

HATCH TERROR

LOCATE THE SITE OF AN
ALIEN ABDUCTION AND
PREVENT MASS PANIC

ALIEN ABDUCTION

Chapter 1: Shadows in the Sky

"Bank right, we've got turbulence," Pablo Iglesias called out, his hands steady on the controls of Shadow Wing as the modified Bombardier Global 8000 shuddered slightly.

Peter Jansen glanced at the instruments, his brow furrowing. "That's odd. Weather radar shows clear skies."

The aircraft moved through a pocket of air that seemed to vibrate around them, causing the cabin lights to flicker momentarily. Outside the cockpit window, the majestic Rocky Mountains stretched below them, bathed in the golden light of sunset.

"I'm registering some strange electromagnetic readings," Dimitri Zechev's voice crackled over the intercom from his station in the analysts' war room. The Bulgarian tech expert's fingers flew across his keyboard as data streams populated his monitors.

"It's not like anything in our database."

In the mid-section of Shadow Wing, Fox Meyer stared at a secure communication device that had begun pulsing with an unusual pattern of lights. Only one entity contacted him this way. He quickly established the encrypted connection.

"Klungongyn, what's happening?" Fox asked, his voice low.

The alien's response came through in a series of translated symbols on Fox's screen:

"WARNING. KROHNDABKYR RESEARCH VESSEL.
UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY. COLORADO REGION. CONTAINMENT
ADVISED."

Fox's stomach tightened. The Krohndahkyr were known for their aggressive acquisition of biological specimens from planets they studied.

"Details?" he typed back.

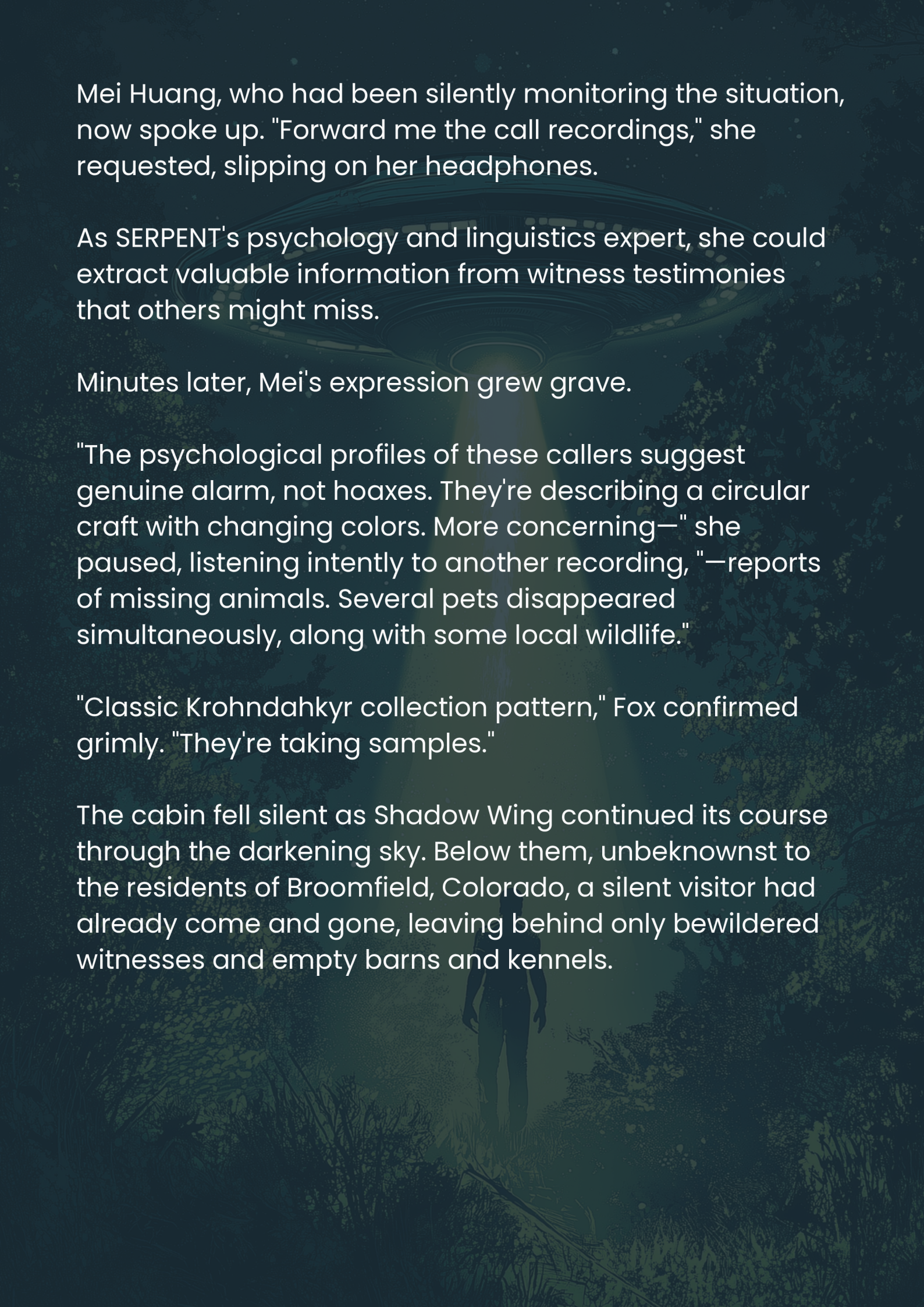
"SMALL CRAFT. COLLECTION MISSION. NO DIPLOMATIC
CLEARANCE."

