

## **The Wrong Address**

Just like the rest of the world, I will never forget the day the Earth stood still.

A banal, pale morning, I had just walked into the kitchen to wash my hands. It looked nothing more than an odd, dark smudge on the window at first, so I considered it a trivial detail of life. With dried hands I went to rub it away. Leaning towards it, I realized it wasn't on the window, but beyond it in the sky.

Simultaneously too solid to be a cloud, yet too hazy and large to be a plane. Was it some hot-air balloon turned an ugly gray by morning shadows? That it was slowly growing added sense to that idea, but it would have been the most strangely shaped balloon ever to have flown. When I realized three other points had appeared across the sky, each quickly growing and expanding towards one another, my mind simply stopped.

It was similar to a lobster. A long, wide arm on either side tapering to a dull point flanking a small central head. So massive and so high above the Earth was it that its pale, hazy shape was visible from Europe to the Pacific Coast. The world stopped.

Traffic stopped. Thoughts stopped. Hearts stopped. Words stopped.

All of Earth hung in wait, a global experience of fear, fascination, wonder, disbelief, confusion, happiness. But then, of everything it could have done next, it did the worst.

It left.