



Not copyrighted, I did it to entertain, but if you steal it and get rich at least remember who really wrote it.

The Wild game preserve:

Prologue: the doomsday clock.

The end was easy, we even had a year to prepare. In the time we had until everything stopped we learned so much about mankind's real history and the truth about ourselves, we'd have been better off if they'd just pulled the plug on us and let us die, but the aliens were trying to be merciful, that mercy was worse than the unplug itself. We discovered we really had no gods, they were created by the aliens to try to reform us and shape our world, we were not even native to Earth, Earth was in fact a race bank and a prison, placed way out from actual civilized worlds to keep them and us safe from each other. A billion years ago, the species of man had an empire stretching from one end of the galaxy to the other, seven thousand years ago, some of the survivors from the war, after the other races united and destroyed us, were dumped here in an effort to "evolve" us into being nice people, it failed. Since our conquerors were actually nice people, just killing us all off was frowned upon. So they took away our toys. Before they EMP blasted the planet, they cured all our major diseases, lengthened our life spans by 25% and boosted our immune systems. We offered to turn in all our nukes and WMDs but that had been tried before somewhere else, some other wild game preserve. we'd just build more, we were good at it! So in the end, factories churned out freeze dried and long term Storable food and other stuff we'd need rebuilding the world, riots ensued, millions died trying to get just a little bit more, ammunition became a currency to itself, as did toilet paper. We cried, we

begged, we pleaded for more time, we offered deals and swore never to develop space flight, but their minds were made up, and once every 100 years the planet would get a nice, fresh EMP barrage, lasting one week, Mankind would never go to the stars or tinker with nuclear energy again. In fact a week before the day, every bit of refined nuclear material, including our waste, crumbled down to base elements. Nice of them I suppose. Which brings us to my diary, how it happened and why. The why is we were about to become inter-planetary with the sudden discovery of the gravity well generator drive, said drive could get us to Pluto in hours! It didn't propel a ship through space, rather it jerked it along using its very own artificially generated black hole.

Anyway, for all its worth, day 365. December 21st.
My birthday in fact.

No more begging and pleading, one year from tonight, the world as we know it ends. Formerly Religious factions are already destroying every church, synagogue and mosque in sight, the pagans are having a field day. With every bit of energy being devoted to food and medicine, a loaf of bread is fifty cents, gasoline however is in short supply and recreational travel is banned. I'm devoting every penny to food that keeps. Every night I go out and look at that giant fleet of space ships on our doorstep and give them the finger, I believe they can see me!

New years day January 1st.

More riots, 200 dead in Atlanta alone, 350 in NYC, 500 in Portland. Ammunition and firearm sales are banned. The National guard are shooting looters on sight. Pretty quiet here except for a multi-denominational group of preachers that burned their churches and bibles and celebrated by a drunken orgy and chanting: "God isn't dead, he never was!" And holding what is commonly known as a "Black mass" complete with a naked teenage girl sitting in as the altar with bacon strips as the holy host and whiskey as the communion drink. A large mosque, not to be outdone, had an all pork barbecue and beer on ice! I think the religious types are a bit pissed off they were had.

January 10th.

Every city on earth is on fire, every town, riots, old scores settled, no cops or fire fighters in sight. Food ration points are closed until order returns.

January 15th.

The army restored order today. "Go home or die." they said. Thousands took the latter option, they're being buried in the land fill.

March 1st.

The government announced today that our oil reserves were good up to ten years, maybe more with rationing. Detroit is already downgrading its assembly lines and turning out EMP proof tractors and delivery trucks and old prop style airplanes, so we might still have interstate travel, they are making a few cars and trucks too, junkyards are being

emptied and all the pre-90's clunkers are being refurbished.

March 10th.

Food stores closed for good today, once a month, by alphabetical order, you have to go collect three boxes of rations, if you miss your day or don't watch how much you eat, tough shit. Home and community gardens are springing up everywhere. The riots are over now everyone has resigned themselves to what's coming. I traded three bags of rolled oats for a five pound box of cheese, life is good.

March 13th.

China invaded Japan and Taiwan today, they said their equipment will defeat the alien's EMP and they'll control the world in a few weeks.

March 14th.

China ceased to exist this morning, well parts of it. We don't know what the aliens used on them, no explosion or shock-wave or anything, just thirty foot deep, glass filled craters where their capitol cities, military bases and manufacturing centers used to be! Hell, they're not even radioactive! Russia immediately declared it wanted to live in peace with its neighbors and North Korea dumped all its rockets into the ocean and declared all hostilities with anyone over. The Caliphate of new Persia (Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan) closed its borders and declared a week of meditation since we found out or gods were a lie and dissolved all their military except for those watching the border.