At a nearby workstation, Isabella Moreno was already pulling up historical data.

"This isn't the first time," she murmured, eyes scanning through classified files. "The Rockies, particularly around Colorado, have seen similar incidents in '47, '67, '89, and 2008. The pattern suggests a systematic biological sampling program."

"Dimitri," Fox called out, "can you scan local communications? Police bands, emergency services?"

"Already on it," Dimitri replied, his accent thickening as he concentrated. "I've got multiple 911 calls coming in from Broomfield. Civilians reporting strange lights in the sky."



Mei Huang, who had been silently monitoring the situation, now spoke up. "Forward me the call recordings," she requested, slipping on her headphones.

As SERPENT's psychology and linguistics expert, she could extract valuable information from witness testimonies that others might miss.

Minutes later, Mei's expression grew grave.

"The psychological profiles of these callers suggest genuine alarm, not hoaxes. They're describing a circular craft with changing colors. More concerning—" she paused, listening intently to another recording, "—reports of missing animals. Several pets disappeared simultaneously, along with some local wildlife."

"Classic Krohndahkyr collection pattern," Fox confirmed grimly. "They're taking samples."

The cabin fell silent as Shadow Wing continued its course through the darkening sky. Below them, unbeknownst to the residents of Broomfield, Colorado, a silent visitor had already come and gone, leaving behind only bewildered witnesses and empty barns and kennels.

Chapter 2: Whispers and Warnings

"This isn't just another sighting, Overseer. This is a situation."

CIA Deputy Director Marshall's face on the secure video feed was tense as he addressed Julia Sharpe. The Overseer of SERPENT sat in her private office aboard Shadow Wing, her posture impeccable despite the late hour.

"We've got civilians with footage, Director. Clear imagery. It's already starting to spread in local circles," Marshall continued. "We need SERPENT to handle this before it gets out of control."

Julia nodded, her expression betraying nothing of her thoughts. "Understood. We're already in Colorado airspace. I'll assemble a team immediately."

As the call ended, there was a soft knock at her door. Cassandra Laurent entered, tablet in hand.

"My contacts at NATO are asking questions," Cassandra said without preamble.

"An astronomical observatory in France detected an object entering Earth's atmosphere last night. They're preparing to issue a statement about 'unusual meteorological phenomena.'"

"Can you delay them?"

"Forty-eight hours, perhaps. After that, the scientific community will start comparing notes."

