

The Martians Are Coming

by Craig Snyder

Julie comes in and says she killed a Vegan. Julie has red hair and freckles.

"You didn't kill a Vegan," I say. "Fuck no."

"No," Julie says. She laughs.

I run next door to get Jim. I like Jim. He lives next door.

Jim comes back with me and says to Julie "the Martians are coming."

Noah comes in with some good weed.

"The Martians are not coming," Noah says.

I say "is UltraMarines published yet?"

"Not yet," Noah says.

"Maybe soon," I say.

Noah wrote a novel called UltraMarines. It's not published yet.

We all sit down on the black couch. Noah fills his glass pipe with the good weed and we all smoke it for a while. The weed is sweet, with a bright clean high. We all think about the Martians coming, and whether they are actually coming, or not.

"I read a cute animal story yesterday," I tell them. "And I was filled with rage. I can't live like this. There must be no more bears, or hamster-bears, or manatees, being hopeless and depressed. There must be no more cute animal stories—ever."

I feel very strongly about this. That no one should write any more stories with cute animals in them. Because all the cute animals were being exploited.

"I know what you mean," Noah says.

Julie, in her sad voice, says "I wrote a new story last night. I started drinking coffee and it was like 3 a.m. and there was nothing but infomercials. And nothingness. I put the nothingness in the story. I heard a gunshot outside my window. I put that in the story."

Jim is very quiet. The weed does that to him. We like him for that.

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I talk to Julie for 10 minutes and Julie talks to me for 9 minutes. She has a sexy voice like chocolate and waves her hands a lot when she talks. I ask what the story is about. Is it like Noah's stories? Julie says it is not like Noah's stories.

Noah's stories have bleakness and half-smoked cigarettes. They have evil governments and poverty. Teens and sex and drugs and rock music are all smashed up in them. Once he wrote a story and I was in it. He killed me in the story. I like that one the best.

"It's about Star Wars," Julie says. "Nothing but Star Wars."

The sun is going down. It is very quiet, and we put on some quiet music. Noah fills the glass pipe again and we smoke again. I go to the 7-11 and get some beer. When I get back we drink the beer and talk quietly, and laugh quietly.

