

Teen/Adult

On March 7th of my senior year, my baby brother had his 10th birthday. I was home from my grocery store job for lunch on Saturday afternoon, sitting at the table alone with my back to the wall. My dad walked up to me across the table and said something to me. I forget what but I remember my baby brother walking up to him and speaking. It was his birthday.

My day just looked at my baby brother with a look of complete contempt, turned his back and walked away.

I watched him go into his bedroom and sit in his rocking chair. Through the door, I watched his head appear and disappear over and over. In my bedroom hanging on the wall was a pre-'64 Winchester 30-30 carbine. More than anything I wanted to go get that rifle and blow that man's brains out. I was a fighter, always had been. I fought in tournaments all over East Texas, and I knew I could pull the trigger. I burned with hatred for him. Years earlier, I used to take my dad's razor blade from his old single-edged razor and go skin toads alive with the blade. Then I would put the blade back in the razor so he could shave with frog blood on the edges.

But I also realized that if I shot him, my mother would have a son in prison for murder and a dead husband shot by her own son. In spite of her faults, she deserved better. It was March and I would graduate in May. I could wait.

I moved out a week after graduation and shared an apartment with a friend. We partied every night – booze, pot, girls. One night I had a married 24 yr-old in my bed, a divorced and highly promiscuous 22 yr-old at my door, and a 17 yr-old girl from high school in her car in the parking lot looking up at me talking to the 2nd woman. I was a busy boy.

Life went on like that for many years. I joined the army that fall and took my party on the road. When I got out of the Army, I married a girl who left me three times in 18 months, sprayed blood all over our bathroom and attempted suicide right in front of me.

I married again, but hated it. Wife found a lover and divorced me. I put a pistol in my mouth one night but abandoned that idea. Still, my resolve to hate God was burning within me. I went back to college and did well. Deans List, Presidents List – I was an academic star. I took 21-24 hours per long semester, and 12 hours per in the summer, all while working full time 35 miles from school. When I graduated, I took a promoter position on the road.

I traveled a lot, made a ton of money and hired women that I would seduce later. Life was outstanding.

One night in El Paso, TX a beautiful blond new-hire started hitting on me, and I took her to my apartment. When we walked into it, I could smell the most rank, disgusting stench I have ever smelled. There was no cause, as I had no food there. I ate out every meal. She did not seem to notice, so we climbed into bed and got busy. But for some inexplicable reason, I felt really bad about it and swore to myself that I would never do that again.

But flesh is weak and the next night, I brought her home again. I sat on my bed and watched her undress. She was lovely, and came to sit beside me on the bed. I turned to double check the lock chain on the door, and when I faced her again, what stared me in the eyes drove me to God like nothing else possibly could.

What I was face to face with was what we call an “alien”. Mottled two-tone gray/dark gray skin; dual nasal ports, tight lip-less mouth. And those eyes. Huge, unnatural. Flat black, not shiney. Dimpled like a golf-ball, too. Not smooth. Like radar.

Eye to eye, it seemed to be scanning my mind. I sat there frozen for a few seconds, then leapt to my feet, sprang for the overhead light and turned back to see that petite blond looking right at me. I commanded her to dress, that I was taking her home immediately. She stood up, got dressed and followed me to the car. She never said a single word. Not one utterance from her.

I took her to the same street as the night before. She claimed her parents lived on that street, and that I had to let her out down from their house so she could get in without waking them. So I let her out and watched her walk into the darkness. Then I passed her in my truck, went home, locked the door and fell on my knees. I made one promise to God.

“If you are real, I will follow you.”

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