On any other night, the infant boy would have been fast asleep. But this particular night was like no other night that had passed before. This was the reason why the boy presently sat in his parents’ living room, very much awake, and rather happy about it. As the boy (who was being treated to his very first late night) glanced around, he wondered why his parents and his siblings were all sitting so very tight and acting so very strange. It had been this way for quite some time now.

Initially, he had tried to listen to what they were saying. But, as always, his juvenile mind lost its way somewhere amidst the endless splattering of exited babble flowing spasmodically out of mouths he had never really learnt to heed much anyway.

He thought quite long about tentatively suggesting that they try to go pee pee. After all, he knew of no conundrum that couldn’t be solved by relieving oneself. After a while, he realized that his idea mightn’t go down quite so well with these adults, whom, as he knew to be a sad fact of life, were pitifully apathetic to logic of any sort. So, he laid the idea to rest, and whiled away his precious post bed time hours, pondering upon those deep and meaningful questions reserved for those whose minds are as yet unmolested by the boring grind of life and time.

“I still don’t understand why you won’t let me go out tonight!” whined the adolescent girl leaning against the far wall.

“For the thousandth time girl! This is more important than any stupid date of yours!” said her father in reply, shifting a little deeper into his couch, his wife nodding vehemently in agreement behind him. His tone was as exasperated as his expression was angry.
At the center of the stage was a podium, and behind the podium, was the most grotesque aberration they had ever laid their eyes upon. It was long, much too long. It was covered in a shiny grey hide with a bright white underbelly. A thin grey streak ran vertically across the front of its belly. The creature was standing, or at least trying to; supporting itself on the podium with no other physical means to balance itself.

“You know, I have to agree with father, you’re being quite unreasonable, not to mention childish…” added the pensive looking brother, wearing as pretentious a look as the so-so salary his first job could afford him.

“Hate you all! Why do you have to make my life soooooooooooo miserable?” she spat, somehow managing to convey quite effortlessly in her whining, drawing voice, the sheer magnitude of hate and venom she had managed to store up, for exclusive use upon her own flesh and blood.

“I, for one…” continued the brother, oblivious to the serpentine look being thrown his way by his sister, “cannot wait to see what this is all about. Really, ever since the announcement this morning, I’ve been wringing my head trying to think what he could possibly have to say that’s so important.”

“If you ask me…” said the father, letting the anger in his tone fizzle out with a belch, “…it’s all a load of crap!”

“Mind your language! Really now, there’s no need…” chided his wife.

“It’s all a big stunt so that that low life rat can hog some more votes before the elections, isn’t it?”

“Oh, I’m not so sure, father…I’ve been hearing some strange rumors… I have a feeling that there’s more to it. You don’t need to bring your prehistoric political opinions into every argument, you know…”

“Oh, really? Easy enough for you to say, sitting in your cushioned office, boy… but what this fellow’s policy changes have done to us in the work force…oh, when I think of all the good men who’ve lost theirs jobs, it makes my innards boil…"

“Good evening and welcome to a very special edition of the evening news.”

“Quite down everybody!” said the father, to no one in particular. The screen blared on.

“As you all know by now, Svetni Isoton, reigning president of the International Council of Countries has announced an emergency presidential address, scheduled to start a few moments from now. This worldwide broadcast will be simulcast on over 329 satellite networks, now. This worldwide broadcast will be the largest in scale, since the famous declaration of Interdependence of Nations now over 300 years old. The suddenness and apparent lack of motive for this event has left political analysts in a quagmire, citizens in a quandary, and doomsayers in celebration.”

“Quite down everybody!” said the father, hanging beneath him. The power of having it your way certainly did not go unnoticed. He was anchoring. The music in the background faded away, and he started to speak.

“Good evening and welcome to a very special edition of the evening news.”

“Quite down everybody!” said the father, no one in particular. The screen blared on.

“As you all know by now, Svetni Isoton, reigning president of the International Council of Countries has announced an emergency presidential address, scheduled to start a few moments from now. This worldwide broadcast will be simulcast on over 329 satellite networks, will be the first of its kind, and certainly the largest in scale, since the famous declaration of Interdependence of Nations now over 300 years old. The suddenness and apparent lack of motive for this event has left political analysts in a quagmire, citizens in a quandary, and doomsayers in celebration.”

He paused, looked slightly askance, as if he were being told something, looked straight back at the screen, and spoke again.

“We now take you live to the office of the president of the ICC, where the address is expected to begin shortly…”

The image on screen changed. Before them now was a large atrium, the camera zooming in as the details of one end emerged on screen. It showed a well-decorated stage, with a large wood paneled table as the centerpiece, against the backdrop of lush timbre wall covered with all sorts of lavish ostentations upon it. Portraits of important looking people and vast landscapes stared back at them from their high perches upon the most famous wall of the most famous office of the most famous person in the entire world. The president of the ICC, holder of the most powerful seat in the world. He looked neither graceful nor polished, yet he most definitely had the air of raw power hovering around him, almost waiting upon him, hanging beneath him. The power of the seat he held could transform the most ogreish of creatures into figures of authority, and it was that power that pervaded every stand of his being.

