

Truth In The Fold
by Kyle Eggleston

Nothing was meant to last. That's simply how this life was meant to be. Nothing lasts forever. Some would have you believe otherwise. But life itself is a fragile thing. If it was meant to last it would last longer than the average lifespan. But as you can see it's not.

Joe didn't like the thought. Taking a sip of his drink he grunted. "Idiots, the lot of them."

An alien approached Joe. Kicking over a chair next to him, he smiled. "Sorry, didn't catch that..friend."

Joe looked at the man. Aliens. He could never get used to the idea of aliens living among humans. Ever since being discovered, the aliens were making tunnels where they weren't invited.

"Earthier." The alien said. "You dare call us idiots." He clenched a fist ready to strike.

Joe smirked. "That's right. Y'all are a bunch of nobody's taking over my planet. I don't trust you, I don't like you." He continued to smile. "You just need to get used to it."

The alien took a swing at Joe knocking him out of his chair. The alcohol hadn't agreed with Joe, his reflexes weren't up to par.

Joe looked up from the ground. "You hit me."

The alien nodded. "Yeah. So?"

Standing up, Joe tried to swing back. He fell back down on his butt. This really wasn't his day. There wasn't anything he could do to retaliate.

"Stay down Earthier." The alien said. "We're here to stay. There's no other way about it. It's a truth you *must* accept!" He yelled at the man.

Stupid human. The alien thought. Can't keep their liquor, and aren't able to withstand a fight. What was next? Poker? He had heard they enjoyed card games, never sat at a card game but they enjoyed it nonetheless.

The alien left the bar. He wasn't thirsty anymore.

Walking down the middle of the street, the alien looked around. So, this was earth. He shook his head. Two days on earth, and he'd run into some real idiots. Including the man in the bar.

As he walked, the alien drew stares from the earthlings. It wasn't anything new he'd noticed. Speaking to other aliens, they said it was normal.

His homeward was twenty-six lightyears from Earth. Their race had decided to land on Earth to escape the great war. Thinking it wasn't inhabited at first until they came closer, they realized there was no other place to go.

Earth would be their home at least until they decided to leave and find another place to live.

"Johland, is that you?" Another alien said from behind.

Johland turned around to the voice. He smiled at her. "Aleshel!" He hugged her, she hugged him back. "What are you doing on Earth? I thought you were headed in the other direction."

"What are any of us doing here." She said. "No, I came here after word that the Black Cluster wasn't much to behold."

The aliens were smooth headed with ridges running down their backs. The larger the ridges the more important they were in society. Of course that was their own culture, it had no impact on Earth.

Johland's ridges were quire prominent. Larger than most males of his race. He was considered a wise elder.