

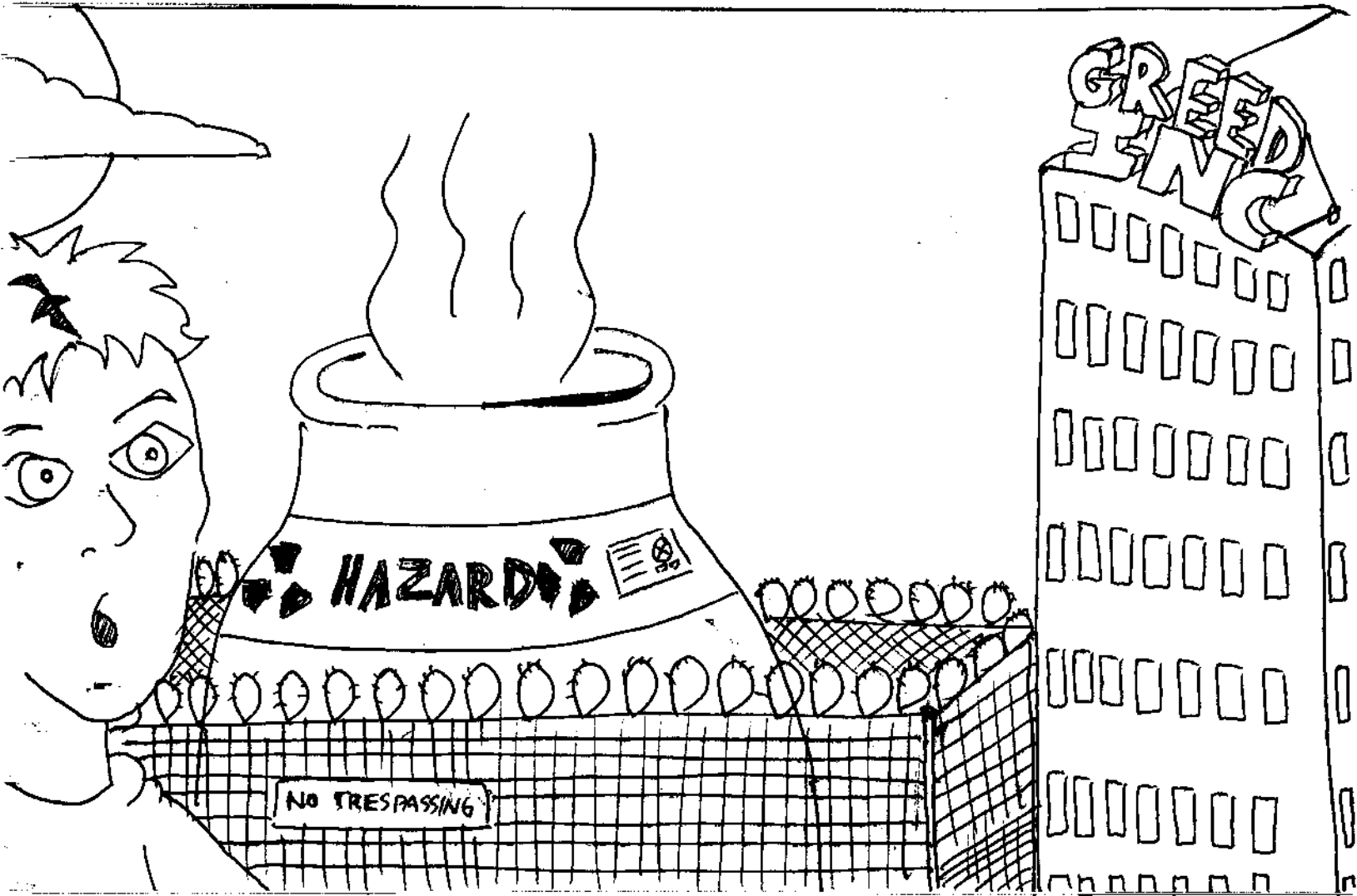
ONE DAY
I LOOKED
AROUND...



