

When They fell, the day was dark. It had been raining, storm clouds blocking the heavens from the peering eyes of those stuck on the ground. There was no warning when suddenly the darkness parted to blinding light and then closed to darkness again. There was only the sudden shielding of eyes to protect against the light of the unknown.

No one saw what fell—for one cannot look upon the sun as it careens across the sky. It was bright enough to sear the eyes of those who tried to look. The last thing they saw was white against the dark, rolling clouds, and then nothing. Though they swear there was the image of a body etched into the darkness behind their eyelids even long after.

There was no evidence of what fell after the storm had cleared and we made our pilgrimage to the site of the falling. There was no crater. There was no splitting of the earth. There was not even a snapped branch in the foliage above them. There was nothing. And we were convinced that we saw nothing.

But we were wrong.

It started with a whispering on the wind. A quiet murmur that seemed to stretch across the vast emptiness of the sky and envelope those on the edge of time. Soon, they fell out of thought. And they were gone. And they were forgotten until we stumbled upon the shell of their homes sitting, watching, silently.

Then the whisperings turned into screams and we could ignore it no longer. It grew louder and louder, rattling around in our heads until it came streaming out of our mouths in strings of words our minds could not yet understand.

The first who saw Them spoke not of what they saw except more words of the unknown tongue. Their words turned to screams then to silence and they spoke no more. So we were left with no stable warning of what was to come.

Though a warning would have done nothing to stem the tide.