

# ***MYSTERIOUS LETTER***

*from the*

# ***HUMAN WORLD***

---

◆ AN ALLISTER BANKS STORY ◆

---



---

Matt Payne

**ALLISTER BANKS**

**DISCLAIMER**

This short story is a work of fiction. Any references to historical events, real people, or real locales are fictitious. Other names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.



Copyright © 2022 by Matt Payne  
All rights reserved.



Published by Adventure Finance, LLC.

Visit our website at [AllisterBanks.com](http://AllisterBanks.com)

## Mysterious Letter from the Human World

### A Cold, Dark Secret

I won't give you my name. Because I don't want to end up like my partner. Vanished without a trace. Probably dead.

Only two weeks ago, we were on a dive boat 100 miles east of Saint Lucia in the North Atlantic. A storm was hurtling towards us from the east, but we were determined to make one more dive. This stretch of ocean, known as Sector 12A, hadn't been explored for decades—even by the most brazen adventurers.

But we wanted to see for ourselves what the nuclear testing of the 1950s had done to the marine life. And no world-wide treaty or warning buoys were going to keep us out. But so far, we hadn't found any signs of radiation on the coral.

Hurriedly, we did a backward roll off the dive boat into the frigid ocean and swam down into the darkness with our scuba gear. I kicked my fins and followed my friend to the ocean floor. She navigated us down to an area where we hoped to find signs of the fallout. But suddenly, she turned sharply, abandoning the intended dive zone.

She signaled for me to follow; and a few seconds later, I understood why.

Resting on a small patch of coral next to a deep cavern was a sunken ship with a gaping hole in its hull. As we approached the vessel, there was something eerie about it. From the outside it looked similar to other boats, but the markings on the hull were unlike any I'd seen before. And the workmanship of the propeller, deck, and railing were also unusual.

My friend motioned for me to follow her to the cabin door. She swam over to the door, turned the handle and pushed on the wooden portal, but it wouldn't budge. I joined in. We shoved together until the door opened.

As I shined my light inside and swam in, I jerked backwards and tried to scream, but only bubbles came out. My friend steadied me from behind and I regained my composure. I put my mouthpiece back in and blew out the water. I slowly turned my flashlight back to the cabin. It was still there—an alligator.

Its scaly wrist was handcuffed to a small safe, and its dead, green body was floating in the cabin. Its bony, armor-plated skin was dressed in leisure clothing, and its tail extended down below its feet (which were covered in socks and loafers). It still had wire-rimmed glasses on its face, although they were crooked now. And it was taller than an average man. But it wasn't a man at all.

My friend handled the situation better than I did. Using sign language, she asked, "What is this?" I shrugged and shined my light around the inside of the cabin, looking for some explanation.

The main control panel was unlike any that I'd ever seen before—geared for webbed hands and claws—not human fingers.

As I turned back toward the strange corpse, I saw that my friend trying to pry the handcuff off the safe with a piece of metal. She wanted to bring back the dead alligator for examination! But she wasn't having any luck. The only thing she was able to do was pry open the safe with the metal bar in her hand.

Inside was a silver briefcase with strange markings. As I reached for the case, the boat started teetered on its side and the cabin began shaking. I grabbed the briefcase from the safe and started to swim out of the cabin. My friend was still working to remove the handcuff from the safe. I grabbed her by the arm and she finally let go of the makeshift crowbar and swam towards the open portal. As we exited the cabin, the boat lurched over and detached from the reef. There was nothing we could do except watch the strange vessel float into the deep, black chasm.

By the time we reached the surface, the hurricane was in full force. We barely made it back to the island with our lives.

Back at the hotel, we broke open the briefcase. Inside was an airtight container filled with accordion folders and manuscripts.

The documents spoke of relic hunts, a large continent in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean filled with intelligent gators, incredible things that made no sense.

At first, we thought it was all an elaborate hoax, but that didn't ring true to us. No one knew we were going to dive in that area. And who would've gone to the trouble of placing a fully-clothed alligator where we found it, or write the books in the briefcase, or construct such a strange ship—just to then sink it in a restricted area of the Atlantic where no one would ever find it?

We considered the possibility that maybe this wasn't a hoax at all. That's when the pieces started coming together.

Suddenly, we understood why the governments of the world had restricted travel over a large swath of the Atlantic Ocean and instituted a massive no-fly, no-sail zone. And we realized that the myths that we'd heard as kids, about a race of unusual individuals that lived on a lost island in the Atlantic, may not have been myths at all. And finally, it made sense why we hadn't found any evidence of radiation during our dives—even though we had been told since birth that nuclear detonations were the cause of the Quarantine.

The day after the storm subsided, my friend and I returned to the dive site with heavy-duty recovery equipment. But there was no trace of the strange vessel. It was gone.

She chartered a boat and headed due east into the Atlantic to find the lost continent, though I begged her not to. And she hasn't been heard from since.

A few days after she left, I went to Saint Lucia's Marine Police. I told them my story and pleaded with them to mount a rescue mission, but they claimed they couldn't do anything for me. That night, however, a masked group of armed assassins ransacked my hotel room, chased me across the island. I narrowly escaped. In the

early hours of the morning, I smuggled myself on to a fishing boat headed for mainland South America. From there, I disappeared. I'm nowhere now. Nowhere you'll ever find me.

Now, you may think this is a fictional account. That it never happened—and that nothing this strange ever could happen. If that's what you think this tale is, then you're lucky. You can just read it as fantasy and move on with your life. But if you think there's a hint of truth here . . . be prepared. Because you might disappear like my friend. Or they might come for you like they did for me.

What happens now is up to you. The information is in your hands. Use it, don't use it—it's your choice. Just know if you go searching for answers, it may be the last thing you ever do.

Anonymous

**OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

**Official Note**

This unpublished letter sent to the editor of the Chicago Tribune newspaper is classified above Top Secret and not eligible for public release.

The envelope the letter was sent in was postmarked 28 December 2020, but had no return address or name.

No fingerprints or other identifying markings were found on the document or envelope.

The editor at the Tribune and his assistant assumed the letter was a good-natured gag—a joke by a rival newspaper meant to make them look silly if they published it.

However, unbeknownst to these individuals, the National Security Agency (NSA) had caught wind of the letter and issued an immediate Code 10 Extraction.

Later that night, NSA agents secretly broke into the 24th floor of the Tribune building and gained access to the editor's corner office. After finding and securing the unpublished letter, they set fire to the floor as well as the rest of the building to cover their tracks.

Three weeks later, while on vacation in Florida, both the aforementioned editor and his assistant died in a “freak boating accident” off the coast of Key West.

No one suspects NSA involvement. And that's how it must remain.