

The Aliens Are Coming The Aliens Are Coming!

When Oliver hears that “aliens” are moving in next door, he does what any brave little boy would do. He decides to protect his family.



The Aliens are Coming,

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ALIENS
ARE
COMING!

by Rod Gonzalez

Dad opened the front door.

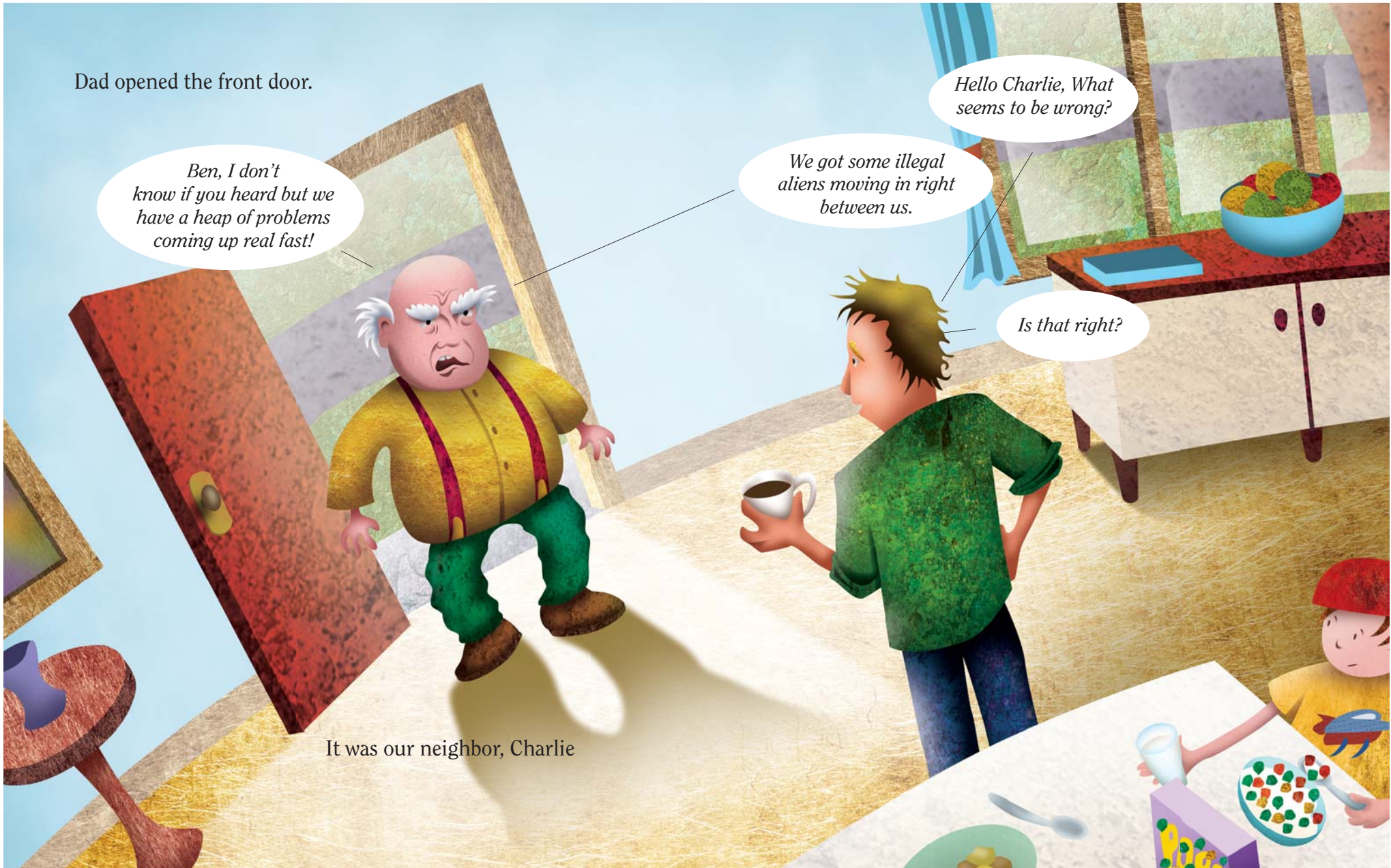
Ben, I don't know if you heard but we have a heap of problems coming up real fast!


We got some illegal aliens moving in right between us.

Hello Charlie, What seems to be wrong?

Is that right?

It was our neighbor, Charlie





"Yep, I'm not letting that happen, are you with me?"

"You say that they are 'illegal'?"

"They're aliens, I just figured them to be illegals"

"Well Charlie, thanks for the news, but I don't think this is something I want to be a part of"

My dad closed the door and noticed me sitting at the counter eating some cereal.

I nodded my head

Did you hear that, Oliver?

