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All is Relative

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Loogle rose above the trench's edge, peering in the distance with curiosity. He looked out for a few seconds, turned back and lowered himself to the bottom, his whole body shivering.

He swallowed a few times to clear the knot in his throat. "They're horrible."

Tweeg licked his lips nervously and pulled out an electronic notepad. "The commander said to take detailed notes on how they look and what they do, and send them back to base for identification."

Loogle looked him in the eyes. "To kill them?"

Tweeg's eyelids twitched a few times. "Of course, what do you think? They came here to stroll around? They came to steal the food. We *have to* kill them. So, tell me what you saw."

He wiggled his hands waiting for Loogle to start talking.

Loogle scratched his temple. "First of all, they have very short arms, kinda crooked. They look more like stumps to me, ended with these ... tentacles—"

"Tentacles?" Tweeg said and belched.

"Maybe not tentacles, but some weird wiggling extremities that keep moving without reason."

"What about the head?" Tweeg said, entering the information in his pad. "Tell me about that."

Loogle snorted and concentrated. "Heads are normal size, I'd say, but their eyes—"

"What about the eyes?"

"Tiny, tiny, like droplets on the face. And then they have all these holes in their faces—"

"Holes?"

"I swear, holes, don't know how many, and they move—"

"Moving holes?" Tweeg shivered. "Monsters, we are attacked by monsters, that's it!"

Loogle nodded. "I think so. And they commute strandelv. Like one of the stumps they have

must always touch the ground."

"Stump to the ground," Tweeg repeated. "There." he smiled with satisfaction. "I sent it."

Loogle jumped from the bottom of the trench and floated about two feet above ground. He rotated his twelve arms around his body and elongated his neck about five feet into the air.

"Be careful, they'll see you," Tweeg screamed and spit a green spiky tongue from the top of his head.

The tongue spun around Loogle's body, grabbed him and pulled him to the ground where he first flattened like pancake and then jumped back into shape.

"Stay down!" Tweeg barked, cracked open his head and pooped his twelfth eye out.

Loogle squeezed his head into a tube and pulled it inside his body. He knew Tweeg was truly mad when his twelfth eye was out.

The electronic pad beeped loudly.

"Oh," Tweeg said, "we got something."

Loogle's head popped back up from his body. He opened all his ten eyes as wide as he could.

"So?" he said wiggling all his extremities.

Tweeg shrugged all his eight shoulders. "Humans, they're humans from planet Earth."

Loogle squared his body and spun it around. "Humans ... Never heard of them."

Tweeg opened all his eyes wide. "Now that they're here, no else one will."

Julian Ionescu was born and raised in Bucharest, Romania, where he earned his Bachelor's in Finance. He moved to the US during 2001, and became a CPA. He's an aspiring sci-fi and fantasy writer and lives in New Jersey with his wife and son. He blogs at www.fantasyscroll.com and www.iulianionescu.com.

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