



**ALIENS GO HOME!**

**NEURALSPLYCE**

Aliens, Fast Food, and Me  
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Mine is a true, and genuinely bizarre, story of alien abduction. Of course, the very nature of the idea of alien abduction is bizarre. But, I think you'll agree after hearing my story, it truly deserves the term.

You've probably already classified me as a nutcase, but let me take a moment to clarify a few things. Yes, I am from the South, but I am not some redneck missing half his teeth, carrying a beer in one hand and a shotgun in the other. The hillbilly scenes in the movie 'Deliverance' are as disgusting to me as anyone else. I am a college-educated man. I don't believe that Elvis is still alive. I'm a god-fearing religious man, but I don't watch televangelists and I don't watch "professional" wrestling either. (Y'all best not start talking trash about my NASCAR, though!)

I'm proud of my Southern heritage, but I don't like Southern fried chicken. My meal of choice is a chili-kraut dog, much to the chagrin of my wife, my dog, my friends...and anyone else in the area.

Late one night last fall, I was on my way to Raleigh-Durham for a conference to be held there in the morning. I'm a salesman and it seems there's a trade show or conference about once a month down there. So I know the drive well. Instead of the interstate, I was driving down a desolate state road that shaves thirty minutes off the drive. My Audi S4 is only two years old, so when the engine quit and all the lights went out suddenly, it came as a shock. Fortunately, the road is pretty straight and I just let the car coast to a stop.

I got out of the car and popped the hood to check the engine when I feel this heavy, deep thrumming behind me. If you have ever been close to a high voltage power transformer after a heavy rain, you'll know what I mean when I say I 'felt' the thrumming. As I turned around, a blinding light stabbed at me out of the darkness. My whole body went rigid, and I stood there as paralyzed as a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming semi-truck.

Well, the next thing I know, I'm in a large metal room being held down on a table by four alien beings. Now these weren't your friendly little bug-eyed, big headed gray aliens you see in those papers in the checkout aisle or on TV. (Why are they always visiting with the President or some other bigwig?) These things stood a good seven feet tall, were covered in hair and looked like a hyena crossed with a gorilla.

The smallest one is standing over me, shining things in my eyes, looking in my nose, ears and throat like it was giving me a physical. He stuck a grotesque, bug-like parasite on my arm that bit me and started sucking my blood. As soon as its belly was full, which turned red and made me turn green, the shorter alien pulled it off and stuck the bug in a bottle. It then attached some wires to my arms and legs and fiddled with a little metal box.

Every time it pushed a button, my arm muscles clenched so tight I thought the bones would snap. It kept pushing buttons and different muscles in my body would clench and then release. How long this went on I can't say, but I was soon exhausted and covered in sweat. Chasing down a lost remote control is the closest thing to exercise I get. I soon lost track of time, and most of my senses, but at some point, the little one grabbed at my crotch.

Now, through this whole ordeal I was either in a dreamy state of total disbelief or too scared to move or talk. But that's one place I don't even like a doctor to go. In addition to

that, his hands were ice cold. So I sat right up and shouted, "Hey!" My shout must have surprised the creature, because it jumped backward, eyes wide, and yelped.

That's when two of the big guys grabbed me again and held me down. One of them punched me in the stomach with its huge gorilla fist. Looking back, I don't think it meant to hurt me, but it was so incredibly strong it couldn't help it. I thought my insides were going to squirt out and all the air exploded out of me like a burst balloon. I'll readily admit during most of this experience I was absolutely scared to death.

My buttock was clamped tight as a vise for fear I might mess myself. When I say that brute knocked all of the air out of me, I mean ALL of the air. If you are a man, or you have been married to one for a while, you'll understand what I am about to say next. It is a bit impolite to discuss with strangers, but I think you will forgive me for mentioning it.

You see, I left for the conference straight from work, so I had to feed myself. Naturally, I stopped at my favorite little fast-food joint and downed a couple of chili-kraut hotdogs two hours before I was abducted. I figure by this point the chili and the sauerkraut had ample time to generate considerable gas pressure. Mix in my fear, and there was bound to be trouble. I am embarrassed to admit I farted so loud it sounded like a thunderclap and echoed off those metal walls. Good lord, the smell! Potent enough to peel paint. My eyes were burning, and so was my rump. If I hadn't been gasping to fill my lungs back up with air, I probably would have choked myself to death.

Those aliens didn't react very well to it at all. At first the sound startled all of them so much that they let go of me and jumped back from the table. Then the little one dropped to the floor like he'd been hit on the head with a sledgehammer. He looked stone dead. The two that had been holding me down started clawing at their chests. They were making these bubbly, gurgling growls and a green liquid was seeping from their eyes, nose and mouth. Then, one by one, they keeled over and twitched on the floor like dying cockroaches. I slid off the table, managed not to collapse, and looked around.

There was one of them half standing, but mostly leaning, against what looked like a control console of some sort. I looked all around the room but couldn't see any doors. I noticed one of the aliens had dropped something that looked like, and I hoped, was a gun.

At this point, my brain instantly jolted out of the cloud it had been hiding in, convinced none of this was real. I wasn't sure what was happening, but I knew at this moment I had the upper hand. I picked up the device, screwed up my courage, and pointed it at the one leaning against the console. In a trembling voice, most certainly less than threatening and pointing what may have been nothing more than a TV remote, I said, "Open the door and let me out of here...or else!" Then I jabbed the 'gun' in his direction.

Well, I'm definitely no expert on alien psychology, but as God is my witness, I swear there was terror in his eyes. I doubt he understood a word I said, but he figure it out from my "aggressive" stance. He started pushing buttons like a kid in an elevator. Two seconds later, I'm doing the deer in the headlights routine again. The next thing I know, I'm standing half-dressed in a crop circle in, what I later found out to be, Nebraska.

I've had some time to go over the events of that evening in my head, and I keep coming to the same strange conclusion. I believe all the tests those aliens were performing on me were to measure up humanity's ability as either warriors or potential slaves, probably both. I've talked with a number of people claiming to be alien abductees (Most of which I find are kooks and frauds). No one has ever claimed they encountered my aliens.

I've discussed my encounter with several people I consider intelligent, and they think my conclusion is sound. Some of them have even speculated these aliens may have been

preparing for an invasion of Earth. They say my accidental breaking of wind probably saved the entire human race. That's a bit of a stretch for me to believe, but I do know it most certainly saved my life.

As for my wife, she believes my story just enough to overlook when I come home late smelling of a chili-kraut hotdog.