STEVEN ALMEIDA

ONE DAY
I LOOKED
AROUND

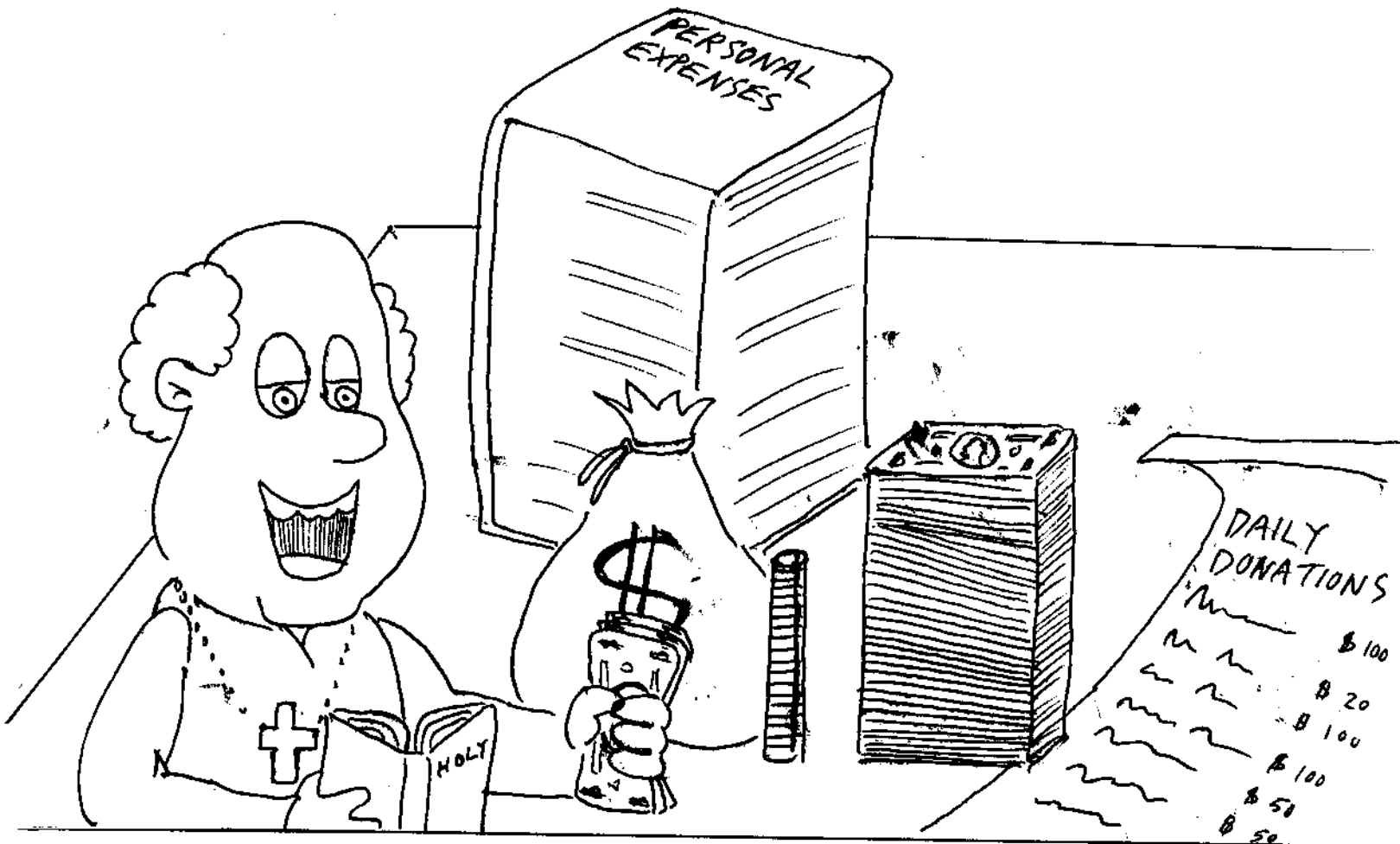
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One day I looked around and noticed something was off.
Everywhere I looked I saw greed, crookedness and evil.

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Sure some people acted kind: they went to church, they
donated to the poor..

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Some people even helped to "take a bite" out of crime...but they only did these things so that they could get away with more evil deeds - a sort of trojan horse scheme to obtain their lecherous, selfish, or sadistic desires. These trends of crookedness and people abusing trust were everywhere I looked, and all across the world news EVERYWHERE.