Cassandra swiped through her tablet. "There's more. A senator from Colorado has scheduled a press tour in Broomfield for tomorrow. Something about local infrastructure projects."

Julia processed this new complication. "We'll need to isolate the source quickly. Where's James?"

"Already on the ground," Cassandra replied. "He infiltrated a local group of UFO enthusiasts two hours ago."

In a dimly lit basement on the outskirts of Broomfield, James Brown nursed a lukewarm beer while feigning interest in the excited chatter around him. He'd adopted the persona of a British tourist with an interest in the paranormal, and the local conspiracy theorists had welcomed him enthusiastically.

"I'm telling you," a man named Ray insisted, waving his phone, "my buddy took these pictures last night. No drones move like that! And his neighbor's prize-winning rabbits? All gone this morning. Cages intact, no signs of predators."

James leaned in, appearing fascinated. "Incredible. Has he shown these to anyone else?"

"He posted them on a forum," Ray said proudly. "With a full report. Time, date, everything."

James felt a spike of alarm but maintained his eager expression. "Brilliant! Which forum? I'd love to see the discussion."

As Ray began searching for the link, James discreetly sent a coded message to Shadow Wing:

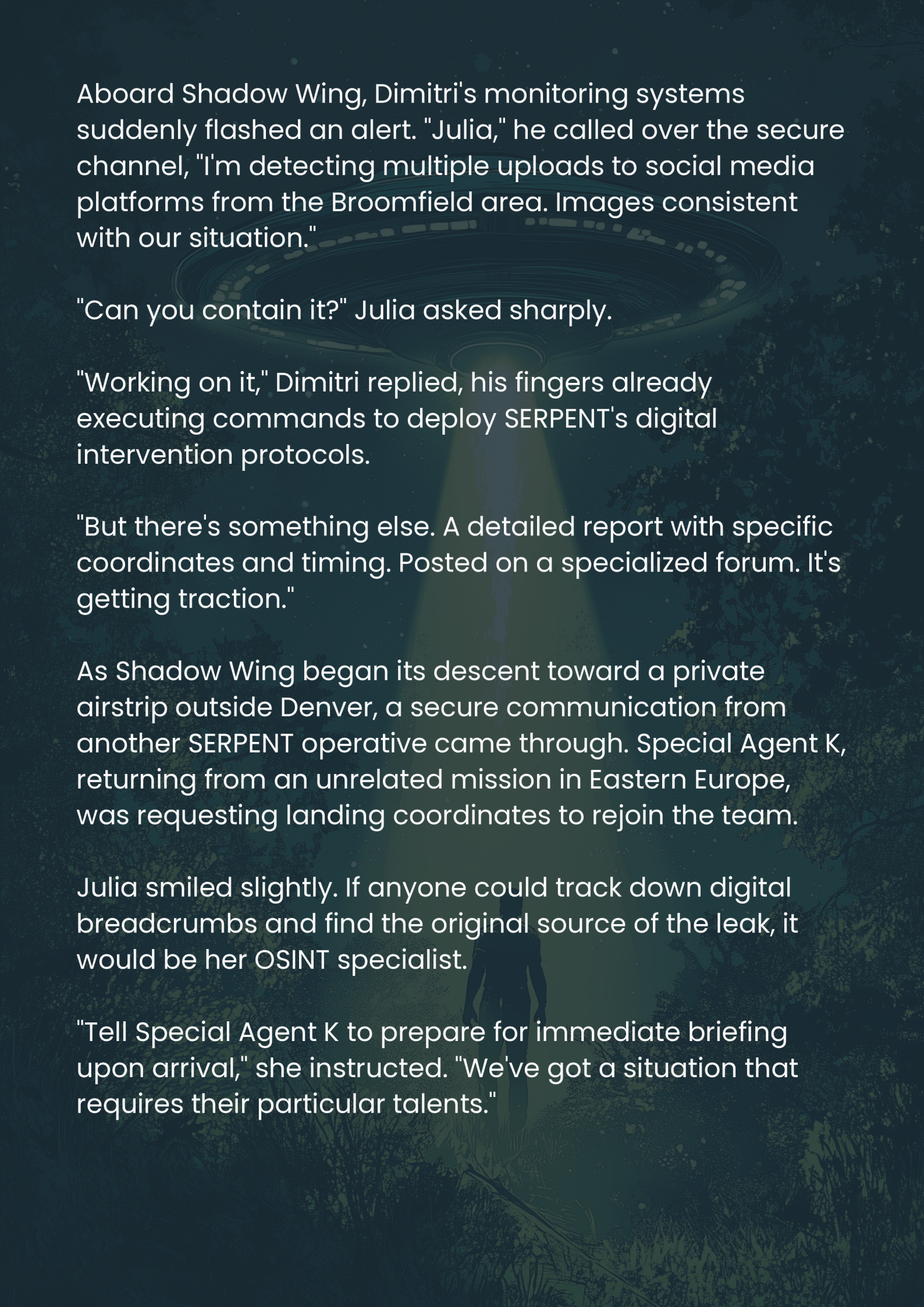
EVIDENCE ONLINE. SOURCE IDENTIFIED. CONTAINMENT COMPROMISED.

