

Terra Canine Welcome

By SiriusDF

Thursday Prompt for 11/219/2020

Prompt word: anarchy

Picture from the Vatican museum courtesy of Wikipedia: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hermanubis>

To cap off a horrific year of living in the bassackward town of Petersburg, Kentucky, enduring hardship, viral plague and mendacious divisiveness disguised as anarchy, came the UFO crash at Area 51 in Nevada.

Too good to be true, but like the rest of the year, this peculiar bit of disbelief plopped down in the Western desert like unwanted dog doo. A vast army of media, selfies and eyewitnesses documented the sun bright meteor streaking across the sky, that resolved to a Frisbee shaped craft teeter tottering and capsizing into a fiery crash in the Groom Lake salt flat.

And like a bad movie turned Reality show, they pulled the mangled pilot out of the wreckage; man shaped, robed and long snouted head. It stuttered, then barked before closing it's eyes. They rushed the being to an ICU at a Vegas hospital. Checked for treats in it's pockets, pumped ICU chemicals into veins, leaving it quite naked under a ventilator. All alone.

Over the course of a week, the span of a News cycle, the world debated, quoted philosophers and religious figures on the meaning of this extraterrestrial visitor who bore a disturbing resemblance to a marble statue at the Vatican...

...meanwhile in the homeland of big trucks and Fox television, a mobcracy of commentators yelped for ICE and Homeland Security to stem off a possible invasion of dog immigrants and refugees. The Reddit brigade of the Internet volunteered to join the newly formed Space Patrol. Excited at the prospect of manning keyboards, scanning the skies for illegal Aliens, fingers on the pew pew buttons.

But it was apparent that Space was really big and truly empty. And despite Cue headed conspiracy claims, the moon was not made of Domino's cheese. The military wisely chose to stand down operation 'Terra Firma Welcome'.

And the canid guest? By then it was now very deceased. After a choppy autopsy, it was placed in a glass case. Given over to the Petersburg's Creationist Museum, a gift for the wealthy founder supporting the Coup by our now president-for-life.



And now, I'm watching local Petersburg television, a blonde airhead standing in front of the exhibit, reading a blurb. For the price of admission and absorbing The Biblical Truth, you too can gawk at the dog pilot.

Odd that I can see laughter in it's eyes.

At that moment, in yards and kennels all around the country. Dogs began standing upright and tall. Frisbees and toys transforming into great vessels. Canines all, entering craft and piloting into the skies.

And now I can hear the rumbling in the sky. Converging. For the first time in ages, I began laughing, giddily running outside and waving at the coming of Dog. They're coming.

Yes, they're coming, for their goodest boy!