Don't worry son, Charlie can get excited sometimes



I've heard my dad call Charlie, a 'cranky old man'. But Aliens are moving in next door and dad says not to worry?!

I'm kind of worried.



I'm a bit of an alien expert in my neighborhood. I've seen every single Star Wars movie, and I have 43 of the figures from the movies in my room. If anyone on the block wants to know **anything** about aliens—they usually ask me.

I've never actually met any **real** aliens, but I think I'm ready to take care of just about any creature that moves in next door. All I need is a plan.



I wonder if they're the kind of hairy alien that towers above everyone? Those are pretty cool. They're really strong but I think I can outsmart them. Maybe a trap in the front yard is the way to capture them? Yeah, **A trap!** That's how you get the big hairy ones.



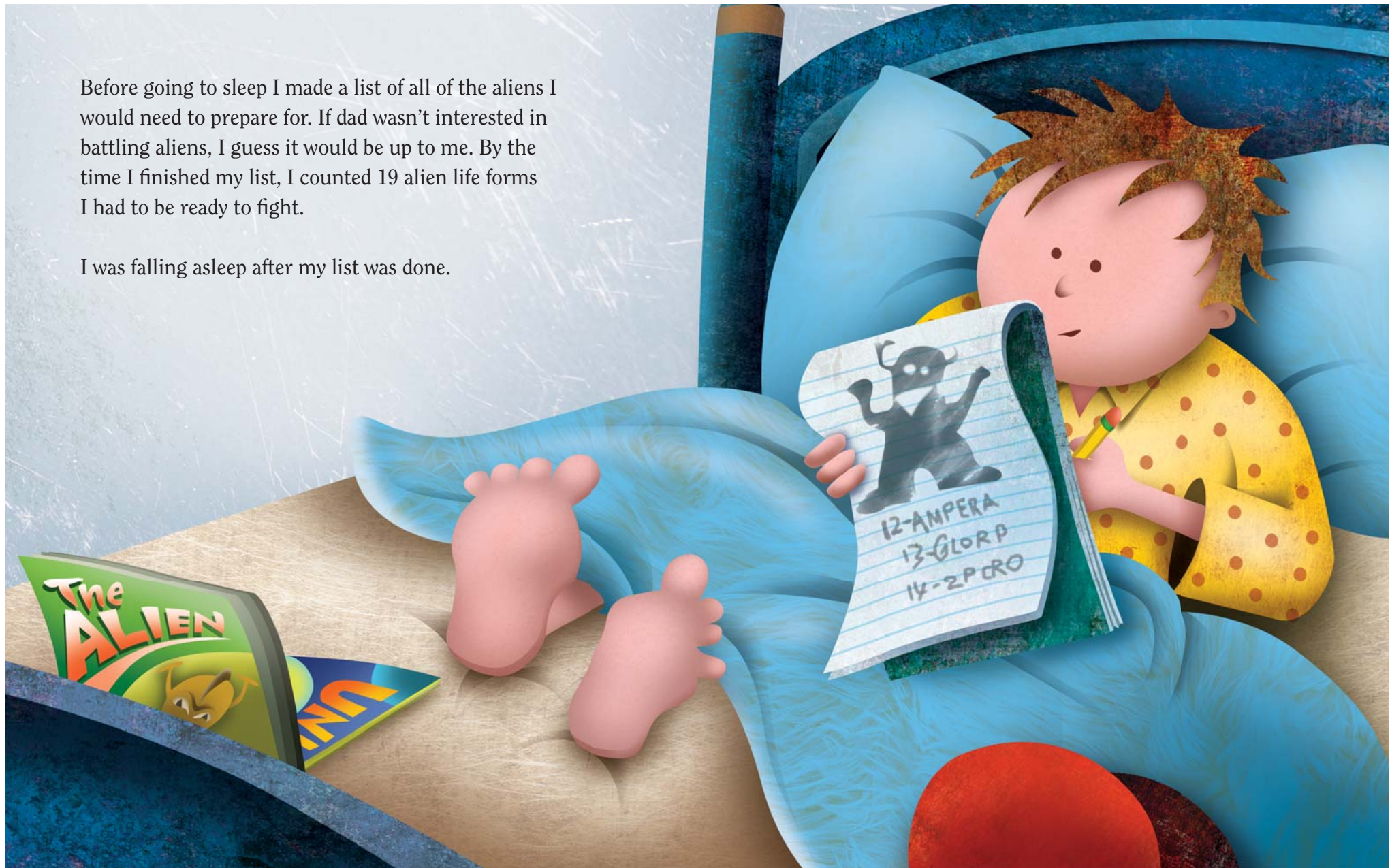


The slimy ones are trickier. They can **ooze under doors** and stuff. You don't want to get too close to the slime, because it can get sticky. Maybe that laser zapper I got on my birthday would work on them. **Laser zappers rock!**



Before going to sleep I made a list of all of the aliens I would need to prepare for. If dad wasn't interested in battling aliens, I guess it would be up to me. By the time I finished my list, I counted 19 alien life forms I had to be ready to fight.

