

# Earth Life

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by Kyle Eggleston

“Personal Log. It’s been six hours since I crashed on this miserable planet. So far I’ve managed to make friends with a local, his name is Joe. He seems nice enough. Too bad I’ll have to kill him eventually once my ship is fixed, if I can fix my ship that is. I might just have to stick it out and try to call for help. No one on Earth can know of our existence. No one. End Log.”

Miranda stepped out of the bathroom, she was wearing Joe’s robe. Her hair was wet from the shower. Walking into the living room, she sat down on the couch. There was a note on the coffee table for her. It was from Joe.

Went to run an errand. Will be back in an hour or so. Don’t touch anything. I’ll know if you do. Feel free to the food in the fridge if you get hungry. Or watch some television if you get bored.

-Joe

Standing from the couch, Miranda walked into the kitchen. She was curious what humans passed as food these days. It had been a while since she had visited their planet, she never stopped for a bite to eat besides a random select few brains here and there. But those were from cattle, no one missed cattle. She was very selective and careful of who or what she abducted.

Miranda usually abducted loners. People who didn’t keep in touch with family often. People that wouldn’t be missed if they by chance went missing themselves. It was a tidy way of keeping things orderly and simple. She preferred her method of abduction.

Opening the fridge, Miranda took a peek inside. It was full of the usual foods humans were known to eat she assumed. Pulling out some ham she took it out of the packaging and began eating it. It tasted alright. She closed the fridge.

Plopping back down on the couch, Miranda continued to eat the ham. She wondered what humans drank. Looking around she found a small cabinet but it was locked. Forcing the door to the cabinet open, she found a bottle labeled whiskey inside. Pulling the cork off the top of the bottle, she sniffed it. It seemed harmless. She took a swig. It burned going down her throat. Miranda gagged. “What the hell is this shit!” She exclaimed. Miranda felt a warm

tingling sensation all over her body. She rather liked it. She took another swig, again it burned as she swallowed it.

An hour passed. Joe walked in the front door to find Miranda laying on the couch still in his robe. "Make yourself at home why don't you." He said.

Miranda sat up and smiled at him. "You humans have some interesting things to drink." She said. Her words were slurred.

Joe sighed. "You found the alcohol I had *locked* away." He said holding up the key for emphasis. "Come on, let's get you some water. It will help with the hangover you're bound to have in the morning."

Miranda shrugged. "Why would I be hungover? I didn't drink that much." She said looking to the empty bottle. "Or maybe I did." She said realizing just how much she had drank. "Besides, I doubt it would affect me as it does you. Your species is a weaker species than ours. The Greys are advanced and superior in every way possible." She paused.

Standing up, Miranda ran to the bathroom where she proceeded to throw up.

"There it is." Joe said. "Can't hold your liquor I see. Some advanced species you are." He laughed at the thought. Having a drunk alien on his hands was *not* something he wanted to deal with today.

Walking into the bathroom, Joe held Miranda's hair out of her face. "Here, let me help." He said. "You're not the first friend I've helped with this and probably won't be the last." Joe sighed.

"Who said I was your friend?" Miranda said. She continued to throw up.

"Fair enough." Joe said reminding himself that this was not a cute redheaded human he was talking to but an alien, an outsider. Someone not from this planet.

As she finished throwing up, they exited the bathroom. Joe got her a tall glass of water and insisted that she drink it which she did. He also gave her some Tylenol to help with the incoming headache she was bound to have and feel. She was going to hate life in the morning he wagered.

"Why do humans drink such things if all they're going to do is throw it up later?" Miranda asked Joe.

Joe shrugged. "Well first off, you shouldn't drink a full bottle of whiskey in one sitting. That's just a no no. Second of all, you're not human and I'm pretty sure you wouldn't understand any of it if I *tried* to explain it to you."

"All of this has happened before and will happen again." Miranda stated proudly.

Joe chuckled. "Someone's been watching Battlestar Galactica I see." He noted.

Miranda nodded. "We've done extensive research into your literature. That series was among some of our more interesting findings. I've watched it twelve times myself." She sated rather proud of herself.

"Well that's just television." Joe said as he sat down in a recliner. "It's not real life."

Miranda scoffed. "I know that Joe. Any idiot with half a working brain would know it's fake and doesn't resemble real life anyway. There are no robots in space. Never have been, never will be. End of story." Miranda ran her fingers through her hair trying to straighten it out some without much success.

"Joe." Miranda said. "What's there to do on a Friday night?"

"Uh ..." Joe stammered. "I don't really go out much."

Miranda nodded her head. "Yeah I know that. That's why I selected you. You like to keep a low profile. But my first night as a human, I want to experience ... something." She insisted.

"We could go dancing." Joe suggested. "You'll need to change into some clothes though."

Miranda looked down and realized she was still wearing Joe's robe. Standing up from the couch, she dropped the robe to the floor. Joe averted his eyes. She *really* needed to work on privacy! He thought. She snapped her fingers and a black dress appeared covering her body. "Okay, I'm ready."

Joe was jealous of how quickly she could change clothing. Standing from the recliner, he headed for the bedroom. "I'll go change and then we can go."

Miranda nodded.

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The club was crowded for a Friday night, which was typical. Joe and Miranda danced the night away. It took a moment for Miranda to get the hang of dancing. But once she realized all you had to do was move your body to the music, she began to get the hang of it and didn't look so awkward anymore.

Joe was enjoying his time with Miranda. For a moment he forgot that she was an alien. Until she caused a scene. A man tried hitting on her and she did not reciprocate the advances. Grabbing the man by his throat, she lifted him into the air with his feet dangling.

“Want to say that again?” Miranda asked.

Joe rushed over to Miranda from the bar. “Whoa whoa whoa.” He said raising his hands in the air. “Put him down Miranda. Put him down.”

Miranda looked at Joe. “You do not know what he said to me. He is a pig. He must die.”

Joe nodded. He could easily guess what was said. It was a rather seedy club to begin with that attracted all walks of life. “You can’t kill him. Please, just let him go.”

Miranda struggled with the thought. This man had accosted her. It was within her right to do with him as she pleased. But according to Joe, this was not the right course of action. She let go of the man’s throat. He fell to the floor. Scrambling to get up and on his feet, the man ran out the door into the night.

“Come on Miranda.” Joe said. “Let’s go before we get in any trouble. Time to go home.”

Miranda sighed. Being a human was not as easy as it looked. They exited the club and walked towards Joe’s home. It was going to take some getting used to this Earth life. She mused. Maybe she would feel better in the morning.

The End