

# VALE DO SILÊNCIO

—  
The Enigma of the Lake



EDUARDO BEGA

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Vale do Silêncio is not a story about aliens or UFOs as one usually imagines. Of course, it was also motivated by the traditional questions that we all ask during our lives like: Where did we come from? Why are we here? Are we the only life forms in this Universe?

But the comparisons with the other works on the subject stop there. Here, you will find a light read, where the scares are due to the atmosphere of adventure, because of the fun.

The pace of events makes us stay anxious and caught up in the reading. Each reader, will certainly, will want to write the next pages or rewrite, with their own theories what comes next.

Lights, colors, sounds seem to come out of the pages, creating a small film.

The author is a storyteller, who preserves the inventiveness of his inner child, at the same time that he is a citizen of the Universe, who always imagined a world without borders, the Cosmos without borders! An adult who hasn't forgotten the charm of everything that comes after the "once upon a time"...

Have fun!

Fernanda Bega

To my wife, Fernanda Bega— I love you!

To my children and grandchildren.

And, of course, to my kitten, who patiently stayed by my side, watching me write.

## **Acknowledgements:**

To my wife, Fernanda, who never stopped listening to me talk about this book — not even for a second — until it was finished.

To all the nonsense I've heard throughout my life about aliens — and to the friends who listened to mine. In the end, it all became a book.

In memory of my brother, Claudio, who loved the subject. The peanuts and beer would run out long before the conversations did.

Thank you very much.

**Sit down. Make yourselves comfortable. Breathe  
deeply.**

The story is about to begin. Everything that exists... begins like  
this: **a blank page.**

# VALE DO SILÊNCIO



## The Enigma of the Lake

# Chapter 1

## The Whisper of the Lake

It was one of those sharp, chilly fall afternoons in Vale do Silêncio — classic October vibes. But what really gave Tony Campana the chills weren't the winds. It was the whispers. As he walked down the tree-lined path between the mechanics lab and the university's main gate, he noticed students and professors huddled in little groups, all glued to their phones. Something had totally messed with the town's usual quiet vibe.

Tony slowed down, trying to catch what people were saying. More groups up ahead. More whispering. Then he spotted Jorge, one of his students, and walked over.

— ...a bluish light, like pulsing. This time it wasn't just in the sky. It was in the lake... — a girl in a purple hoodie whispered, eyes wide, showing her phone.

— It made this insane noise, like a buzzing that legit hurt your ears — said another guy, voice tight.

Tony kept walking, brow furrowed. *Buzzing?* That poked at a weird memory. Ten years ago, Raymond's disappearance had been linked to the sound of giant bees. Coincidence? Or was the town's folklore making a comeback?

Up ahead, under a tree, Sarah Lence was staring at the sky. Her slim-frame bike rested against her hip, fingers tapping the handlebars. The university lab coat flapped in the wind, showing a running tee underneath. Three students were pointing toward the lake.



— Sarah! — Tony rushed over, voice full of urgency.

— The lake's a stage again. Did you see the videos? It wasn't just lights. Stuff dove into the water like it opened up underneath them... You remember Raymond?

She turned slowly, irritation written all over her face.

— Yeah, Tony. I remember.

Sarah shook her head, already knowing where this was headed. She gave a dry wave goodbye, but Tony grabbed her arm. She pulled away. He didn't give up.

— Sarah, what's going on?

— What do you think, Tony? That aliens snatched Raymond and now they're dropping him back off? His blog... what's it called again? Oh right — **Earth Manual!** He posts almost every week, talks about aliens, weird places. He disappeared from here because if he showed up, his blog would lose the mystery, the magic. Raymond's pure urban legend. People tied his disappearance to that story about someone seeing someone get abducted. Except for Raymond — who "vanished" for obvious reasons — no one else disappeared. Tony, it was a time of collective hysteria. Nothing was ever proven.

Tony stepped back, deep in thought.

Sarah's bike picked up speed, leaving Tony standing there, full of doubts and with the cold wind slicing his face.

She pedaled hard, cutting through the city streets. She was anxious to talk to her dad.

She got home. The side door unlocked as it recognized her presence. The house was big, quiet. She dropped the bike at the entrance and hurried along the tiled path that ran down the side of the building. Júlia, her dad's secretary, was already waiting in the meeting room's antechamber.

— Your dad's in a meeting — she said with a professional smile, though her eyes gave away the tension.

— Relax. They showed up around 4 p.m. and they're still talking.

— They're back, aren't they? — Sarah's voice sliced through the silence, echoing down the empty hallway.

Before Júlia could answer, the door opened. Victor Lence stepped out, his face lit by the bluish glow of a spherical object resting on a base in the meeting room. Three men in suits stood just behind her father, nodding politely.

