

Smash! Went the spaceship from the sky to the ground. Suddenly, a green monster emerged from the vehicle. It's eyes were the size of a cricket pitch although it's body was surprisingly small.

It's horrible, green, scaly and slimy skin smothered across the houses of the village.

This was the newspaper headline that they wrote about me. What a cheek! Now listen to my point of view...

What is this strange world? First of all there was liquid flying out of the sky. I was soaked and the angry clouds just kept on raining down on me. Suddenly, the sun peeked out from behind the clouds and the liquid dried up. These rotten humans were living in something like broken, black barrels. They're as stupid as cows!

What is this horrifying way of communication humans do? They use their voice. Back where I come from, we clash our heads together or bump our tails together. I don't understand how humans can just transform into a vehicle, they're beasts who just speed hap hazardly across the land!

Anyway, I better get back into my spaceship.

One of the reasons I'm leaving so quickly is because I am bored of England. Another is because I am being chased at, shot at, screamed at and food is being thrown at me continuously!

I don't understand what it is with England. You morons think I'm trying to hurt you and I know why you think that. It's because humans are creatures of habit. I can think of quite a few of them that I'm not going to say because they're inappropriate.

I started going on about how humans only love war and can't get enough of it and how they should all rot in their own filth so I am not happy about the way they live.

Right now I am on my way to Kenya to see if they live decently. I decided to stay in Mombasa. I stayed in Southern Palms resort.

I loved the way the hotel was set out. There was a beach right outside my room where I could go and have some beach fun and the waves of the sea were as rough as the strongest man in the world! For some reason, humans were using these strangely shaped buckets to make these things called sand castles using yellow, little and gritty bits. Everyone was screaming so loud that I thought everyone on earth was going to die. The salty smell was going up my nose so fast that I couldn't smell anything but salt! I tried out these flavoured things called ice cream, It made my mouth freeze to be as cold as Antarctica! I noticed people liked it when the waves of the sea toppled over their sand castles, I decided I wanted to spread some of the joy so I went over to a sand castle and stamped on it as hard as I could. Instead of laughing they screamed at me and threw gritty bits at my eyes. I was quite shocked when they started screaming at me like that. If there is one thing for sure it's that I'm never going back to that beach again. Then I went to the lunch parlours. One thing I found disgusting was that the humans

were using hands for pizza and forks for pasta. To be normal you need to use forks for pizza and hands for pasta! There is another thing I don't understand, there was this big, round and blue circle with humans in it. To be honest I think it's horrible because it's dirty humans swimming in their own filth, I hope they put a chemical in it.

After three weeks time, I decided to leave Mombasa and get back on the UFO.

I think it's time I went somewhere else. I think I'll go... France! I can't wait for the trip!

I'm on the plane although these humans keep asking for these see-through, runny things and pour them into their mouths and drink them. UCH!

Now I have landed safely and securely in the stunning fashion capital of the world, Paris! I don't know where to go.

I decided to go to these things called shops to see if they had any normal things there and not surprisingly they didn't. All they had was these red, squishy things called tomatoes, these long, hard and brown strips called bread and these triangle shaped, yellow, smelly things called cheese.

Next I decided to see what people on the streets are like in Paris. On my way through the streets I saw this massive triangle with holes in it called the Eiffel Tower. Kind of like the thing I saw in the shops except this one is rusted brown. Now, back to seeing how nice people are in France. Some people were afraid of me, some called for men with guns and some people called for this thing called pest control. Although I found some people who I think were being nice. They said things like bonjour, merci and common to Pele to, I don't know if it's the right spelling but that's how I heard it.

I think I should leave because it's getting late. If I had to choose my favourite place I would choose France because their food was the best and the people were the nicest!

Bye!