

U.F.O.

I just knew it! Respectable airline pilots and astronauts are now saying they have actually seen UFO's. I guess they were afraid of being ridiculed in the past, but now they're too old for their careers to suffer and they're coming out of the alien closet, so to speak.

Now I can tell my own UFO story without worrying too much about my reputation, about which my wife tells me to not bother at this point.

Here goes. It's a dark and stormy night ... really! ... when my 84 year old neighbor Willard comes down the road through a torrential downpour to my kitchen door. He is drenched, wet through and through, so of course I don't want to let him in and have the floor get wet. He gets mad at me, but I would never let the dog in when she was soaking wet and that's why I have the nicest floors in the neighborhood.

Willard stands outside and is quite animated, shouting and gesticulating, hollering something I can't quite hear because of the wind and thunder and the rain sheeting off the roof and pouring down on his head. Some might think it cruel of me to let him stand out in such weather, but Willard always wants to go for a walk when a storm comes up. If all

of us in the neighborhood let him in every time he appeared at a kitchen door soaking wet, none of us would have had very nice floors.

Putting on my rain gear, I walk out into the wild night suited up in proper attire, my lobstering pants and life vest. I don't live near the ocean, but my brother sent them to me. He doesn't live near the ocean either.

"What's up that couldn't wait for the weather to turn more pleasant, Willard," I ask.

"There's a strange aircraft in my front yard. I think it's a Buick."

"I don't think Buick makes airplanes, Willard."

"Well," he says, "then it's a Ford Flying Saucer with a Buick emblem on it. But it just landed five minutes ago and tooted the horn like it was delivering a pizza."

"All right," I say, my interest piqued. "I'll walk down to your house and tap on the starship and ask if they've brought pepperoni or plain cheese."

The craft doesn't look like a Buick, but indeed it has a similar triple-shield symbol that appears to vibrate. A series of blue and yellow lights whirl around the periphery of the saucer-shaped craft. Bizarre, yes, but somehow it doesn't look too dangerous. I think it might be some kid in a homemade car with those road-lights that shine down on the pavement underneath.

But when I reach out to tap on a it, the little spacecraft instantly moves 20 feet away, faster than I can snap my fingers. That sort of scares me.

“Maybe we should call Earl,” I say, referring to our local police force. “On vacation,” says Willard. “How about the fire department?” “Good idea,” says Willard, and after he places the call, he comes back out to join me. Soon we hear car doors slamming in the distance, down at the local pub, and the sirens begin to wail.

The men arrive in good cheer and Chief Burguoyne suggests they give the space taxi a blast with the fire hoses. I mention he might want to be careful, but he insists on trying. In a few minutes the firemen are squirting at the blue and yellow lights with streams of high pressure water. They began to advance on the craft and drag the hoses behind them,

Just then Bits, the fire department’s bomb expert, drives up in his pock-marked Taurus station wagon and parks right next to the saucer. I’ve always liked Bits and enjoy seeing him ... not professionally of course. As an explosives expert, he “did bridges” in the First Gulf War and he has the funniest stories. He’s a born raconteur, with his happy smile, eye patch, missing fingers and a whistling sound that comes from the hole in his throat when he laughs. After the war, Bits began training for a job as an air traffic controller, but he’s a little high strung and has a tendency to stutter when he gets nervous. After a few days of, “Flight 2-2-2-2 3 8, please drop to 4 1-1-1-1 zero feet and maintain a heading of 1-1-1 6 5-5-5-5 degrees,” the school gave him his money back.

Bits steps forward with his Pike Pole, the hardwood stick with a steel spike and hook used by firemen the world over. He

brings it down smartly on the end of the spaceship with a clang. For a second, nothing happens. Then, with hardly a noise, the craft whooshes off down the road and out of sight,. Well, it *is* raining hard and I can’t see all that well. Maybe it does gain a little altitude, but to me it looks like it just plain drives away.

“Willard,” I ask, “did you say it *landed*, meaning it came down from the sky?” “It was raining pretty hard,” he says, a bit sheepishly.

Chief Burguoyne shouts over to the bomb man. “Bits, what’s that thing in the road the Martian left behind?” Bits bends over the spot where the saucer was parked and looks down at the flat white box. He opens it with his Pike Pole.

“L-L-Looks like P-P-Pepperoni and Cheese,” he says.

Willard has an amazed look on his face. “Well, I never!,” he says. “A flying saucer that can’t fly but delivers pizzas. Who’d of thought?”

Raining or not, you wouldn’t let Willard in your kitchen either.

David Griffin copyright 2007

**The Windswept
Press**

Murrells Inlet, South Carolina
www.windsweptpress.com

