

As the alien soared through the endless reaches of space, their heart thumped with a mix of excitement and nerves. The sleek spacecraft blazed through Earth's atmosphere, growing hotter by the second, its fiery trail lighting up the sky like a comet. Inside, they gripped the controls, feeling both thrilled and determined.

With a daring dive, the ship plunged toward the planet below, its speed breathtaking. Then—**BOOM!** The spacecraft slammed into the ground with a thunderous crash, sending a massive cloud of dust and debris high into the air. For a moment, all was still.

Inside the wrecked craft, the alien stirred, groggy and gasping for breath. The landing had been rough—okay, it was a total crash—but they couldn't help feeling proud. This was the first time they had ever landed on a new planet, and even though it hadn't gone perfectly, they were here!

As they slowly regained consciousness, their large, curious eyes darted around the cockpit. Something had gone wrong—this wasn't how it was supposed to happen. But there was no time to panic. They had a mission to complete, and no amount of bumps, scrapes, or crashes was going to stop them.

If you had been standing outside the craft, you might have thought nothing could survive such an impact. But as the dust began to settle, something amazing happened. From the wreckage emerged a tiny figure—a wide-eyed, green alien filled with curiosity and wonder. They had traveled across the stars, and their journey on Earth was about to begin.

Unbeknownst to them, this arrival would be the start of an extraordinary adventure, filled with surprises, discoveries, and the joy of making new friends. Through their eyes, we're about to explore what it truly means to be human.

Welcome to Dodge. Season 1 - Episode 1

The Pilot

The plucky little green alien had crash-landed on a strange and unfamiliar planet, far from the safety of their home among the stars. Their people, a curious and advanced species, didn't use names for themselves. Instead, they spent their lives searching for meaning and purpose in the vast cosmos, always hoping to uncover the reason for their existence. This particular alien, though still unnamed, would one day be known as Dodge. But that part of the story is yet to come. For now, let's simply call them Dodge to keep things simple—and so the adventure can begin.

Dodge's trusty suit, a marvel of advanced technology, was all that stood between them and the unknown dangers of this new world. Gasping for air, they quickly reached for a dextrose

pack and a pouch of purified water, desperate to restore their oxygen levels. With a burst of energy, the sweet, oxygen-enriched liquid coursed through their system, reinvigorating their weary body.

But as Dodge glanced at the charts on his visor, something strange happened. They realized it indicated they could breathe normally—without the aid of the suit’s life-support systems. Tentatively, Dodge removed the helmet, feeling the cool breeze against their smooth skin. To their amazement, the air was breathable.

Excitement quickly gave way to confusion as they looked around at the alien landscape. This wasn’t the planet their people had been searching for—the images stored in their database didn’t match anything in sight. Still, Dodge couldn’t help but marvel at the possibilities. They jotted a note in their trusty notebook, determined to explore this unfamiliar world and uncover its secrets.

The crash-landing might not have gone as planned, but Dodge had a mission to fulfill—and a strange new planet to discover.

As they made their way across the terrain, the alien couldn’t help but feel a surge of excitement. They were the first of their kind to ever set foot on this strange new world. Who knew what secrets it held, or what wonders might be waiting to be discovered? Every step brought a thrilling sense of possibility.

The alien paused, taking in the sight of the glowing skyline in the distance. Their wide, curious eyes lit up with wonder. Behind them, the crash site smoldered, a chaotic scene of twisted metal and scattered debris. Yet, despite the wreckage, they felt a spark of determination. Before venturing further, they needed to find a safe place to assess the situation.

With the grace of a trained acrobat, they leapt toward a sturdy tree, attached their helmet to it, and climbed swiftly into the safety of the canopy. Once perched securely among the branches, they let out a steadying breath and surveyed their surroundings. The vantage point gave them a clearer view of this alien world, its strange landscape bathed in the soft glow of the distant skyline.

