One morning, I woke up and found three aliens standing in front of my bed staring at me. They were tall, dangly creatures. Long arms and legs with three fingers and toes on each limb. The head was bulbus with big googly glossy outer space-like eyes. I won’t lie, I used to think of myself as a fair unbiased, non-racist human being. I don’t judge people or comment on their appearance. but those creatures were hideous. My eyes could not tolerate the sight of them. I turned my head and tried hard not to discriminate.

The first thing that came to me in that instant was a sense of shock. Followed by fear. But then the stench hit me and all I felt was disgust. The smell was worser than rotten eggs, worser than body odor, and even worser than a carcass.

I tried to cover my nose and mouth, but I could already taste the stench on my buds. I would have gagged, but the tallest one, with a smile on its tiny slit-like mouth, started moving which froze me in place. They moved as one. Moving forward without moving their legs. Levitating. Or floating. As if they were hanging by an invisible cord propelling them forward.

Fear crept in me once again. I would have run, but my legs were tangled around my covers. There was also the fact that I was naked under the sheets. I wasn’t prepared to allow strange creatures, whom I didn’t know the sex of, to see me naked. I don’t have the fittest form or body shape. Perhaps if I worked out more, I would have not minded the audience.

As they grew near, I shrank in fright.

“Stop, don’t come any closer.” I said trying to hide myself.

“Ours!” droned the trio.

I didn’t know what they meant by that or why they would find me suitable for whatever it was they wanted, but their presence in my bedroom was causing me to worry. My anxiety levels started to rise, and I could feel a panic attack coming on. A trembling took over my body starting from my toes and moving upwards. I shook. My entire being shook with terror. I have never been more scared in my life.

I wished beyond anything that I would turn invisible or vanish or disappear. I wished the headboard behind me would open and engulf me. I wished a portal would appear and take me to another dimension.

I wished for a number of things in my state or anxious fear. Anything to get me away from them. The one in front, reached out his middle bulbus finger and tapped me on the forehead. I blacked out or fell into a deep sleep, I don’t know which. But that’s how I woke up here. With my head in this jar and my body over there. I don’t know. It’s unimaginable, but at least I’m being preserved, and I can’t smell them anymore.