

ALIENS

My dad walks with his neck craned back to look at the sky. This always freaks me out. What if a UFO actually did blip into existence in the black of the night or if one of the stars we thought was just a star started doing zigzags through the air? How am I supposed to react?

My dad is always ready though. Aliens are my dad's bread and butter. I honestly think if an alien descended into our backyard and said to my dad, "Hey come with us. We'll show you how we built the pyramids." My dad would say, "goodbye Ashley, it was nice being your father," and beam up into space with them.

He's been like this forever. At least for as long as I have known him. The mirror in the backroom of my grandma's house that used to be his has his two interests solidified in sticker form all around the border: Aliens and car stereos.

Plus, a Shrek sticker I placed there at five.

My dad doesn't read, but he has thirty volumes of *Mysteries of the Universe Explained* or whatever it's called that explains everything aliens have done on Earth. My dad watched *Ancient Aliens* religiously, but could agree that the "experts" were dumb in some areas because they didn't align with what my dad's theories on alien life and their influence on Earth.

My dad claims to have actually seen a UFO before, but he is not sure if he was abducted or not.

The thing is I believe it. Neither my dad or I are religious even though we live in super-Christian, small-town-of-1800-people, Iowa. When I was asked about Jesus at Awana's, the Bible group my dad dropped me off at to just get me out of the house when I was six, I said I didn't care about him. When one girl asked me in art class if I had been saved by God, I said no, I don't know anything about him.

Apparently, I am going to hell.

But all I've ever known is aliens.

Aliens built the pyramids.

Perhaps aliens use Earth as a testing ground or as their own personal Sims.