far away, the scorched remains of tanks and trucks bore witness to the conflict. And with that, a humbling realization washed over her: this was merely one more conflict the desert had silently observed since the age of the pharaohs.

Dr. Arthur Murray, the lead archaeologist on the dig, was a brilliant yet abrasive Egyptologist. Hailing from northern England, he carried a noticeable chip on his shoulder, in no small part due to his humble background. His shunning from mainstream academia and the inevitable resentment that followed had turned him into a rather imposing and terrifying figure. But his reputation as something of a tyrant hadn't scared Fatima off from recognizing the great opportunity she'd been handed. She'd soon learned there was another word best suited to describe Murray: Obsessive.

In the fleeting moments of tranquility amidst the frenzy of his research, Murray often found himself ensnared by the enigmatic world of Sir Edward Stuart, a late-nineteenth-century English explorer and amateur archaeologist. Stuart bore an insatiable thirst for knowledge as vast as the desert itself. From an early age, he had devoted his life to studying the ancient texts of renowned scholars like Herodotus, Pliny the Elder, and Ptolemy. Slowly, an unyielding conviction had taken shape within Stuart's mind that three divine tablets—gifts from the gods themselves—lay scattered across the far reaches of the globe. According to the ancient sources, once these three tablets were mounted in the throne room of a once-mighty civilization, it would unlock a power so awesome it would rival even that of

the gods. With unwavering precision, he had documented his findings in a worn leather journal that never left his side.

A decade ago, the mysterious tome had found its way into Murray's possession, delivered by an unknown sender. Intrigued and yet skeptical of the secrets it held, Murray had embarked on an odyssey of authentication, each passing year only deepening his certainty that the tablets were real, their unearthing poised to redefine the limits of human understanding. Stuart's writings hinted that the first of these celestial relics lay entombed beside the true first pharaoh, a clue that had set Murray's mind ablaze with obsession. And it was this obsession that had guided him and his team to the ancient tomb in which they now stood, on the precipice of a discovery that he believed could forever alter the course of history.

Murray's gaze bounced between the GPS navigation device in his hands and the endless dunes. "I don't understand," he growled, leafing through the journal. "This has to be the place."

Ahmed, a local undergraduate from the University of Cairo, motioned to a hunk of rock poking out from a nearby crest of sand. "Over there!" he shouted.

Murray and the others hurried over. Arriving first, Fatima dropped to her knees before the object, ignoring the heat searing her legs. A cursory examination revealed strange-looking hieroglyphics carved into the rock.

Murray got down next to her, swearing from the effort. After a brief look, a smile began to spread over his lips. "These are pre-First Dynasty," he exclaimed, an air of triumph in his voice. "Let's get to work, people. We've got a pharaoh's tomb to find."

The rest of the team consisted of two junior archaeologists, Emma and Nikolai. Emma was from Idaho and Nikolai from Southern Russia. They had worked together on a dig in Siberia where they'd found the tomb of an ice mummy. The discovery had made headlines around the world, but it had also caused a rift between Emma and Nikolai as they had argued over who deserved the credit.

Days passed under the punishing Sahara sun as the team dug deeper and deeper, shifting away mountains of desert sand. Finally, after a week of hard work, they struck gold. "I think I've found something," Emma said, her voice filled with excitement.

Nikolai let out a deep sigh. "This looks like the door to a tomb."

Fatima felt a flutter in her chest as she looked at the ancient stone slab covering the entrance. Brushing away the last of the sand, they saw an early form of hieroglyphs on the tomb door, etched deep into the stone, the lines sharp and precise. The images depicted ominous figures, such as the god of death Anubis, and warnings in bold, stylized text making it clear that any trespassers would be cursed. The symbols were colored in dark hues, the paint chipped and faded with age. The overall effect was one of foreboding and danger, as if the tomb itself was warning those who would dare to disturb its resting place.

Murray, Ahmed, and Nikolai strained to pry open the tomb's door as Fatima observed anxiously, her superstitions burgeoning. Seized by an abrupt, irrational terror, she was suddenly overcome with a feeling they were disrupting something that was never meant to be disturbed. Her thoughts turned to her grandfather, a firm believer in the omnipresence of black magic. Fatima could almost hear his voice telling her to leave this place. With some effort, she fought to suppress her concerns, determined not to let the old ways stand in the path of science and progress.