March 20th.

I finished my mandatory seventy two hours on the community farm today. I'm lucky, I have a few useful skills so I'm on maintenance for most of it, the rest of the time I worked setting up the canning kitchen putting in the propane stoves and getting the jar sterilization station set up, I just hope we actually have enough jars. I think I'll put in a few more hours helping set up the grain mill, extra work is extra food and supplies. At least the village idiots, winos and urban campers all have jobs now, turning the grain mill and sorghum grinder.

March 28th.

We voted to grow marijuana and brew beer and moonshine on the scraps today. Tobacco got nixed however, the next community over is growing ten acres of it.

April 5th.

Our "benevolent overlords" graced us with their presence today, the big silver disc flew low over our farms looking us over, then after a while came to hover over the empty interstate and about a dozen of them got out and walked our way. Most appeared

somewhat or mostly human, the rest were either in space suits because they breathed something besides air, or sat in floating glass spheres. Everyone cleared out and hid. Not me, I was as curious about them as they were us. While an eight foot tall, blonde haired, blue eyed, pasty skinned giant poked our corn with some kind of rod like device, a humanoid lion like being sifted the soil through his clawed hands until he found a worm and dropped it like it had stung him and stomped it while wiping his hands! A gray skinned, bald humanoid female walked up to me. "You do not run from us Terra Human, why?" Bald or not, she was extra cute! "Do I need to? And would it do any good if I did?" I said. She looked me over a few moments. "No, but we mean you no harm, we have noticed your people do not fight, you work together. This is unusual for your species, it interests us, this is like what we had wished your species to become!" She said with a warm smile.

I looked her over, her eyes were insanely blue. "Well, we can fight if we have to, but we're just common folks, as long as we have enough to live pretty comfortable, we're generally peaceful. When you get greedy people and get a bunch of thugs behind them in charge, then there's fighting. You didn't study us very well did you?" I laughed. She scowled at me. "We have been watching you for three thousand years, I believe we know your race well" She snorted. The lion guy was still wiping his hands... "Tell your big, furry friend worms are pretty much harmless, he's not been poisoned or anything, some caterpillars and centipedes will sting or bite however." She turned and "growl woof snort-purred at him." He looked up and kind of smiled and half bowed to me. "Tell him there's a wash bucket at the edge of the sun shed if he wants to wash his hands." I said. She purr-chirped at him and he nodded and went to the bucket. "ANYWAY, Back to what we were talking about..." I said. "Your average human just wants to live comfortable, but then you get those who want to own everything and control everybody, and they seem to attract those that like to fight, then they make the rest of us fight! We get pissing little out of it, but they get more power, more riches, and the fighters get glory and medals, but make no mistake, when they can't fight anymore, they get treated almost as crappy as us! And make no mistake blue eyes, when you turn off our technology, there will be a LOT of fighting! We have a saying, the love of money is the root of all evil, and when we're subdued, the greedy ones in control will try to grab it all! All you'll do is make life hell for the rest of us! The ones running the show won't miss a thing!" I growled softly. She looked shocked! "We'll just end up with a bunch of tribal warlords screwing everything up for the rest of us, it'll be worse than a thousand years ago in the dark ages!" I told her. She motioned to a Gray standing nearby admiring a squash and said something to him in another language. He pulled out a device from his belt and poked it into his ear, the rest followed suit and turned to look at her. "Some kind of translator?" I mused. She spoke at them for some time, after which, they all babbled among themselves a few more minutes. She turned back to me. "We will stay and watch your group today and study you." She said with a smile. "Well in that case, have lunch with us if our food isn't toxic to you." I said. Nobody took lunch with us, they stayed hid. so our guests sat alone while I dished up this and that, the space suited ones and the ball dwellers contented themselves to poke around the "com-farm" as we called it. Suddenly a huge rat broke cover and a reptilian guy zapped it with a three foot long tongue! He chewed a second and swallowed it hole and then he chirped and whistled at the gray bald lovely I was serving lunch to a moment. She

