

## “I got to tell someone!”

by

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I got to tell someone! Every view, every value that I have - like the drone who flew in my face! It was so simple, so normal.

I was walking my Scottish Terrier. We'd done it a thousand times. And all of a sudden I hear a sound that I never heard before. It was like a buzzing of a bee. This wasn't any bee I ever heard. It sounded like the ominous tone of a dentist's drill. Finally I saw! It moved from high down to tree level and shot over towards me like a bullet! I was overwhelmed. I didn't know what it was, and I didn't know what to do! Should I run, hide? I needed to take some action, I knew that much, but what?

My Scotty who never barks let out one of his rare, *you better do something* sounds. All of a sudden, it swooped right into my face. I instinctively dove to the ground. I pulled quickly the dog towards me, and at the same time grabbed the body of this beast as it buzzed over my head! I have no idea how I did that but one thing is sure it was quick. I could feel it struggling in my hand, buzzing and trying to get free. It pulled, it lurched and from one moment to the next it just stopped!

I had clearly been under attack, but by whom? Why? Was it an accident? Had I done something to someone? My first impulse was to destroy this thing. But then I thought; maybe I should call the police? After all I had successfully thwarted an attack. Maybe they could examine this thing and answered all the questions that floating in my head.

By this time I figured out that it was one of those drones you know, the ones they talk about on television. Maybe the police could track down its operator and arrest him/her!

And then what if some official organization was operating this drone? What if I was under surveillance and had successfully, by accident of course, captured that device which was observing me? Whatever and whoever was operating this drone, it clearly wasn't cheap. This thing cost money and somebody would want it back. And as they literally saw the last moments of its operational life, they basically knew where to find me or at least to begin to start looking.

What had I done that was so important that I'd be tracked by a drone? How long is this been going on and moreover, what did it all mean? How should I prepare for what lay in front of me?

I cut short our morning stroll and headed directly home with the drone under one arm and pulling the dog on the leash as we entered our house. I didn't know what would be next, but I was sure that there would be a next. It would only be a matter of time until there would be a knock on the door and the human confrontation would begin.

I went upstairs and removed my 380 Beretta from the bedside stand, checked the clip to make sure it was armed and ready. I shoved it under the back of my shirt feeling a little less naked as I went downstairs. It was like waiting for an important call and staring at the phone that just didn't ring.

What the hell is this all about? I need to let somebody know but, who? What should I say? How could I explain this event? It

literally came out of nowhere and toss my predictable life into a unexpected and confused panic.

The early afternoon began with a knock on the door. With some trepidation and the false security of knowing I was armed, I opened the door. What seemed like a long time, it probably really wasn't, we stared at each other. "I guess you're here about the drone," I said awkwardly. "Come in." Hearing the tone of my own voice it sounded stern like an angry but controlled father.

The drone was in the other room on my desk, I made no effort to retrieve it. "Well I guess you got something to tell me and I've got some things to tell you." I begin to notice that my panic was being replaced by a kind of professorial sternness.

The woman, who accompanied the young teenage boy, was somewhere in her 40's. She was reasonably attractive and showed the noble but futile effort in her struggles against time. She was casually dressed wearing something that looked like it could've been "on sale" at one of the nicer stores in the local strip mall. She had the feeling of "polite tightness" about her.

The boy on the other hand, look like anyone of a dozen kids that I passed by. His sweatshirt, cut off at the sleeves, had that picture that everyone knows of Albert Einstein. I remember thinking to myself, "This kid ain't no Einstein!"

This time I was at the controls, and I wasn't about to hand them over to either of them. I began slowly, "I'm not sure but I wonder how many laws you broke with that expensive toy of yours?"

“Look Sir, I’m sorry!” the cracking adolescent voice said, as I gave him one of my more unsympathetic looks.

I said: “This thing shot out of the sky like some sort of a predator about to kill me. It scared the crap out of me! More than that it rocked the foundations of my beliefs. Let me tell you about that.

Just like you, and everybody else, I’m bombarded daily with people telling me how dangerous it is to be alive in this time in history.

Radical Islamic terrorists, crazed lunatics, harboring a grudge wrapped in some paranoid fantasy, screaming into a television camera about what must or must not happen, is shoved in my face in the morning as I eat my breakfast. I get another dose at night looking at the news of the day, just in case I didn’t get it in the morning.

Your drone attack on me and my dog got me thinking. Anybody with money to spent, can buy one of these things. As far as I know there’s no screening or requirements to purchase one.”

The boy fidgeted somewhat in the chair as his mother set rigid but politely listening to my diatribe. This was my turn and I was going to take full advantage of it, of this there was no doubt!

”Can you imagine how our world would be, if a lot of people thought it was a good idea, to fill the skies with these elevated televised eyes? Looking, seeing, and probing everything around them? Local authorities, law-enforcement agencies and later the federal government would demand ‘eyes and the skies.’”

“Look Sir, I didn’t mean to hurt or disturb or cause you any trouble.” His genuine deference and tone took some of the air out of me.

“You see, my mom was calling me in for breakfast, telling me I had to get ready for school. I turned back to tell her I was coming. My eyes and fingers where off the controls for a second. I turned to answer her, my plane dove down towards the ground and I guess almost hit you - I’m sorry.”

I didn’t say it out loud. But I thought: What about all my hours walking around the house? Get the gun in case I needed to defend myself, my home and family? And then the paranoid self-searching questioning of my past actions, and thoughts about possible enemies I may have developed with my outspoken way of living?

Surely there will be more of these “incidents”. It’s only a matter of time until some “nut” does some stupid thing resulting in death or injury to someone. A new thing to start worry about, as I venture outside to walk my dog?”

I was daydreaming and they noticed it as I popped back from my fantasy. I found them both staring at me as I tried to build a bridge between my departure at my arrival back into the conversation.

“I just want my 3DR IRIS+ back mister. I’m sorry. Are you going to give it back to me?” the boy said.

This near death experience had underscored the reality and uncomfortable truth about living in this period of time. Safety and security are an illusion.

I could only guarantee or increase this illusion by avoiding newspapers, radio, television, my all-knowing computer, and of course, friends who wanted to talk about current events and social issues.

In the finest sensitive of the word that “Mechanical Bee” that inadvertently attacked me, as a result of a mother looking out for her child needs, tossed me into an existential crisis.

It was filled with soul-searching, anxiety provoking reflections about myself, my life, my government, the state of our world, my destiny, my rights and responsibilities that I have as a human being!

This boy gave me a gift. *Live life now! Take nothing for granted!*  
I decided to give him his drone back right now!

Wow! I thought to myself as I heard my wife’s gentle voice saying, “Wake up, you’ve got to take your daughters to school. You do that, and I’ll walk Trooper. It’s really a peaceful beautiful morning. I hope you slept well.”

