

Simon gazed out at the shadowy object floating above the city. It was very big, just like one of his bright red fire trucks, but a much darker shade. It just stood there in the sky, staring down at the buildings below. Simon smiled and turned, hopping down from the window sill. He ran across his bedroom and grabbed hold of the closet door handle. Rummaging through his toys, he found the G.I. Joe binoculars and whisked back over to the window.

Peering through the eyeholes, The thing in the sky was still dark, but he could make out some ridges and some very dim lights. Simon scratched his nose and flipped through the pages of the picture book he had laid out earlier. Images of funny looking green men stared back at him. “But, flying sossers are not reel.” Simon stated plainly. Turning back toward the window, he smiled again. Looking down, he noticed that the street below the window was bustling with activity. There were hundreds of people out of their houses gazing into the night sky, some fidgeting, glancing around furtively. The images of the aliens in his book swept through his head. He knew this was something important. Simon wanted to get closer to the thing in the sky, to touch it. He knew that there was a way to get up to the roof of his parents apartment building, and headed out toward the stairwell.

“Sir, it hasn’t moved in over an hour.”

“I’m well aware of that, Captain. We can all see it” Alfred stated with an irritated tone.

General Alfred Marcus scribbled a note on an official looking sheet of paper attached to a nearby clipboard. The phone rang. He stopped writing and reached over, picking up the receiver.

“General Marcus here... Yes... Yes... No sir, we don’t believe action is necessary at this juncture. We have not determined the vessel to be hostile as of yet. Yes sir, I will keep General Bryant updated.”

Hanging up the phone, he looked over at a nearby terminal. The readout displayed several measurements, various pieces of tactical data and a series of pictures of the object being piped in from several different locations in the city. Alfred sighed, shaking his head and peering around the command center. Soldiers darted from station to station. Lights flashed on communication terminals and the intercom beeped every few minutes with a new update code. “What can we really do with something we know jack squat about?” muttered the General. “After the fact, any hope for a cover up is ridiculous considering how many damned people are looking at this thing.” Flopping down into his chair and glancing to his right, he noted another terminal which simply read “Bay 1, armed. Bay 2, armed.”

“Opening fire above a heavily populated civilian locale...” whispered Alfred. There were alternatives to deployment though all attempts at communication had been unresponsive. Regardless, he would stand his post and observe, at least for now. No action was to be taken without Executive order, but what needed to be done, needed to be done.

“Jurith, I don’t want to wait any longer.” Neira waved her hand sullenly over the pulsating blue orb. Different images popped up in front of her on an unseen surface. A comedic gentleman in a show called “The Fresh Prince of Bel Air” caught her attention. They had been hanging out in this atmosphere for over an hour now.

Jurith edged the repair laser a bit further into the console. A resounding pop echoed through the cabin.

“Damn it Jurith, you’re just going to make it worse!” Neira shouted. She kicked off the console and swiveled her chair around as it hovered over to the navigation controls. Hopping out the chair, she leaned over the console and peered at Jurith, her bright red hair dangling in her face, tickling her cheeks.

“Just one more adjustment, Neira, be patient.” After tweaking a wire and re-seating a circuit board, the console sprung to life.

“I knew you could do it, the whole time” Neira mocked. With a scolding glance, Jurith hopped up and sat down in the control chair. The display on the console showed a high concentration of radio signals directed at their ship.

“Ha, I guess they noticed.” Jurith admitted.

“They wouldn’t have if you hadn’t entered atmo.”

Ignoring the quip, Jurith placed his fingers on the violet platform and moved his hand forward. The vehicle shuddered and lurched. The heads up display showed streaks of light, yellow, red, blue, as they burst forward out of Earth’s atmosphere, homeward bound.