Suddenly, a rustling sound broke through the stillness. Below, the bushes quivered. The alien’s gaze darted down, their heart quickening. A small creature with glowing eyes stared straight up at them, its tiny nose twitching as it sniffed the air. The alien froze, holding their breath. They could see the creature’s sharp movements as it tracked their scent. Careful not to make a sound, they shifted slightly in the tree, fully aware that one wrong move might attract the creature's attention. They didn’t know what the creature wanted—but they knew they had to stay hidden.

As they carefully backed away, the alien heard a low growl rumble through the air. Turning sharply, they spotted a pair of glowing eyes glaring from the shadows. The eyes moved closer, slow and deliberate, and their heart pounded in their chest like a drum. Whatever was out

there, it wasn't small, and it wasn't stopping. Panicking, they scrambled higher into the tree, hoping the height would keep them safe. The alien's mind raced. They couldn't climb forever, and there was no time to think—only act.

With a sudden burst of adrenaline, they leapt from the tree, activating the gliding technology in their suit. The world blurred around them as they descended, landing neatly on the soft grass below. Relief was short-lived. Before they could catch their breath, a pack of creatures emerged from the darkness, sprinting toward them at full speed. The alien's instincts screamed *danger!*

In moments, they were tackled to the ground by a blur of fur and paws. Bracing for a fight, they squeezed their eyes shut. But instead of teeth, they felt something wet—and slimy?—press against their face. Slowly opening one eye, they realized the creatures weren't attacking at all. They were licking them enthusiastically, tails wagging in delight.

The alien blinked in confusion, then let out a cautious laugh as the dogs happily pounced and rolled around them. Their fur was warm and soft, and their big eyes sparkled with curiosity. These weren't monsters—they were just...friendly animals.

Sitting up, the alien finally had a chance to look around. Beyond the smoldering wreckage of the crash site, they noticed neat rows of crops stretching far into the distance. A weathered red barn stood at the edge of the field, and a wooden fence bordered the land. This wasn't just any strange terrain—it was a farm.

As the dogs barked and playfully nudged them, the alien couldn't help but smile. This planet, as unfamiliar as it seemed, wasn't all danger and mystery. There was warmth here, too. Perhaps this world had more surprises in store—friendly ones, they hoped.

The skyline in the distance was breathtaking. Towering structures reached high into the night sky, their lights shimmering like stars in the darkness. The alien had never seen anything like it—the sheer scale, the glow, the strange energy of it all. Their large eyes scanned the scene, marveling at the spectacle and wondering what kind of creatures lived in such a place.

The night sky was crisp and clear, the moon casting a silvery light over the sprawling city below. A worn sign nearby caught the alien's attention, its bold letters spelling out something they had never seen before: **TORONTO**. Tilting their head, the alien guessed that this must be what the place was called. "Toronto," they murmured to themselves, trying out the unfamiliar word. It had a pleasant sound, and it seemed to suit the dazzling place in front of them.

For a moment, the alien stood still, soaking in the sight and wondering how long they would be stranded on this planet. Who knew what kind of beings roamed this world—or what secrets it held? The uncertainties buzzed in their mind, but the thrill of discovery was far greater. They felt a surge of determination. They might be far from home, but they were still an explorer, a pioneer, and they couldn't wait to learn more.

As they stood, their suit's sensors pinged, pulling their focus back to the shadows. Something was moving out there—slow and deliberate. The alien's heart quickened. They hadn't noticed any other signs of life nearby, but now they weren't so sure. Whatever it was, it wasn't far, and it was closing in. The alien stiffened, their eyes darting across the terrain as the feeling of being followed crept over them. Their mission was clear: stay unnoticed, stay focused, and complete the task. But as much as they wanted to remain calm, the shadowed movement suggested that staying unnoticed might no longer be an option.

The alien tensed up, their heart racing as an uneasy feeling settled over them. Something wasn't right. How could they evade these unknown creatures without knowing how to communicate? And what would they do if they were caught?