turned to me and said “Ambassador Xzee says that was delicious, do you have any more?” I looked around. Probably near the grain storage, have all you like, there are literally billions of them on earth. If he can find a breeding pair he’ll have hundreds in a couple of months, if he wants he can have as many as he can carry away, they tend to overpopulate!” I chuckled as I went back to explaining what each dish was as I shoveled it on their plates. Fried squash, okra, green fried tomatoes with onion, corn on the cob with real butter and grits with strawberry jelly and sweet tea to wash it all down. “No meat?” asked the lion guy through his translator. “I thought humans ate meat.” He said, looking downcast. “We do, once or twice a week, there’s always a deer who thinks he can get away with wrecking our crops, we got a nice one this morning and put it in the smokehouse, so Friday we’re having barbecue, come back then. “Bar bah koo? What is it?” he asked without a translator. “Slow steamed meat, covered in herbs and spices and slow simmered until it falls apart and served on a bun or a hunk of corn bread. The cat-man licked his chops and grinned “I will try to be here Friday!” He purred. Just then Xzee came back with a metallic sack full of squirming rodents, his belly was noticeably swelled. He tossed a bag of gemstones to me and cued his translator up. “These are a delicacy! We have trade goods if the council will allow it!” He hissed. “Let me try to get you a live rabbit if you visit again, if you like rat, you’ll love rabbit!” I told him. Just then the gray, bald hotty’s (cell phone?) buzzed. She smiled at me, it was then I noticed she had tiny, sharp, fangs beside human looking teeth and touched my hand “Speaking with common humans was enlightening and delightful and has given us much to think about, after we make our reports we will likely speak again, we must go now.” She sighed. “I think maybe if your people had limited trade with us you might change for the better, we are already seeing changes and we have yet to neutralize your technology yet. I think we will meet again Terra human, what is your name?” She whispered, “Lee Blevins Ma'am, and yours?” She smiled. “Tyleel Hnah, I am commander of my people’s part of the neutralization armada, Yes, we will meet again brave one!” She smiled. I watched them mount their silver disc and disappear back to the colony of daylight stars which was their fleet reflecting sunlight.

“Why was you talking to them Lee?” Asked my neighbor Ralph. “You were acting right friendly to them!” He growled. “I was as curious about them as they are us, besides, did you see the boobs that gray chick had?! Friggin’ huge man! Like honeydew melons and just as firm!” I laughed.

April 9th.

Only Tyleel Hnah, the lion guy and two of his wives and the lizard guy Xzee came back on Friday, I talked most of the rest of the farm co-op into staying and meeting our overlords and we generally had a great time and I introduced Rhul the lion guy and his wives to cornbread and sweet milk, they loved it! Apparently his species never discovered bread! Near the end, Tyleel Hnah got everyone’s attention. “We have noted certain deficiencies in your soil here, so in return for your hospitality we will be giving you fertilize such as we use on dead worlds to make them habitable, it is made of elements found on your world and there is no sign it will harm you or your plants in any way! Simply dissolve one pellet

in one hundred gallons of water and put it on your plants when you water them, you will likely see a tenfold increase in production!” and with that, a pair of Grays unloaded what looked to be a hundred gallon drum of the crystal pellets and rolled it into the shed. Later, Tyleel Hnah and I were sipping mint juleps on my back porch deck and watching the stars wink on around the fleet of hers. “I think I’m getting drunk Lee, Terrans make fine concoctions as well as food, this spice, or herb in this liquor seems to have a cooling effect as well as being flavorful. After we turn your technology back a bit, several of our worlds wish to open trade with your people if you adapt well to your new situation, we’ll steer your species into a friendlier more peaceful direction and gradually bring you into our council, it may take a century, but I feel you will see it in your lifetime!” She hiccuped and stared at me with her crazy blue eyes in a way that made me uncomfortable. “Tell me earth man, do you have a problem with race?” She whispered. “Not really, there’s good and bad in everybody, crap come in all colors you know?” I said. “What of my race then human?” she purred. “HUH? You look human enough, despite your being bald and an unusual color, a very attractive specimen at that. Why?” She smiled, our species are very closely related Lee, in fact we can interbreed! But we’re somewhat different, in your language, you might call us “Homo-Monotreme” My people do not give live birth, we lay eggs.” I scratched my head. “I dunno what that means, but eggs are cool I guess. What are you trying to tell me?” I asked. She grinned wickedly. “I only have one hole down there, Is that a problem?” She purred. I felt lost a moment, but I was about half drunk. “Not really. Why are you asking me all this?” I asked, suddenly feeling somewhat frightened. “Take me to bed Earth man Lee.” She said bluntly.

She got up and left sometime during the night, three half-dollar sized blue gems were on her pillow, holding down a note written on something like white plastic, it read:
I love you Lee Blevins, I will return.

April 20th.

