**SCI FI SETTING**

The sun slipped behind the distant hills, painting the mountains red and black. Shadows lengthened, deepening the darkness. Wind whispered through the grass as if praying. Wearily, Tom and Jez picked up their fishing gear. It was late and they knew that they would be in trouble. But holidays only came once a year and they were just a mile from the cottage where they were staying. “Come on,” mumbled Jez, picking up his rod and turning to go. At that moment, the boys froze. From somewhere overhead they heard a low whirring sound. Half a mile away a glowing light appeared. It streaked towards the forest and then hovered, casting beams of twinkling light down into the dark trees. The boys turned to stare at each other. They were both thinking the same thing…aliens!