

No More Waiting

by

A. J. Pecanic

The sky was full of noises, like whales and their melancholy cries from under the seas. The whole city peered at the sky. The people looked up in astonishment and in fear and even in wonder. It was like an invisible alien invasion.

Cars stopped on the freeway, not by choice, but because mechanical things were being shut down. By a force unseen. The wails grew louder and the earth began to shake. Seemingly, only one person was taking in joy any of this. He was an average man—average looks, average age—you would never have noticed him unless I had pointed him out to you.

And he was laughing and crying in joy. His arms went back, his fists clenched in a climactic way, and he dropped to his knees as he heard the deep, full, otherworldly sounds. They never believed him. They never even paid enough attention to him to hear what he had said about the coming invasion, about the nature of the world.

And now they would. They would know the terror that was out there. They would know what lay below the surface. They would never know him, though, but that was alright. The man shook as he tried to stand up on the city steps. The masses all frozen all around him.

They would never know that he had tried to warn them. Their terror was reward enough. They would never hear him say or know the truth of his words: 'I told you so.'

Now, the saucers began to appear. Saucers. Cigar-shaped crafts. Shape-shifting humanoids. All filled the sky. Uncloaking. Appearing through the clouds. Entering through the interdimensional portals.

And then, silence. The whale, metal, otherworldly sounds stopped. They were in this world now, and it sounded like silence. The man was happy and he shouldn't have been. He knew the way out of it. He knew the secret that would keep anyone safe from the invaders, but all the people around him did not. He should be feeling their despair, but because they would not and did not listen to him, he laughed at the soon-to-come suffering.

The invasion had begun. Finally.

No more waiting.

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