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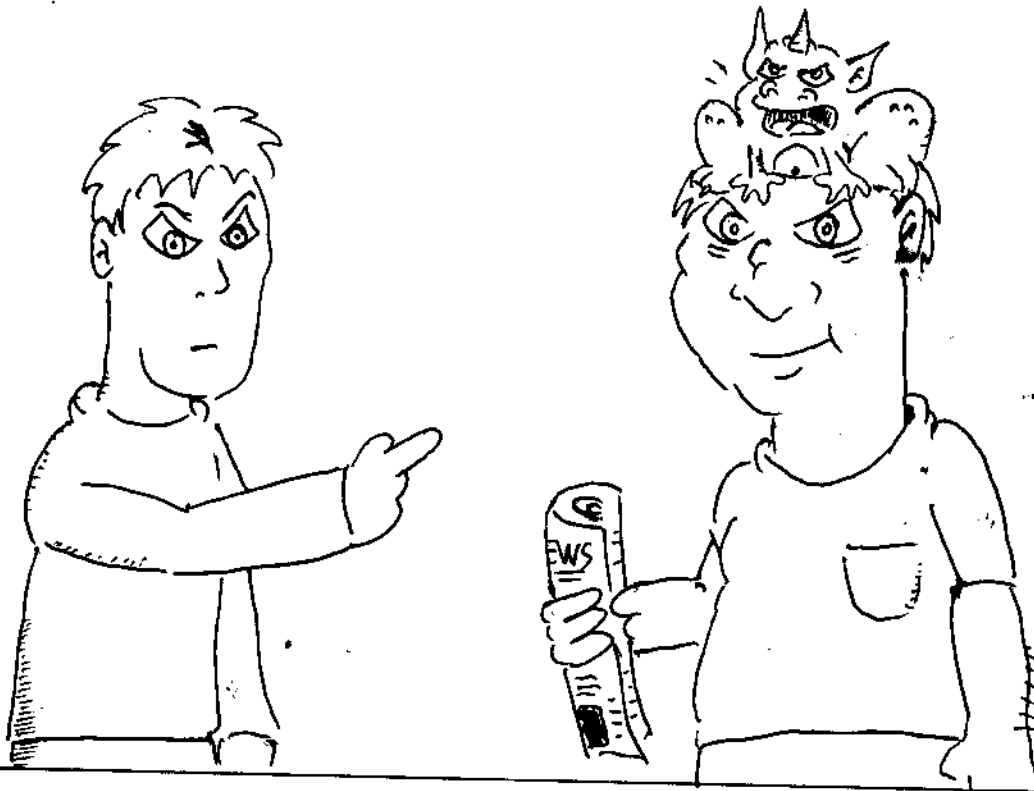
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And then I noticed it, or should I say him, or that thing. A creature living on top of my neighbor's head, a small monster which seemed to control his actions. My neighbor didn't seem to notice the thing living on his head at all.

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That day I was confronting my neighbor about the newspapers I witnessed him stealing every morning.

He responded with malice, "You can't prove I stole anything! As a matter of fact how about I call the police and tell them that you threatened me! You know nobody likes you anyway! You'll go to jail for sure."

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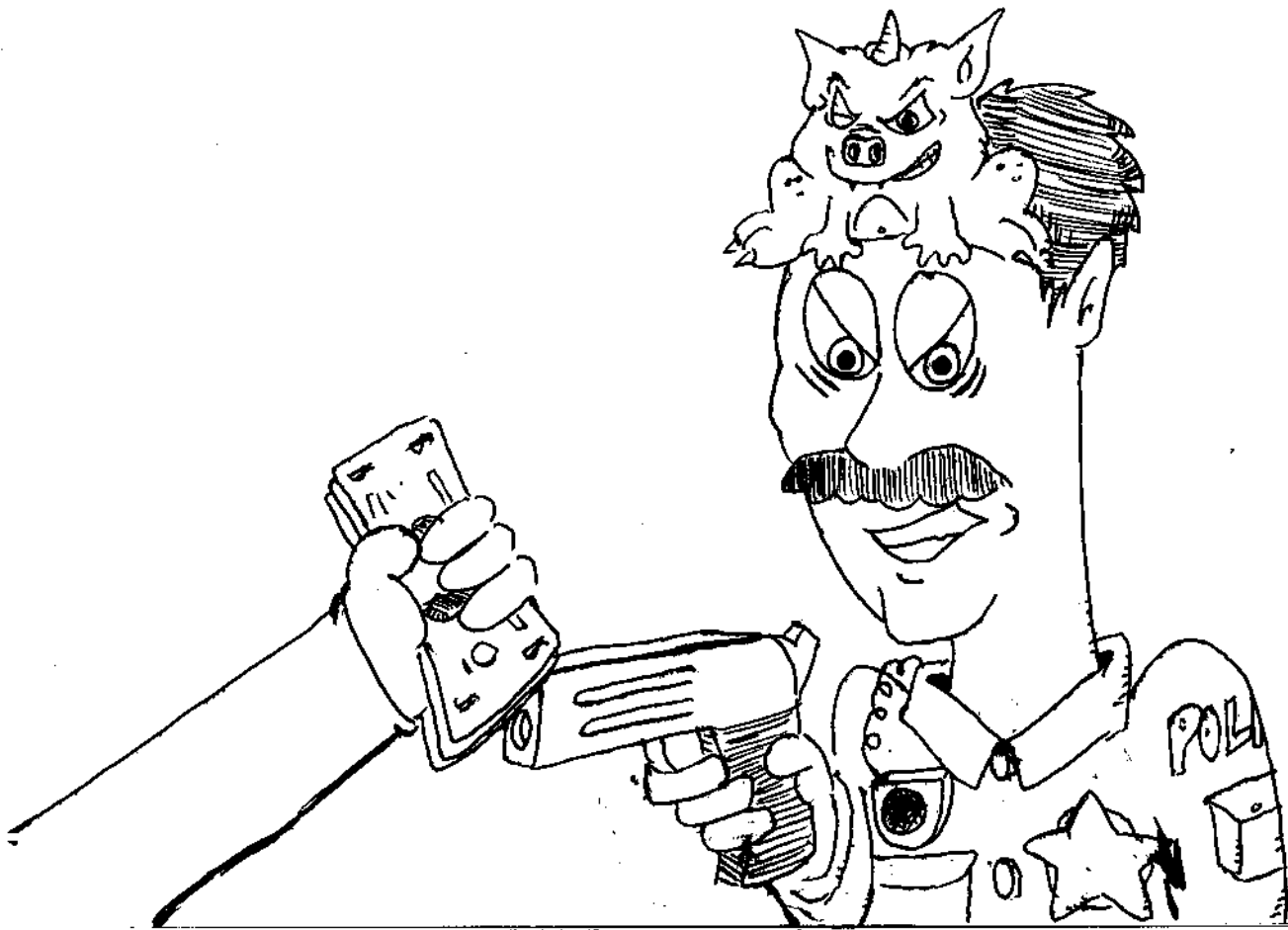