He looked into the camera with a well-practiced look that was neither happy nor sad. It was what you could call, stately. "Good evening, citizens of the world." He paused for a rather dramatic effect, and then proceeded, "I realize that the past few hours have not been easy for any of you, and for this, I apologize..."

"About time too," said the father indignantly. ("Husshhhh!" said his wife irritably)

“But it is my hope that you will realize soon enough, that it was all rather necessary, given the magnitude of the announcement I have to make.”

"Out with it already!" The father had moved to the edge of the sofa now. "The last few months have been spent in preparations, great preparations – preparations the likes of which neither this government, nor any other before it, has ever had to make. It is the result of these preparations you will see culminating before you tonight... Tonight...yes...quite possibly the greatest night of my life, of all our lives. We stand on the threshold of a new era, and we have the good fortune to be the trailblazers in what I believe... Ah, well, I seem to be straying... I suppose no amount of talk can explain, or even come
The child did not understand it all. He looked up towards his parents, and was pacified. He was glad his parents were happy for a change. Sitting propped up on the very edge of the sofa.

close to approaching the wonder of what we have to share with you. But first, I would like to delve into a bit of history, so that you may understand better…"

"About four months ago, a team of scientists at one of our remote satellite sensor stations, detected a non random, recurrent pattern being played at regular intervals of time, each burst of approximately the same time length, on a radio frequency that I'm told, is neither advisable, nor indeed sanctioned for use amongst our nations. Fearing it to be a matter of security concern, they set about attempting to decode it. After months and months of diligent efforts, they were finally able to get some solid results, not too far from the present day. I am told the code was like nothing they had ever seen before. You see the reason we do not use that particular frequency for broadcasting is because, well, we do not yet have the technical capabilities to do so…”

"So you see, what I am trying to say is, well…” He paused for a moment. Regaining composure once more, he resumed in his most statesmen like tone. He was quite sure his words were going to be preserved and played again and again, around the world, being, as it was, a moment of paramount importance in the history of his peoples.

"I do believe that we stand on the verge of the greatest discovery in the history of our civilization, with consequences reaching far beyond the bounds of our very wildest imaginations. It seems, citizens of the world, that the universe has thrown us an answer to the question we have asked ourselves since we first looked heavenwards towards the stars. It seems, that we are, indeed, not alone…"

For a whole minute the video showed an image of this sentient being, almost as though preparing the audience for what was to happen next. The video zoomed right up to the upper half of the being's body. It was aligned more or less straight towards the camera so one could only guess that it was probably looking towards the camera with a visual apparatus of some sort, though the normal number of eyes were not visible anywhere. All of a sudden the thing, for lack of a better word, opened a hole on its orb-like pinnacle, and ejaculated a horrid pink ribbon out of it. The ribbon seemed to be anchored inside the hole, since it didn't fall out. It seemed to be trying to talk. And talk it did. It spoke in a horrible sort of tone, the likes of which had never been heard in the world before. It produced a truly disgusting voice, if one could call it that, and it vomited word after word from its hole. Though they could not understand it, this is what they heard…

"KKREEEEEEETINS TWWOOOO DHA WREEEE SCEEEE WAR AAF DHEEEEEEES MESS' UJJ! WEEE MEEEEEE NAUO HAAAARMM DHA PEEEPAL OV EEERRRTH WISSSSCH YUUUUUUUWELLLL KIUM N' PEEEEECE!"

The video stopped here, and looped and played all over again. It did this five or six more times.

The child did not understand it all. He looked up towards his parents, sitting propped up on the very edge of the sofa. The sister was spread on the floor, and the brother looking very much like he was vomiting word after word from its hole. His parents were no longer looking at him. They were not like normal trees, but these trees were so fantastically absurd that you would have had to see them to believe them. They were not like normal trees, and they were completely the wrong colour, too.

At the center of the stage was set a podium, and behind the podium, was the most grotesque aberration they had ever laid their eyes upon. It was long, much too long. It was covered in a shiny grey hide anchored inside the hole, since it didn't fall out. It seemed to be trying to talk. And talk it did. It spoke in a horrible sort of tone, the likes of which had never been heard in the world before. It produced a truly disgusting voice, if one could call it that, and it vomited word after word from its hole. Though they could not understand it, this is what they heard…

strangely wrinkled little orb like projection where its head should have been. It was a sickening pink in colour, and was punctured here and there with unsightly holes.

It seems, citizens of the world, that the universe has thrown us an answer to the question we have asked ourselves since we first looked heavenwards towards the stars. It seems, that we are, indeed, not alone…"

It was a sickening pink in colour, and was punctured here and there with unsightly holes.

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