We all drove our cars down to the exchange yard and get our brand new government issued hydrogenated fuel powered vehicles, they looked kind of like a cross between a Volkswagen “Thing” and a 70’s era Ford “bronco” more a utility vehicle than anything, but it had heat and air and nothing the EMP could hurt and got thirty miles to the gallon on the “new-fuel” the aliens showed us how to brew, it had very little in the way of emissions, but it had a filter you needed to clean or replace ever so often or it would stop running. Good deal for me, my Honda was on its last legs, not so much for the Mustang/Corvette/Mercedes crowd, but gas was going to be a thing of the past after the first of the year except for the military and government.

May 22nd.

The government issued our hunting kits today, a basic bolt action 7.62X51, 100 rounds of soft point hunting ammo in stripper clips, and two stripper clips of “plinking ammo” it was of carbine length with a plastic stock. Next was a 22 caliber bolt action with an internal magazine and a single shot smooth-bore 12 gauge with a hundred rounds each respectively. All were finished in a flat black, baked on paint. I already had guns, but

what the hell, they were free.

May 25th.

The government said that after December first, there would be no more food rations and fuel rations would cease as well until things settled back down and they saw how bad things were going to be, the riots started immediately thereafter.

June 16th.

The riots are petering out, not much for the entitled class to steal, smash and burn anymore. The army and cops just contained them until they got tired and went home, what few tried to raid the farms or private homes were dealt with by the owners.

June 20th.

I got to see Tyleel again today, She told us that due to the way we “common people” were getting along all over world, cooperating and not fighting and generally minding their own business, the council was debating on weather or not to EMP us at all, but rather put peace keepers here and rebuild our planet into a confederation suited for contact with more civilized and advanced races, it was becoming an opinion that centralized government was actually the root of many of humanity's problems as a species and noted that most of the smaller tribes in the third world never hurt anybody unless they had to. Later Tyleel took me on a flight in her private hover craft and I got to join the “Mile high” club, even though we were actually up in orbit! As far as I know only a few Russians were in the orbital sex club. If you ever get the chance, DO IT!

June 25th.

Ambassador Xzee and ten of his buddies dropped in today, they solved our rat problem for months, they literally vacuumed the little varmints out of their holes into metal mesh bags and carted them away. He said he was going to become insanely rich ranching the varmints when he retires from service. More power to him. He paid me in gems again, no idea what they are, I’m pretty sure the red ones are rubies, the clear ones may be diamonds, no idea what the blue and purple ones are, but I’m pretty sure its pocket change.

July 1st.

The entitled classes almost wrenched the whole thing today by attacking a landing zone, but the aliens are a long suffering and gentle bunch, the minute the American soldiers guarding the place were about to be overrun, there was a loud hum and a pop, and they all just fell over in a sound sleep. The aliens finished what they were doing and left, leaving the protesters to sleep it off for hours, When they woke up, they were in a detention camp.

July 9th.

Rhul, his two wives a son and daughter arrived today, they wanted to do some hunting, so I engineered a deer hunting expedition, I only took my compound bow since they all were

using bows and the son and Rhul had keen pointed spears. Rhul looked over my ancient compound bow with all its cables and pulleys and perked his ears up. "Why do this?" he asked. "Distance and power friend. Watch this!" And with that I took a well used arrow and sailed it at a tree almost a hundred yards distant, it buried itself in the trunk. Rhul sprinted out after it and returned after a moment. "shot far, bit deep. How do I get one?" He asked. "Leave me what you would pay for one and I'll take care of it, come back in a week and we'll see. you'll likely have change coming!" He grinned and purred and filled my palm full of gems. We hit the herd pretty hard and came home with three deer, two fine bucks and a doe. I dropped mine off at the butcher's shed and Rhul and his family loaded theirs into their shuttle. It was then I saw Rhul's daughter staring at me. "You are the one Tyleel Hnah has claimed as her own yes?" She purred. "I hope it is only for fun, she will be leaving after the first of your year. Maybe I will take you. There are few males of my kind in the fleet, mostly only the women of my race fly, our men can not stand the gravity forces. Father is an exception, but even he had to be taken on board in a special pod. It is why one of my mothers always flies us in." She purred. Rhul's first wife barked harshly at her in her language and then adding in English to stop bothering me and load up before the meat got cold. It sank in...Tyleel is leaving me? The realization turned my heart to ice! I guess it wasn't how the cat girl put it, "JUST FUN" I sighed heavily and put in two hours of extra time and arranged for a ride into town the next day to try to get Rhul a bow.

