

The Storyteller's Collection

Story 4



They Live Beneath

By Don Boivin

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(Note: This is a short excerpt from the full short story.)

The smoke from the campfire was slowly swirling upward into the night air, rising above the tall trees of the forest. The two campers, just finishing up their supper dishes, were talking about their long day of hiking along the mountain trails. The older camper, the father, went to the cooler and grabbed two cold beers for him and his son. This would top off a relaxing time while sitting by the campfire tonight. The father, a retired businessman from the southern part of the state, grew up in this area. His son, a lawyer also from down state, would travel up here every year with his father to enjoy the camping and fishing they did together. The other activity was the hiking they did around the mountain trails that twisted its way throughout this mountain park.

As they sat down and opened their beers, the son spoke up. "Listen... Do you hear that strange buzzing

sound?"

"Yes I do... Where is it coming from son?" Replied the father.

"I'm not sure, but it sounds like it is very close to us." Said the son as he was curiously looking around.

They were the only campers in this area of the campgrounds and the echoing sound took them by surprise. After listening for a short time, they figured it must be a low flying plane. They started talking again, when suddenly a strange faint shadow moved over them and seemed to stop right above the place they were sitting.

They both looked upward to see a semi-transparent large round object, hovering right above them. You could see straight through it, but the outer lines of the craft lightly stood out to form the roundness of the shape. The buzzing sound from it was a low echoing tone surrounding their campsite. As they were intensely looking at the flying object, it transformed into a solid grayish metallic color. Suddenly without warning, a bright yellow translucent beam of light flashed brightly from the craft, shooting straight downward engulfing the two campers. Their bodies lifted from the chairs, stiffened up in a ridged paralyzing position, then fell to the ground in a motionless state knocking the chairs over. They laid there still being able to see, but could not move their bodies at all.

The yellow beam of light disappeared and another slightly larger blue beam suddenly pierced downward through the campfire smoke from the flying object. Suddenly, two alien creatures appeared inside the beam and started descending slowly... There did not seem to be any platform of any kind, just interlacing particles of glowing matter moving through the blue transparent beam of light. When the aliens reached the ground, they stepped out of the beam and walked over to the two paralyzed campers.

The alien creatures were a greenish gray color, and their body structures were somewhat similar to that of humans, but more slenderly built in the arms and legs. Also their hairless heads were larger at the top and narrowed down towards the jaw line. Large black eyes glistened from the light of the campfire and what appeared to be their noses, were just two small holes that slightly flared out from their eerie faces. Their small mouths have thin lipped features showcasing their sharp glistening teeth as they were communicating to each other in low soft sounding voices. Where ears were on humans, these creatures had gill like features that would move as they would breathe. The texture of their greenish gray skin resembles scales that you find on fish or reptiles that exist here on earth.

One of the alien creatures walked over to the son, and pointed an object that resembled some type of remote that you would use for a television. The creature pressed a button that produced a small orange beam of light piercing out from the tip and scanned the son from head to toe. Then the creature pressed another button on the device that suddenly burst the son into flames from the intensity of the beam of light. Burning clothes engulfed the son as the terrifying sight moved to another level and melted his body into a gel type of mass. You could see the different parts of the body blending into a horrifying sight, and the disgusting smell emerging from the melted mass of body parts slowly filled the cool night air.

Turning to the father, the creature scans his body. This time though, the creature's tone of voice to the other creature was harsher as it was adjusting the hand held device. The red laser type ray of light that shot out was so intense; it burned the whole body into a pile of smoldering ashes in a matter of seconds, emitting small flashes of light that quickly faded away. There were no facial expressions of any kind on the alien creatures for the horrible actions they just executed on the father and son.

The alien creatures picked up the gel mass of the son and took it back over to the blue beam of light. As they stepped into the blue light, they started moving upward towards the craft that was still hovering over them. When they were out of sight within the craft, the blue beam disappeared and the craft began to move slightly upward. It then transformed into a transparent state and leveled off. Hovering there for a few seconds, it slowly started moving forward over the mountain again. Stopping occasionally while shining a white beam of light, and scanning the ground as if they were looking for more people.

Later as the cool night air turned a little warmer with the rising of the morning sun. The head campground ranger, Sam Stewart of the Mountain View Campgrounds, was making his rounds when he came to the campsite of the father and son campers. He did not see anyone moving around and called out... No one answered. He walked over to the still smoldering fire pit, and noticed the badly burned chairs that were lying to the side of the pit. Looking closer, he notices a pile of ashes that were beside one of the chairs and also a burned outline in the dirt along side the other chair.

"This isn't right... Something doesn't click here," Sam mumbled to himself. After looking a little longer... Sam radioed back to the office for assistance to the campsite and decides to call in the local police also. He did not touch anything and stood back waiting for help to arrive.

If you like this short excerpt from the full story, this story plus five other eerie stories are in my new book - "Storytellers Realm Collection of Fiction Quest Stories". You can get more information or order my book or ebook from the Storyteller's Realm Website - www.storytellersrealm.com. Thank you again for reading this excerpt - They Live Beneath.

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