

Daily Stupid

 Search (advanced search)

Welcome to Daily Stupid

Saturday, October 08 2005 @ 09:53 AM

[contribute](#) | [web resources](#) | [past polls](#) | [calendar](#) | [advanced search](#) | [site statistics](#) |

Topics

[Home](#)
[Briefs](#)
[Lies](#)
[Pointless](#)
[Rips and Rants](#)
[Get Stupid](#)
[True Blew](#)
[Happenings](#)
[Dye Er EE](#)
[Daily Stupid](#)
[Reviews](#)

User Functions

Username:

Password:

Don't have an account yet? Sign up as a [New User](#)

Click and Listen!

Enjoy dramatic readings from Daily Stupid on our podcast feed:



Contact Us

[Email The Staff](#)

DISCLAIMER:

All stories on this site are works of fiction. Any similarity to actual people, places, or events is purely coincidental. Read safely for a better tomorrow.

Space Alien

Sunday, December 19 2004 @ 08:11 PM

Contributed by: [blue G](#)

I met a space alien at the coffee shop down the street today.



“How are you going to spend your Saturday?” she asked.

I put the bookmark into the book I was reading and place the book down on the table in front of me.

“Well, I’m feeling like there’s some level of sanctimonious synchronicity in your asking me that,” I say.

“I’ve met the right person,” she says. “So, what are we going to do?”

“The reason why I say that is because I was going to buy this book today at the WACKO store called Extraterrestrial Sex Fetish, and here I meet you instead. It’s so serendipitous, don’t you think?”

“Maybe we should still get the book,” she says.

“Yeah, and I’d like to get a haircut, then a sandwich,” I say. “Maybe stop by the record store for a while. Then, I donno, I’d like to get some writing done. Oh, and watch the Viva La Bam DVD. Someone just gave it to me for my birthday... I’d also like to finish reading this book that I’m almost through with, and I’ve got to get ahead on an editing project before next week--”

“Hey,” she says. “Hold on. Are you just going to go on about your day here, or are we going to hang out?”

“What do you mean?”

“You can’t do all that shit today if we’re going to spend some time together,” she says, emphasizing the word time by widening her eyes.

“I’m not sure I know what you’re saying,” I tell her.

“That was how you were going to spend your day before you met me, so now that you have, you have other things to consider,” she says.

“Well, don’t get me wrong,” I say, “but you are a space alien, right? I’m not really sure what to expect. I mean, for one thing, do you have, you know, a hoo-ha?”

“I think it’s worth your while to find out, buddy.”

Her eyes glow.

“Listen,” I tell her, “I work in porn, I’ve probably seen what you’ve got already, defiled and compromised.”

What’s Related

- [More by blue G](#)
- [More from Pointless](#)

Story Options

- [Mail Story to a Friend](#)
- [Printable Story Format](#)

“Maybe,” she says, “but not by you. You need to get more involved. Piss on the tree instead of commenting about it abstractly.”

I like the ways she says commenting. She says it like it’s a crime.

“At your age, it is a crime,” she says, having read my mind.

“Well, that’s fair,” I say.

“I chose you,” she says.

“I know,” I tell her. “That’s uncommon.”

“So am I.”

“Where did you say you were from?”

The name of the planet is
SWERTYEOUEYUDUSSEMONSEERSTERAMTORICH.

I think that’s beautiful.

[Views: 43]

Space Alien | 0 comments | [Create New Account](#)
Oldest First | Threaded | Refresh | Reply

The following comments are owned by whomever posted them. This site is not responsible for what they say.

Created this page in 0.20 seconds

Copyright © 2005 Daily Stupid
All trademarks and copyrights on this page are owned by their respective owners.

