

ALIEN INVASION:

THE

HYPOCAMERIANS

SIDDHARTH BOYA

© Copyright Siddharth Boya
ISBN: 978-1-3999-3164-9
Printed by Book Printing UK
Remus House, Coltsfoot Drive,
Peterborough, PE2 9BF

I dedicate my first book to my mother Prasanthi, my father Rama Krishna, grandfather E Vijaykumar, grandmother E Sudarsnam & grandmother Rajeshwari & grandfather Late Srinivasulu, who helped me every step of the way and made this book possible.

To all my teachers that shaped me into what I am today. Lastly, to the NHS, who saved a huge number of lives during the Covid-19 Pandemic.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROLOGUE.....	7
CHAPTER 1 THE HOODED FIGURES.....	11
CHAPTER 2 THE POSTMAN WITH SIX FINGERS .	23
CHAPTER 3 POLENERUS FLORES.....	33
CHAPTER 4 THE GLUBBIE.....	39
CHAPTER 5 THE DOOR TO MADDELOUS	51
CHAPTER 6 THE HOUSE OF MADDELOUS	59
CHAPTER 7 PANDEMONIUM	69
CHAPTER 8 THE UNIFICATION	77
CHAPTER 9 PANDEMONIUM II.....	89
CHAPTER 10 HOME.....	99
CHAPTER 11 GOODBYE, MR FLORES.....	101

CHAPTER 12 SUPPLY TEACHER.....103

PROLOGUE

The boy wore a pair of dark jeans and a crumpled blue shirt. He looked around the age of twelve and had sunken grey eyes. He approached a tall wooden door and his hand hovered tentatively over the small, dusty door knob. Slowly, he watched the door creak open and stepped in...

The room started to enclose around him. He noticed the antiquated atmosphere in the air. As a horde of enraged clouds conquered the sky, a sheet of white rain peppered the ground, draining all the sunlight.

He began to wander around the room, scrutinising the pictures on the walls. They gave him a blood-curdling stare, which rattled a wave of trepidation through his spine. The room was lit by a bright chandelier. He caught sight of a mahogany chair placed in the middle of the room. Hunched in the chair was a middle-aged man watching out of the window. He had sea-blue eyes that were clouded

into deep thought and his eyebrows were stretching across his forehead as his jet-black hair wavered about in the fan.

“What are you here for, Jack?” said the man all of a sudden, with his eyes still on the window.

“How did you know?”

“Lucky guess,” he replied, emotionless. “Where is he? When is he coming back?” Jack said.

“Patience, Jack...” he said, his tone remaining calm.

Out in the silence of the night a small, circular, dim light drifted back into sleep, curling under the cosy, yet cold, blackness of space. The stars lay scattered across the sky, blinking once or twice at the man in the window, trillions and billions of miles away. So far, so...

Distant.

PART ONE:

A TREK IN

SPACE

CHAPTER 1

THE HOODED

FIGURES

Luke Chalker was walking home from school. It was his first day of secondary which, of course, meant that he was turning twelve today. It was sunset and the sky looked as if someone from space had tipped a glass of orange juice over the clouds.

The school gates led out into a calm, lonely street. Luke walked through the gates and out onto the pavement. On the left of the pavement was a huge wall that ran along the street and on the right was the road. Behind the wall was a deserted building with shattered windows and ivy growing around it, like a snake suffocating its prey. It smelt like musty concrete and dried paint, with graffiti concealing the lovely sheet of white paint that had once been there.

In front of it were weeds so tall you would have to grope about to see what was around you.

Crossing the cracked pavements, Luke slung his backpack over his shoulders and saw his half-finished essay from history sticking out of his bag. His handwriting was almost illegible. Shrugging, he nonchalantly walked ahead, the bitter gale of wind blowing his blazer off of his shirt. Squinting to see through the wind, he felt his feet shuffle in his shoes that were two sizes too big for him. The puffy clouds lingered across the sky, as the sun yawned over the streets.

That was where it happened.

Suddenly, he spotted a movement in the corner of his eye. He paused for a moment. He looked around. A moment later, a silhouette blanketed the wall and the pavements. Luke stopped in his tracks and jolted around. He thought he saw a flicker of green but nothing else. Was he being followed?

A slight suspicion lingered in his mind. He continued to walk against the wall when a black, spherical object behind the wall, floating high enough for Luke to see it, blocked out the sun. Perplexed, he knitted his eyebrows together. The object glinted in the sunlight with four legs coming out of it. It was the size of a small cottage with some sort of grey mist surrounding it.

A twinge of nervousness snaked down Luke's spine. "Hello?" he croaked, with a lump forming in his throat. "Show yourself!" he said, forcing the words out.

No one was in the street. Without warning, he walked towards the wall. Curiosity took control of his mind. As he approached, he started to feel pain. All of a sudden, Luke's legs felt weak; evil ran through his veins, his blood. Every nerve inside him was screaming "*STOP!*" but he couldn't control himself. The wall approached him and beckoned him to climb over.

The air turned into a wispy shroud of mist. He held back as much as he could, while the force compelled him to go over. He couldn't stop it. One hand, then another, and then his feet, pushing, higher and higher. Narrowing his eyes, he saw that he had finally reached the top. There was a patch of tall grass and a few weeds and an abandoned building.