Taking a deep breath, they activated the thrusters on their suit, launching forward with a burst of speed. The unknown creatures fell far behind, their pounding footsteps fading into the distance. Even after landing, the alien didn't stop. They sprinted through the unfamiliar terrain, weaving and dodging around obstacles, their determination outweighing their exhaustion.

When they finally reached the city, they slowed, doing their best to blend in. But as they moved through the bustling streets, they realized their green skin and strange suit made them stick out like a beacon. Passersby stared openly, their eyes wide with shock and a flicker of fear. The alien hunched their shoulders, trying to appear less noticeable, but each encounter felt worse. People whispered and pointed, darting away like frightened fish.

“Nice costume!” someone called from across the street, their voice a mix of nervous laughter and admiration. The alien glanced over, confused but too overwhelmed to respond. Others murmured in agreement, and the alien caught fragments of conversation: “*That's got to be for Halloween,*” and, “*A bit early, don't you think?*”

The alien's anxiety deepened, but they kept moving, trying to ignore the way people skirted away from them. The towering buildings, the endless crowds, the noise—it was all too much. The alien stumbled forward, overwhelmed by the sheer strangeness of it all. They had never felt so out of place before.

With every step, the city's sights and sounds seemed to close in around them. They had hoped to remain unnoticed, but the harder they tried to blend in, the more conspicuous they became. Even here, among these countless beings, the alien felt utterly, painfully alone.

As they wandered through the unfamiliar streets, the alien heard a soft *ding-ding* of a bicycle bell. Startled, they turned to see a small figure zooming toward them—a boy on a bike, his face bright with curiosity and a wide grin. The alien froze, unsure what to do. Should they run? Hide? But before they could decide, the boy skidded to a stop just a few feet away.

“Hey!” the boy called out, tilting his head. “Are you okay? You look... kinda lost.” His voice was gentle, with no trace of fear.

The alien hesitated, their mind racing. No one had spoken to them like this before—not here, not anywhere. After a long pause, they replied, “I... I am lost. I’m not from here.” The words sounded strange even to their own ears, and for a moment, they wondered how they were able to speak this language at all.

The boy’s eyes widened in awe. “Wait—are you an alien? Like, *a real alien*?”

The alien’s gaze darted nervously around, but something about the boy’s wide-eyed wonder put them at ease. They nodded slowly.

“Whoa!” The boy jumped off his bike, practically bouncing with excitement. “That’s so cool! What’s your name? What planet are you from? Did you really crash here in a spaceship?” He fired off questions so fast the alien barely had time to process them.

The alien blinked, unsure where to start. “Uh... I don’t have a name,” they admitted. “My people don’t use them. But yes, I crashed here, and I’m... exploring.”

The boy’s jaw dropped. “No name? That’s wild! Oh, oh! I’m Timmy! And this—” he spread his arms wide—“is Earth! You’re gonna love it here. Well, mostly. Some people can be mean, but don’t worry. I’m not!”

The alien couldn’t help but smile. Timmy’s enthusiasm was contagious. “Thank you, Timmy. You’re... very kind.”

Timmy’s grin grew even wider. “So, do you have superpowers? Like Superman?”

The alien tilted their head. “Superman? Who’s that?”

Timmy gasped, clutching his chest dramatically. “You don’t know Superman? Oh, man, you’re in for a treat! He’s the coolest alien ever! He came to Earth to help people—saving them from bad guys and disasters and stuff. He has a red cape and flies around everywhere!”

The alien listened intently as Timmy launched into an animated description of Superman’s adventures, his hands gesturing wildly to mimic the hero soaring through the sky. Timmy’s passion was captivating, and for the first time since their crash, the alien felt something warm and hopeful stir within them.

When Timmy finally finished, slightly out of breath, he looked up at the alien. “So? What do you think? Pretty awesome, right?”

The alien nodded thoughtfully. “Yes. Very... inspiring. Maybe I could help people too.”

