

A Few Opinions on the Aliens

by Starry Eyes

—————Agent Friederich Bernard Idaho—————

On September 12, 2084, a large object appeared in western Alabama, directly on top of a man's house. The house is undamaged, there's just a black metal oblong twelve times its size resting on its roof now. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has been sent to Federal Bureau of Investigate it. I take a sip of my coffee.

"Well, Johnny, what do you make of it?" I ask, handing my coffee off to the intern. All too late, I remember the interns aren't on this case, as it is top secret. My mug falls to the grass.

Johnny, a scrawny science type, answers. "The meteorite is too smooth to be natural. We believe it must be manmade."

"Meteorite? It hasn't technically touched the ground, though... Wouldn't that make it an asteroid?"

"It has to have orbited the sun to be an asteroid, and we have no proof of that happening."

"A Near Earth Object, then," I suggest.

"Seems a bit vague to me. Perhaps a UAP?"

"UAP? Do you mean UFO?"

"We don't use that word anymore," Johnny says.

"But that doesn't explain how the house is holding it up!" I change the subject.

"I reckon there's something else keeping it in the air."

"I see. Well, now that that's settled, let's send the entire military to attack this 'UAP'."

"Yes," Johnny agrees.

About four days ago, on September 12th, there were a few reports of a strange black shape suddenly appearing near a small town in Alabama. Soon after, images of it began appearing online.

Some believe it is a message from their god. Others believe it's a government conspiracy (though which government is conspiring is not agreed upon). *We* know, however, that it is an alien spacecraft.

We are the Overlords of Truth, a globe-spanning secret organization (though our main headquarters is in Nashville). I am a low ranking member of the organization, only a Grand Holy Emperor. As such, I haven't been sent on a mission outside the city before today. My boss, Absolute True Venerated Supreme Holy Vice President Danny, just gave me that mission.

I am to go to Alabama and investigate the alien spaceship. Try to communicate with the aliens onboard. Recruit them into the Overlords of Truth. Learn their knowledge of intergalactic travel. Barter with them to acquire their alien space drugs. Other such things.

I leave the house and get in my dad's car. A rusty old Tesla from the 40's. This type of car is pretty rare nowadays, considering Tesla went bankrupt the year after releasing it. Or, at least that's what They want you to think. Supreme Holy Absolute Grand Ruler Elon Musk actually abandoned the company to further the plans of the Overlords of Truth.

I connect my phone to the car with Bluetooth. I still use Bluetooth rather than HalConnect because HalConnect sends waves into your brain that tell you to get vaccines so that the government can control your mind. I find something to put on in the background. A new episode

of my favorite podcast is out. Joe Rogan Jr. is bravely fighting against the evil feminist cult that has taken over the weather stations. I can't believe those people. I would never join a cult.

I start driving.

————Major Lawrence Nuts————

The tanks get close to the UAP behind me. I hear they're also preparing surface-to-air missiles. Personally I feel like they're overreacting. The damn thing hasn't even done anything yet. Sending the entire military seems a bit excessive. We even pulled our forces from some wars we were helping with!

I see an old car driving towards the UAP. On the road I'm guarding. *Great.*

I tell the car to stop. It does.

"This area is off limits."

The car's window rolls down. Inside is a short, stick-thin man around 20. He is wearing aluminum foil on his head. "No, it's fine. I'm with the Overlords." He shows me an ID card. Well, 'ID card' is generous. It's cardstock with a picture of his face next to the words "Overlords of Truth" "Grand Holy Emperor Brian Wascher" "born 20 Feb 2063" and "expires 01 Aug 2084" handwritten in pen.

I look at the card. I look at him. I look back at the card. I look back at him. "...This card expired last month."

"What!? Let me see that!" He snatches the card from my hand. His brows furrow as he scans the card. "No, no this can't be right!" He looks harder at the card, as if expecting the words to change. "Damn it! How could I have forgotten! Sorry about this, I'll be back soon."

He turns his car around and drives off the way he came.

Now that that's over with, I glance behind me. Looks like they're starting to fire the tanks' cannons.

BAM, BAM, BAM!

The heavy artillery hits the UAP. The explosive ones explode, but the UAP looks undamaged. The non-explosive ones just bounce off and fall back to the ground. One of the shells lands on a tank, badly damaging it.