I walked into the pawn shop and dropped what I believed was one of the diamonds on the counter. "Is this real?" I asked. The old man scowled. "That big? It can't be! But..." He put on his jeweler's loop, after a second, his jaw dropped and just hung there open a moment. "Son...IF this is a fake, its the best damned fake I've ever seen! Why... if its real, this is easily a million dollar diamond! Where did you come up with it?" He said, looking down his nose at me. "Some aliens came to the farm and bought a cow, they paid in these!" I said, dumping two more identical stones on the padded, velvet mat. "Alien money, you know we're not supposed to take these or it would wreck what little economy we have left, BUT..." He looked around, we were alone. I'll give you a hundred thousand newbucks cash and whatever you can cart out of the store, I happen to be a diamond cutter! We shook on it and I cleared out his bows, arrows, a 45 automatic, six clips, all the ammo he had, a 44 magnum that begged to go home with me and an M1-A long range target rifle, scope mount and a dozen magazines and 500 rounds of soft point ammunition, and all his knives. I lugged my heavy burden to the sidewalk, phoned the truck driver and promised to buy him a tank of gas and lunch if he'd swing by and pick me up! On the way home, we stopped at the farmer's supply and bought another truck and filled both with seed, insecticide, tools, live traps and rabbit hutches. I could get used to living well again, and the baseball sized wad of gems in my pocket said I would for some time!

July 17th.

Rhul and his daughter arrived right on time, he almost fell over when I handed him four top of the line bows, a hundred new carbon fiber arrows and four assisted opening hunting knives. "How did you manage all this human? I am amazed!" He rumbled

through his translator. "Those gems you use for currency are worth quite a bit to collectors, I traded him outright." I said. Rhul grinned and tossed me another sack of gems. "Go human, become rich! Be one of power, you deserve it!" He purred. His daughter was staring at me again, her tail was sweeping the floor. "A wise male is treasured by my people, just so you know. I would not just leave you behind as Tyleel will do." She purred. Rhul hissed and growled at her and waved her onto his shuttle. "Ah daughters. When they get that age you can do nothing with them but let them chase males or they drive one insane!" He sighed. "A pleasure doing business human, these will become family treasures! We will harvest much game back home using them!" He purred. "In a month or so we will have new kinds of meat to try, more recipes. We are now growing rabbits, hamsters, sheep and goats and are clearing a place for cows, and tell Xzee we'll have more rats as well as rabbits and hamsters in about a month!

August 21st.

A saucer full of Grays dropped in this morning wanting to buy a cow, we explained we couldn't sell her because she was a breeder and we were trying to build a herd, so they settled on a bushel of squash and another of spinach and a quart of fresh butter. They paid in short, gold rods. I was off to see my jeweler friend.

"Well... IT IS gold, but something's been done to it to harden it against wear at the molecular level." He said. "It doesn't melt right or alloy with anything but more gold, I'll give you five thousand for the bag full." We shook on it and I went on my way to cram my new vehicle with all the Storable food I could get in it, with two grand left over, I bought a utility trailer and finished by loading it with seed.

August 22nd.

The damn cow is gone! One guess who. I'll complain to Tyleel if I ever see her again.

September 23rd.

Having to repair the main water pump down at well #1, one of the drunks we use for more menial jobs thought he could get out of carrying water if he broke the pump. Well yes, he did. he's also out of a place to live this winter, we escorted him out the gate at gun point! Dumb prick.

September 24th.

I was able to Jerry rig the water pump from an old truck to work pumping water until we get the main pump fixed, getting a new pulley will be a real trick, never mind the rubber seals. The damn thing was an antique when we installed it!

September 30th.

Boss man Jones put me on a hundred hours a month today. No big deal, there's nothing on TV or the radio and after December, there never will be again. I really miss Tyleel. I think I'm in love, but it occurs to me she might have a boy in every port! I have to stop thinking like that, she said she loved me, she's just busy!

October 3rd.

One of the guys spotted a pump we can gut for parts to fix the well over on the next farm, it's been abandoned since before the aliens came, time to load up my crew and go get it! Hell, we might find some other goodies left behind as well!

October 4th.

Nice score at the abandoned place, the tool shed was chock full of hand tools, not to mention a small machine shop and the tools that went with it, we'll be clearing it out as well as whatever is in the house. After sitting a decade, part of the roof has fallen in, nobody cares about this place anymore.

October 5th.

