

Extraterrestrial Encounters

A Collection of Sci-Fi Stories

By Kelli A. Wilkins

(Sample chapter)

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Sample chapter

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A Note from the Author

Welcome to *Extraterrestrial Encounters: A Collection of Sci-Fi Stories*. You're about to step into a strange and surreal world—the world of my imagination.

I've always been attracted to the unusual, peculiar, and “weird” that exists in the sci-fi and horror genres. I grew up watching *Tales from the Dark Side*, *Amazing Stories*, *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*, *The Outer Limits*, and of course, *The Twilight Zone*.

I read every sci-fi and horror short story and comic book I could find, and I believed in the Ancient Astronaut Theory long before *Ancient Aliens* ever aired. So I guess it's no surprise that when I started writing, I wrote what I loved reading: sci-fi and horror.

This collection of 18 sci-fi tales has something for everyone: aliens in all shapes and sizes, space explorers venturing into the unknown, and ordinary Earthlings having out-of-this-world experiences.

Authors are always asked, “Where do you get your ideas?” so I decided to share a peek at my writing process. I've included a brief note at the end of each story, explaining what inspired me to write it, where I got the idea, or general comments about the plot or characters.

I hope you enjoy these stories. Some are humorous, some will make you think, and others might scare you a bit, but they will all take you on a journey into the realm of the unknown for a little while.

Keep watching the stars!

Kelli

The Chosen One

“Still toiling with the peasants, I see.”

Ryan glanced up from the basket he was weaving. Jerry stood over him wearing a long green robe and gnawing on what looked like a turkey leg. He knew it must be something else. This planet didn't have any turkeys, unless Jerry counted.

“And you're still as obnoxious as ever,” he growled, crumpling a reed in his fist. Just looking at Jerry enraged him. The pompous aerospace engineer needed to be taught a lesson.

Tamra, the raven-haired woman next to him, rested her cool hand on his bare arm. She shook her head and whispered words that sounded like “N'a pol podo, Naja.”

“Naja” was all he ever heard when Jerry was around. What did it mean?

Ryan gazed around the primitive settlement. Most of the villagers stood by the fire or near their straw huts. They all watched him intently, as if they were waiting to see how he would interact with Jerry. He took a deep breath and frowned. He wouldn't stoop to Jerry's level. *One day, you'll get what's coming to you, Jerry.*

“Listen Ryan, if you mouth off to me again, I might have you strung up and beaten for disrespecting me,” Jerry said, chewing with his mouth open. “Remember, I’m an important man here. I don’t have to work for my food. *I’m pampered.*”

Ryan wiped his sweaty brow with the back of his hand. Unfortunately, that was true. On their second day in the village, Chief Timor had tried to make Jerry carry a load of firewood. Jerry had shoved the older man to the ground and kicked him in the ribs. The men in the village had gasped and backed away from Jerry. None of them dared to challenge him.

Later that night, all the villagers had gathered by the large cooking fire and held a meeting. Chief Timor spoke for several minutes. When he finished his speech, the villagers rose one by one and dropped a stone into one of two hollowed-out gourds. They seemed to be voting on something.

Ever since then, Jerry had been treated differently. He was given all the food he could eat. He never had to do any work. He just sat around getting fat and lazy and more arrogant. It didn’t make sense. Ryan never understood why Chief Timor rewarded Jerry for his bad behavior.

Jerry brushed his light blond hair over his shoulder. It had grown quickly in the three months since their

spaceship crashed. “You’re jealous, Ryan. I get the good food, and I’m not forced to do manual labor with the flea-riddled peasants.” Jerry kicked over a stack of reeds. “I’m the chosen one here, remember that.” He sneered and walked off.

Ryan began restacking the reeds. As much as he hated to admit it, Jerry was right. These dark-haired people had singled him out for some reason. Ryan hesitated to call the local inhabitants aliens; after all, *he* was on *their* planet.

If only he could make Jerry understand. He’d tried explaining that they were the outsiders here and they needed to fit in, but the conceited fool refused to listen. These people had rescued them from the jungle and fed them, attacking their chief was no way to repay their kindness.

He didn’t know much about their society, but he knew violence was uncommon. Everyone in this simple village behaved peacefully. There were no squabbles or problems in the communal settlement—at least not until Jerry had arrived.

