

# Terror From Above

by D. Ohana

*A shadowless form plummeted from the overcast skies upon the unsuspecting below. No remote pilot thousands of miles away guided this particular attack.*

*Swept back wings made the final course adjustments, as the dagger beak was directed at mere glints of fast moving quarry. In a watery splash, it was all over.*

*With Superman to Clark Kent swiftness, an awkward creature now rises nonchalantly upon the swells where streamlined terror had just struck.*

*Waves of fear scattered the survivors in a thousand directions. Short lived fear to be sure, perhaps remembered by the lucky ones when the pelican strikes again.*