The place was just as it had been left, we carted off every bit of the furniture, a gun cabinet full of guns that were only lightly rusted and supply of ammo, a decent gas range and a refrigerator that fortunately only had a jar of mummy pickles in it, the bedrooms were a loss however. Pity, we could have used more clothing. we'll clean out the basement tomorrow.

October 6th.

The basement was full of canned goods nobody trusted, a reloading bench and supply of powder and bullet molds and hundreds of pounds of lead! I wonder if any of the older mechanics remembers how to cast lead bearings? Oh, and there was more tools and an old military trunk. I found a neat sword inside that will clean up nice, it's American made but looks middle eastern, one of the guys says it's a Mameluke carried by Marine officers. Cool! If the former inhabitant was a US Marine, I feel obliged to sort through his trunk and see who he really was.

October 10th.

So I was digging around in that trunk, this guy was something special! Last part of Korea, Vietnam, Panama, Grenada, adviser in Persian gulf war, tons of pictures. This guy was more bad ass taking a nap than most men will ever be cocked, locked and ready to rock! About mid way through I found the 45 automatic and his last diary, the final pages tore me up:

"Mildred is gone, my kids forgot I even exist, damn government would like to, all of my buddies are dead, I'm alone and going blind, I can't even hunt anymore and the garden has turned to weeds, Mildred would have a fit!

Damned cancer. Why wasn't it me? I took a bath in agent orange once a week in Nam!

Well Betty, I loaded the clip with Black Talons and slid it home and put one up your pipe, now what? Go outside and do the right thing or go to that damned home and wait it out?

What do you want me to do Millie?

Major Richard Dorsey USMC over and out!"

Poor old guy, I wish I'd have known he was even over there, if we could have been friends we could have talked for hours about here and there, I bet it would have been really educational. I notice Betty was still in your trunk, I guess Mildred talked you into the slow

way out. R.I.P soldier, I hope you got where you wanted to be. Further down there was a bottle of famous grouse scotch. What the hell, and I popped the seal and toasted Major Richard Dorsey with a deep pull and a sincere salute.

October 13th.

Tyleel came for a visit today! She carried a special case with her like one would carry fragile equipment in, she opened it to reveal a light tan egg the size of a casaba melon. “Remember the last time we met and we had some fun in orbit?” She whispered. “guess who’s a daddy?” Wow! Just wow! She let me hold it in the sunlight and I felt movement inside, it was warm and the texture was not unlike flesh, having a soft shell. Me, a father at my age! Go figure. We talked all the rest of the day about our possible futures together and that night slept with the egg between us, It isn’t often I feel happy, but I was then. We spent two days of bliss together and then she dropped the bomb on me...

“Lee, I’m going to have to go home with my people soon, but I have some good news for you, We and the people of Lyra have a custom in common, at times we share our mates with friends or family members to keep the men loyal and spread good genes you know? It makes for good status on worlds where we females far outnumber the men. I’m loaning you to Rhul’s daughter Mhrr while I have to be away to “Hold my place” as you would say while I have to be away, It will only be a year, maybe two at the outside most and she’s going to be here without any “companionship” at all. Rhul agreed to it and has offered you a tidy sum to see to his daughter’s needs since she isn’t required to carry on the clan bloodline and has her sights set on a career with galactic anyway, having children would wreck that! I’m already where I’m going or this would be a real setback for me! But luckily I have a large family and they will help us raise our child until its old enough to be with us full time.”

I just looked at her... “Maybe you’d better explain that again, I can be a bit thick when it comes to new concepts, all I got was that you’re whoring me out to a chick with claws and fur and her daddy is paying my gigolo tab so she don’t get knocked up and wreck her future as a paper pusher.” Tyleel smiled and nodded. “Pretty much, but between now and when I leave I intend to wreck your bed at every opportunity until you get sick of me!” she giggled. “Not happening baby, just be careful we don’t have a Mk II of Junior here before you leave! By the time we get done your friends will all be asking why you’re walking funny!” I laughed. Tyleel’s response was to dive on me! “Promise Earth-man?” she laughed as she dug into me like a Sunday dinner!

October 20th.

The rush is on, crops coming in, meat being cured and stored, grain and seed being put up, produce being canned, everything is running wide open in two shifts seven days a week and everything wants to break at once, at least I got the water pump fixed and up running now that its not needed anymore until spring. Field one is clear, we burned it off and plowed it under, winter crops going in starting tomorrow!

October 25th.

