

*Have you wondered about aliens? What they are like? What they do when they get to Earth? Two of these aliens are Zircon and Rizkey. Zircon falls in love. Earth is threatened with attack from a Galactic Space. What will Zygon and Rizkey do!*

## **Aliens Amongst Us**

By Jackie Adams

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JACKIE ADAMS

# ALIENS AMONGST US

An alien exiled to hell here on Earth



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## Chapter 1

Zircon, you are no longer welcome here on Planet Zygon. For your punishment you will be sent straight to Planet Earth. Any word you breathe about us shall be dismissed, frowned and laughed upon. Nobody will take you seriously. You will become human. May this be your hell.

I'm tossing and turning when I wake up just as he said, On Planet Earth. I was terrified about what I would see, but I could hear chirping outside my window. When I looked it was a small bird I've only read about. It was cute and feathery. I look further out of my window and see clear blue skies, full bloomed trees, and sunshine that feels like it's cradling me in a warm hug. How could this be hell?

Ha! Punishment! All I did was help a prisoner escape the walls of injustice. They ended up catching him again anyway. So why should my crime matter? It's absolutely ridiculous. Exiling me from Planet Zygon was a mistake. They'll see!

I walk into the living room and see a guy sitting in front of the television. He looks over at me and stands excitedly. "Zircon! It's me, Rizkey. I knew they'd exile you sooner or later. I must admit I thought you'd get caught much sooner, but I'm happy you're here with me now."

"Rizkey! I thought they killed you. How'd you know that this," I wave my hand over my body, "was me?"

"They assigned you to me. Apparently, I've earned brownie points down here." He puts an arm around me and

leads me to the kitchen. “It’s so good to see you again. One of my own kind.”

“You talk like we’re both a couple of aliens.” We laugh and discuss old times together. We’re genuinely all caught up in conversation when I hear my stomach growl. I stand up fast. “What the heck was that? Am I not finished transforming?”

Rizkey laughs, “We have to eat down here. Food is what helps us maintain our energy. Your stomach just growled. You need to eat. It’s a necessity.” He says, “I’ll buy you dinner today, but this week you have to get a job. I think you should come down to the factory I work at and apply for the line assembly. It’s easy enough, and you’ll make friends.” He shrugs, “Plus, I could use the help around here financially.”

We walk down the street to a local eatery. Back home, we just took what you would call vitamins and lived on water. There was no need for “food.” This will be a new experience for me. I look over at Rizkey, “So there are no vitamins here?”

“I mean you can get them here, but all your vitamins are in the food.” He then says, “Just wait until you try it. You’re going to love it.”

“What is it?”

Rizkey gets quiet for a few minutes then says, “Animals.”

I ask, “They eat their own kind?”

Rizkey explains, “No, dummy. They raise them to be eaten. They believe God put them on earth to hunt or raise for food.”

I look from the green grass and trees back to him, “If they discovered us would they consider us to be animals? And eat us?” I cringe at the thought.

He puts his hands in his pockets as he walks, “I honestly don’t know.”

I ask him, “Is all the food made up of animals?”

He tells me, “No, just the meat. The other foods are made of plants and ingredients that don’t involve meat.”

We get to the eatery and there is a big room full of tables. A lady comes and seats us at a booth in the corner. All along the walls are photographs of food. I ask Rizkey, “Which is the meat?”

He takes about twenty minutes showing me the differences in foods. I decide I’m just going to get the biscuits and gravy. I was going to get an egg sandwich, but when I asked Rizkey about the egg he told me it was laid by a chicken. “It’s a chicken’s baby!!!” I’m beginning to realize why this is hell.

Rizkey hands her the menu then looks at me as she walks away. “So, tell me what’s been going on up there as of late?”

“There was a protest about the attack on the intergalactic space of Atticus. They felt we overstepped our boundaries. When it came time to protest the protesters were locked away. I was simply freeing them. We should have the right to disagree. It’s wrong, Rizkey. You know it and I know it.”

He puts a napkin on his lap, “Why do you think I’m down here, Zircon? It’s obvious I agree with you.”

