

Dean Wallace struggled to keep his balance as he walked across the light gray lunar surface. Staying upright in a low gravity environment was difficult enough on a flat surface; the rocks and uneven footing was not doing him any favors. Dean had managed for the entire mission up until that point, but he was always a single slight stubbed foot away from toppling over.

The immense amount of concentration he was focusing on not falling on his face meant that Dean didn't immediately notice the steel colored saucer shapes coming in from the right. When he finally chanced a look up from his feet, Dean stopped dead in his tracks. Well, he meant to, anyway. His forward momentum took over the job that his legs had given up on. Dean continued moving forward in an upright position for about two seconds before one of his boots caught on one of the aforementioned rocks, and he tumbled onto his face.

When Dean stopped moving, he scrambled to right himself. Easier said than done. The damned bulky suit made doing just about anything into a major chore.

Eventually though, Dean managed to right himself and looked again at the space where he'd seen the saucers.

They had moved in the time it had taken him to stand back up. It was hard to judge from such a distance, but they must have been moving at an absurd pace. When he first looked, they'd still been fairly far out. When he looked again, they had nearly reached the atmosphere.

Dean reached up and pressed the button that patched him through to the landing vehicle.

"Hey Henry," he said, not taking his eyes off the speeding saucers. "You seeing this?"

They had reached the upper atmosphere by that point. They were covered in red flares as they burned through the thickening air.

"Seeing what?" came a rough voice on the other end.

"Look through the damn window, stupid."

There was a muffled shifting as Henry turned to follow Dean's direction. Then silence.

"What do you think of that?" Dean asked.

"Looks like some flying saucers flying towards earth," Henry replied.

"Yep. Looks like it."

There was another lull in the conversation. The saucers had reached an altitude at which they would probably be recognizable to the people below.

"Hold on, Dean. I'm gonna call Houston," Henry stated.

Static dominated the connection for a moment, then Henry started talking again.

"Hey, Houston. You seeing this?"

"Henry? What do you mean? See what?" came the voice from the other end.

"Look... hold on," Henry said. "Dean where is that?"

"Look like around the Indian ocean."

"Yeah, look around the Indian ocean."

The voice on the other ends gave some muffled commands to someone.

"Henry what are you-"

There was an absolute uproar at the other end of the connection. There were screams, yelling, statements of absolute shock.

"Guess they hadn't seen 'em," Henry chuckled.

“So what do you think we should do about it?” Dean asked. He started the precarious walk back to the landing vehicle. His oxygen levels were getting low. Not enough to panic about, but it would be prudent to go back inside sooner rather than later.

“Do? What do you mean? We’re way the fuck up here on the moon,” Henry replied. “What’re we gonna do? Give ‘em the finger?”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Dean admitted. “Still. It’s gonna be a bitch to get back to earth if they’re not friendly.”

“That it will not,” Henry said, comically enunciating hard t’s.

Dean turned back around to get another look at the spacecraft, but by that point they were out of sight. What was visible was a bright explosion approximately the size of Nepal. It was pretty easy to measure since it was in that general area.

“Guess they don’t come in peace, huh?” Dean commented.

“Yup. Looks like we’re gonna be up here for a while longer.”

Dean turned back towards the vehicle. “Well. Guess we should head back. Ricky and Jerome might not have seen that.”

When Dean finally made it back to the landing vehicle, Henry languidly fiddled with a few controls, and then they were off the ground. There was another explosion on earth, not quite as big as the first but still large enough to be seen from space. Didn’t Ricky have a cousin living in India or something? He supposed it didn’t really matter. It was going to be a hell of a long time before they got back anyway.