Alien Warning Story

Bang! All the lights on the console exploded, creating sparks like a supernova.

The cockpit became silent and dark.

“What did you do?” asked Quizilika.

“I pressed that yellow button,” confessed Zolani miserably, “the one the Emperor told us not to.”

It had been a week since the aging, widowed, childless Emperor of Tetrabilia had sent out a royal proclamation declaring that he was exhausted and intended to abdicate, leaving his empire to whomever showed that they were worthy of it. He had suggested that candidates might want to consider how they were going to solve the empire’s energy crisis: “Finding a proven solution to this issue will almost certainly result in the discoverer becoming my successor.” Emperor Tudorian had stated in his speech, which had been broadcast on all channels, to his citizens.

“I’m going to be the boss of you!” shouted Zolani, turning from the holoscreen to his older brother, who was smoothing down the wayward hairs on his three antennae. Quizilika snorted incredulously, “What makes you think our revered Emperor would ever hand over his beloved empire to you?”

“I’ve got a plan!” whispered the smaller Tetrabilian through his blue-saliva-covered, shiny green lips, “I’m going to solve the energy crisis!”

And so it was that Quizilika and Zolani had successfully sought an audience with old Emperor Tudorian, explained their plan, and asked for the loan of one of the Empire’s latest scouting ships from the fleet. Zolani had been keen to get his tentacles on one of these latest ships as there was a rumour going round that they could travel through time as well as space. He intended to find out. “Good luck, young adventurers,” Emperor Tudorian had gleefully exclaimed, “I’m sure you’ll be victorious in your quest. Remember one thing though; although this new ship can do many things to speed through space, the Time Travel Facility is, as yet, untested and you would be unwise to attempt it. Whatever you do, do NOT, under ANY circumstances, press that yellow button. We have no way of knowing what it will do, or where you will end up.” And with these words of wisdom ringing in their ears, Quizilika and Zolani had begun their journey.

“You numprion! The Emperor told you not to do that. Now what are we going to do?” bawled Quizilika furiously.

“I don’t know,” sobbed Zolani. “Nothing’s working anymore. How are we going to get home?”

“We can’t go home. Not without the fuel and definitely not now we’ve broken the pride of the Fleet!” Quizilika spat.

“What’s that?” interrupted Zolani, peering out of the cockpit window. “I’ve never seen a BLUE planet before.

“What are you on about now? There are no blue planets!” replied Quizilika, exasperated.

He looked out at the small revolving sphere with just one single small moon slowly orbiting it and gasped, “Where are we? This isn’t our Solar system! You must have made us travel through time as well as space!”

The landing module bumped heavily. The two Tetrabilians quickly jumped out of the landing module onto the grassy surface of the unknown planet and looked around them. Behind them, the module quietly imploded, leaving not a trace. They were stranded. The brothers looked at each other and shrugged, then noticed a large structure with some transparent areas and decided to take a closer look. They climbed up and found a gap around the edge of the hard, transparent surface. Quizilika wiggled his tentacles through and pushed it until there was a big enough gap for his small, thin body, three long legs and gelatinous head to fit through. It was still a tight fit, but he found that by increasing his production of goomar, he could slip through more easily, if rather messily. Inside, they found evidence of intelligent life: The indecipherable markings on surfaces and in books indicted that the life-forms here could communicate and reason. Quizilika decided to attempt to communicate with them. He wrote a message and left it across an entrance in the hope that if one group of beings did not see the message, another might.

While Quizilika was busy, Zolani busied himself exploring the room, paying particular attention to the recycling bin. Suddenly, he noticed a portal hanging on the wall. He shivered with excitement, releasing a shower of silver fur. Without a word, he stepped up onto a small green structure and slipped through the portal and back Home, leaving his brother behind. When Quizilika realised what his brother had done, he sneezed in exasperation, producing white goop in addition to the blue goomar that had protected his skin while in this strange atmosphere. He leapt up and through the portal, wondering how Zolani was going to explain to the Emperor that not only had they not solved the fuel crisis, but they had also destroyed the Emperor’s pride and joy: his Space Shuffler.

When he arrived, Quizilika was astonished to witness Zolani being congratulated by the Emperor. “What a brave young Tetrabilian you are, Zolani. You make me proud and I am only too happy to hand over my empire to your safe hands!” It was then that Quizilika noticed the emperor’s tentacle, which was holding a crumpled white sheet. The recycling bin held the solution to Tetrabilia’s fuel crisis! Using the portal, they could easily collect enough fuel whenever they wanted it. Quizilika smiled and shook his head at his brother, “Congratulations!” he sighed.