

"The Collection"

By Charles Hood II,
w/ art from the Digital Foundations Class Archive

It was late evening on a Saturday. I had slept in far too long, tired from partying the night before. I was late to meet a group of friends for dinner.



I got up and got dressed. I headed out into the pouring rain. I was soaked within minutes of walking to meet my friends.





There was suddenly a group of bright blue lights floating in the sky in front of me. A musical tone could be heard playing in the air.

Then, through the light, a ship appeared.

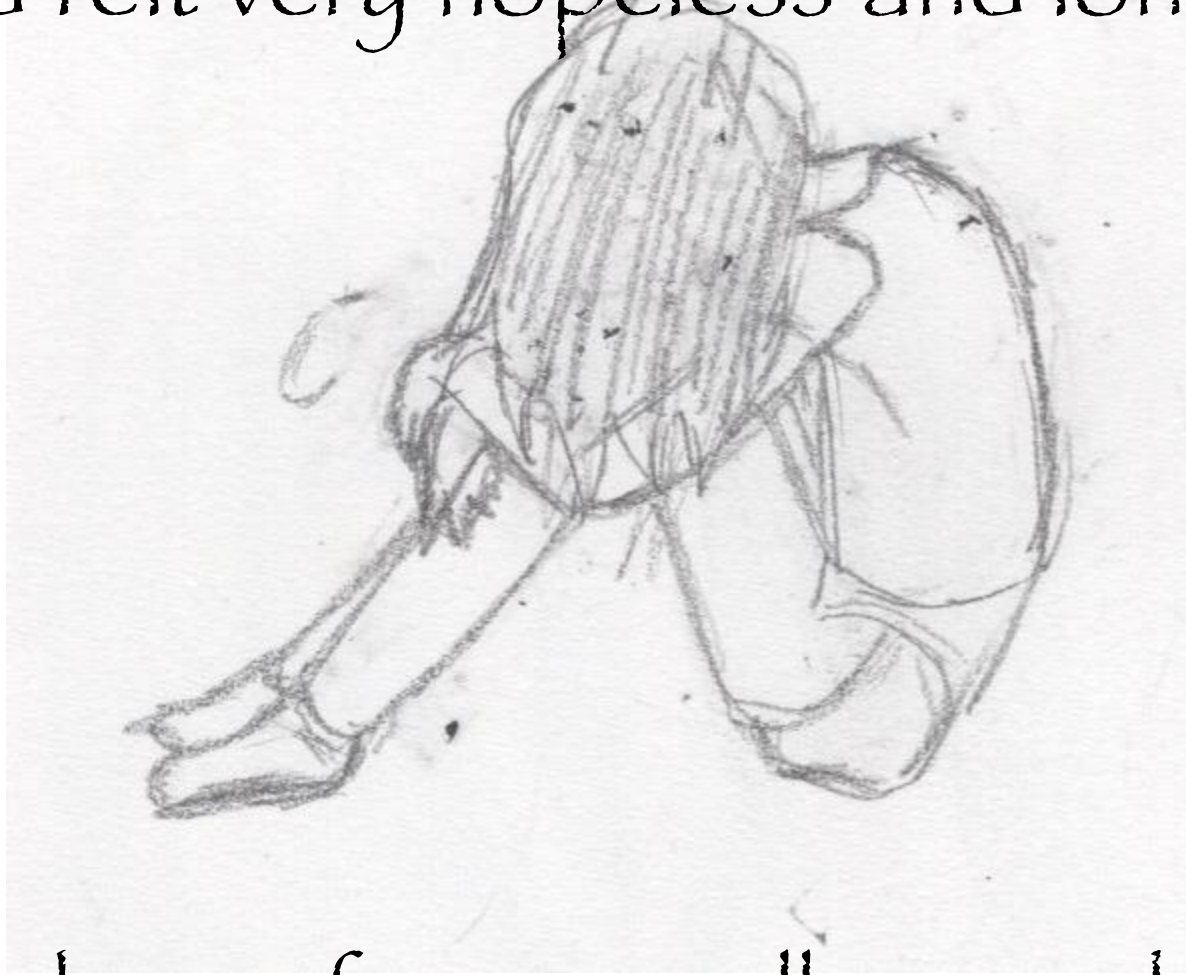


Hovering in the evening sky above me, clear as if it
were day.

The object
swung over me
and sucked me up
into the air within
the blink of an
eye. It felt as if
my body had just
become
weightless,
floating up
towards the craft.

