

# Men In Black

103

by Kyle Eggleston

“We think the alien landed near these coordinates.” A man said. He was pointing to a large map of Arizona on a wall with a laser pointer. “I’ve sent a search crew to investigate the surrounding area.”

“Good work lieutenant.” Shirley Donaldson said. “Let me know as soon as we have something. This meeting is closed.” Standing up from her chair she left the conference room and headed down the hallway to her office.

They were in an underground facility twenty stories underneath a pizza place. No one knew to look for them there. It was a top secret organization only a select few people knew about. Shirley liked it that way. It seemed to be the best course of action.

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Miranda turned over in bed. She didn’t want to wake up from the amazing dream she was having. She was back on her home world among her friends having a blast. She was dancing the only way she knew how, fast and hard. Miranda woke up to the sound of police sirens. She panicked. Did *they* find her? She calmed down as they passed by and went on their way to whatever danger that awaited them.

Getting out of bed, Miranda walked into the living room where Joe was asleep on the couch. It was nice of him to give up his bed for her. She promised to make it up to him in some fashion. Miranda wasn’t sure how that would go, but she would figure something out.

“Hey.” Joe said as he woke up. “How’d you sleep?”

Miranda frowned. “I miss my home.” She said.

Joe nodded. “Bummer. I get ya though.” He replied. “They say home is where the heart is or some bullshit like that. It’s just a saying though. I never really believed in such nonsense if you ask me.”

“Home is where the heart is.” Miranda repeated. “I like that.” She smiled. Her home was forty-six light years away from Earth. It’s sun could be seen with the naked eye though. As

long as she could see her sun, she knew her people were still alive and doing well. That's all that mattered to her most right now, that her people were safe from any *alien* threats. She chuckled at the thought. Here on Earth *she* was the alien. Elsewhere everyone else was the alien. It would take some getting used to.

Joe sat up on the couch and made a space for Miranda to sit down next to him. Miranda smiled at Joe, he was a good friend. It was a shame that none of her people would understand how a human could befriend an alien such as herself. To her people Earthlings were the enemy. Ever since the crash in 19947 in Roswell New Mexico, Earth had proved that they were not kind to her people. Who in their right mind would dissect an alien species? It was sick. She refused to even go to New Mexico because of the terrible things the Earthlings had done to her people there.

Joe smiled at Miranda. There was something about his smile that made her wonder what he was thinking. "What is it?" She asked.

Joe shook his head. "Oh it's nothing." He responded. "Nothing worth mentioning."

Miranda pressured him. "What?"

"You're wearing pajamas." Joe said. "They look great. They're also mine, but they look good on you." He tried to smile in a non perv way.

She patted his knee as she had seen people do on television. "Well you keep averting your gaze when I'm naked, so I figured I would put you more at ease." Miranda smiled at him. "I'm glad you approve." She really didn't care if he approved of her ways or not, it was just something she heard humans say and it felt right.

Joe chuckled nervously. "You betcha." He said. "Hey, I'm going to head to the market do you need or want anything?"

Miranda hesitated. *The market*. She thought. Miranda didn't have a favorite food quite yet. She had eaten several things over the past month but nothing really stuck out to her that she enjoyed. "Um nothing that I can think of." She said. "Just surprise me I guess."

Joe hesitated. Surprise me usually meant, find something that I won't like and then I'll end up telling you I don't like it. Yeah, he wasn't about to do that. "Tell you what, go get ready and you'll come with me."

"Okay!" Miranda said. Standing up, she took off her pajama top and walked towards the bedroom to change.

"Ay ay ay." Joe said as he sighed.

Moments later she returned from the bedroom wearing jeans and a t-shirt. They walked out to the car and got in.

“Can I drive?” Miranda asked.

Joe laughed. “No. There’s no way in hell I’m letting you drive my car. No offense.”

Miranda scoffed. “Fine.” She said. “When I get my ship up and running, you can’t drive it either.” She stuck her tongue out at Joe. Then she started laughing. Miranda couldn’t tell you why she was laughing, just that she was laughing.

Joe looked at her with a look that said *okay then*. “Been watching a bit of television have we?”

She nodded her head. “Yeah when you’re at work, why?”

Joe smirked, she was picking up on human mannerisms every day he knew her. It was an interesting observation Joe was noticing about his new alien companion. As they drove, she looked at everything that passed by. Nothing missed her attention. Joe chuckled at the thought, it was like seeing a newborn baby experiencing life for the first time. It was cute.

Turning the corner they came to a small hometown market. “And here we are.” Joe said. “Let’s go.”

Hopping out of the car, they entered the market. Joe grabbed a basket and began grabbing things off the shelf that he needed. The usual things, milk, orange juice, yogurt. The boring necessities of life. Reaching for a box of cereal, he noticed Miranda looking at a bag of frozen peas.

“What are these ... green things? They say peas, but what are they?” Miranda asked.

Joe grabbed the bag of peas and put it in the basket. “They’re a vegetable. Grown in fields on a pod. They’re good for you to eat. Or at least that’s what they say.” He paused thinking of how he never actually had seen a commercial for peas. Fast food? You betcha. Peas? Not so much.

“Peas.” Miranda repeated. “Okay then, what do they taste like?”

Joe smiled. “We’ll make some tonight for dinner.” He said. “The canned ones can be mushy, frozen is better they’re more crunchy. It will all make more sense tonight, I promise.”

They continued walking the aisles picking other food, meat, chicken, pork, whatever Joe felt like introducing to Miranda. They had been living off of cereal for the past month which was okay from time to time, but not for every meal. He was growing sick of it all.

The drive home was full of laughter and Miranda trying to balance an Oreo on the tip of her nose because she saw some kid do it in the market. She almost got it a few times, but kept failing over and over again. Yet that didn’t stop her, she kept trying.

As they reached home, Joe began putting the items they bought away in the pantry and freezer. He hummed as he did so. Miranda walked up to Joe and put her finger to his lips. “What’s that sound you’re making?”

Joe shrugged. “Oh that? I was just humming.” He said.

“Hu...ming.” Miranda repeated the word. She tried to hum the same tune that Joe had been humming. She *tried* at least. Joe chuckled at her attempt.

“Good try.” He said. “It gets easier the more you try. Whistling is a bit tougher. But that’s a subject for another time.” Joe walked into the kitchen to make dinner while Miranda kept humming different tunes she could think up, most came from television jingles that she had heard during the day.

They ate dinner, it was a simple meal. Steak and potatoes. Miranda found eating flesh of an animal to be ... interesting at best. She found the potatoes to be underwhelming, but really enjoyed the steak. Joe had been right, the frozen peas had a nice crunch to them.

“Personal Log. Humans have to eat in order to survive. It is nothing like how we Greys consume energy molecules. They even have markets where all of this food can be bought, who prepares the food to be bought is beyond me. Maybe it materializes on the shelves. Nah, humans don’t have that technology yet. But I do know that having a full stomach and good company to talk about the day with is ... comforting in some way or another. I can’t explain it. End Log.”

The End