I take a drink of the water she put in front of us earlier. I cough some up. “Doesn’t quite taste like ours.”

“Yeah, they use chemicals in theirs. You’ll get used to it.” He looks to be thinking, “Listen. I need you to understand there are threats of wars here, too. Don’t think you’ve come to a place of peace, because they fight for their freedom.”

“That’s where I should be then. On the front lines fighting for freedom!”

Rizkey says, “I hate to burst your bubble, but you’re too old to fight. They won’t let you in.”

“Bahhh. I’m still young.”

He tells me, “Not here you’re not. They only live around one hundred years old, and that’s if you’re lucky. It’s not an infinite life like back home.”

“What happens after we die?”

He explains, “It depends on what you choose to believe. Some believe in heaven and hell.”

I ask, “I thought this was hell?”

He shrugs, “They don’t think so.”

Suddenly all of the information I took in today has caught up with me. I’m exhausted. The food doesn’t help either. In fact, it makes me even more tired. Though I have to admit it tastes great. I watch Rizkey pay with a plastic card. I look at him puzzled.

He must have recognized my look. He says, “It’s a debit card. Once you start work, we’ll open up a checking account for you at my bank. They know me well, so it’ll be hassle free. Then you can have your own card to pay with. We make a certain amount of money here, and everything costs money. It’s not rationed out like back home.”

I put my head on the table. He puts his hand on my shoulder, “Don’t worry. It’s your first day. You’ll catch on quick enough and get used to it. I did, and I had to learn everything on my own. So, every time you start to feel sorry

for yourself think about how tough that must have been on me. I'm here to help you, Zircon."

I nod, lifting my head back up. "You're right. I'm just tired."

Once he gets his "debit" card back he stands up, "Let's get you home so you can nap."

"Hey, I have a question. Shouldn't we get new identities?"

"We actually keep our first names, and they assign us a last name. Go look in the wallet on your dresser in your room."

"Zircon doesn't sound too alien?"

He laughs, "You wouldn't believe some of the names you hear here."

I walk into the bedroom and pull out my identification card. Zircon Smith? I walk back into the living room where Rizkey is sitting. "Zircon Smith? Really? It doesn't even go together."

"Try Rizkey Saunders."

As I'm walking back into the bedroom I tell him, "Yours sounds better than mine." I look through the manila envelope that has a birth certificate, social security card, and other paperwork I'll probably need to acquire a job and a bank account. Looks like they've prepared me for mostly everything.

I lie down on the bed and take a "nap." I dream of a world I no longer live in. I see all of my old friends, Damacol, Livitika, and Justanian. When I wake up the dream makes me homesick. I look around and remember I'm on Earth now. I close my eyes momentarily trying to get back to the dream.



I can hear Rizkey in the other room shuffling around. I get up and walk in. “What are you doing?”

He says, “I’m getting the snacks ready for our guests. I want you to meet the crew I work with. I’m going to introduce you as my cousin. I’m going to tell them you just got into town. Since you have no prior work experience, I’m hoping word of mouth gets you in.”

“What do you do at these social gatherings?”

“Eat, talk, watch television, joke around. Nothing exceptional. Don’t worry, you’ll feel comfortable. All of my friends are great. You’re going to like them. They already know they’re coming to meet you. You’ll be the center of attention.”

“And what brought me here?”

“You didn’t want to take over your dad’s business. You want to be independent from the family name. He owns a hardware store. Let’s just hope they don’t dig too deep.”

I nod, “Nothing like living on hope.”

He coughs, “At least you’re living.”

“True enough my friend... err cousin, true enough.”

Once Rizkey’s crew gets here, I meet them one by one. Lucky for me, they don’t all come walking in at the same time. The first two I meet are George and Henry. Soon follows Julie, Steven, and Bradley. I tell Rizkey, “Wow, there’s a lot of people here. Are there more coming?”

He says, “No, this is all, but if you’re hired, you’ll meet more. These are just my closest friends.” He made little sausage links, chips, and popcorn. He passes out drinks to our

visitors. He introduces us all, then finally he takes a seat on the couch.