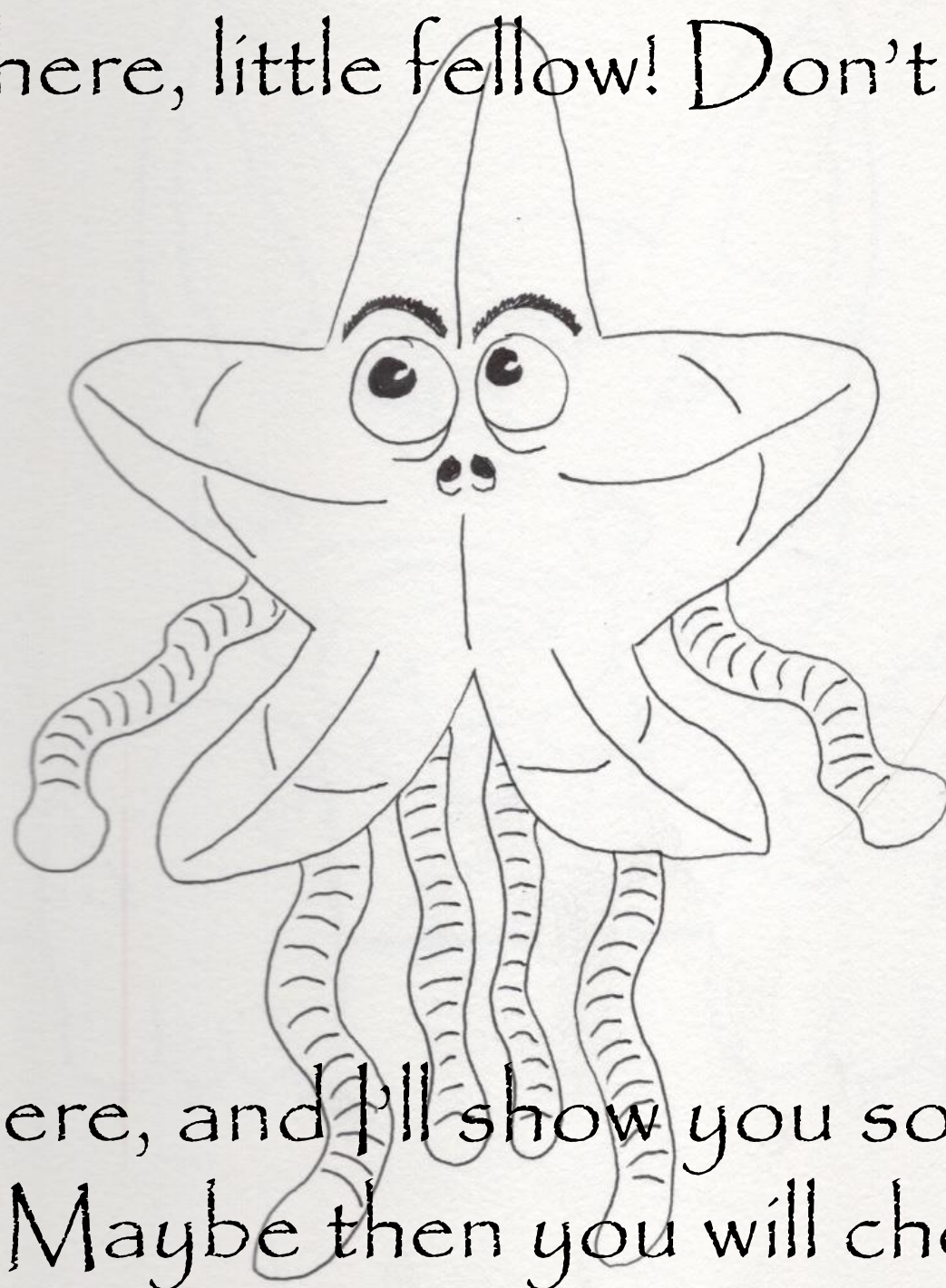


It was dark, cold, and quiet inside the craft. I was scared and felt very hopeless and lonely.



The owner of the craft eventually came by to introduce itself. I could hear it talking in my mind.

“Hello there, little fellow! Don’t be sad!”



“Why come here, and I’ll show you some really cool things! Maybe then you will cheer up!”

The being showed me
around its ship, and it let me
see all of the other
creatures that it had
collected over the years.

From alien-like flying fairy
cats...





to giant, monstrous worm-like
creatures...

I told them I just wanted to go home.



To which he responded, "But this is your home now!"