Man, I hurt all over, the hydraulic wood splitter quit, the canning jar sterilizer broke, the

fan in the smokehouse went down, the weld I put on the windmill broke, and half my crew is down with some kind of bug we brought back from the last trip to town, fortunately the Doc brewed a small quantity of Methadrine for medical use. Two grams and some home-brewed willow bark aspirin in my sport drink and I finished everything! I'm glad I'm off tomorrow, come hell or high water!

October 26th.

Did I just say something about a day off? I already have 120 hours in this month and Boss Jones came beating on my door at 6:00 AM begging me to come fix the grain grinder, some idiot dropped their hand scoop in it. I told him: Fine, but next time my days off roll around, I won't be anywhere to be found, and since I'm twenty hours over my time already, I want double pay in my ration book and it better be there on payday or I'll take ALL my time off at once, no matter who's out sick!

October 28th.

Guess who has the mystery bug? Guess who can't stand up without falling down or puking all over myself? God I hurt all over and I have the shakes but oddly no fever or respiratory distress.

October 31st.

I got my trick and my treat last night, Tyleel and Mhrr showed up to "play around" and let me get to know Mhrr better. Mhrr took a reading of my breath with something that looked like a cell phone and said "You have Delton influenza, we can't have that breaking out on earth, after all, we brought it here! Untreated it can get extremely nasty, we'd better send for a med-tech unit now before someone dies!"

November 3rd.

Mhrr shot some kind of mist up my nose and in just a few hours, I felt fine, then they inoculated everyone else in our commune. Meanwhile, a type of ship I had never seen before sprayed the town after telling everyone what they were doing, and even if they were sick, to come outside and get a dose. I woke up late that night, Mhrr was standing at the foot of my bed leering at me like I was lunch! "You owe me pretty Earth man, I may have just saved your life! I won't collect now, you rest. It would not be proper without Tyleel's consent now anyway, poor class. But no mistake golden maned one, I will very soon!" She purred.

November 5th.

Several more outbreaks of the Delton flu around the world, all centered around landing areas. The aliens came and sprayed the infected areas with little fuss. People are starting to like and even trust our visitors more, they even dissipated a hurricane that was going to plow into the East coast as a cat 5, damn nice of them!

November 10th. There was a world wide demonstration today, mostly in deserts but on top of tall buildings as well with signs saying stuff like:

Stay with us, we're ready to learn from you, We love ET, Alien chicks are hot!, take me

with you! and a few said Spare my DSL connection, I'll do whatever you say! And one said: "Abduct all the fat people!" I had to laugh at that one since middle age blessed me with about fifty pounds I could stand to lose. Our benevolent overlords graced most of them with a fly over and some dumb chick in San Francisco flashed her boobs at them like they were rock stars, I wonder if she was aware most of the aliens were matriarchies and the pilots were women? "San Francisco?!" most likely. What was I thinking?

November 15th.

The barns are full, the smokehouse too, over a thousand quarts of canned vegetables stored in the insulated house. My winter job is to move in and keep a fire going at all times the weather gets below freezing, other foods are evenly distributed between the other families and groups, if they let them freeze, they're out of food! Around 9:00 that night, a kind of delegation arrived to see me, Tyleel, Rhul, Xzee, the blonde giant and a tall Gray with a mantis like being I had yet to see before. Tyleel hugged up to me immediately. "Lee my love, we need advice on a grave matter, and since we have come to know you as being wise and honest about things concerning your world, we came to ask your opinion. It has come to our attention that there are several underground cities of massive size in which many of your leaders, their servants and armies are retreating into to avoid our removal of your advanced technologies and indeed, ride it out in comfort, presumably to re emerge after we leave and restore themselves to power. What shall we do about this?" She asked. She was shocked at the wicked grin I got. "The very ones that necessitated your coming here to dial things back you might notice." She nodded and smiled. "Well." I began. "one thing would just be to weld the doors shut, but they'd dig out eventually, another would be to bore holes down to them and slowly fill the bunkers with water and run them out that way, but the waste of resources would be appalling! The best way is to find a skunk, its an earth animal that sprays a horrible stench to defend itself, and replicate the smell, its easy to do, it's hydrogen sulfide and a few other things to make it extra nasty! if you sprayed it in fast enough, before they plugged the hole or shut any bulkheads or airlocks they would stampede out of there, then you guys could slip in and defuse all their dangerous toys and all the food and machinery would be intact, you'd have to use space suits though, that stench lasts for weeks and it tends to cling to everything it touches. "Tyleel grinned broadly, displaying her tiny, sharp fangs. "And where can we find a skunk?" She chuckled.

November 16th.

