

The Last Signal

The storm had been raging for six hours when Dr. Leila Nasser first picked up the signal. She was alone in the research station at the edge of the Arctic Circle, surrounded by nothing but ice, wind, and a wall of monitors glowing pale blue in the dark.

The signal was faint — a rhythmic pulse buried beneath layers of electromagnetic noise. Leila leaned forward, her coffee going cold beside her. She adjusted the frequency dial with careful fingers. The pulse sharpened. Her breath caught.

It was not natural. It was structured, intentional, repeating every forty-seven seconds with mathematical precision. Leila had spent fifteen years searching for exactly this kind of pattern. She pressed the record button with a trembling hand.

"Station Bravo, this is Dr. Nasser," she spoke into the satellite radio. "I need you to confirm what I'm receiving on frequency 1420 megahertz. Right now." Static. The storm had knocked out her relay dish. She was completely cut off.

She made the decision alone. Working through the night, Leila mapped the signal's origin using triangulation software she had written herself years before. The coordinates pointed not to the sky — but to three kilometers below the Arctic ice sheet.

By morning, the storm had died. Leila suited up in her thermal gear and loaded a portable sonar drill onto the sled. The temperature outside was minus thirty-four degrees. She drove out across the frozen plain, the coordinates locked in her GPS.

Two hours of drilling revealed a chamber — perfectly spherical, approximately eight meters across, with smooth walls that reflected light like polished obsidian. In the center floated a small metallic object, no larger than a basketball, rotating slowly. It pulsed with pale golden light every forty-seven seconds.

Leila did not touch it. She photographed every angle, recorded hours of video, and collected ice samples from around the chamber walls. Then she climbed back to the surface, drove back to the station, and transmitted everything she had — six hours of compressed data — on every frequency available.

Then she sat back in her chair, poured herself a fresh cup of coffee, and waited. Whatever this was, it had been down there for a very long time. It could wait a little longer for the rest of the world to catch up. She was just glad she had been the one listening.

Q1: Dr. Nasser was working with a team of colleagues when she detected the signal. ()

Q2: The signal repeated exactly every forty-seven seconds. ()

Q3: Leila successfully contacted Station Bravo via satellite radio.()

Q4: The signal's origin was traced to a location beneath the Arctic ice sheet. ()

Q5: Leila had written the triangulation software herself. ()

Q6: The discovered chamber was cube-shaped with rough, rocky walls.()

**Q7: The metallic object inside the chamber was the size of a car.
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Q8: Leila touched and retrieved the metallic object to take back to the station.()

Q9: Leila had been searching for this type of signal pattern for fifteen years. ()

Q10: After transmitting her data, Leila panicked and called for immediate evacuation. ()