

Brocades

by Brenda Bishop Blakey

The UFOs arrived in westmost Portsmouth and landed, inappropriately, in the Presbyterian Church's parking lot. Presbyterians believe in your right to believe in UFOs but do not, themselves, believe in them. Much later on we would all have a chuckle over this irony. Witnesses reported the enigmas emerged from the spaceship at an alarming speed. Each appeared to be long toothed with hair resembling spears possibly from some aloe-type plant. Their torsos seemed covered in a bluish material much like sea-weed. Their heads had three, arching antennas protruding out and at the ends of which were what could be described as flowers, maybe from the same family as the zinnia. The creatures were thief-walking and seemed somehow already conquered.

The farmers and their sons and their nephews and the ex-presidents of the bank and the newspaper editor all piled into the streets and endeavored to communicate with the visitors. After a barrage of foreign words all meaning hello, some guy who was a part-time astronomer recommended that music might reach them. He said music was mathematical and might be interpreted as communication. First they tried Blue Danube but ultimately it was one of Bach's less-famed works that struck a chord.

The nuanced sounds had a nurturing effect, a primer-perfect, rendering the visitors to be as harmless as the local nats. A few of them began to weep, if it can be said that aliens actually cry. Out of these cavities on their faces an argillaceous substance seeped and dropped to the ground. Soon all of them followed suit. On-watchers were offended by the widerlichen. Simultaneously, the visitors slowed down ten-fold until they appeared to be veritable sludge and no longer the harbingers of death. At that point, it was quite

convenient to just tip each one of them over which was no manhood's challenge by any definition.

Later, the territories would report the event as an invasion, an edith, but that would be a complete misnomer. Thereto, goes much of the general reporting and the habits of media these days. Exaggeration staves off boredom and emptily offers nothing of substance in return. Perhaps this is why newspapers are going by the wayside, putting the emphasis on the wrong part of the story.

No one bothered to question what was discovered in the spaceships afterwards. Reams and reams of bright yellow, fabric bolts. Brocades. All in helloi designs. Enough to cover half a football field.