THE GREAT SKUNK HUNT OF THE APOCALYPSE!

Well, we got the skunk, three in fact! But not before it treated us to a sample of its noxious weapon when Rhul decided it was a harmless beast and picked it up! He's out back now in a cow water trough soaking in tomato juice, poor guy. They won't let him back on the shuttle until the stink goes away!

November 17th.

Our rightful lords and masters hidden in their underground vaults got a very nasty wake up call this morning as they were simultaneously attacked with skunk piss. They came swarming out of their bunkers like ants from a kicked hill, and with their wealth and

weapons left behind, they were just as broke as the rest of us had been, and just as screwed when the lights went out in a little over a month. Once everyone had vacated, the aliens collapsed the entrances. The haughty bastards would stay broke too!



December 5th.

The day I dreaded had arrived. Tyleel and Had spent the majority of our time together since the day the elite got stink-bombed, she ran her job of commanding her ships through a kind of laptop computer. Three days ago our child was born or should I say hatched? Other than a gray tint to his skin, having all his teeth in and those crazy blue eyes, he could pass as full human, Tyleel says he will likely stay bald or at least have very sparse hair. he'll be on solid foods in a month she expects.

ANYWAY, I kissed my alien lover and child goodbye and she went to Washington DC for one last public function and to address the world.

It had been decided that in the spirit of fairness, that only non humanoid beings would make up the peacekeeping forces and that they would be here for a century observing us and making sure all hell didn't break loose, and if we were very good and behaved, there would be no more EMP barrages and we would be brought into the galactic council and be allowed to pick up where we left off and have free trade with the other member planets of the council, but in the here and now, Rhul's people would act as police, Xzeel's as soldiers and they would be coordinated by the preying mantis-like Xsi'Ha'Neel.

December 6th.

There were a few more demonstrations world wide, some bidding our space cousins goodbye or as in Asia, welcoming the "Celestial dragons" to their midst. And the countdown is officially on for "Doomsday."



December 9th.

I woke up around 3:00 AM with Mhrr standing at the foot of my bed, her tail was swishing slowly as she stared at me. "It's time my golden maned one, Time to thank me for saving you from the Delton Flu!" She purred as she began to undress. "Now wait a minute Mhrr, have you noticed we're not the same species? I mean I like you and all but..." She scowled "So what? Are you racist? Or do you think I'm just a cat?" She hissed. "Tyleel is not of your world, I notice you have no problem with her!" Mhrr spat. "Alien or not, she IS human, or at least human enough we interbred!" I stammered. "Precisely golden mane. My position would be injured if I had a child to raise! And due to my position, I may satisfy my needs as I see fit without judgment from my clan or people by tradition, and I choose you to satisfy that need Lee of Terra, now scoot over!" She purred as she slid in next to me, the wall had me pinned and I was trapped! She took my hand and moved it over her body. "See? I am made like a female of your race Lee, do I disgust you primate?" My mind was saying "Let me out of here! But something else made me look under the cover, very human and in the right place, fur or not! What to do?! She straddled me and slid herself down. "Having a lover like you will make much status for me Lee, now do what a man does for a woman Terran!" She growled in my ear. Bah. I did it, I'm not proud of it, but I did it. I kind of want to do it again!

December 19th.

In two days we take a little trip into the 19th. Century, there have been several mass suicides and obviously riots and a few obligatory demonstrations begging the aliens for more time or not to EMP us into the horse and buggy days. I don't understand it, we will still have electricity, still have cars, radio, and even local TV and continental internet, we'll just have to use redesigned computers and televisions, back to something between a vacuum tube and a transistor. We will all be equal in technology and wealth for the first time in history.

December 20th.

It was a long day, we were all on edge, some prayed to anyone out there who was listening, some got high or drunk, a lot more killed themselves. I just sat in my armchair, looking out at the city, sipping rum and Mocha on ice and remembering the past year. At the stroke of midnight, there was a flash in the sky and briefly a prickling sensation on my skin and the city went dark in a wave. I watched as the wave of extinguishing lights came my direction, then... BLACKNESS.

December 21st. My birthday.

I awoke to the sound of generators running. Why? What went wrong with the solar panels and storage batteries? Day off or not, I'd better go see.

Well, the EMP took out the regulator and the converter box, a quick raid of some of the abandoned homes will get us a new fuse box and I think one of the older generators out in the shed has a converter box that was made in the 70's. Anything with a microchip in it got toasted. Good thing the aliens fixed everyone with a pacemaker or it'd have been a genocide! Back to work.