Timmy’s face lit up like the city skyline. “You totally should! You’d be great at it—I can tell! You’re already super cool!”

For the first time, the alien felt a spark of purpose on this strange planet. If someone like Superman could make a difference here, maybe they could too. As they talked, the alien

found themselves laughing—really laughing—for the first time in what felt like forever. Timmy’s energy was infectious, and the connection they felt was undeniable.

For a brief moment, the alien forgot about being lost or out of place. They weren’t just a stranger on a strange planet anymore. They were someone with the potential to do good—and maybe, just maybe, they had made their first friend.

As Timmy finished excitedly talking about Superman, he paused, his eyes gleaming with mischief. “You know, it’s a good thing it’s almost Halloween. Otherwise, the Men in Black would probably come for you, thinking you’re a real alien!” He chuckled, but the alien felt a chill run down their spine. *Men in Black*? They had no idea what that meant, but it didn’t sound reassuring.

Lost in thought, the alien began to imagine what it might be like to be a superhero, just like the one Timmy described. *A cape, flying, saving people from danger...* They pictured themselves swooping down to rescue people from disasters, using their advanced tech to stop bad guys. Maybe they could even be as brave as Superman, fighting for what was right.

Suddenly, Timmy's hand shot out, reaching for one of the alien’s gadgets, snapping the alien back to reality. In a panic, they flinched and accidentally activated the device. A loud, mechanical *BZZT* echoed through the street, startling both of them. The boy’s face turned pale, and before the alien could apologize, Timmy let out a small cry and jumped back, stumbling toward his bike.

“I—I didn’t mean to scare you!” the alien called out, but it was too late. Timmy didn’t stop. In an instant, the boy was back on his bike, pedaling away as fast as he could. His tear-streaked face barely visible, Timmy shouted back, “I—I’ll see you later!” But the words were shaky, and it was clear he was scared.

The alien stood frozen, watching as Timmy disappeared into the distance, their heart sinking. They had ruined it. They had *really* ruined it. Not only had they scared the boy, but they had lost their first chance to make a friend on Earth.

With a heavy sigh, the alien felt the weight of their mistake. They had overreacted, and now Timmy was gone. But there was no time to waste on regret. The alien knew they had to fix things. They couldn’t let their only connection to Earth slip away so easily.

Determined, the alien set off to find Timmy, hoping they could make things right and show the boy that they weren’t dangerous—just someone trying to find their place on this strange, new world.

Here's the revised version with a bit more excitement and realism in the conversation, as well as the addition of an identifiable mark on the cat:

As the alien walked through the park, they heard a faint *meow*, followed by more soft cries. Looking up, they spotted a small cat stuck on one of the higher branches of a tree, mewing

pitifully. The alien's eyes widened. Without a second thought, they activated the climbing features in their suit, using its advanced suction pads to grip the bark.

With careful precision, the alien climbed higher and reached the frightened cat. It squirmed a little as they scooped it up, but its eyes softened once it realized it was safe. Cradling the cat gently in their arms, the alien made their way back down the tree.

Once safely on the ground, they set the cat down. As it scrambled to its feet, it brushed past the alien's arm, lightly scratching their skin. The alien chuckled softly, rubbing their arm. The cat blinked up at them before darting off into the bushes. As it disappeared, the alien noticed something—a small silver tag dangling from the cat's collar. Squinting, they saw faint letters etched on it. It was too quick to read fully, but the alien made a mental note. *That could be important later...*

Shaking off the thought, the alien wandered through the park again, when they spotted Timmy sitting alone on a park bench, wiping away tears. Their heart sank, but they knew they had to make things right.

"Hey," the alien said softly, approaching cautiously, "I'm really sorry about earlier. I didn't mean to scare you. Can we start over?"

Timmy looked up, his eyes red, but he managed a small nod. "Okay," he said, his voice still a little shaky. "But no more loud noises, okay?"

The alien nodded eagerly, relieved. "I promise. No loud noises." They sat down beside Timmy, both of them silent for a moment. Then, the alien gestured around them. "So, uh, what do you do for fun? Like, what do you do?"