So that's what he did, and a moment later the police arrived. The whole time I didn't mention the monster sitting on top of his head because he didn't seem to notice it and I was still trying to make sense of what I was seeing.

When the cop arrived he had one of those creatures on his head too, and he also was oblivious to the monster which seemed to be controlling his mind and body.

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He immediately bought my neighbors phoney story, pulled out his gun and threatened to take me to jail unless I paid him \$200. Terrified, I paid and he left, but not before telling me to stop harrassing my neighbor who just winked at me, enjoying my torment.

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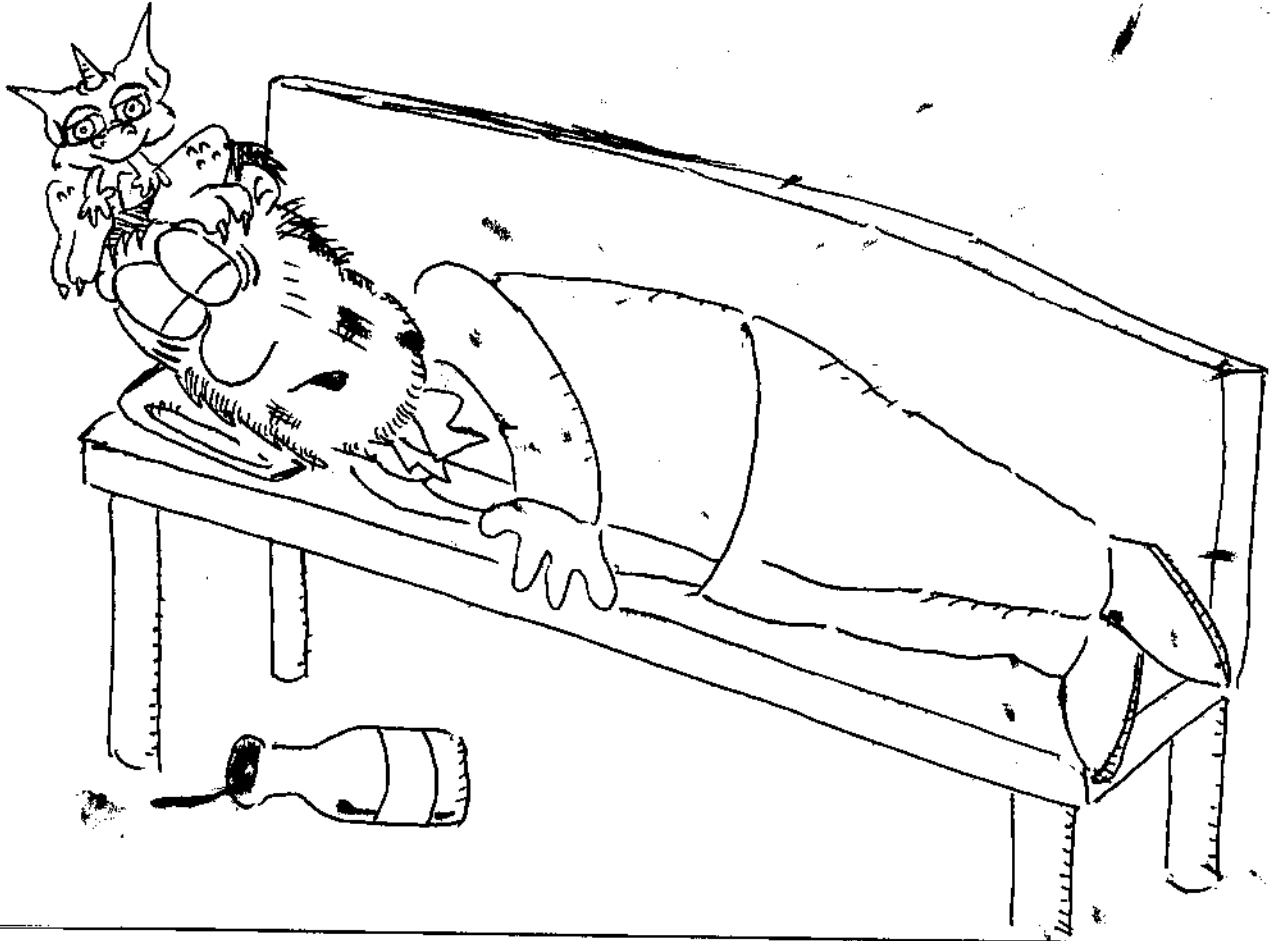