Employing crowbars alongside a series of ropes and pulleys, the archaeologists struggled to displace the solid stone slab covering the entrance. With a final push, the door yielded at last, releasing a billowing cloud of ancient dust with an audible groan. Coughing and flailing their arms, they endeavored to dissipate the airborne particles before cautiously stepping inside.

Their boots brushed against the cool stone floor as the team navigated the winding passageways of the tomb, the oppressive aroma of antiquity pervading the stale air. Their flashlights projected unsettling shadows on the dimly illuminated walls of the confined space—many of them looking unfinished, the images and inscriptions only half-painted.

In the center of the main burial chamber stood a single sarcophagus, its stone cover etched with ancient writings. The archaeologists gathered around, scanning the inscriptions, searching for any indication of the tomb's true occupant.

Like the script on the tomb door, this was a language Murray had never seen before. He flipped frantically through the pages of his journal, searching for a clue to its origin.

"Find anything?" Nikolai asked timidly.

Murray only grunted, waving a dismissive hand in the air.

“Some of these inscriptions show rays of light descending from above,” Emma noticed. “Maybe it’s a high priest.”

“I didn’t spend the last three years scouring the desert and shoveling sand to find a high priest,” Murray reminded them rather curtly.

Fatima swallowed hard. “We came to find Egypt’s true first pharaoh. This clearly is not him.” But even as she spoke the words, she also knew that Murray was not one to be denied.

Quickly, they set to work using metal tools to pry the stone lid from the sarcophagus. The sound of scraping and grating filled the chamber as they worked, the glow from their flashlights casting eerie shadows on the walls. The lid finally gave way with a loud crack. It slid precariously off to one side, kicking up a cloud of dust that billowed around them. They all coughed and waved their hands in front of their faces, trying to clear the air.

“Right,” Murray said, his voice tight. “Let’s see what we’ve got.”

He pressed forward, his eyes gleaming with excitement. As the dust slowly settled, they caught their first glimpse of what lay inside the sarcophagus: a figure, mummified and shrunken. But it wasn’t the body of a lowly priest, as they had expected. This was something else entirely.

The figure was dressed in a tight-fitting suit, its surface dull and powdery with age. But as Murray brushed away the dust, they could see that the material was actually shiny and metallic.

Placed next to the body was a helmet, its visor blackened with time. Emma and the others gasped in shock. A stunned silence engulfed them as they stood motionless, staring at the impossible figure lying before them. There were simply no other words to describe what they were seeing.

He looked like an astronaut.



## Chapter 2

“Perhaps it is some kind of joke?” Ahmed muttered, the young man’s eyes wide with astonishment.

“If it is, it isn’t funny,” Nikolai exclaimed, his flashlight shaking in his hand.

Emma’s mind raced. “This can’t be real.”

As they struggled to make sense of the surreal situation they now found themselves in, a new expression began to slowly form on Dr. Murray’s face. “You do realize what we’ve found, don’t you?” he asked them, his excitement growing.

“No, please tell us,” Fatima begged, her voice low as she stared at the mummified figure.

“How about the bloody discovery of a lifetime?” Murray howled, his booming voice echoing off the tomb walls.

The others looked uncertain.

“Professor,” Fatima said, motioning to the mummy, “do you really think this could be the one we’ve been searching for? Egypt’s first pharaoh?”

Murray removed his hat and wiped a layer of sweat from his forehead. “He could be.”

“Then it stands to reason one of the three tablets is also here, correct?”

A wide grin formed on Murray’s face. “That’s what I’m counting on, Fatima. That’s what I’m counting on. But first, I suggest we get a breath of fresh air and clear our heads a little. We’ve got a lot of work ahead of us.” His laughter bellowed as he left the burial chamber. “I can’t wait to see the looks on the faces of those stuffy desk jockeys when they get a load of this.”

Fatima leaned over and quickly snapped a picture of the improbable mummy before collecting the leather-bound journal from the corner of the sarcophagus. If one of the three tablets was here, Stuart’s journal would be the key to finding it.

Still feeling like her feet weren’t quite touching the ground, Fatima made her way outside along with the others. With the sun already descending



below the horizon, a sudden chill permeated the air.

“Who’s that?” Nikolai asked, his hand shielding his eyes from the last rays of the setting sun.

Out of the shimmering desert haze three black Range Rovers appeared, heading this way. When they arrived, a man in a dark suit, wearing sunglasses, stepped out. Soon he was flanked by others in dark military gear carrying automatic weapons.