We all talk amongst ourselves for about an hour before Julie scoots in closer. She's an attractive young woman, but she talks a lot. Too much for my comfort level. She asks me all sorts of questions I try answering to the best of my capability. It seems like by the time she's done with one she's already asking another.

Rizkey saves me, "Zircon, come help me put these dishes away. The rest of you dig into the popcorn. The movie will start in a bit."

Rizkey and I make our way to the kitchen. He says, "Seems Julie is quite fond of you."

"Phew," I tell him, "She's like the energizer bunny I saw on television. She just keeps going and going."

Rizkey laughs, "Lighten up. Hopefully the boss will put you on our team. Then you'll know most of your fellow workers."

The rest of the night goes well. We finish a movie about a cop who gets slandered in it. We ate all the popcorn, and I'm sitting on the couch rubbing my belly barely able to move. "I ate too much," I tell Rizkey.

He laughs, "You're going to be fine." He shows the rest of our guests out and tells them he'll see them in the morning.

I ask, "Can I apply for the job in the morning?"

"Sure, why not!"

That's exactly what I do the next day. I follow Rizkey to work. He walks to it every day. On the way there he talked about how he got his driver's license, and he's saving up for a

vehicle. He said he doesn't want a cheap jalopy, so he's saving up for a better car. He said having me work will help him save. He told me I have to pay my share of the bills and rent. Which I'm fine with! He'll have to teach me money, but I'm a fast learner.

I get the job application and sit at a table looking through the paperwork. I decide I better take it home and have Rizkey help me go through it. I don't know our phone number and all that information it wants yet. I don't even have the address memorized.

There was some money in my wallet when I took it off the dresser. It's what they call "cash." Rizkey said it's enough to get me some outfits, though, he gave me some clothes that were getting too small for him.

I'd go to the store now and buy some, but I'd feel like a lost kid without his mother. I wouldn't know how much money to give to the cashier. Which would make me look like a fool! I don't want to stick out any more than I have to.

I get home and flip through the channels to the history station. I'm trying to learn as much as I can. Rizkey said something about getting a cellular phone last night. I definitely want one. He says it's a whole computer. He said I can ask it anything and it will tell me the answer. It sounds like something I need more than just want.

A few hours pass, and I fall asleep on the couch. When Rizkey walks in I have some of my application filled out, but not all of it! We go over the forms together. He tells me what to put where. When I'm finished, he tells me he'll bring the paperwork in to work tomorrow.

He shows me the home phone, gives me the number to memorize, and tells me to answer it by saying hello every time. It's pretty basic. The number is easy, too. It has almost all the same numbers in it. I repeated it back to him several times. Now I know it and our address.

He tells me to never cook. He says he'll be in charge of that. I guess I worry him when I get by the stove. He said when he was learning he had a few mishaps that he doesn't want to see me have. He said it almost caught the house on fire. Sounds scary enough for me to leave well enough alone. He made us a sandwich with ham and cheese. It looked easy enough. He said any time I get hungry and he's not home to make one.

The first time the phone rings I answer it. "Hello?"

It's for Rizkey, so I hand it to him. As he is talking, I walk outside and stand on the porch. I note how beautiful earth is. Much more beautiful than Zygon. Of course, Zygon has no gravity. It is made up of space.

I walk back inside and by the time I do, Rizkey is off the phone. "Do you want to go to Mickey's house tonight? He's having a card game. It's called Poker."

I really put some thought into it. Do I really feel like learning new stuff again? I worked long and hard about the telephone. Then I watched the history channel most of the day. I look at Rizkey and tell him no. "Sorry, but I'm brain drained. There's no more room for anything new."

"Okay, but eventually you're going to need to learn it. We have a game every week. It's fun. All the guys get together and throw some extra cash in."

I thought he didn't have any extra cash. He told me he needs financial help. I can never make any sense out of Rizkey.

Rizkey walks over to me and puts a hand on my shoulder, "Now that we can team up on bills, I will have some extra cash."