Timmy's eyes brightened a little, clearly happy to be talking again. "Well, I like playing video games. And I've got a bike! I ride it all around the park. Sometimes I try to race people, but... I'm not that fast yet."

The alien tilted their head curiously. "You race people? Like... you *race* against other humans?" They tried to imagine what that might look like, picturing themselves zooming alongside Timmy on the bike, only they didn't have a bike and weren't sure they *could* go fast enough.

Timmy laughed. "Yeah! I'm usually last, but it's fun. Oh, and I like animals too. I've got a hamster named Squeaky, and sometimes he escapes his cage and runs all over the house. It's crazy. Do you like animals? You helped that cat earlier."

The alien smiled softly. "I... don't really know much about animals. Back on my planet, we don't have pets like you do. But I like helping them when I can."

"Pets are the best!" Timmy said, grinning. "What kind of pets do you have?"

The alien paused, thinking. "I don't have pets. But, uh, I do have these gadgets I carry with me. They help me... explore."

Timmy's eyes lit up. "Gadgets? Like... *cool gadgets*? What do they do?"

The alien chuckled. "They do a lot of things. Some make things float. Some help me see things far away. Others help me fly."

"Wait—*fly*?" Timmy nearly jumped out of his seat. "Like Superman? Can you fly like him?!"

The alien laughed at the excitement in Timmy's voice. "I can try... but I'm still learning how to use them. Maybe I can show you tomorrow. I could even show you how some of them work. Maybe you can help me figure them out."

Timmy's face lit up. "That sounds awesome! Can we meet again tomorrow? I want to see all of your gadgets. Maybe I can teach you how to race, too!"

The alien's heart swelled. It felt good to have a real friend, someone who wasn't scared. "Sure! I'd love that."

Timmy hopped up and grabbed his bike. "Alright, I gotta go home, but I'll see you tomorrow!" He smiled, waving enthusiastically before zooming off.

The alien waved back, a warm feeling spreading through them. It wasn't just about learning how to fit in—it was about making a real connection. This was the beginning of something special, and for the first time since they arrived on Earth, the alien didn't feel so alone.

Dodge agreed, feeling a sense of excitement and possibility. He'd made a real connection with Timmy, and for the first time since landing on Earth, Dodge didn't feel so lost. Maybe this was where they were meant to be.

But as they walked together, Timmy suddenly looked up, his face concerned. "Uh... I don't know how to get home," Timmy admitted, looking a bit embarrassed. "I don't have a phone or anything. Can you help me?"

Touched by Timmy's vulnerability, Dodge felt a surge of empathy. "Of course. Where do you live?"

Timmy's eyes lit up. "My grandma's house! It's not far, but... I kinda got distracted today."

Dodge nodded, already thinking of the fastest way to get there. "Let's go. I can help."

Without missing a beat, Timmy said. "Hop on the handlebars of my bike. I can get us there quickly."

Dodge grinned. "I've got a trick that might help." With a swift motion, Dodge activated a hovering feature in their suit, gently lifting Timmy's bike off the ground. "Ready?"

Timmy chuckled in surprise. "This is so cool!" He hopped onto the handlebars, gripping the sides as Dodge took off. With impressive speed and dexterity, Dodge darted through the city streets, effortlessly avoiding obstacles, all while telling Timmy more fascinating stories from their travels across the stars.

As they approached the familiar street, Timmy pointed excitedly. "It's right here! That's my grandma's house!" They skidded to a stop in front of a cozy, two-story home with flower boxes in the windows. Timmy slid off the handlebars, grinning up at Dodge. "Thanks, you're awesome!"

Dodge smiled, relieved that they had helped. Timmy led them inside, where they were warmly welcomed by Timmy's grandma. The house smelled like cinnamon, and a fireplace crackled in the corner, casting a warm glow over everything.

