

Day One:

Tomorrow is the big day! I am finally going to adopt a human. Oh, I cannot wait. The anticipation is burning through me.

I've spent the last two weeks watching the live feeds of the shelter humans in their habitats. Some humans are not breedable, and these get sent to the shelters based around the universe. The eldest of them get sent to a place where nurses and doctors are always present to care for them.

Overall, I think we, as aliens, have done a stellar job in sorting out the humans. My primary role during the war was to help place humans where they should be. We issued personality tests, held interviews, and debated the sorting for hours on end. The humans went where they needed to go, and then our job was done.

For my stellar service, I was awarded a sky room, where I currently live. A field of clouds rests below my windows, and the night sky is perpetual, just perfect for my retirement.

Retirement. A concept adopted from the humans. Why not have some time to rest before you die? But my retirement is coming too early. I am a young alien still, by anyone's standards. Old enough to have some wisdom, yes, but young enough to not need assistance. I do not believe I will ever take a wife; the loss of my home planet all but secured that notion. The few who remain are either partnered already, or like me, loners. The humans use that word, too. I like it.

Anyway, I built a habitat for the perfect human. It has a little house, and a field, then a wooded area for the human to retreat to in times of stress. It has a garden, and a pergola with climbing vines and chairs to sit in beneath it.

I used the old internet of the human days and looked up “farm land retreat”. That’s the aesthetic I want my human to lean towards.

Some of the humans love a heavily wooded aesthetic. These are more likely to live deep within the trees, rarely emerging except to pick up the supplies we provide them. Those humans are less likely to interact with an alien, so I dismissed the options.

Another kennel at the local shelter had a small trailer park set up. Three humans were sitting around a fire, smoke billowing around them. They spoke of deeply philosophical things while smoking what the keepers termed as “weed – a mind altering substance”.

I did not want to have to provide this weed for my human. That’s considered special needs.

The last human I looked at was named Lori. She lived in a small home, called a trailer or mobile home by other humans. There was a garden she tended to every day, and she had a library inside her home. Books everywhere, I’m telling you. I didn’t see how she moved in the room.

But the rest of the house was neat and tidy. She cooked every day, for breakfast and dinner, and did her dishes before bed. Most of her time is spent reading, her nose buried in pages.

The biography said she used to be a librarian, before the war. She needs a single human household, and was previously spayed. She’s slightly skittish, needs a quiet household.

She is perfect.

I cannot stop watching her live feed. The way she moves in the garden, the way she cradles her books in her hands, everything is perfect. As I look at the habitat I built, I can picture Lori in there, living her life. Humans have a short life span, up to 90 or even 100 human years,

but that is merely ten or so years passing here. Lori is about five alien years old, putting her in mid-life.

She is the one.

Tomorrow is the day.