

If you asked May what she would be doing today an hour ago, she would've said she would be running through tedious paperwork. Never could she have imagined this. Sirens were blaring, and warning lights flashed around the hangar. The emergency lights were on, and most of the hangar was shrouded in darkness, only illuminated by the flashing lights.

Now, she was fumbling to open the door to one of the aircraft as quietly as possible, grimacing as the metal door groaned.

"What is that thing!?"

"Quick, don't let them see you!" Someone shouts, followed by screams of pain and a sickening crunch.

May didn't dare turn around, focusing on the task at hand. She steps inside and pulls the door shut with a slam. She hoped whatever was out there hadn't heard it over the sirens, but it hardly mattered now. She couldn't stay here forever.

May steps forwards and slips on some liquid on the ground that she couldn't see clearly, stumbling and catching herself on the back of a seat. She thought she must look like one of those cartoon characters slipping on marbles. She looks both ways down the aisle, grimacing upon seeing the outline of a body lying face down towards the back of the plane. Muffled grisly noises from outside echoed around her.

"It's not like any of that is real," she gulps, "everything's okay."

May turns left, heading towards the cockpit. She wasn't eager to find out if anything was still lurking in the back of the plane. The front of the cabin was empty. She dashes into the cockpit, shuts the door behind her, and locks it. She sat on the floor, her back pressed against the door. Several minutes later, she musters the courage to poke her head above the dashboard.

An unnaturally tall figure loomed in the darkness, only illuminated by the still screeching sirens. No human was that tall, but it was roughly humanoid. Clouds of black mist seemed to hover around it. One of its arms was twice as long as the other, with claw-like fingers that extended from a hand at least twice as big as her head. Multiple curved objects extend from its back – Bones? Vines? – it is impossible to tell. A pulsating red glow emanated from where she thought its chest must be.

Gunshots suddenly erupted from somewhere in the hangar. The creature let out a guttural moan as it spasmed. May blinked, and it vanished. A rush of fear ran through her, immediately dropping below the dashboard. More gunshots rang out, then screams, and finally silence. She needed to stick to her plan.

Oh, how she wished she was anywhere but here. She was at home, working on the tapestry project she'd been working on for months. She was at home, relaxing in front of the television, watching some terrible cooks who thought a strawberry would pair well with mashed potatoes.

"How could they possibly screw this up?" she would chuckle at the screen.

Yes, she wants to go home more than anything.

May rose to her knees, scanning the dashboard for the right buttons and levers. She found what she was looking for, and the plane rolled agonizingly slow towards the open hangar door. Debris and other things she would rather not think about were strewn about the hangar floor. She didn't dare increase the plane's speed out of fear of ruining her only escape method. Her heart was pounding.

Each bump of the airplane sent shivers down her spine. She was almost to the hangar door when the sound of crushing metal came from the back of the cabin, and the plane slowed to a roll. The world tilted, and the next thing she knew, the plane was skidding along the concrete on its side. May screams as the glass shatters, and her body explodes in pain. Her head pounds as she raises it off the ground. She is mere feet away from the hangar doors, but so must be that creature. She pulls herself to her feet, looking desperately for the monster. Suddenly, behind her, the cockpit's door is pulled off its hinges.

May clammers out the window and doesn't spare a look behind her, sprinting to doors. She makes it outside as claws rake across her side, sending her flying. The floodlights illuminate the area around her. She realizes the outside space is vacant; nothing is outdoors to help her. She rolls onto her side, grunting in pain.

She can see the creature more clearly now. It is muttering something unintelligible that sounds vaguely like English words and a face that, at some point, must have been human. The creature lurches towards her, and as it touches the light, it screams and stumbles back. It vanishes again, and its screams are coming from behind her, then to her left, then to the right. She watches as it circles the perimeter of the floodlights.

May rolls onto her back, laughing in disbelief. She could go home, watch mindless television, and work on her projects. She could try a few recipes she has wanted to make for a while now. The pain wasn't so bad now.

After all, the sun would be up in a few hours.