The Signal Within

B Alan Bourgeois · Opening excerpt · 1 of 2

The static wasn’t there a second ago.

Lena pulled her phone from the dashboard cradle and tapped the screen. Nothing. Black. She reached for the radio knob in her aging Ford Fusion—just in case her Bluetooth was acting up—but the FM stations had vanished too. All of them.

Then the voice came.

Not through one speaker. Through all of them.

Soft. Low. Resonant like something too deep for normal hearing, yet it filled the space in her chest.

“You have not been forgotten. Anunnaki.”

Her hands paused midair. Even the GPS display flickered and slowed. The voice repeated again—this time more slowly, like it was speaking to something behind her thoughts.

“You… have not… been forgotten. Anunnaki.”

Three times it played, the last repetition so stretched it seemed to melt into the hum of the engine and the hush of the trees outside.

Then silence.

Just like that, her phone blinked back to life. The radio snapped to a pop station. The dashboard icons reappeared. Normalcy returned as if nothing had happened.

Except Lena couldn’t move. Not yet.

Her eyes were wet. She didn’t know why. It didn’t feel like fear, or sadness. It felt like remembering.

Reading sample — continued

A name came into her mind: Asha—a name she hadn't heard in twenty years. Her daughter. Born still. The only time she had ever truly prayed.

Now the memory was back, but so was something else. A calm clarity. She felt like she was supposed to be here, right now, in this broken car, on this quiet county road, as if the universe had just whispered back.

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By the time Lena made it into town, the others had already started whispering.

Did you hear that weird voice on the TV? My phone glitched too. Did yours say "Anunnaki"?

She didn't answer. Not yet.

At the local diner, two teenagers were replaying a shaky phone video someone had recorded from their living room TV.

"You have not been forgotten. Anunnaki."

One of the boys laughed. "Probably a Russian psy-op or something."

But Lena noticed something strange. The boy's friend was quiet. Pale. Watching the screen like he saw something else behind the sound.

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That night, the dreams began.