— Sarah, come in — he said, voice calm, but his eyes dodged hers. — Meet our... partners.

The room still smelled like strong coffee. In the center, a large oval table surrounded by plush fabric chairs. On the wall behind it, a surreal landscape: jagged mountains under a sky with two moons. One looked way too close. Five big 43-inch screens were mounted on the wall, cycling through live feeds — the inner courtyard, interior rooms, and the bottom of the lake. A collapsed transport rail and a tipped-over dumpster lay underwater. A few fish drifted by. The footage looked disturbingly real.

Sarah was introduced to the men. Ralph, laid-back, greeted her first. Then Carlos and Kevin. All of them smiled, wrapping up the meeting with rehearsed formality before heading out.

— Do you need anything else, sir? — Júlia asked, already backing away.

— No, Júlia. We're good. You can go.

Sarah stepped closer to the table, her phone trembling in her hand.

— Dad, the lake's blowing up online! — She dropped the phone onto the table. A video was playing: three glowing blue spheres diving into the Lake of Silence without making a single splash, leaving behind luminous trails that faded like smoke.

Victor watched, lips curling into a half-smile.

— Pretty cool. Impressive tech, huh?

— Dad. Everyone saw it. They weren't exactly subtle!

Victor's eyes darkened.

— Nothing happened. Just lights going into the lake. And it won't happen again. At least not until they leave. But that... might take a while.

The window behind him rattled with the growl of engines. The black Mercedes sedans carrying the “partners” rolled out through the gate, flanked by security and staff. Ralph gave Sarah one last wave.

— See you soon, Sarah.

The gate slammed shut with a metallic thud.

Victor placed a hand on his daughter's shoulder.

— Trust me. They're our friends...

Sarah swallowed her anger.

Outside, along the edges of the **Lake of Silence**, the still waters began to bubble — softly, but unmistakably.

# Chapter 2

## The Reporter and the Lake

*Vale do Silêncio — 9:30 p.m.,*

*night of the sighting*

Vicente Martins, veteran reporter for the prestigious Alvorada TV, had covered it all — bloody robberies, catastrophic fires, crimes that left entire cities on edge. But that night, staring at an empty whiskey bottle in his apartment, he felt like a walking joke.

A brutal mistake during the University Olympics coverage — mixing up the mayor’s name twice on live TV — had buried his career. And now, at 9:30 p.m., his phone buzzed with the final nail in the coffin: a dry voice message from his boss, Geraldo Antunes.

— Get dressed, Vicente. The van’s coming to pick you up. You’re covering the sightings in Vale do Silêncio.

Geraldo’s voice was a cocktail of disdain and irritation. *Sightings*. Code for “journalistic garbage.” Vicente swallowed his pride and called back.

— Nine-thirty at night, Geraldo! Nine-thirty!

— I want you in Vale do Silêncio before sunrise. And don't ask why I still put up with you.

The click of the call ending hit like a gunshot.

*Vale do Silêncio — 8:15 a.m.*  
*22 hours after the sighting*

The Alvorada TV van pulled into the town square, the station's logo plastered on the side. Vicente stepped out stiffly, while the tech crew set up the cameras with the speed of seasoned circus performers.

Across the street, the bakery *Oficina do Pão* was pumping out the smell of fresh coffee, pulling the crew in like moths to a flame. A rookie production assistant, cap turned backwards, was eyeing the produce shop next door.



A local struck up a chat with the shop's helper.

Serginho — tall, skinny, and a local legend — was known for stories as wild as his reputation for nearly drowning in twelve inches of water. That morning, while stacking oranges like a pro, he was already the center of attention.

— So, Serginho, what's up? You were at the lake yesterday? See the UFOs?

Serginho adjusted his cap, eyes gleaming like he was guarding a state secret.

— I did. They came down near me. Like ten ships. I even saw people inside one. They dove into the lake and vanished.

The assistant's eyes went wide. Vicente, just arriving, headed into the bakery to meet the crew. The kid told him what he'd just heard.

Vicente groaned.

— This is a joke. Total nonsense.

Still, he asked to interview the produce guy.

*Recording — 8:30 a.m.*

Vicente took a deep breath. The mic felt like lead in his

hand. The producer gave the signal, and the camera blinked red. There he was — standing at the edge of journalistic rock bottom.

— We're here in Vale do Silêncio, where UFO sightings have resurfaced after a decade. Could the interstellar visitors be back?

Cut to Serginho. Vicente held the mic toward him.

— Of course they're back. I saw them. Tons of ships. I was swimming in the lake — he said, ignoring the 60°F chill that morning. — They came down fast near the shore, then dove into the lake and vanished.