Meanwhile, in the forward section of the aircraft, Gabriel Adams was briefing his BTRU team.

"This is strictly reconnaissance and evidence collection," the team leader emphasized to Mikko, Amir, and Liam. "No tactical engagement expected, but be prepared for civilian interaction control if necessary."

"What about the animals?" Liam asked, his Australian accent distinct. "If they were taken, are we looking at recovery?"

Gabriel shook his head. "Beyond our scope. The Krohndahkyr craft is already out of Earth's atmosphere according to Fox's contact. Our job is containment of evidence and witness management."



Aboard Shadow Wing, Dimitri's monitoring systems suddenly flashed an alert. "Julia," he called over the secure channel, "I'm detecting multiple uploads to social media platforms from the Broomfield area. Images consistent with our situation."

"Can you contain it?" Julia asked sharply.

"Working on it," Dimitri replied, his fingers already executing commands to deploy SERPENT's digital intervention protocols.

"But there's something else. A detailed report with specific coordinates and timing. Posted on a specialized forum. It's getting traction."

As Shadow Wing began its descent toward a private airstrip outside Denver, a secure communication from another SERPENT operative came through. Special Agent K, returning from an unrelated mission in Eastern Europe, was requesting landing coordinates to rejoin the team.

Julia smiled slightly. If anyone could track down digital breadcrumbs and find the original source of the leak, it would be her OSINT specialist.

"Tell Special Agent K to prepare for immediate briefing upon arrival," she instructed. "We've got a situation that requires their particular talents."

Chapter 3: Convergence

The private airstrip outside Denver was shrouded in pre-dawn darkness as Shadow Wing touched down with barely a sound. Its modified engines, a product of both human and Volracs technology, allowed for near-silent operation when required.

Inside the aircraft's war room, the SERPENT team had assembled around the holographic command table, faces illuminated by the soft blue glow of data streams and satellite imagery.

"Alright, let's consolidate what we know," Julia said, standing at the head of the table. Her presence commanded the room despite her slender frame.

Mei stepped forward, bringing up several psychological profiles on the display. "I've analyzed the statements from twelve primary witnesses. Their accounts are remarkably consistent, suggesting genuine observation rather than mass hysteria or coordinated fabrication."

She highlighted specific testimony details. "The craft hovered approximately 200 feet above ground level for roughly ten minutes. Lights changing color from red to blue to green. No sound. Several witnesses reported feeling a 'strange pressure' or 'tingling' during the event."

Isabella picked up the thread, bringing up historical data.

"This matches previous Krohndahkyr collection patterns. They typically target regions with high biodiversity or unique biological specimens."

She displayed a map showing similar incidents across decades. "What's interesting is they're returning to the same general areas repeatedly, suggesting longitudinal study."

Fox cleared his throat. "According to Klumgongyn, this particular vessel belongs to what we might call their equivalent of graduate students. They're not official representatives, more like independent researchers taking shortcuts."