"Who's this?" Timmy's grandma asked, her kind eyes lighting up as she looked at Dodge.

"This is... my friend," Timmy said, sounding proud. "They helped me get here."

Dodge felt a rush of gratitude for the warmth and kindness in the room. Over dinner, they told stories about the stars and distant planets, and even helped Timmy's grandma fix a leaky faucet. Timmy's grandma treated them like family, and Dodge felt something deep stir inside—*this* was what they had been missing. They had a purpose now: helping people, making friends, and maybe even doing good on this strange new planet.

As the night came to an end, Dodge made their way toward the door, but then Timmy called out, "Wait!" The boy was holding a bright red piece of fabric, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Here! I made you a cape!" Timmy exclaimed proudly, holding it up.

Dodge smiled, feeling a warmth spread through them. But then they looked at the fabric and shook their head. "Thanks, Timmy. But I don't have a neck for it. It'd just fall off."

Timmy's face fell for a second, but then a spark lit up his eyes. "Wait here!" he said, running back inside the house. A few minutes later, he returned, holding a headband with two eye holes cut out.

"Here, wear this!" Timmy said, beaming. "It's a mask! You'll look like a superhero!"

Dodge's heart swelled. Timmy's creativity and kindness were beyond anything they had expected. They gently took the headband and put it on, feeling the fabric stretch snugly over their head. The alien chuckled softly. "Thanks, Timmy. I'll wear it with pride."

Timmy grinned, pleased. "Now you really *are* a superhero!"

As Dodge left, the boy waved enthusiastically. And for the first time since landing on Earth, they had a friend, a purpose—and maybe even a future full of adventures as Earth's newest,

oddest superhero.

As Dodge left Timmy's house, the boy waved goodbye with a big smile, and Dodge couldn't help but feel a rush of gratitude. For the first time since arriving on Earth, Dodge felt like they had made a real connection. Timmy had been kind, full of wonder, and never once afraid. It had been a long time since Dodge had felt that way—*seen, understood*.

But as Dodge continued walking through the unfamiliar streets, a pang of uncertainty lingered. On one hand, they were thrilled to have made a new friend and helped someone in need. On the other, Dodge still couldn't shake the feeling of being lost. They were on a strange planet, without any clear purpose. They still didn't know what they were supposed to do here. Their mind was heavy with questions when they stumbled upon a small, quiet park. The fading light of the evening painted the trees in gold, but Dodge still felt adrift. They sat on a bench, trying to gather their thoughts, but a cry for help broke through their melancholy.

Looking up, Dodge saw a woman struggling to carry a heavy package. She stumbled slightly, and Dodge instinctively rushed over.

"Hey, let me help you with that," Dodge said, offering a hand.

The woman looked up, startled at first, but then smiled gratefully. "Oh, thank you! I'm Ms. Lee, and I've got a little more than I can handle today." She was a widowed retiree, living alone in a nearby apartment, and had been feeling overwhelmed lately. As they walked together, Dodge listened as Ms. Lee shared her struggles, her voice warm but weary.

At her apartment, Dodge helped her with chores around the house—fixing a leaky faucet, carrying a few heavy boxes, tidying up the garden. They spoke more as they worked, and Dodge felt a growing sense of comfort in Ms. Lee's presence. She was kind, thoughtful, and asked so many questions about Dodge's origins. At first, Dodge hesitated, unsure how much to reveal, but Ms. Lee's genuine interest and understanding made them open up.

As the evening wore on, they sat down together over a cup of tea. Dodge showed Ms. Lee some of the sketches they'd made during their travels, illustrations of stars and galaxies, of planets they had only seen from afar. Ms. Lee admired the work, her eyes bright with appreciation.

"You have a great talent," she said. "You remind me of my late husband, actually. He loved to draw too." She paused, then added, "He used to paint the same thing over and over—our old green truck. He loved it so much. It made him happy to remember our life together."