I was falling asleep after my list was done.




Be prepared to be
vanquished, Diphmar!

You've chosen to engage the
wrong warrior, Rajstahat!

Someone help me! I have
a Nobuulon on my back!



A young boy with brown hair, wearing a red baseball cap and a yellow t-shirt, is looking out of a window. He has his hand on the wooden windowsill. Outside the window, a small white moving van with red wheels is parked on a green lawn. The van has the words "The MOVING VAN" written on its side in red and blue. Several cardboard boxes, a small blue lamp, and a red stool are scattered on the lawn. The scene is framed by blue curtains on either side of the window.

I woke up very tired. When you spend the night fighting aliens you can be pretty sure you'll wake up tired. I put my shorts on and ran into the living room where I could look out to see if the aliens had moved in yet.

All I could see was a small moving van. It didn't look very alien-y. What kind of an alien moves in with a small van? **Maybe it was a trick!** Yep, it was a trick! Aliens can be very shifty.



I bolted into the kitchen where mom and dad were calmly having coffee. They said good morning and asked me what I wanted for breakfast.

“Breakfast!?! You’re asking about breakfast when we have an alien army moving in next door? Aren’t you people scared!?!”



My mom said “Oliver, why don’t you go outside, and meet the new neighbors. They seem like a nice family.”

My father looked very peaceful for someone whose life was in danger. I thought he was paying attention when we watched all of those Star Wars movies!

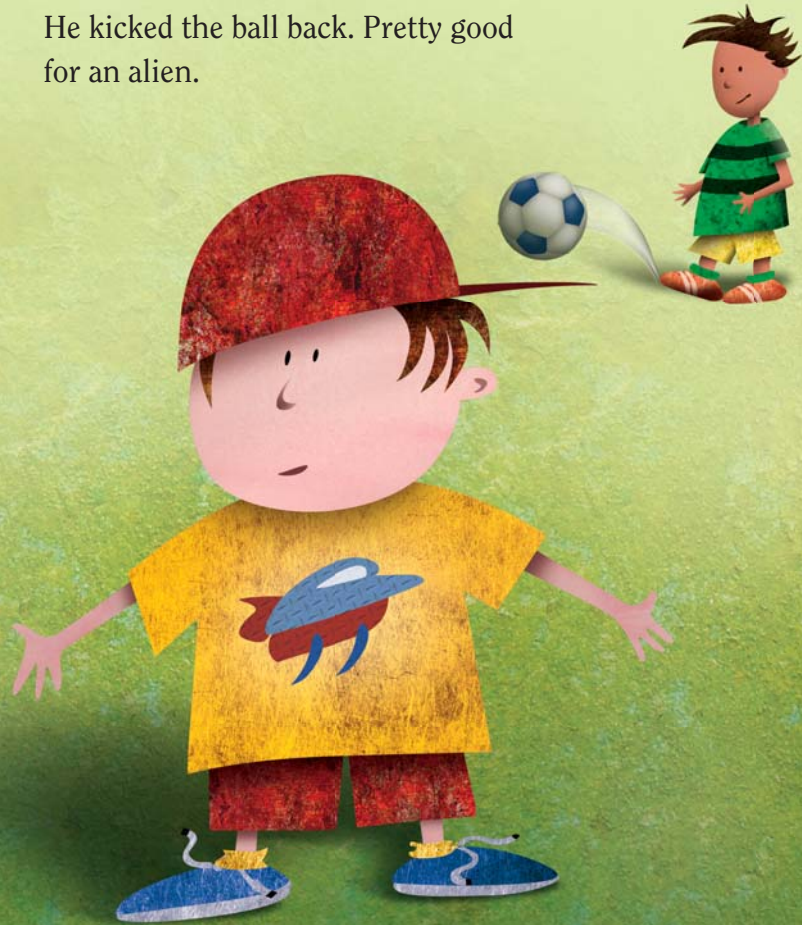
I guess it was up to me to defend our family from certain destruction.



I went outside with my soccer ball for protection,
and noticed what looked like a regular boy on his
front lawn.

I did what I usually do with human kids.
I kicked him the ball.

He kicked the ball back. Pretty good
for an alien.



Maybe dad was right after all. We didn't have to worry.
Our new alien neighbors? They seemed to be...
a lot like us.

“You may say I’m a dreamer,
but I’m not the only one.
I hope someday you’ll join us.
And the world will live as one.”

John Lennon