I went for a walk to clear my head wondering what the world was coming to. I ran my hand over my head to feel if I had one of those things on me. Thankfully I didn't.

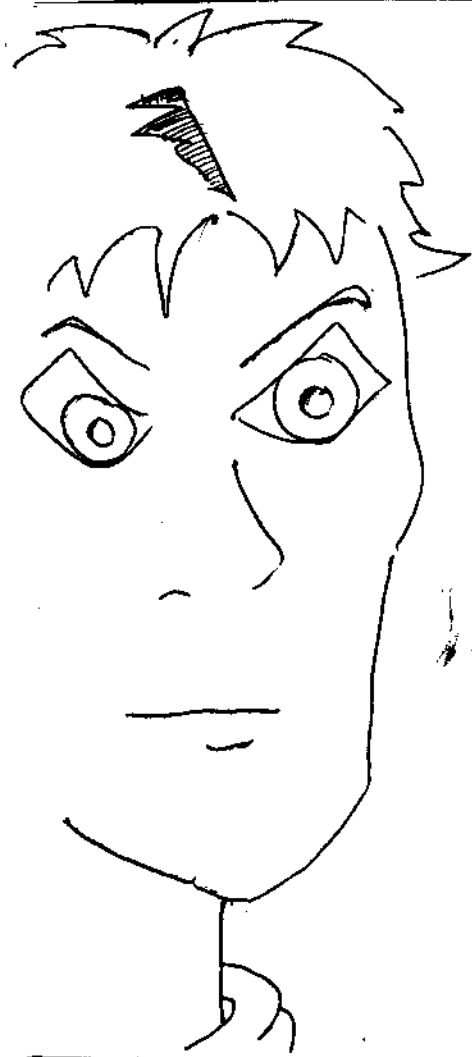
Everywhere I looked now someone had a greenish, small monster on top of their head seemingly controlling all their speech and movements.

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One man, a homeless guy sleeping on a bench, had a creature just relaxing on his head, so I stopped to talk to it.



"What are you?" I asked.
"Wouldn't you like to know." He sneered, giggling deviously.
"Tell me!" I screamed. I was getting frustrated at life.
"What's in it for me?" He said wolfishly.
So I thought okay what's one more bribe for today? I knew such a creature wouldn't want or need money. What does an evil demon need or want, I thought. Then a lightbulb went off in my head.
"How about I give you the website address to a site where they have real life videos of people being executed?"
The creature immediately perked up, "Really?! Okay... website first!" I gave him the site address and then he said, "Okay, I am Gorex. I am a demon. But not one of your biblical demons. I am one of many who have come to Earth from a different galaxy. We are invisible to all humans, except apparently you. We intend to destroy your species after we've had some fun."



