

'Lifted' Narrative by the Playwrights

'CREEK, BANG, CRASH!!!'
went the mysterious space
ship in the dark, black sky...
an ominous odour drifted



around the lone house as the chirping of crickets harmonised during the pitch black night.

“AHHHH! I never get this right!” the little green and frustrated alien screamed as he tried to control – without any errors – the thousands of tiny small switches and buttons. However, everything else was as silent as a mouse.

Steve’s eyes dropped and little drops of water were running rapidly down his ruddy cheeks. Frederick – the big alien – sat miserably. *What is this alien doing? Is he supposed to be trying to abduct a human or make a fool of himself?* With a disappointed face, Frederick stared sternly at Steve’s miserable dog’s eyes. Steve had an idea. With a big grin (shaped like a banana) he mischievously looked at the emotionless examiner, pointing at two buttons. He hoped to get some clues from the examiner, but he didn’t.

“AAHH!” bellowed Steve as he slammed his head on the hundreds of tiny grey switches. He eventually calmed down and instantly took out his colossal manual. Page by page, he flicked through the manual and found the right page. The examiner, however, sat in his chair acting as if nothing had happened. A small object emerged from the hole. It looked like a mouse but it was not a mouse. It was tall like a piece of wheat but it was not wheat. In fact, this object was a man! “Finally!” rejoiced Steve. Steve let go of the button. Everything was lost...or was it?

While gazing longingly through the gaping hole at the barren land, Steve had a vision... an oddly shaped figure sat sluggishly on a course slab of pavement. Everything was dull. This anonymous figure was not human. Their clothes were ripped with sewn patches; they were very dirty and tatty. This figure was Steve!
Oh why was I foolish? Although my mum said I had to practise, I just went on a ski trip! I would have been a billionaire if I had studied!