"So, alien poachers," Gabriel offered dryly.

"Something like that," Fox nodded. "The Volracs government is officially apologetic but privately frustrated. The Krohndahkyr have autonomous factions that don't always follow interplanetary protocols."

The door to the war room slid open, and James Brown entered, looking slightly disheveled from his undercover work but as sharply observant as ever.

"The conspiracy community is all over this," he reported, accepting a cup of coffee from Cassandra. "There's a core group of about twenty individuals actively sharing information. But the original report came from a single source—someone who compiled detailed observations, precise timing, and several clear photographs."

"And this source posted online?" Julia asked.

"That's the concerning part," James confirmed. "Full report, uploaded approximately twenty hours after the incident. It's comprehensive, methodical—almost scientific in its approach."

Dimitri swiveled in his chair to face the group. "I've been tracing the digital footprint. The post originated from a home IP address in Broomfield, but it's been shared across multiple platforms now. Containment is becoming problematic."

"The CIA wants every trace removed," Julia reminded them. "Director Marshall was explicit about that."

"The challenge is finding the original poster," Dimitri explained. "They used a username that doesn't match any of our known UFO enthusiasts in the region. Whoever documented this was thorough enough to create a detailed report but also savvy enough to maintain some digital anonymity."

The subtle hiss of the hydraulic door interrupted their discussion. Special Agent K entered the war room, still dressed in tactical gear from the previous mission but alert and focused.

Julia gestured to her office. "Perfect timing. Everyone, continue analysis. Special Agent K, with me."

The Overseer's office was a model of functional elegance. Unlike the technology-packed war room, it contained only essentials: a desk, secure communications equipment, and a small seating area. The walls were soundproofed and shielded against electronic surveillance.

"I apologize for the immediate reassignment," Julia said as they settled into the chairs. "But we have a situation that requires your specific expertise."

She activated a secure display, showing images of a circular craft with unusual lighting patterns hovering over what appeared to be a rural property.

"Two nights ago, April 2nd, approximately 22:00 hours local time. Broomfield, Colorado. A Krohndahkyr research vessel conducted unauthorized biological sampling. No human abductions, but several animals and plant specimens were taken."

Special Agent K studied the images with professional interest.

"The CIA has requested complete information control," Julia continued. "Unfortunately, someone has already documented the incident in detail and posted it online. We need to find the original source of this leak."

She brought up a partially redacted forum post containing a detailed report on her tablet, and slid it across the table to K...

Briefing

Greetings, Special Agent.

We have an urgent case on our hands for the US government. Our allies at the CIA need us to cover up an alien abduction. On the 2nd of April near Broomfield Colorado, a research craft from the Krohndahkyr took several animals and plants. Although no humans were taken this time, some residents have made photo's and possibly video of the incident.

It's imperative that we find the original source where this sighting was reported. The CIA wants a cleanup of all the material. So it's our job to go and find it for them. Your task is to find the original URL where the following report and photo were posted:

Occurred : 4/2/2023 22:00

(Entered as : 04/02/2023 10:00 PM)

Reported: 4/3/2023 8:25:51 PM 20:25

Posted: 4/9/2023

Location: Broomfield, CO

Shape: Circle

Duration: 10 minutes

Characteristics: There were lights on the object, The object changed color.

As always, Special Agent. The Contract is yours, if you choose to accept.

Materials

starting-image-alien-abduction.png

Answer Instruction

Use the answer to unlock the flagfile, this will reward you with your badge.

Full URL of the article

Example: <https://www.site.com/article.html>

Flagfile

Be advised, the flagfile is an encrypted ZIP. Make sure your OS supports the ZIP format. Ensure the password contains no hidden characters or formatting.

PS: Don't forget to claim your Coins and XP, by posting your card in the [#card-brag](#) channel in Discord.

<https://discord.hacktoria.com>

Write-Up

There is an attached file called a write-up, this will give you the answer in case you get stuck.

Acknowledgements

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