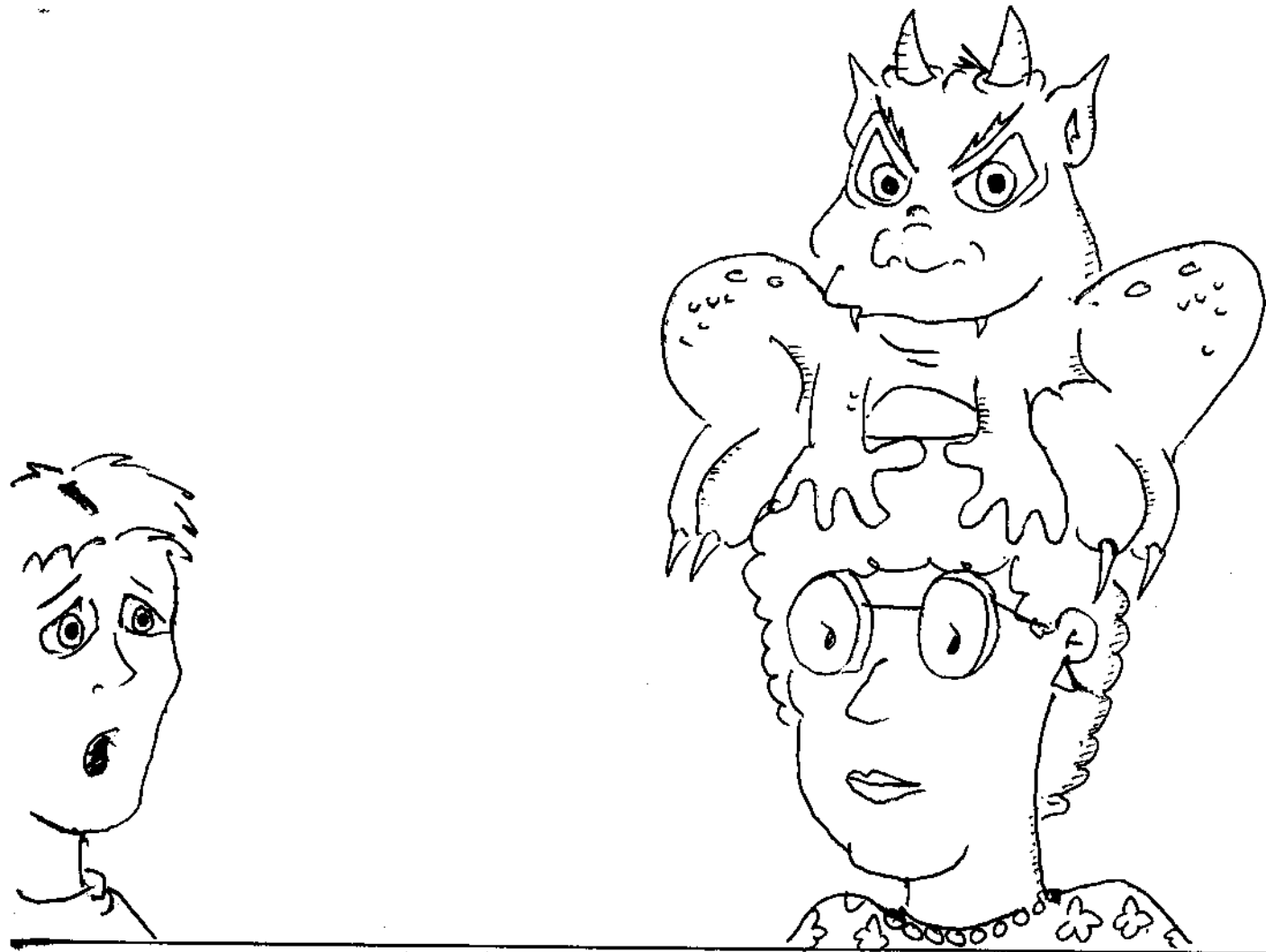
The implications ran through my head. All the crooked, sadist evil things I had been noticing.... For some reason, intuition told me to find their leader and negotiate or put a stop to it. I asked Gorex for his leader's whereabouts and he refused to tell me more.

"Well it's a pity," I began, "because you're not going to have access to that website without a working login. It's members only. You can use mine but it'll cost you your leader's address."

Reluctantly he agreed, we made the exchange and I headed to the north of the city to the address I was given.