A few minutes later, the surface-to-air missiles were sent. They were about as effective.

I feel like it's going to be a long day.

—————President Perez Ident—————

“Mr. President! Nothing we send at it is working!” Commander Tower shouts.

“Hmm. Send more bombs,” I command the commander, my incredible intellect incredible.
“More bombs make more explosions.”

“Yes, sir.” Commander Tower turns to General Anesthetic. “You heard him. Send more bombs.”

“Yes, sir.” They send more bombs. “It didn't work.”

“Mr. President! It remains not working!”

“Hmm. Send more bombs.”

“With all due respect, sir, I don't think that will work.”

“More bombs make more explosions.”

Tower sighs. “Send more bombs,” he tells Anesthetic.

Anesthetic also sighs. “Yes, sir.”

I can only assume those sighs are ones of adoration. “Now, now, don’t go falling in love with me! That would be very unprofessional. Oohooohoo,” I say, out loud.

They look at me in silence. They must be in shock that I figured it out.

“They didn’t work sir,” Tower breaks the silence.

“Hmm. Send mo—”

“Perhaps you should consider changing your strategy, sir,” Tower interrupts.

“Well, then send bigger bombs. We have a few nuclears left, don’t we?”

“Mr. President... You want us to nuke it?”

“Yes.”

“Sir...”

“I’m sending over the nuclear codes,” I say, sending over the nuclear codes.

“Oh my god...”

My genius is unmatched.

—————Qilbii—————

On Sumbrember 92, 850193, our intergalactiomatic transportator landed on the planet which we have taken to calling ‘Boring Stupid Planet’. Since we arrived, there has been quite a bit of noise from outside. I psychically observate through the 12 meters of solid gruosteel making up the outer layer of our transportator. There are a bunch of small, blandly coloured creatures flopping around on the grounds outside. The pitiful things only have four tendrils, as opposed to the normal twelve.

They seem to be using some sort of primitive machinery to launch small rocks and minerals at us. Some produce small explosions.

»Ônglbroôf, the aliens are being annoying,« I telepathically complain to my gay bisexual psychic space boyfriend.

»Just try to ignore them.«

The aliens outside start moving away for some reason. »What are they doing?«

»Qilbii...«

There is a little explosion on the top of the transportator. A bit bigger than the others, but nothing impressive. I compress the gravity around me to create a fold in space and move myself to the top of the transportator.

»Oh, that's annoying.« It seems that the aliens on this planet have figured out how to do nuclear fission. It's not much, but it leaves the outside layer of the transportator a little radioactive, and I have to clean it up.

I extend one of my tendrils over the affected area, grab some of the protons, and reverse their gravity to throw them into space. Well, now that that's over with...

I teleport back inside, and Ônglbroôf is making dinner. »Sorry about that, the transportator got a little radioactive, I had to clean it.«

»Oh, that's fine.« He gives me a plate of black hole. »Your favorite!«

»Dawww, thanks.« I tangle my tendrils with his for a moment before we go to the consumption box and eat our black holes in peace. This is the life.

—————Epilogue—————

After that, we went our separate ways.

Agent Idaho was fired from the FBI for requesting the entire military be sent against every case he investigated.

Grand Holy Emperor Brian Wascher crashed into a tree on his way back to Tennessee, and died.

Johnny Science ended up winning the Nobel Peace Prize for curing cancer. He later died of cancer because he couldn't afford his own cure.

Major Nuts married Mary Parts, a private he met on a mission. They got a divorce after three years, and Mary took the kids.

President Ident was assassinated by Commander Tower soon after he sent the nuclear bomb. Tower got away with it scott free, and moved to the countryside to live with his husband, Scott Free.

General Anesthetic later became the second female president. Her first act was decriminalizing LSD. She spent the rest of her terms high. She would go on to be considered one of the best presidents in US history.

Qilbii and Ônglbroôf left Boring Stupid Planet after a few weeks, and sailed through the cosmos together for the rest of their gay bisexual psychic space lives.

As for me? I went on to become the most successful author in history, selling a total of 40 billion books in my career. I became the richest woman in the world, and used my wealth to fix world hunger and global warming and every other problem in the world. And everyone liked me.

The End.