Jerry delighted in abusing the villagers. He tripped them when they were carrying gourds full of water and barked orders and insults at them if his immediate needs weren’t met. But no matter what Jerry did, no one ever protested. There didn’t seem to be any punishments here.

Why would this peaceful culture accept such harsh treatment from an outsider? Chief Timor did nothing to stop Jerry from bullying his people. Had he truly given up his position of power, or did he have another plan?

Ryan weaved the reeds into the basket as his mind wandered. From the moment he had stepped foot in the village, he'd gone out of his way to show respect and fit in. He helped gather food, carry water, and chop wood. His years of studying primitive cultures and ancient civilizations had helped him adapt to this communal existence. He squinted up at the harsh orange sun and sighed. At least he had survived the crash—that was more than he could say for Taylor, Evans, and Forbes.

Their space mission had been routine. They were supposed to enter the next galaxy and report back with data on six recently discovered planets. Jerry had been a thorn in his side ever since they came out of suspended animation, but Captain Taylor had kept the egotistical engineer in line.

Everything had been going according to plan, until a huge chunk of space debris struck the ship and demolished their navigation systems. After a month of drifting, they had located a planet with an atmosphere comparable to Earth's. The damaged ship had broken apart when they crash-landed in the dense jungle, killing the others.

Ryan shook his head. What irony. He was stuck on this foreign planet forever with the most appalling Earthling he'd ever known.

After three days of wandering in the jungle, they had discovered a twenty-foot-high wooden wall. They pounded on it and were soon greeted by several locals. To his surprise, they seemed curious about them and accepted them into their village without hesitation. The dark-haired natives resembled humans and had South American or Mexican coloring and features. Jerry's blond hair had immediately entranced them, and he was taken to the chief.

"Maybe that's it," Ryan said. Maybe they worshipped Jerry because they had never seen a fair-haired man before. Jerry's golden locks and blue eyes stood out among the rest of the people.

Ryan finished his basket and handed it to Tamra. In the last week, the village had become a flurry of activity. Everyone was making baskets and gathering extra food for an important celebration. Whatever the occasion was, he knew it had something to do with Naja, whatever that meant.

"Naja sot timta," Tamra said, gesturing toward the horizon.

He handed her a stick and motioned for her to draw in the soft gray dirt. It was their usual method of

communication. In the past few months, he'd learned a few basic words in Tamra's language, but he wasn't able to understand much.

Tamra drew a thick wavy line in the dirt. "Naja," she whispered, then erased her drawing.

Ryan scowled. He had presumed Naja was a god of some kind, but what Tamra drew reminded him of a fat, squiggly river.

A sense of dread washed over him. Experience had taught him that things weren't always what they seemed...

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kelli A. Wilkins is an award-winning author who has published more than 100 short stories, 19 romance novels, 5 non-fiction books, and 2 online writing courses. Her romances span many genres and heat levels, and she's also been known to scare readers with her horror stories.

Her latest historical romance, *The Viking's Witch*, was released in June 2019. This full-length novel takes place in Celtic Scotland and blends a sensual romance with paranormal elements.

Kelli released *Extraterrestrial Encounters*, a collection of 18 sci-fi stories, in August 2019. If you like horror fiction, don't miss her disturbing novella, *Nightmare in the North*.

In March 2019, Kelli published *Dangerous Indenture*, a historical mystery romance set in Colonial Pennsylvania. She released the second half of her flash fiction series, *Cupid's Schemes*, in early 2019. These two volumes of lighthearted mini-romances are perfect reads for a quick lunchtime escape or an after-work indulgence.

Kelli released her latest Teachable mini-course, *Fiction Basics: Finding Ideas* in February 2019. She

authored *Fiction Writing for Beginners* through Teachable in 2018. These courses are perfect for anyone who wants to learn how to write.

Visit: <https://kelliwilkins.teachable.com/> for more details.

Not just an author, Kelli is also an amateur photographer. Visit her pages on Shutterstock <https://www.shutterstock.com/g/kelli+wilkins> and iStock <https://www.istockphoto.com/portfolio/kelliwilkins> to view her photos.

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Visit her website www.KelliWilkins.com or blog <http://kelliwilkinsauthor.blogspot.com/> to learn more about all of her writings.

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