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Invasion of the Unknown

I was once an anonymous farmer known only for my widely appreciated mellons. Yet a twist of fate occurred when I returned home from downtown, selling my succulent mellons. Before I witnessed the destructions, several neighbors of mine had informed me of the disaster as they hit the road, evacuating from that "bewitched region." I took none of their words and approached home. It wasn't until the half-torn house was in sight that I realized rumors could be more than just rumors. I was positive that it was no work of man, but the supernatural, the unknown. From the scattered concrete

ruins I retrieved a sturdy stick that originally sustained the roof. I drew near the collapsed ceiling and demanded, "Come out!" To my surprise, something did come out. The alien was a violet little creature, rat-like and skinny. Before I could tell whether it opened its mouth to squeak or devour me, I smashed it with a mighty swing. Eventually, I carried the corpse to the market and earned a fortune.

With such an enormous amount of money, I was bound to rebuild myself a bigger, taller, prettier and, above all, more expensive house! It would not be like any other extravagant buildings on Wall Street, but a grand and distinctive castle that was destined to draw people from all continents. I could already picture the façade of my home to-be: a plaque above the ten-foot-high entrances would read, "Where I defeated the Invasion of the Unknown!"