

Roadside Repair

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Hi, it's me again, Hal.

Remember the story I told about those alien insects that I killed with the bug spray? Well, I got another story to tell.

I was sittin' in my kitchen the other day, watchin' the wrestlin' an' eatin' a grilled cheese sandwich. I got a bigger TV in the front room but the little one in the kitchen is okay and it's closer to the food.

Anyway, there I sat, munchin' my grilled cheese sandwich, and I heard a little tap tap tap on the back door. I put down my sandwich, got up, walked over to the door, and looked out the window. Didn't see nuthin' so I looked down, and there he was, she was, it was? Don't know. It was a little gray alien. I knew right away that it wasn't no kid in a costume. The shapes and sizes were all wrong. It had to be a real alien. He (it?) just stood there lookin' up at me, so I opened the door.

The alien turned around, walked away for a few steps, stopped, turned back around, and looked at me. It sorta reminded me of those old TV shows where the dog wants you to follow it. So, I followed the alien. He walked around the insect space ship, it's still there, still gray. I still spend some time sittin' on top of it at night, watchin' the stars. Sometimes, Jack still comes over and we have a couple of beers up there, sittin' in my lawn chairs, just like I told you in that other story.

Anyway, the alien walked around the insect ship, since it's still there maybe that's why he stopped here, I don't know. Maybe he thought this was a service station or somethin'. His ship was around the other side of the insect ship. It was smaller than the insect ship, and out of sight of the kitchen window. That's why I didn't see it land. It had a ramp stickin' out the side, a lot like the ramp that had stuck out of the insect ship. Not exactly, but close enough that I got the idea. It was a ramp.

The alien walked over to about 3 feet to the left of the ramp and there was a little door hangin' open on the side of his ship. Inside of the little compartment was a sort of board, kind of like a circuit board, but not quite. The alien reached in, hooked his finger under the board, and pushed it up into a little slot. When he turned loose of it, the board just slid back down again. The alien gave me a very convincin' shrug. Convincin' for an alien. His shoulders weren't really built for shruggin', but I got the idea.

I reached in, pushed the board into the slot, and it just slid back out. I leaned over and looked in. It was just a slot in the top of the compartment. I looked at the alien and said, "I think I can fix that."

I went into the house and came back with my scissors and my roll of duct tape. The little alien was still standin' there, waitin'. I snipped off a good-sized piece of duct tape, pushed the board up into the slot, and stuck the tape over it. I looked at the alien and asked, "How's that?"

Roadside Repair

He looked at it carefully, tapped it a time or two, closed the little door, and that was that. He just turned around and went back into his space ship. The ramp slid up, the door closed, the space ship floated up, and away.

I went back inside, put my scissors and duct tape away, picked up my grilled cheese sandwich, and sat back down at the kitchen table. Wrestlin' was over, but there's always somethin' to watch on the TV. *Ancient Aliens* was just comin' on. I should call those guys.