Dodge glanced at one of her paintings and noticed that the truck was exactly the same color as them—green, with two round headlights that seemed to resemble their own eyes. A chuckle bubbled up, and Dodge smiled, realizing how comforting it was to find such simple, human connections.

As the conversation shifted, Ms. Lee asked, "What's your name, by the way?"

Dodge paused, their heart skipping a beat. “We don’t have names on my planet,” they explained, a bit sheepishly. “We identify by our purpose, or by what we do. I’ve never needed a name.”

Ms. Lee nodded thoughtfully, as if pondering the idea for a moment. “Well, you’re on Earth now, and here, everyone has a name. Maybe you should choose one for yourself.”

Dodge thought for a long while. They glanced at the painting of the green truck again, and a thought came to them. “What about ‘Dodge’? I think it fits. It’s... it’s the way I’ve come to move through this world—dodging, figuring things out as I go.”

Ms. Lee smiled warmly. “I think it’s perfect.”

Dodge felt something shift inside them, as if a small piece of the puzzle had fallen into place. They weren’t just a lost traveler anymore. They had a name—*Dodge*. They could *be* someone here, someone with a purpose.

With a final hug from Ms. Lee, Dodge left her apartment and stepped back into the night, the weight of uncertainty lifting just a little. It wasn’t all figured out, but at least now, Dodge knew who they were.

As Dodge approached the ship, their heart skipped a beat. People were everywhere—crowding around the wreckage, snapping photos, pointing at the ship in disbelief. Dodge froze, heart pounding. There was no way they could get close without being noticed. The crowd’s excitement was too great, and their eyes were fixed on the wreck. They knew they had to act fast. With a surge of adrenaline, Dodge darted into a nearby alley and quickly scanned the area. Their eyes landed on their helmet, still sitting by the wreckage. *The helmet!*

In a flash, they grabbed it and slammed it onto their head, the cool metal locking into place. Dodge’s mind raced as they activated the cloaking mechanism in their suit. The familiar hum of the technology filled the air, and within seconds, Dodge vanished from sight.

Invisible to the onlookers, Dodge crept back toward the ship, moving with careful precision, their breath steady, even as their pulse raced. Each step was calculated, and they slipped past the crowd with ease, unnoticed by the group mesmerized by the wreckage.

The ship loomed in front of them, a fortress of metal and technology. Dodge breathed a sigh of relief as they entered the ship, the door sliding open silently. Inside, the glow of the ship’s systems flickered back to life. Dodge quickly made their way to the communication device, heart hammering as they saw that it had indeed repaired itself.

Without wasting another second, Dodge sent out a transmission, a message to their home planet: “*This is Dodge. I’ve landed safely on Earth and have begun my mission.*”

They sat back, fingers twitching as they waited for a response. Time seemed to stretch, each second longer than the last. The communication device beeped suddenly, and Dodge’s eyes

snapped open.

Incoming transmission.

The alien's voice crackled through the speakers. "Hi, it's Dodge," they said, excitement buzzing in their chest. "Finally, I'm able to speak with someone."

But to their surprise, the voice on the other end replied, "What's a Dodge?"

Dodge froze, stunned. A deep sense of unease crept over them. They'd never introduced themselves to their own people. "Sorry, that's... my new name. I had to pick one here on Earth. Long story."

The voice was quiet for a moment, then responded, "What's a name?"

Dodge sighed, the weight of their mission pressing down on them. "I'll explain later. Right now, I need to tell you about the crash."

They recounted the journey, the crash landing, the chaos of Earth. The alien on the other end processed the information quickly. "Your ship... it's irreparable, then?"

Dodge hesitated, then nodded. "It's grounded. I can't repair it."

Without missing a beat, the alien replied, "We are sending a teleportation beam for you. Come to the beaming station. You'll be transported back to the planet."

A rush of relief flooded through Dodge's body. They felt a weight lift from their chest. *Finally.* They weren't stranded. *They could go home.*

Dodge quickly exited the ship and made their way toward the beaming station, where a quiet hum echoed in the air. They approached the station, their heart racing again—not with fear, but with anticipation. They stepped into the waiting chair, strapping themselves in with practiced ease.

