

[\(Japanese Version\)](#)

[\(Arabic Version\)](#)

July, 2022

## **East of Nakba (30)**

### **Part I. Israel bombs a nuclear plant in Iran**

#### **Chapter 30. Virtual control: The second aircraft that disappeared in the desert (3)**



The visibility slightly improved when the "Mafia" approached almost on the ground. However, what stood in front of him was only a large wavy sand wall.

<Is the approach altitude too low? >

He pulled his control stick instantly and tried to make his jet to upward. As soon as the wheels of jet touched the ground, he attempted a "touch-and-go" to take off again. He used to touch-and-go flight in training.

But the soft sand of the desert was completely different from the hard concrete runway. At that moment, "Mafia" became unconsciousness. When the fighter scratched the sand, it sank into the dunes. The wing, body and tails fell apart in instantly. The body containing the pilot was swallowed into the sand.

The sandstorm continued to blow violently. The sand struck the windshield of jet. It began to pile up little by little. The "Star of David" drawn on the body was gradually buried in the sand. The pilot in the cockpit eventually disappeared into the sand.

A few hours later, when the sandstorm stopped, the desert regained its face as if nothing had happened. Dunes were appeared around the ruins of the jet. No one could identify the exact location of the jet anymore. This was the nature of Ar Rub al Khari which has been repeated for tens of thousands of years. Beneath the dunes, bones of camels, sheep and even Bedouin that never returned alive from the desert should be buried here and there. Would Israeli planes and its pilot continue to sleep in the desert without being discovered by anyone? "Ar Rub al Khari" has been an empty quarter since ancient times.

A dot disappeared from the radar screen of the dim operation room at Ar Udeid Air Force Base. The first job of a veteran controller was over. He switched the radio to a new frequency in preparation for the next job and looked at the radar again. He waited for new dot to emerge from the corners of the

screen. He was told that the new dot would appear on the screen within minutes. But it never appeared.

Suddenly his boss rushed into the room and shouted out.

"The operation has been cancelled."

The controller turned his swivel chair and looked at him. His boss remained silent when the controller asked why. The controller turned off his radio according to the instruction of his boss. He stood up and went out the operation room.

He talked to himself opening the door.

<It's my first experience to guide a fighter landing on a runway that doesn't exist. Virtual control has never done since I was trained with a simulator as a rookie.>

<It's best to do my job in the high control tower beside the runway. Looking at the wide scenery around there, I control the takeoff and landing of fighters. I feel as if I dominate the small world>

He felt unsatisfied and unconvinced. Then, he heard young soldiers' talk.

"Did you see a tremendous flash in the eastern sky just few minutes ago? What is that?"

"I saw it too. It was like another sun was born."

The controller looked at the sky through the window in the corridor. But he saw only one glaring sun in cloudless blue sky as usual. It was an ordinary scenery.

(cont'd)

Areha Kazuya

(From an ordinary citizen in the cloud)

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