Serginho kept going, fired up.

— They saw me too. I dove in to follow them. Must've gone like three hundred feet deep. Down there I saw these structures — glowing rails, and a building with glass windows. Next to it, an opening where the ships entered. Like an underwater space station!

Vicente took another breath. His jaw clenched, fingers gripping the mic like a vice. *This is insane*. He cut the recording with a sharp gesture.

— Enough! — he snapped, yanking the assistant by the arm. — You guys trying to bury me for good?

Frustrated and fed up, Vicente stormed back to the van. Still, the production team — at Boss Geraldo's request — sent the segment out.

Vicente, still boiling, called Geraldo.

— Geraldo, this town's full of lunatics. You dropped me in a madhouse!

— Not my problem, Vicente. Do your job.

— You seriously want to air this madness??

The reply came cold as steel:

— So what?

— Patch in the production team — he added.

Vicente turned to the crew.

— Crazy or not, you've got twenty minutes to edit.

The call dropped.

As the team scattered, Vicente stood there for a moment, looking around, dazed. Leaves swirled in the wind. *Sixteen degrees*, he thought. *Who the hell swims in that? The guy said he dove a hundred meters?? ...ugh.*

*10:15 a.m. — Live Broadcast*

Serginho's interview aired. The crew edited fast, and right after Vicente's intro, the viral video rolled. TVs in bakeries, shops, and everywhere else showed the sighting coverage. Center stage: the legendary Serginho, now spreading his wild tales nationwide.

Vicente stayed in the van, refusing to watch. He wandered through the square, restless. He was already plotting payback — but carefully. *Can't mess up again.*

He pulled out his phone. Opened the browser. Tap tap tap. Typed: *Vale do Silêncio sighting.*

Right below, the viral clips. Three bright blue lights diving into the lake. That part of the video lasted just 3.2 seconds — enough to see them slip into the water without a single splash.

Vicente replayed the scene over and over, not sure what he was seeing.

Another video was making the rounds, less detailed. He found the account that posted the original: **@Ssouza\_Benja**. Private profile.

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**“We have never been alone.”** If this phrase resonated with you, send it by message to the author — **ebega99@gmail.com** —

I want to know how far you've come.

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Vicente sent a DM:

*Hey, Souza\_Benja. Hope you're well. I'm Vicente from Alvorada TV. Would love to talk about the lake sighting. Looking forward to hearing from you.*

Back in the van, Vicente was calmer. Focused. The team was already planning the next steps — without him. They all thought Vicente had crashed and burned after his on-camera meltdown.

They were wrong.

Geraldo loved the segment. They cut the freak-out part. The result? Massive success. High ratings. Ad revenue through the roof.

Now it was time to keep the story going.

More madness?

Geraldo didn't care. He just wanted people talking.

*Vale do Silêncio University — 12:15 p.m.*



Sarah Lence walked into the cafeteria, still deep in thought about everything that had happened — but alert. Moments later, Tony Campana rushed in, nearly tripping over chairs to reach her. No need for permission. They'd been close for years — even before college. They'd flirted once, but it didn't work out. Sarah was way too independent, and her work always came first. Still, the friendship held strong.


# VALE DO SILÊNCIO

## The Enigma of the Lake


Three blue lights dive into a lake without making a sound. The city collapses. A professor, a scientist, and a reporter discover that the mystery runs deeper than it seems. And what if the lake is not just a lake?

Did you enjoy the sample? The story is only beginning.

Unravel the enigma of the Lake of Silence and plunge into a plot that challenges the limits of science, courage, and the unknown — a journey capable of radically transforming your perception of the universe around us.

 Get the physical book: [Available now on Amazon]

<https://www.amazon.com/Vale-do-Silencio-Lake-Enigma/dp/B0FP98ZQ1V/>

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Vale do Silêncio – The Enigma of the Lake. A story that will echo long after the last page.

# VALE DO SILÊNCIO - The Enigma of the Lake



A deep lake. A restless town. And a silence screaming for answers. When three glowing blue lights dive into the Lake of Silence without making a single splash, the quiet town in Minas Gerais flips.

Suddenly, local legends become trending topics. Folklore starts feeling... real.

Tony Campana — a professor way too curious for his own good — and Sarah Lence — a scientist who'd rather ignore what she can't explain — get pulled into a mystery involving old disappearances, impossible videos, and visitors who might've never left.

Meanwhile, Vicente Martins, a washed-up reporter, gets sent to cover the “alien circus” — and ends up finding a story way bigger than he expected. Or than he's ready to believe.

Between bizarre interviews, buried secrets, and a town that turns the unexplainable into spectacle, one question echoes from the depths:

What if the lake isn't just a lake?

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