

ALIEN INVASION

It was 3pm. I sat at the window of my office looking out at the birds as they flew in their formations. I'd heard they followed currents in the air, which is why I was so concerned when they began to fly in discord; each bird taking a different path, some were flying up into the sky, and others were swooping down in no discernible order.

I'd seen this type of behaviour before –right before a natural disaster– and it made my stomach begin to knot. I could feel the heavy wind rattle the doors and windows of the office, and at once the sky went black.

I stood up, stepping hesitantly towards the window, fearful that a hurricane was on the way. I wondered if this was the best place to stand, or if I'd be better taking cover.

Out in the streets, the city was dark. At once, the electricity cut out, and the darkness invaded the office. In the blackness, I could still see the birds as they darted about in every direction. Suddenly, a wall of thick fog advanced towards the building, wrapping itself around everything in sight.

I could no longer see the birds, but through the window I could hear the sound of heavy rain, which hammered against the window like one thousand bass drums.

I stepped away from the window, as cracks of lightning illuminated the fog. Thunder quickly followed, suggesting the electrical storm was right above us.

I crouched behind my desk, watching as the window seemed to swell against the rapid changes in air pressure; beaten by the harsh rains and wind.

Rainwater ran in thick rivulets down the window, and I prayed that it would hold.

Suddenly, the cracks of lightning seemed to give way to bright orange balls of light, which descended slowly from above. As the glowing lights descended, they seemed to whistle with a shrill high-pitched wail.

They couldn't be meteors; they were moving too slowly. Though their forms were obscured by the fog, I could see that some of the balls of lights seemed to move robotically, some hovering in place for a few minutes, before moving sideways and descending once more.

Slowly, the rain began to let up. The wind and rain began to fade slightly, though the darkness held a steady grip on the land outside.

Gingerly, I made my way towards the window, watching as the fog began to fade and the bright orange orbs began to take shape.

Each one was a metallic orb, lit up by thrusters which seemed to be slowing their descent. Each orb had a series of lights, which ran around the circumference in strips. They had large antennae protruding from the top of them, which seemed to always point upwards, as if they were held in place gyroscopically.

I felt my eyes growing wide, taking in as much of the spectacle as possible, as hundreds of orbs began to land on the rooves of buildings, and in the parks and roads below. Cars -which had seemingly come to a standstill- were filled with terrified passengers, who huddled together in fear.

I watched as one of the orbs set itself down in the grass directly in front of the office block.

A door opened, and a strange purple steam exuded from it. I watched in terror as from the doors, a creature emerged, turning his head to the sky, and fixing two dark eyes directly on me.

Q: How did the rain hammer at the window?

A: Like one thousand bass drums.

Q: How could the narrator tell that the lightning was right above them?

A: Because the thunder followed quickly after the lightning.

Q: Why did the birds' actions scare the narrator?

A: Because it was usually only seen before natural disasters.