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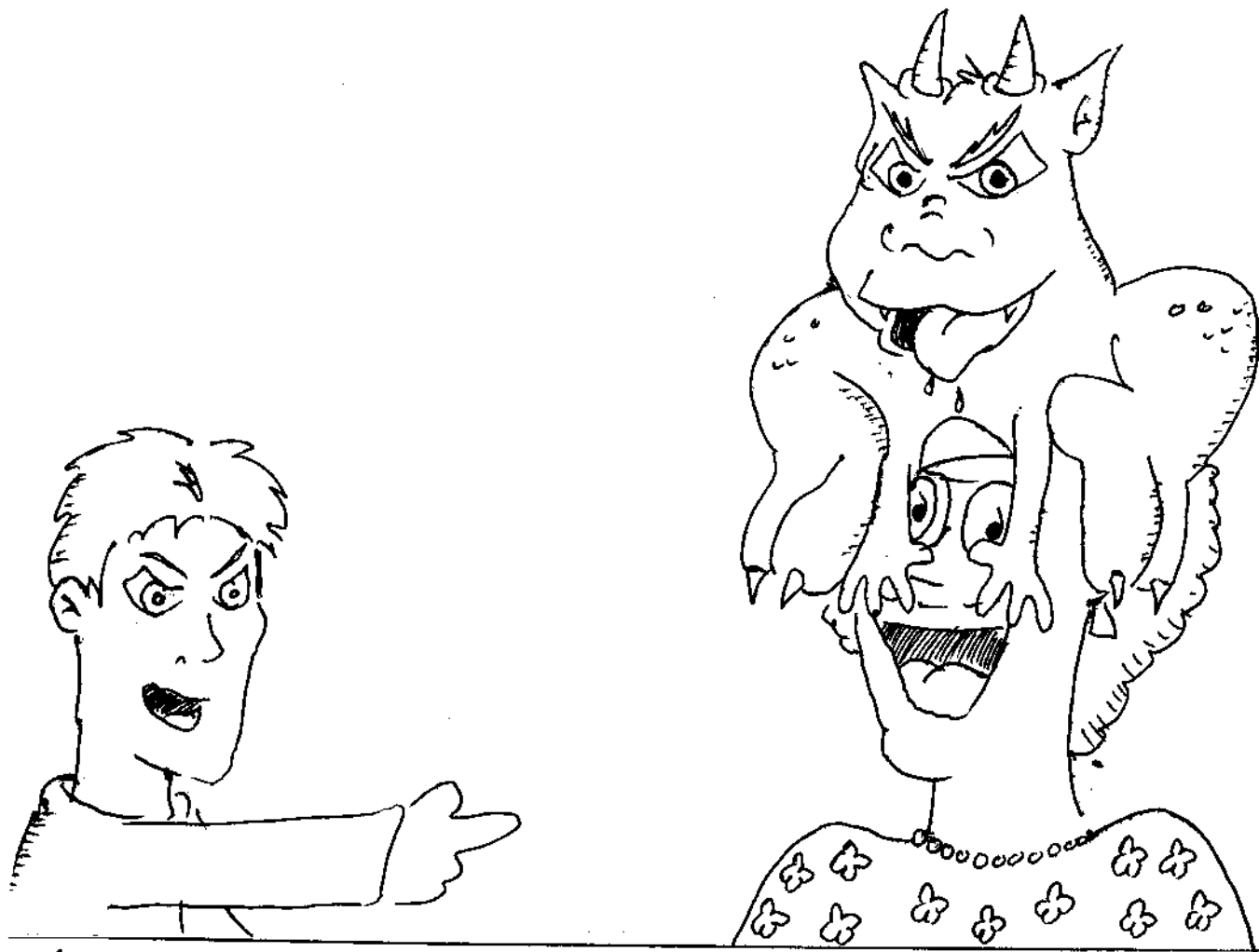


When I arrived I was shocked to see an obese monster sitting on top the head of a sweet little old lady crocheting on her porch.

"Who are you?" The lady said, apparently controlled or under the spell of the demon.

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"You and your minions should leave earth now!" I screamed.

"You can't make me." It replied.

"I'll tell the world about you." I threatened.

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"They'll never believe you stupid," The demon began, "Who's going to believe that a sweet looking old lady like me ever could do anything wrong? No, you see, the world is all about appearances — they respect the doctor who infected his patients, causing death. He is never punished, only respected. People respect the police even though they rape and kill daily. They are never reprimanded, only respected. And likewise, they will respect and trust sweet little old ladies like me, that's why I chose this body to lead your species to destruction. Now go! Leave me!"

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Sadly everything it said was right. No one would ever believe me, and the evil sadists had taken over already. It was too late.

