

When The Music's Over

The ship had landed in Central Park and crushed most of the organic mass. Then it just lay there silent. In that fall, or landing, quite a few humans and dogs had been crushed, but the soil in the park had easily been able to soak up the monstrous amount of blood.

People had of course flocked to the place, touched the shiny metal, knocked on it, and yelled at it. Then the military came, of course and put up fences, closely followed by armed guards patrolling the perimeter. Diplomats and scientists had been called from near and far to examine the strange vessel, to no avail. All hailings, all attempts at communicating had been met by a wall of silence.