Village 51

By Nicholas
It's hard to believe, but one evening, a **burning** ball of **flames** crashed in a remote part of the Mojave Desert. I was a curious kid, so I dashed toward the crash site. From the flames, something emerged, but it was green, with rough, dry skin.
“OMG, this is an alien!” From a distance, I could see the alien seemed confused. It continually looked around staring at the mountains and the sand. He limped from the fiery craft towards something along the horizon. I was too far to see what it was, but I could detect the outline of buildings. I decided to spy on the alien, so I slowly crept and then hid behind sand drifts as the alien trekked along.
Once I got closer to the buildings, I realized that this was a village, which looked like the pueblo villages I had studied in class. Oddly, it appeared that people were living there although pueblo villages were supposed to be vacant, also these buildings appeared to be more modern. I began to worry that the creature would cause harm to the villagers. I gulped, deciding to get closer to the alien; I had no choice. I put my hand up and took a deep breath, and yelled, "STOP!"
The alien seemed confused at first, and then it spoke; amazingly, it could speak many languages! This freaked me out. How was this thing speaking my language? “I mean no harm; I only seek refuge,” the alien replied in a low, snarly voice.
Then suddenly, in the distance, **heavily-armored military vehicles** were speeding straight at us. I knew I had to get this “visitor” to the village and hide it. I dashed toward the village with the alien, and I burst inside one of the houses. I explained, “Long story short, this guy needs protection!”
I commanded the creature to jump into the shower and act like it was singing. Hopefully, this would make it seem like nothing suspicious was going on. I took a deep breath, and amid all the confusion, I noticed that the occupant also had hands like the alien, but it quickly put gloves on. My eyes became wider than a baseball. **TWO ALIENS?**

**Area 51 military soldiers** quickly burst through the door and demanded to know where the alien was. Nervously, I pointed towards the mountains, and still, they interrogated me. The soldiers thought my story was sketchy, but reluctantly, they left somewhat convinced that I told the truth.
"Is this whole village occupied by aliens?" I later asked.

The alien replied, "Correct, years ago, our planet was destroyed by war. Luckily, a group of us were able to escape, but I was knocked off-course; so, I landed 50-years later than the others."

Aha! Now **Area 51** made sense; I'd heard about it for years. After hearing their story, I swore to never speak of these aliens again, but rumor has it, 12 years later, the village is thriving. I secretly named it **Village 51**.