

# The Ship

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Tuesday, April 7, 2026

Miranda stepped out of the bathroom wearing a towel. Her hair was wet from the shower. She looked into the living room, Joe wasn't there. He had gone to work early that day. At least that's what she suspected he had done. It was a work day after all. Miranda wished she could go to work and help with the necessary bills that kept the rent and food on the table going, but Joe wouldn't have that. He didn't want her to be put in situations where her secret could be found out.

She knew Joe was just protecting her best interests, but she still wanted to help out. Miranda figured she could help out by cleaning the apartment, which didn't take much time considering its size. Getting dressed, she looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair was a complete mess. Miranda didn't enjoy having hair. It seemed to get everywhere and was a pain in the butt. But she wanted to fit in, so she had to look the part.

Straightening her hair, Miranda smiled at the progress she had made. It wasn't much, but her hair looked better than it had a moment ago. Flipping her hair to the side she smirked. Damn she was getting a hang of this whole dressing thing. Miranda thought she looked cute. She was wearing jeans and a

t-shirt of some band Miranda hadn't heard of before. Joe liked the band, it was his shirt. She didn't have a problem borrowing his clothes. They were comfy.

Walking out of the apartment, Miranda locked the door. She wanted to get back before Joe got home from work that day. She went immediately to where her ship was stored and didn't waste time. Miranda wanted to try something out on her ship. It had been a minute since she had been where her ship was located, so it took a second for her to find it. It was invisible, an easy way to hide it from prying humans. Humans liked to look into things that didn't belong to them. Miranda hated that about them, but it was their way. Who was she to argue with how humans acted when no one was looking.

Stepping up to a large open area, Miranda clapped her hands twice. Her spacecraft appeared at her command. "There you are beautiful." Miranda said. "I missed you." As though the craft answered her, a low humming noise emanated from it. Miranda smiled in response. She placed her hand against the ship, a doorway parted allowing her entrance.

Miranda took a step inside her ship. "Welcome back." An AI voice said. "You have been gone for seventy-two hours. Nothing important has transpired since the last time you were here." Miranda smiled at the news, at least nothing crazy had happened.

"Call me Miranda." She said. "It's my alias while I'm here on Earth."

"Understood." The AI responded.

"Current status." Miranda ordered.

The AI thought for a second, calculating the request. "Shields are down. FTL

Drive is offline. Life support is fully functional. Grav-plating is fully functional. Probing beam is active.”

Miranda shook her head. “What?” She asked. “Why is the probing beam active?”

“Unknown.” The AI said.

“Deactivate the beam.” Miranda ordered. “Don’t reactivate it until further notice. Take it offline completely.” She rested her hands on her hips. Walking over to a console, she checked the logs. It appeared the beam was malfunctioning for some unknown reason. “Begin a level six diagnostic scan of all systems.” Miranda said. “Start with the probing beam.”

“Acknowledged.” The AI said as it began working on its assigned task.

Miranda hovered her hands over the FTL Drive’s activation sequence. She desperately wanted to see if they worked. But the computer had already told her the FTL Drive was down. Miranda sighed, there was nothing she could do about it. Not until she found the necessary parts to fix everything that was wrong with her ship. That would take time.

“Miranda, incoming transmission.” The AI announced.

Miranda whipped her head around so fast she almost got dizzy. “What? What message? Display!”

A holographic image displayed in front of her. It was one of her kind. “Soldier, our scans indicate you are stranded on a planet known as Earth. Your orders have changed. You are to perform surveillance on the humans in preparation for invasion. That is all.” The hologram vanished.

Miranda hesitated. Her people were planning an invasion? That wasn't their way, at least it hadn't been their way until now it would seem. She didn't like that thought. The Grays were a peaceful race. They were curious about other species, this was true, but they never wanted harm to come to any of them. Miranda was confused why this course had changed.

She figured it best if she found out why.

The End