The force stopped. Suddenly, he lost his balance and fell over to the other side of the wall, face first. He could feel his body going numb with pain and he felt thorns scratching his face. "*Happy now?*" he asked himself.

As he turned back to leave, an enigmatic murmuring crept into his ears. Without a moment of hesitation, he looked back to see three dark, hooded figures approaching him, their heads covered in darkness. They were all twice the size of him. His mind raced. His eyes widened. He breathed so fast he choked.

"*Run?*" his brain suggested. He didn't move. He was dazed from shock.



S.Boya
R.Kolluru

The figures came closer. “Who are you?” he spluttered.

“We are Hypocamerians. We generate fear, we define power, we are the rulers of the universe.”

This was a trick, obviously, Luke told himself. The figures stood there without taking their bloodthirsty eyes off him. Nothing moved, except the clouds and the trees leaning at a dangerous angle. Dead silence.

“Um...Okay...I’m Luke...Luke Chalker. Twelve years old, normal boy, completely human,” he managed an unnatural grin, “is this, um, meant to be a joke?” he asked, completely bewildered, but one look in their dark, red eyes told him otherwise. “W...why are you here?”

“Ah, straight to the point. For this land, of course.”

“...*Right*...” Luke asked the figures while his brain cackled with laughter inside. “Hey! When I asked, it was for the truth.”

“Pah! Did you hear that? He wants the *truth*,” said the figure in the middle. “BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” said the one on the right, in a rather exaggerated way.

The one on the left glared at him, and the figure in the middle gave him a disgusted look.

Luke shuffled uncomfortably, and weakly said, “Haha...” feeling very feeble and stupid. The figures stood there, hooded, but a clear smile glowed cruelly under the darkness. Suddenly, the middle figure took off his hood and under it was a face, fully human. A huge scar stretched across the man’s face and there were a few chipped teeth in his mouth. He had grey hair and his left eye was narrowed.

There was a long silence. Luke didn’t move a muscle. He looked straight into the red eyes. The man was human — or at least nearly so. Luke tried to speak, but the sound died as it reached his throat. He coughed.

“What the —” Luke couldn’t find the words.

The man grinned, his revolting smile stretching from ear to ear in an unpleasant way.

“Took you a while, didn’t it?” the man said, with a horrible sneer. “You see boy, I used to be...quite human, much like you. But anyway, we shall take every bit of this planet, starting with you.” Luke felt a need to sprint – his brain didn’t protest. “Well, er...you see, it’s my birthday today, and my Mum’s told me not to be home late and she’s making me a cake and I can’t be late so er...bye...”

With a forced smile, he turned around and picked up his pace, when an unbelievably painful force took over his body. He couldn’t think. Fear built up inside him. His head felt like it was being pummelled by a hammer. His knees descended and approached the golden ground of leaves, twigs and grass. His legs were stuck to the ground like glue. Slowly and steadily, he bent his head and held it there. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the figure’s hand stretched out. It was embedded with bracelets which were stacked with spikes. On his forearm was a

charcoal skull with horns on top. As he stared at it, his eyes burned. Voices whispered in his head:

Come and join us. We will rule this world. We are the Hypocamerians, we generate fear, we define power and we are the rulers of this universe. We will take every bit of this land. We will add in numbers. You are nothing compared to us. Follow the path of Lord Maddelous or die on this worthless piece of rock.

But Luke wouldn't back down without a fight. Every bit of courage started to build up inside him. He summoned all the luck he could get and racked his brains. He fidgeted and fought the pain. He took a deep breath in and slowly exhaled. The tension began to ease. He thought of home where there were evergreen trees and exquisite, glowing golden flowers sprouting out. He thought of the tranquil blue river, where rabbits and hedgehogs occasionally came to enjoy the shade and the scenery of the bank. Of course, this had *nothing* to do with his real home.

“Never,” he said. “Leave Earth and never come back.”

“Not likely,” the man replied in a booming voice. As he continued to speak, Luke’s life was becoming shorter and shorter. “A few more seconds and you’ll be dead,” the voice thundered in his head.

Luke shrieked with pain. A million knives were stuck inside him. “THINK,” he told himself. He scanned the field for a weapon. But to his dismay, there was nothing...except...

He stretched his arm out as wide as he could. “Please reach,” he prayed. He found the string of his backpack. Without wasting any time, he threw it at the demon.

The world stopped. Time froze. The monotonous chanting came to a halt. He tried to come back but he couldn’t. The horrible truth sank inside him. He was dead and he couldn’t do anything about it. He was filled with desolation. Another wave of grief struck him as he realised that he was only one out of

seven billion that would be murdered. But he wouldn't let that happen...

All of a sudden, his body jolted upright. His eyes flashed open. He scanned the field for the three aliens. "Ah, sweet birthday present," he muttered. His muscles were stiff, and his face hurt. He needed to tell someone. He wanted to burst the story out. But he knew nobody would possibly believe him. His head was spinning, and he was slowly falling down. He closed his eyes and saw another flicker of green.

