

One of the craziest things that ever happened to me, was when I saw five one foot tall aliens hovering outside my bedroom window. They had an odd, blue luminescent appearance, that has stuck with me, ever since. Each entity looked like three forks connected to each other, rigidly. The two downward pointing forks were their legs and toes, and the single upward facing ones were their bodies and heads. Maybe the tops of their scalps could be likened to some kind of spiky, fork-like hairdos. This led me to believe these aliens were punks. Especially as, these beings had no arms. Could they be so punk they rebelled against their own bodies, and cut off their limbs? That I will never know, for sure. However, if you know much about more extreme punk bands, it's not such a crazy thing to suspect. Oh, yeah, and lastly, the middles of their expressionless faces had two small, yellow shining pits, I presume to see out of.

Anyway, in a stupor, I just opened my window, and the creatures flew in. Before I could welcome them, by showing them my space rock collection, they collectively flashed pink lasers into my body from their eyes, slamming me into my bedroom walls. After picking myself up, they calmly said to me in a creepy unison 'that was the pink laser. Imagine what the red lasers do. The colour of...' 'Blood?', I interrupted. 'Yes, the colour of YOUR blood', they hissed, all at once again. 'Hang on', I thought. 'You have no mouths... Where are you sp...?' I had to move on. My time may have been short. 'What do you want from me!?', I screamed. 'Saffron Chicken Korma, and Murgh Pakora. The world's whole population. We also like satay chicken on skewers, and special fried rice' they said. Other than 'are you being SERIOUS?', a thought suddenly came to me, perhaps from God: Music therapy! What if I could get to the core of the alien's aggressive behaviour, and make them see the error of their ways, just like how I was taught in university?

I left my room, to get my acoustic guitar. I was back in seconds. I told them this: 'I'm going to play a few chords. Can you tell me which ones you relate to?' They responded by saying 'If it helps. Communicating with simpletons such as you and the rest of your species needs to be as unambiguous as possible. We wouldn't want you to ever misinterpret us, and think we like you.' Ignoring them, I played a sad E minor chord. 'How does that make you feel?' I asked. 'Depressed', they said.... 'It brings up a lot of bad memories. Our kind only eat dust on our planet. They might not be able to take much more of the awful diet.' 'Which planet?' I asked, in fascination. 'Mars', they said. 'Oh, local aliens, huh?' I responded.

Without warning, one alien fired a dart at me, and then shone a green laser onto my guitar. This beam ripped it from me, and made it float in front of his stick-like body. The thing started experimenting, and seemed to play a succession of chords, with the power of his mind, alone. Certainly not with his non-existent hands, anyway. It was and still is my theory he got his chord knowledge by reading my mind, through the sharp projectile. However, I'm not sure. He was certainly playing the chords I wanted him to. After a melancholic E minor 7th, and an E sus 2 chord, the alien settled on an E minor add 9 chord, and played it repeatedly. 'That's a very sad one', the alien said on its own. All the other aliens murmured with agreement. 'I bet you feel full of remorse, now, don't you?' I asked, being careful not to think anything that might aggravate the foreigner. 'You can't go around threatening people and stealing their food,' I added.

The aliens started speaking as a group, again. 'We sure do feel sorry. By seeing the sadness in ourselves, we can now see the sadness in others.' By himself, the guitar wielding alien started to speak, a further time. 'Before we go, can I have another go on your guitar, please?' 'Sure', I said, without thinking. 'I'm having so much fun, I want to play all the chords, in the world!', the alien added. On impulse, I screamed, 'NOOO!' I knew it was only a matter of time before the being played an evil diminished chord, and I knew it would have a malignant effect on him. There was nothing I could do, as I now couldn't stop thinking about that particular discord. I just waited.

Soon enough, and as expected, the horrible chord was being quickly strummed, but as time stood near still for me, I heard every single note, as clear as day. E, then G, then B flat. I started to sweat. 'What is this chord?', the alien guitarist asked, menacingly. 'That would be E diminished', I said, as a tear dropped from my eye. 'I know, really. I just wanted to hear you suffer. Give me all your food', he responded. Suddenly, either God again, or just me had a great idea. I sung a 'C' note, over the E diminished chord, and created a new one; a funky C dominant 7th. To be clear, a chord with the notes 'C, E, G, and Bb' in it. I neutralised the evil chord, and created a major blues vibe. 'Can I have my guitar back, please?' I asked the alien musician, whilst thinking happy thoughts. 'Of course, man! Keep it real, daddio, we're outta here!' he said. After they left, I yanked out the dart, and realised I had just saved the world. Easy, huh? Who are the simpletons, now?