

# The Box

By DeliciousYAY

Submitted: October 1, 2008

Updated: October 1, 2008

*Kashi, a less than normal twenty something, has always believed in aliens. But what if she finds one? She's all too prepared.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/DeliciousYAY/54389/The-Box>

**Chapter 1 - Central Park- It Begins**

**2**

# 1 - Central Park- It Begins

Kashi fell, gasping for breath in the whirling torrent of air. Blades of grass and dirt clogged her throat and eyes, and she coughed. Her vision faltered. When she could breathe again, she looked up, only to be picked up by the throat by what felt like a scaleless snake. She pulled herself up slightly, only enough to breathe. This thing must have been running around me, but what could run that fast? she thought. She got her first good look at her attacker.

She traced the 'arm' holding her up to a head with five similar tentacles. The alien's eyes were small and black with rage. A large topaz semi orb was attached to its chest, and pulsed faintly, as if with a heartbeat. Purple wires ran like vines from it, running along the creature's grass green skin as if an extension of it. The alien rested one arm - no, tentacle - on it, and the other arm-tentacle waving behind.

"Du-zu!" it screamed. "Fi'ka di du-zu!"

"But I'm a friend! Here to help!" Kashi attempted to say in between gasps. The alien's face took on a hard expression, like it'd been threatened. With surprising force, it slammed her onto the grass. But in its fury it had loosened its grip, giving Kashi a small slack line. She jumped at the opportunity, seizing the tentacle and flinging the attacker over her head. It landed with a strong thump. Kashi turned and jumped on it pinning it down with three limbs while using the other to reach for her bag. She pulled a collar out. It was ringed on the inside with tiny shots of sedative, strong enough to knock anything out for a while. She clipped it around the alien's neck. It screeched one word, then was silent. Its eyes lost their intensity and the writhing tentacles fell limp.

Kashi sighed and recuperated for a minute, then looked for the blue blur of her hat and the glint of her glasses. She located them, and reattached them to her face. Looking back at the alien, she wondered, Well now what? She decided to bring her home and tame her. Not tame, she corrected herself, Communicate with. She, it, whatever, is a sentient being, if a feral one. She walked over to the alien and bent to pick it up. Holy crap, she thought, This is like lifting an aquarium! With great difficulty, she slowly made her way over to the box that seemed to belong to the alien. She laid it in the box with a grunt of effort. She stood up and cracked her back.

"Ahh...ow." She looked up and for the first time noticed that the left lens of her glasses were broken. "Crap." She grabbed hold of one flap of the cardboard box and started dragging it across the field.