As the armed group neared, Fatima found herself engulfed by an inescapable sensation of foreboding. She had lived in the area long enough to know a threat when it presented itself. And it was clear these men had not come to revere the historical significance and splendor of this age-old crypt. Furtively, she secured the journal beneath the waistband of her trousers, concealed at the small of her back.

“Can we help you?” Murray asked, not trying to hide his annoyance.

The man in the suit stopped before them, wearing a cold smile beneath a pair of mirrored shades. His physique was impressive, the contours of his muscles evident beneath the form-fitting fabric of his attire. “I’m afraid to inform you that this dig site has been closed by order of the Egyptian government,” he said calmly. “Please gather your belongings and leave immediately.”

“Not on your life!” Murray bristled defiantly.

“On what authority?” Emma asked.

The man in the suit reached into his pocket and produced a folded piece of paper. “On the authority of the Ministry of Antiquities,” he said, handing the paper to Murray.

Murray snatched it from his grasp. “This is absurd,” he muttered, scanning the contents. “We’ve done nothing wrong.”

“Nonetheless,” the man in the suit said, his voice taking on a dangerous edge. “You will leave this site immediately, or there will be consequences.”

“I’m not moving until you show us some IDs,” Murray insisted.

The man in the suit reached into his inside pocket and handed over his identification.

Murray looked it over, his features etched in a scowl. “Darius?” he said, eyeing the man in the suit.

Darius lowered his glasses.

Emma and Fatima gasped. Both of the man's eyes were pure white, devoid of any sign of an iris.

"That's right," Darius replied coolly. "Now, you have sixty seconds to gather your gear. There won't be a sixty-first."

Murray opened his mouth to argue, but Nikolai put a hand on his shoulder. "We better do as they say," he whispered.

"Oh, and I believe you have something that belongs to me," Darius said, his voice cold and menacing.

Murray's face paled.

"Don't play dumb," Darius warned him. "I'll get it one way or another."

"The journal?" Murray said, letting out a dry laugh. "You really think I'm dumb enough to let it leave my office?" He turned to face the rest of his team. "You heard the man. Gather your things, ladies and gents. We're packing up."

Fatima remained outside while the rest of the team went back into the tomb to fetch their belongings. As they disappeared inside, they were flanked by two men with guns. She could hear the echo from Murray's booming voice as he gave them a piece of his mind. He would raise this with the Ministry of Antiquities, who were sure not to be pleased. That was when his rant was cut short by the sound of automatic gunfire bouncing off the inner walls of the tomb. Fatima's eyes grew wide with terror. The man in the suit stood nearby, regarding her impassively.

She prayed for God to save her.

With the chilling echo of gunfire still ringing in her ears, she gazed into the man's emotionless eyes, her voice quivering in prayer, all the while bracing for what she knew was coming.



# Chapter 3

## Pacific Ocean

The Black Hawk helicopter shuddered in the violent gale as they approached the island. Rain lashed the windshield, overwhelming a small set of wipers. The pilot squinted through the rain, trying to see past the water on the glass blocking his view.

The smell of brine permeated the cockpit. “Will it be much longer?” asked Dr. Katherine Shepard over the headset.

In her late thirties, Shepard had a natural beauty and casual appearance that belied the true weight of her keen intellect. With dual PhDs in linguistics and exobiology, it was no surprise that nothing made it past the sharp gaze of her vivid green eyes.

Just then, the chopper dropped a hundred feet, and Shepard felt her stomach lurch.

“Nearly there,” the pilot informed her, gripping the controls with a self-assured grin. “We’re on final approach.” He glanced back at the dim row of lights forming in the distance.

Shepard tried making out what she thought was a lighthouse, but it was too soon. They were far from the coast, not close enough for her to see anything other than a faint glow against the black sky. She’d been in helicopters before and had been able to see for miles, but with the clouds choking the sky, visibility was limited.

“Right. Sorry about the delay,” said the pilot, turning back to Shepard. “Looks like we’ll be arriving a little later than expected.” He grinned again as he fought to keep control of the plane in the storm. “Farallon de Pajaro is normally a lot nicer than this. If you don’t count the millions of seabirds on the north shore, the island’s entirely uninhabited.”

“Sounds lovely. Did they tell you what this is about?” Shepard asked, leaning forward, clutching the leather briefcase to her chest. “I no sooner got