

Watch the Sky

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Watch the Sky

by [TMar](#)

Summary

Sam must make sure the Newcomers (Tenctonese) land on Earth.

Notes

This was written for the personal, private amusement of the author. I never even intended to post it, but what the hell.

Sam found himself sitting at a very sophisticated console with lots of buttons, screens and lights. He frowned at it, but inwardly he was relieved that this time he hadn't leapt into a gunfight or any of the other unusual situations he'd previously found himself in.

He squinted at the console for a while before it finally began to make sense. It was a console linked to an orbital telescope by the looks of things, and it was doing routine scans of the stars, and measuring the sky. Sam wondered why it needed to be manned if it was automated, as it appeared to be; then he decided that he was probably there to oversee more than one console...

He looked around; this seemed to be borne out by the fact that there were many computers and screens in the room, but he was the only person there. He looked at the console again, but didn't see anything out of the ordinary, so he got up and took a look at each of the other consoles in turn. None of them seemed to be showing anything out of the ordinary either, so, shrugging, Sam sat back down.

"Sam!" Sam started, looking around for his holographic partner. "Al! Do you have to keep doing that?"

Al smiled. "You know, Sam, at first I did it because I couldn't knock, but now I think I'm starting to enjoy it."

"You would. Why am I here?"

"Ziggy says there's a very faint trace of something approaching Earth's position."

"A comet?"

Al shook his head. "Not a comet. Ziggy just accessed all the information from this telescope, and she says that it's an alien ship."

"Why didn't anyone notice it before now? I mean, before Ziggy?" Sam looked a trifle confused as he tried not to mix his tenses. Not that such a thing mattered when one was dealing with time travel, of course.

"Ziggy says no one paid much attention last time. Apparently this astronomy student you've leaped into thought it was a glitch and didn't say anything, and no one picked up on it."

"Oh come on, Al. No one noticed? They must have looked at the data!"

"Do you have any idea how much data places like this receive from these orbital telescopes? Little spots on star maps could be a printing error or something."

Sam shook his head. "I don't believe that."

"Yeah, well..." Then something struck the observer. "Maybe they only noticed it after the ship was gone."

"If it's a ship," replied Sam.

Al ignored that comment to fiddle with the hand link. "Ziggy says you have to get permission to send a transmission directly to it."

"If it's a ship," Sam said again, sarcastically. This time Al couldn't let it pass. "What do you mean, if? You saw a UFO, heck, even I saw it! They exist, Sam!"

"Yes, they exist. I'm just saying I'm not sure if this is one of them."

"Well unless you tell somebody, you'll never find out." He opened the door of the Imaging Chamber. "I'm gonna go back and see if Ziggy has any more information. Call someone up and tell 'em."

"Who?"

"Just dial 5 on the phone and say you have an unaccountable blip on monitor two." The door closed, and Sam did as requested.

The next few hours were a flurry of activity as everyone appeared and made calculations. This time, they were definitely sure that something was out there. "This is a Code Three clearance," said Adams, the head of the observatory. "No information leaves this room, do you people understand?" He looked hard at Sam. "You can't tell anyone."

Sam nodded, feeling numb.

"Davis, you plot the data as it comes off the computer, okay? Check EVERYTHING."

It wasn't until Adams said, "Davis?" that Sam realised the man was talking to him. "Uh... yeah. Okay."

"We've gotta get someone to give us the go-ahead to signal that ship."

"If it's a ship," said Sam, then wished he hadn't, as everyone turned on him, looking angry. "Uh... I'm just saying we should keep an open mind."

"Of course," said Adams, going out to call the higher-ups.

Sam plotted all the figures that the computer gave him, and was into his third hour of doing it when Al arrived. "Sam, why are you still doing this? You should have sent a message hours ago!"

Sam looked around, but no one was paying him any attention. "I can't, Al," he whispered. "No one has given permission."

"You can't wait. That ship will pass us by in four hours unless they know we're here."

"What are you talking about?" asked Sam.

Patiently, Al began to explain. "Ziggy has accessed all the information you people have collected. She says that ship is in trouble, and if they can't land on Earth, whatever things are on that ship will die."

"So we must let them know we're here..." mused Sam.

"Yes! Exactly."

"I'm here to save those... aliens... whatever, then?"

"By sending a message that tells them there's a habitable planet to land on."

Sam decided not to rain on Al's parade by saying that if there WERE aliens on the ship, there was no guarantee that they'd be compatible with Earth's environment. He knew, too, what the mathematical probabilities were for the evolution of life in the universe... he'd always believed there WAS life out there, but he still wasn't sure that anyone on Earth would want to have to face aliens, or even contact them. Believing that humanity was alone in the cosmic sea was much easier for some people to handle. "I dunno, Al," he finally said. "It doesn't seem like something anyone would authorise."

"If they don't, you'll have to do it."

"Me? Al, I can't do that!" Sam got up in protest just as Adams came back in. "Well?" asked everyone almost in unison.

Adams shook his head. "Everyone wants to contact the ship, but no one, not even the President, will give the go-ahead to do it. They're scared."

"They should be," said someone else.

Sam stepped forward. "Come on, this isn't a bad science fiction movie, you know. This is IT. We have to send a message."

"Do you know what could happen if these things turn out to be hostile? We will get the blame for bringing them here."

"This isn't 'Invaders from Mars', for goodness' sake!" yelled Sam.
"We have to do it."

"I agree," said Adams finally. "But we have to do it so that we can deny it later if we have to."

"How?"

"I know," Sam said suddenly. "We don't send a message as such. All we do is move one of the broadcast satellites a degree or two so that the ship picks up the transmissions."

"And people in Australia lose their satellite feed."

"Well, hey, we were trying to reach the telescope and messed up a bit," said Sam.

"No one will believe that," said one technician.

"What if that ship gets 'Friday the 13th' or 'Star Trek' reruns?" asked another, and both Sam and Adams smiled. Then the man turned around.
"Let's do it. We only get one shot. Davis..."

"Yeah?"

"You punch in the coordinates. Ten seconds, that's all."

"I'm sure it'll be enough," responded Sam, doing as instructed.
"Okay, here we go. Ten... nine... eight... seven... six... five..." When Sam got to three, the hand link began to make very loud noises, and Al whacked it. "Sam, you did it! Now, the ship crash lands in the Mojave Desert and a quarter of a million aliens become American citizens!"

"What?" asked Sam.

"Yeah. And the women are really... sexy!" added Al, but Sam wasn't listening, because he leaped.

THE END

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