Chelsea N. Magdaraog

Love Letters

History has always warned us with stories of extraterrestrial beings. Believing that they remain in this godforsaken Earth would be a pipe dream, but it would be foolish to even consider that they left us alone. They visit us ever so often, bringing our former brothers and sisters that they had taken away to cultivate in their own homes—adding a flavor of diversity to their alien community.

Every 100 years, these alien-humans descend onto their native planet in order to learn of its progress, immerse in its culture, and even carry out some minor missions for the Supreme. Many found it difficult to blend in with these foreign lookalikes, but one of them found himself flourishing in this strange culture. After all, he was the only one who took EME 103 (Earthly Mankind Education 154: Fundamentals of Language and Culture of Southeast Asian Earthly Mankind) *very* seriously.

Then, he met an earthly girl. She had everything that he had ever dreamt of. She was a scholar—one who was aware of what a shitbag her planet was—one who yearned to leave her home and offer everything for a life with glory. “Surely, then,” this alien-human thought, “I must be what she needs.”

They had beautiful times together, talking about the girl’s culture (as well as discovering the various methods of romance). How wonderful those earthly kisses felt like! He wanted her to himself, but the girl insisted that it was better if they weren’t together. She insisted that although she enjoyed his company very much, she wanted to flourish independently.

Time passed by, and it was time for this batch of alien-humans to leave. The girl refused to come with him to his alien brethren’s vessels, but the boy thought that his love should not stop there. Not until he won her.

“The humans say that love is fiery in passion, and unpredictable in destiny. Take my letters—look up to the skies and remember my love.”

With that, their fleeting romance on this filthy Earth had ended.

Initially, these ‘love letters’ started small. A surprise shower of pretty meteors. Tiny asteroids that had enough weight to light up some part of the sky, yet light enough to not even touch the land. The girl knew that these were his love letters, and as charming as they fiery and destined as they were, she still refused to leave her Earth for her distant lover. If she ever left, she knew that she would no longer be herself, but rather *his*. Such was the nature of his love.

Yet the boy still yearned for her. “Perhaps,” he thought, “she needs more love letters.”

And so he did what he thought was necessary to acquire her. Contrary to his alien advisors’ advice, he increased the intensity of his love letters. First came the lava of the volcano just a few miles from where she lived. *Passion.* Then came an asteroid enough to wipe out humanity’s existence, but it only brushed close to the moon. *Destiny*.

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The girl still refused. Thus, her world vanished in a blaze of passion and unstoppable destiny.