But then I remembered something I had read in an article about curses in an obscure gazette. It said that you could ward off evil with the simple incantation "Return to Sender!"

It worked for curses so I thought it might send this evil force back to where it came from.

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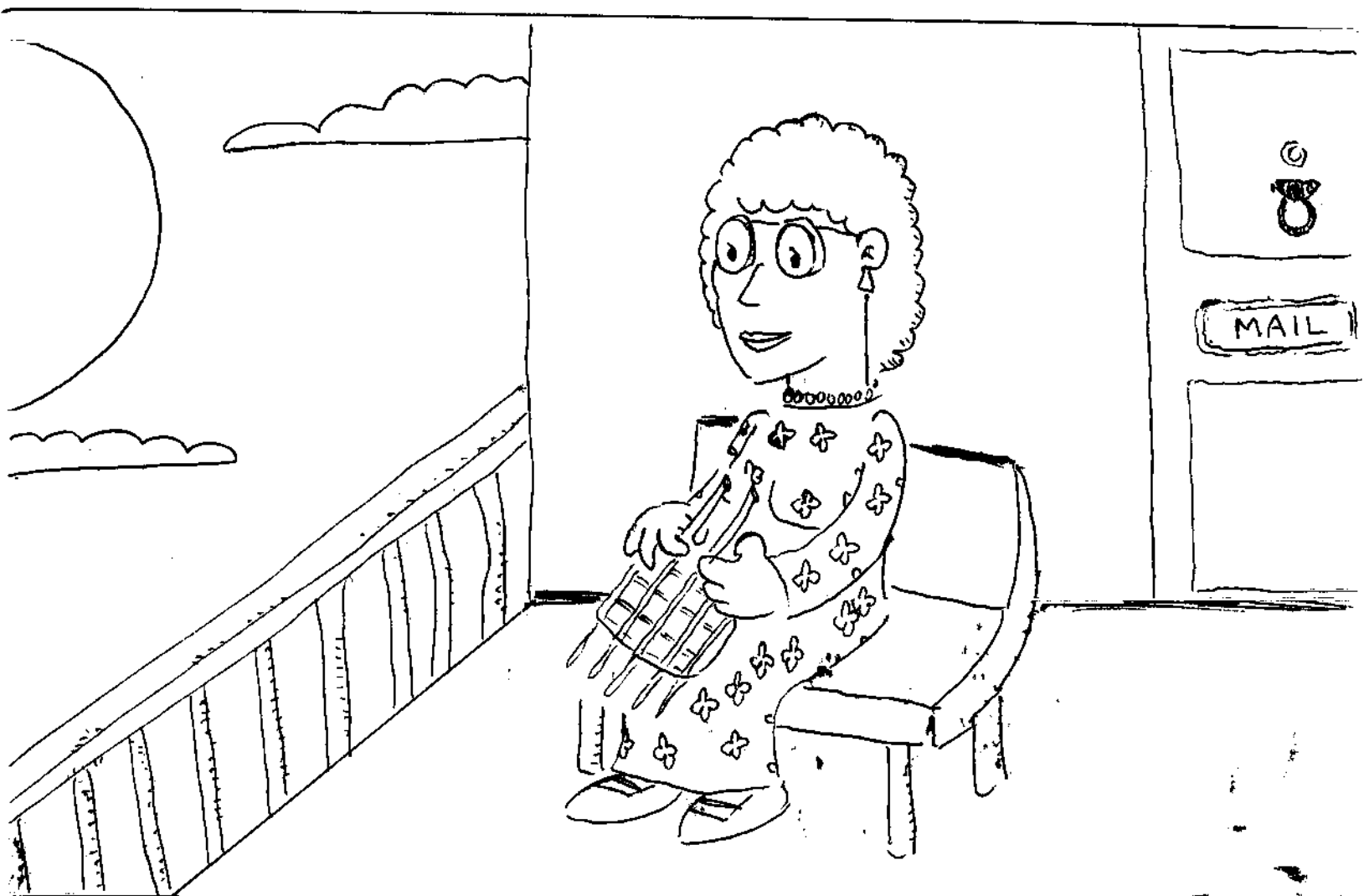
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So I started shouting "Return to Sender!" Then I got carried away and started singing it.
Sure enough, the alien demon leader flinched and shuddered as it dissipated into thin air.

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All that was left was a sweet looking old lady knitting on her porch.

I walked back home and saw no more demons atop people's heads.

The evil, sadistic force had been stopped... for now.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Steven Almeida led a cyber war against the crooked justice system in 2009-2010. Read about his case by doing an internet search for "Steven Almeida."