

THE WAR BETWEEN THE POLYGONS

One day, it was in school, I was daydreaming. It was in math, so all the mathematical terms were flowing through my mind. I started to dream about squares and circles and all those things. All of a sudden I felt as if I were falling into a deep canyon. I looked down and saw deep space.

I was approaching a planet with a speed of about 200 miles per hour. The planet was all dark. All of a sudden lights flashed on and a siren wailed. I thought "Oh, oh, now they spotted me!" But it wasn't for me they were making the fuss about. As I drew nearer, I saw that some walking squares were shooting at some rolling circles. That was the last I saw, since I whammed on the ground and blacked out.

When I woke up, I looked at my watch but it was all demolished. I looked around me and saw dead circles, squares, octagons and a lot of other figures lying around. All houses, or what looked to be houses, were in flames. "There must have been a great war here!", I thought.

I got up to look around. I saw a patrol of circles roll around the corner, so I quickly threw myself on the ground, since I didn't know if they were friends or foes.

When the patrol had passed, I got up again and looked at myself. I was pretty scarred and my clothes were torn up. I got up and listened. I couldn't hear anything but the crackling of the fires.

I went over to a house that was still in fairly good condition. I went into the house and called: "Is anybody there?" No answer. Just an echo calling back. I looked around and saw a refrigerator. At first I didn't recognize it since it was a triangle. There were two buttons. On the one it said "A ◻ ◯", and on the other one "◯◯". I wasn't surprised to find out that they talked and wrote differently than we do.

I pressed on the "◯◯" button and the door creaked open. I jumped away because the door nearly hit me. In the fridge were some delicious looking things that I had never seen before. I took out some stuff and smelled it. There was some funny-looking green stuff. I tasted it and it tasted like chicken. I ate it all up.

Then I was thirsty so I went back to the refrigerator. I took out some red stuff that smelled like milk. I tasted it and it tasted like milk, so I drank up the whole carton. After that I felt so tired I fell in a corner and slept.

I must have slept a long time, because when I woke up it was pitch black outside. Then I heard the siren again. It seemed to be coming from a square UFO. I ran outside the

house to see what was happening. Another UFO landed, but this time it was an octagon!

Octagons came out of the octagon shaped ship and squares came out of the square ship. Both sides were firing like mad with lazer beams. Then another and another spaceship landed, each a different shape.

Now all kinds of figures were shooting and falling dead. One circle got shot so close to me that I could touch it. I wanted to know what it was made of, so I touched it. It felt like metal.

I quickly took the gun away from the circle and started to shoot into the masses. I don't know why I did it, probably because I wanted the war to stop. Noone noticed an extra beam coming from nowhere, since there were beams all over the place. I sort of got the hang of the queer gun, and I even felt brave enough to step into the war.

I shot like crazy, but apparently some rectangles had seen me and started to fire at me. I was pushed into a corner, and before I knew what was happening I was running up the ramp into a round UFO. From there I watched the war come to an end. The octagons had won.

Just now I noticed some circles rolling around in the ship. Luckily they had not seen me yet. I started to walk around in the shadows until I got to a room. I could see that in the room were a couple compasses. To my astonishment I noticed that they could walk and talk!

As I watched closer, I could see how a couple circles brought in a metal sheet. They layed it on the floor and left. Then the compasses stationed themselves on the sheet of metal and started drawing circles.

As one circle was drawn, another already-built circle pushed him out. I didn't know how they did it! They were making circles like mad. It was so fascinating that I stood watching them for a long time.

When I looked around me again, there were more circles then when I came in. I guessed that they went right to work as soon as they were made. Pretty soon the ship was just totally crowded. Then a voice boomed something that I didn't understand, but I guessed it meant something like "attack ", since every circle got a gun. Then the ramp opened and circles went pouring out.

But apparently the squares had heard about the attack, because they were positioned in the old houses. As soon as the circles came out, the squares started firing.

I got mad, since I got quite a liking for the circles. Just then I noticed that I still had my gun. I fired at the old houses and got quite a few squares. By this time the octagons had heard the shooting, so they also came out and started shooting.

Pretty soon the triangles came out and started shooting. But then I spotted a square sneaking up to the circle's UFO. I tried to shoot him, but missed. That caught the square's attention and he fired at me, but luckily also missed me.

The beam hit the UFO. There was a terrific explosion and a flash of light as the UFO exploded. That caused a chain reaction. That was the last I saw, since I got hurdled into space and blacked out.

When I woke up I was on Earth again. I was fairly near to my home, so I walked. When I came there, my dad opened and said: "Where have you been? The principal called up and said you dissapeared in the middle of Math!" He started to yell at me some more. Then my mom came and she nearly fell over when she saw my clothes. First I had to come inside and get changed, then I told them the whole story.

They wouldn't beleive it until they saw and tested the gun. They tested it on the lawn, and it burned a big hole. My parents sent the gun to a scientist.

From then on I have never heard or seen anything from the walking circles, squares, triangles and octagons.

By Eric R. Baber

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