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Now you might think aliens are technologically advanced. Well, guess what. We're not. I'm Dinglebop, but my friends call me ding. Well my mom does, she's kind of my only friend. Ever since my dad died exploring the solar system, it's been just the two of us pushing through.

I live on Titan, one of the moons of Saturn. You might think that we have a cool name for our race, right? My race is called the Frinnons.

My great grandfather died going to Earth a while back. Now we have different times, but since this book is translated for you to read, it lists your times. He went to Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. We got lucky here, because no one believes our space ship crashed there.

Well it did.

We started taking precautions after that, inventing cloaking technology (we might be slightly technologically advanced) and flying down to mimic you guys.

We copied almost everything you can imagine, from democracy to school. Which reminds me, first day of 8th grade today. I get out of my bed, turn off it's hover function. (I want to save some nuclear power cells, they're not that cheap you know) I Yawn as I walk out of my bedroom and into the bathroom to brush my teeth. "Lookin' good," I say while doing some finger guns at my mirror. The concept of breakfast is something we didn't quite follow, so we just abandoned it.

"Bye Mom! I'm Leaving!" I say as I open the door to go out.

"Not without a hug first, mister," my Mom replies.

"Right." I hug her. "Bye now!"

"Bye Sweetie!"

I make my way out of the house into the dark cold morning air, and start my walk to my new school. I see some people I know. Not friends, I just see them around my town. Every town has one school, so we all sort of know each other.

After a long trek, I finally make it. The building towers over me like a skyscraper. I heard from my brother that the first day of Middle School you get assigned a planet to take over. He got pluto last year, so he's pretty lucky.

I get my schedule from the main office and get pushed into my class. I sit down in the back corner and start my sulking. I never really like school. It's not that I don't like learning, I love learning, actually. It's just combined with all of the people and tons of homework, literally, it's not that much fun.

The teacher calls roll, so I start daydreaming. She gets to my name and calls, "Mr. Dinglebop?" the woman's voice says.

I snap immediately out of my daydream and say "Huh? Oh, here." Everyone laughs at me, I even see the teacher suppress a snicker behind the paper. It finally dies down and she moves on. *This is great*, I think as I sulk alone.

After that incident she says "Welcome to the school year 2050," then she moves on to talking about the project about taking over a planet. *Great!* I think to myself. *This will be a sure way to make everyone accept me.* She finishes explaining everything, which I already know. She gets out a hat with names of planets in it. She goes around and lets everyone pick out one. She gets to me. *Please get an easy one*, I think as I wince and I pull my name out of the hat.

I'm too frightened to look; I do it anyway.

“What did you get,” the teacher inquires.

I flip over my slip of paper and she blurts out “**Earth?!**” Murmurs start spreading around the room like a fire.

“Settle down everyone,” she yells, and everyone falls silent. “We have to get back to work. You must bring us a holographic image of your planet by Monday so we can see if it is conquered or not.”

The day whizzes by, and before I know it, it’s the end of the day. I get home and I hear my mom. “Hi sweetie! How was your day?”

“Not good” I say as she hugs me. “I got the hardest planet to conquer. Earth! Can you believe it? Why did they put that in there? No one thinks I can do it... not even me.”

“Hey.” She looks at me in the eyes. “You’ve trained your whole life to conquer a planet. I know you can pull this off. You’re the best planet conqueror I know.” I chuckle.

She leans in and whispers in my ear, “The only one who can say if you can do something or not, is yourself. Okay?”

I begrudgingly say, “Okay.”

“You’ve got the whole week, you can do this.”

If you can’t tell, I did, because you’re reading this.

On Friday I stroll into class with my holo-image of Earth already loaded up. Everyone stares in awe.

One of my classmates says “Is that-”

“Yep,” I say nonchalantly.

I lay it down on the teacher’s desk. She gives me not a 100 for the assignment, but for the whole year. After that I became the most popular kid in school. I still didn’t divert from my roots though. Whenever I saw a poor guy sitting in the corner of the lunch room eating his dust sandwich, (that’s common here) I would sit by him and make him some friends too.

Life was pretty great after that. I would go into class learn leave, and even hang out with people. I’d always come home to Mom and her sweet hugs. None of this would have ever happened if my Mom hadn’t cheer me up. When I become famous, she’s the first person I’m going to thank.