The lights around them dimmed, and the air crackled with energy as the teleportation sequence began. Dodge's skin tingled as the room seemed to dissolve into a kaleidoscope of swirling colors. For a moment, they felt as though they were weightless—broken down into particles, suspended in space.

Then, just as quickly, the sensation stopped. The dizzying colors vanished, and Dodge found themselves standing once more, but in a completely different place. The ground beneath their feet was solid, and a soft hum of activity filled the air.

Dodge looked around. They were standing on a platform in a bustling city on their home planet. Alien life forms walked by in all directions, their voices creating a low murmur of conversation. The familiar landscape of home stretched out before them, but there was no

time to marvel at the view. A group of aliens approached, their faces focused with intent. They were waiting for Dodge.

“Full report,” one of them said, their voice sharp.

Dodge took a deep breath, feeling the weight of their journey settle into their chest. They stood tall, ready to share everything—about Earth, the crash, the strange new world they’d just begun to explore, and everything they had learned. For the first time since leaving their planet, they had stories to tell.

As Dodge walked away from the bustling beaming station, the crowd of aliens that had gathered began to disperse, leaving only the hum of the city to fill the air. There was a strange feeling of calm within them—a sense of returning home, yet the nagging thought of Earth still lingered at the back of their mind. Dodge had seen so much, learned so much, and yet... something about that strange little planet, its people, and its mysteries felt unfinished.

Dodge paused, looking back once more at the city skyline, before turning their attention forward, determined to report back and move on to their next mission. But as they took their first step, a faint conversation reached their ears, carried on the wind.

“We have a report, sir,” a deep voice said, sharp with authority. Dodge stopped in their tracks, instinctively blending into the shadows nearby. Two senior officials stood just outside a large building, speaking in hushed tones, unaware of Dodge’s presence.

One of the officials, his face lined with age and experience, spoke first. “The reports from the field are troubling. The resources on Earth—unmined, untapped—are a gold mine. There’s no telling how long it will take for their technology to advance far enough to resist us. It’s ripe for the taking. We must act quickly before they discover their potential.”

The other official, younger and more eager, nodded. “The planet’s resources are vast. We’ve been monitoring them for a while, and now that we have a firsthand account of the terrain, it’s clear what needs to be done.” His eyes flickered to the city skyline, distant yet brimming with opportunity. “We’ll send a full force, a fleet large enough to strip the planet bare of its resources. We’ll take everything we need.”

Dodge’s breath caught in their throat. The realization hit like a cold wave. The peaceful world they had just come to know, the friendships they were beginning to form, were nothing more than a stepping stone for something far darker. An invasion. An entire world—Earth—was about to be torn apart.

The older official’s voice dropped to a grave tone. “We cannot let this chance slip by. The resources are too valuable to leave for others to claim. The Earthlings have no idea what’s coming. We’ll strip the planet, use it to fuel our expansion, and leave them in ruins.”

A chill ran down Dodge’s spine. The mission had changed—this was no longer just an exploration. It was a prelude to something far more sinister. The decision had been made.

The younger official stepped forward, eyes burning with ambition. "I'll make the arrangements. We'll mobilize the fleet immediately. The Earthlings won't know what hit them."

Dodge took a step back, heart pounding. They had to warn Earth. The invasion was coming, and they were the only one who knew.

The two officials turned away, moving deeper into the building, their conversation fading as Dodge stood frozen, the weight of their newfound knowledge pressing heavily on their chest.

There's no time to waste. I have to stop this.

As the scene grew quiet, Dodge's mind raced. How could they stop an invasion that hadn't even begun? Could one alien, a stranger on this planet, change the course of history?

With the fate of Earth in their hands, Dodge turned and walked into the shadows, leaving the city behind. But the sense of urgency had never been clearer.

To be continued...