

Story Starter!

For the last few days, they had been falling from the sky. Nobody knew where they had come from; nobody knew why they were there.

The mysterious objects, most of them spherical in shape, lay there on the beach, motionless, immovable despite the tide's best efforts to eradicate them from the shoreline.

Then, a crack began to appear on the surface...

...into the early hours of the night. The only eyes witnessing this phenomenon were currently sparking in awe at the sight of the ever-growing deep, dark shadow of a crack. Those eyes belonged to Auston Dalewood, he had been fascinated with the objects ever since the 5th one fell out of the sky and crushed his Dad's work van. Although disappointing for his dad, Auston took great interest, which meant the current dinner table chatter wasn't exactly on the same playing field.

Auston had always been a space kid, most of his class were into dinosaurs but Auston continued to be tranced by space daily. He would love to tell his family all the new facts he was learning from the bizarre to the weird. So, when the first object fell onto the abandoned beach next to the old harbour, he instantly grabbed a new journal from under his bed and titled it 'The Arrival from Space'. Auston was most excited at the prospect of what it could be. Auston documented everything he could in his journal, between each new arrival he would listen to radio reports, watch the evening news and collect articles from yesterday's papers that belonged to his grandmother. When the 5th one came, news teams flooded his family neighbourhood, to hear accounts of what happened. Although he didn't get a chance to see the object crushing his dad's van, he had a source that would be a perfect addition to his journal, his interview would rival all those professionals.

The objects had now been here a few days and Auston was taking it upon himself to curate a journal that would be read by hundreds. The only way that would be possible is if he 100% devoted everything to gathering knowledge. Auston agreed with himself that in the name of scientific enquiry it was his duty to sneak out his home at night and visit the site on the beach. He had previously packed an emergency snack bag under a set of rocks which neighboured the beach beside the harbour. He would collect his bag and head across the beach to where the objects had landed. Through the night the beach was derelict, just the way it used to be. Auston had always known the beach to be empty, it hadn't been used as a beach to sunbathe since his grandmother was a teenager. The past few days the beach had become enveloped in trucks, vans, satellites, yellow tape and bright white tents with some bright white lights. To avoid suspicion of little footprints Auston would take a route following the tyre tracks of the day. From his first visit he knew where the cameras were, most were specifically pointing in the direction of the objects and towards the objects and in the direction of Lithem's Cliff. Surprisingly, Auston couldn't believe why there wasn't any CCTV on the rest of the beach, but it did mean he could get up close without any problems.

At the start of his night watch he would lay his gran's quilted blanket on the sand against the white tent that had a closest camera on the object that landed first. He had been set up for a few hours drawing diagrams and eating thick strands of red liquorice when he started to nod his head forward into a sleepy daze. 'CRUNCH' his head jolted awake at the sound, he hadn't fallen asleep, he was on a mission, he began to fidget and pretend to write something down as if someone was watching him. He looked around, everything was still the same he documented the sound

relating to probably the loose rocks from Lithem's cliff face. As he went to grab another liquorice piece a loud crack was followed by an echoing crunch. He knew exactly where it came from this time. His eyes became bulbous as he focused in on the object. He quickly got onto his knees, knowing that if he stood up and stepped forward, he would be caught. The full beam white light casted the cracks as large shadows across the, what Auston now agreed was the shell of the egg. The cracks began to cover the side facing Auston. He was almost caught when a piece of the shell fell inside, and he almost leapt forward in excitement. But he was drawn back against the tent sheets when he saw the bright pink circle. The pink colour was moving forward and backwards towards the edge of the shell and then back in again. It wasn't until what looked like a window wiper came across the pink ring that he realised it was an eye.

Auston didn't know what to do, there was something inside that egg, was he scared of it, was it scared of him? What should he do? He couldn't believe that he was the first one to see what was inside the egg. He was going to be famous, he wondered what was going to happen next? As he was treading sand over his gran's quilt with excitement stepping from left to right, trying not to scare the creature inside he noticed the red light of the camera. He wasn't going to be famous after all, who is going to listen to a child over a scientist filming the egg hatching, answer is no one! Auston wanted his journal to become famous, he needed to do something.

The hole was starting to grow as more fragments from the shell began to fall either into the shell or onto the sand. The creature was about to be revealed, and if Auston was already starting to see two pink dots then so was the camera. As the hole was much bigger now the light was able to shine inside the egg. Auston was witness to this spectacle of colour and amazement as Auston first saw the wet deep purple fur of the creature. Greed took over and Auston wobbled the camera and then knocked it over into the sand abruptly. He thought that no one knows what this creature can do and no one knew that he was there, the scientists aren't going to know that he pushed it over, maybe the creatures mind did. After spending a few minutes looking at the camera and tripod in the sand going over in his head what he had just done, he now looked back at the egg. The egg had crumbled and was now a pile of rubble, what was standing in front was the rubble was a pair of blueish webbed feet. His eyes trailed up the body of the creature to find those two pink eyes that were staring into his green eyes. A few window wiper blinks passed as they both stood facing each other. Neither of them said a word. Auston felt that he should say hello, so he went to raise his hand and wave, but he had barely lifted his hand to find the creature turn a flee towards to cave at the bottom of Lithem's cliff face. Auston abandoned his post leaving everything and followed the creature at a safe distance, thinking how a boy like me is going to make contact with the purple furball currently running from him.

To Be Continued.