I go back and sit on the couch. I flip through the channels until I see a movie called, "Forrest Gump." It grabs my attention, and before I know it, I'm lost to it.

Two hours pass before Rizkey walks in and says, "I'm leaving now. Remember when you answer the phone the first thing you say is..."

"Hello... I get it." I raise my hand. "You go have fun. I'll be fine. I think I'm going to make myself a sandwich. Maybe go for an evening walk."

"If you get too lonely, call Julie. Ask her to the cinema. She seemed really into you."

I roll my eyes, "Geez, I just got here Rizkey. You're already trying to pawn me off."

He smiles at me, "Take it easy, buddy. It was just a thought." I watch him back out of the drive.

Finally, I think to myself. I go in the kitchen and make that sandwich I was talking about. I decide I'll walk it off after. I accidentally put the mayonnaise on with a fork. I didn't see the butter knives until after. I put the ham and cheese on. Proud of myself I pour myself a glass of water.

After I'm done eating, I tie my laces a little tighter, and go for that walk. Maybe it wasn't the best idea, because I ended up walking straight to the corner bar. I remember I have a few bills in my wallet upon arrival.

The bartender's name is Missy, and man is she a knockout. Prettiest human I ever saw. If ever I was going to score, I'd want it to be with her. I order another beer and try flirting with her, but to no avail. I soon gave up.

She passes me the beer and says, "So you're new to town?"

I look up at her with longing eyes, "I am. I'm staying with my cousin, Rizkey."

"Rizkey?" She asks again, "Rizkey Saunders?"

"That's right. You must know him?"

She bends down to wash a dish, and I can see her fully exposed breasts. "Yeah, he's a regular here. Comes in often. He's a good guy."

Oh, please stay there washing that dish. "He's at a card game tonight. I thought I'd take a walk and ended up here."

She stands straight, "Most do." She asks me, "What's your name? You might have to tell me it a few times before I can remember it. I get a lot of people in at night."

"It's Zircon."

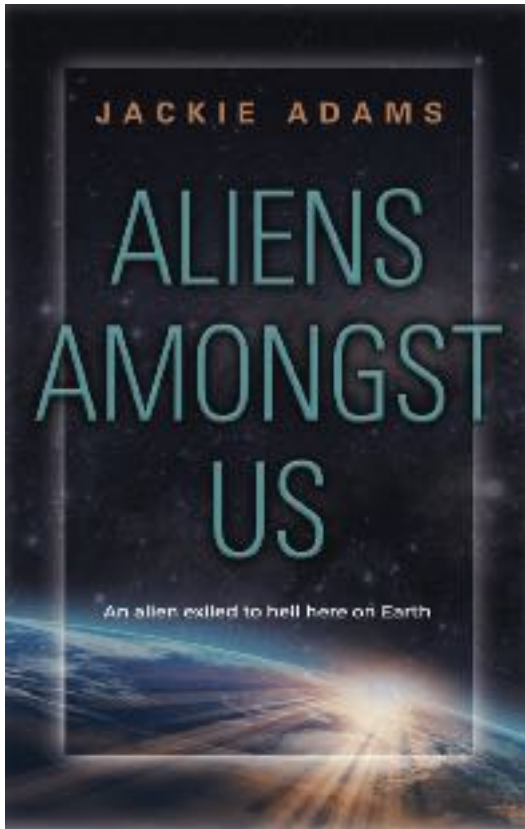
She wipes the bar down, "I haven't heard that one before. Nanu Nanu."

"Ha! Ha! Very funny. Yeah, my parents must have been upset with me."

She says, "Take it easy, I was just kidding. I think it's kind of cute. It's a name I won't forget." She looks up from what she's doing, "My name is Missy."

"I know." I probably shouldn't have said that. Then I explained myself further, "I heard you introduce yourself to the drunk down the bar from me."

Before I know it, the place is packed, and Missy doesn't have any more time to talk to me. I finish up my beer and head home. When I get there, I see Rizkey still hasn't arrived.



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