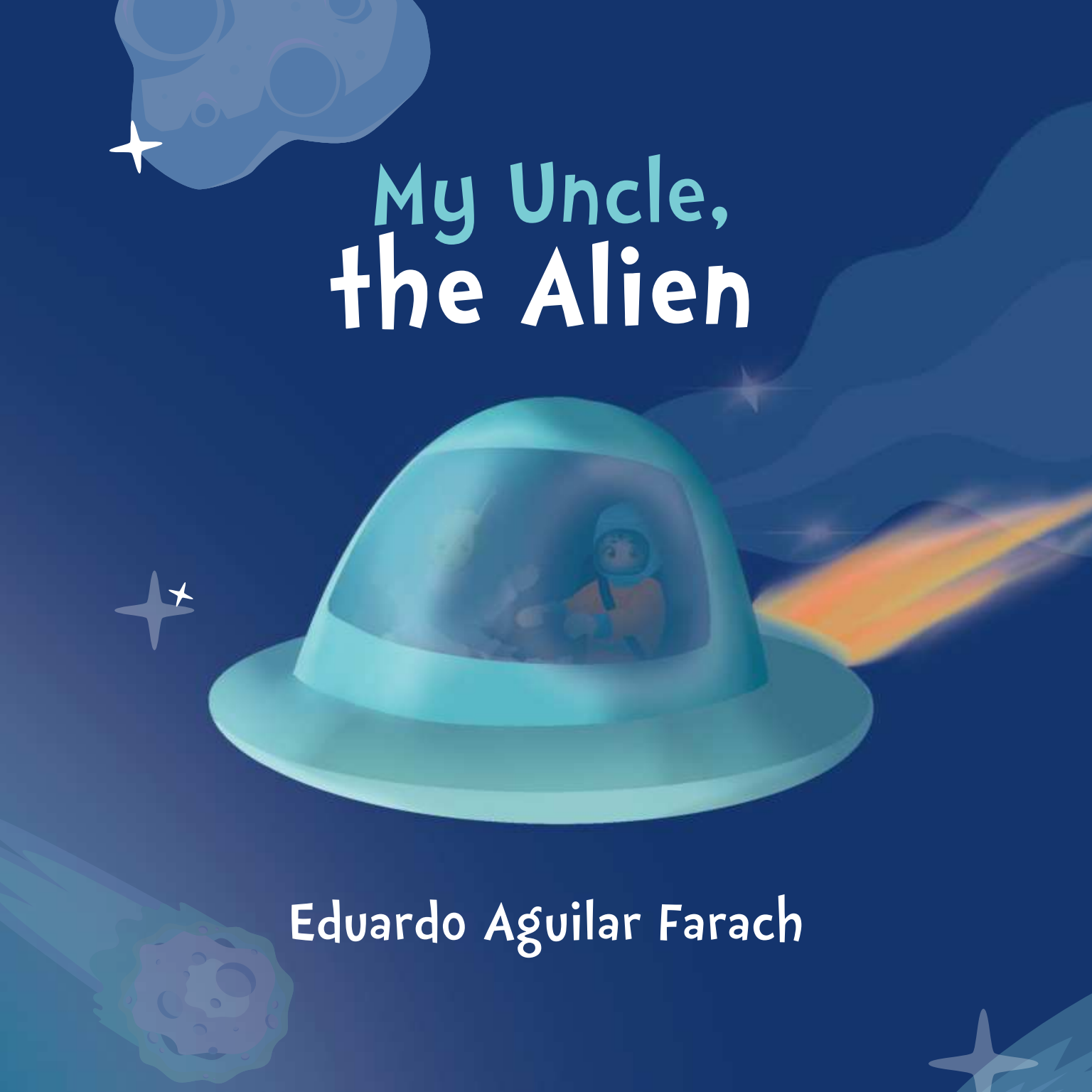


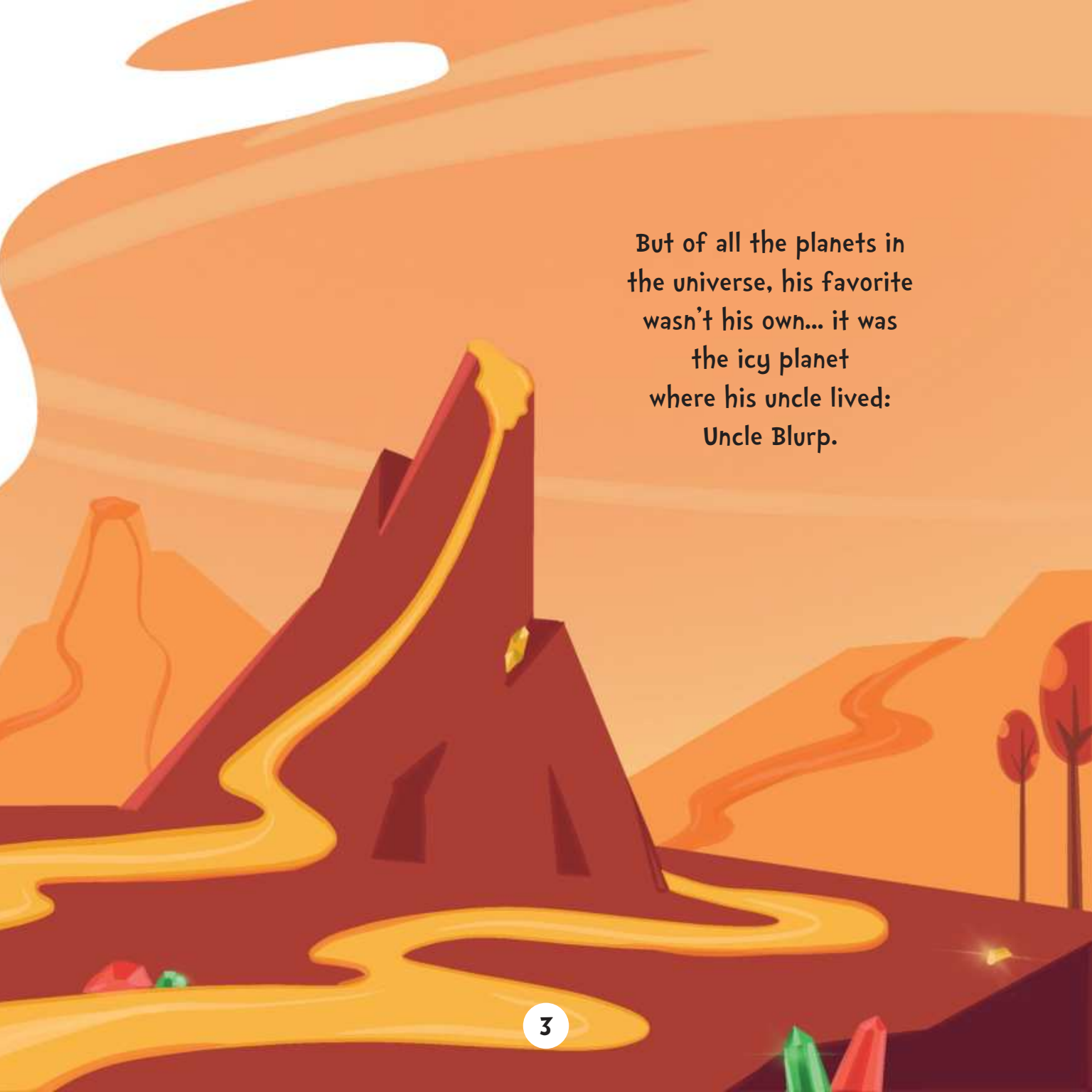


My Uncle, the Alien

Eduardo Aguilar Farach

Once upon a time,
there was a very curious little alien named Luho who
lived on a volcanic planet full of fiery mountains,
glowing lava rivers, and rocks that shone like
bright candies.





But of all the planets in
the universe, his favorite
wasn't his own... it was
the icy planet
where his uncle lived:
Uncle Blurp.

Uncle Blurp was a green alien of medium height,
with four arms, two antennas, and a
single funny little hair between them.





He was as kind as he was clumsy: he always bumped into doors, tripped on ice cubes, and whenever he sneezed, his antennae flashed bright red!

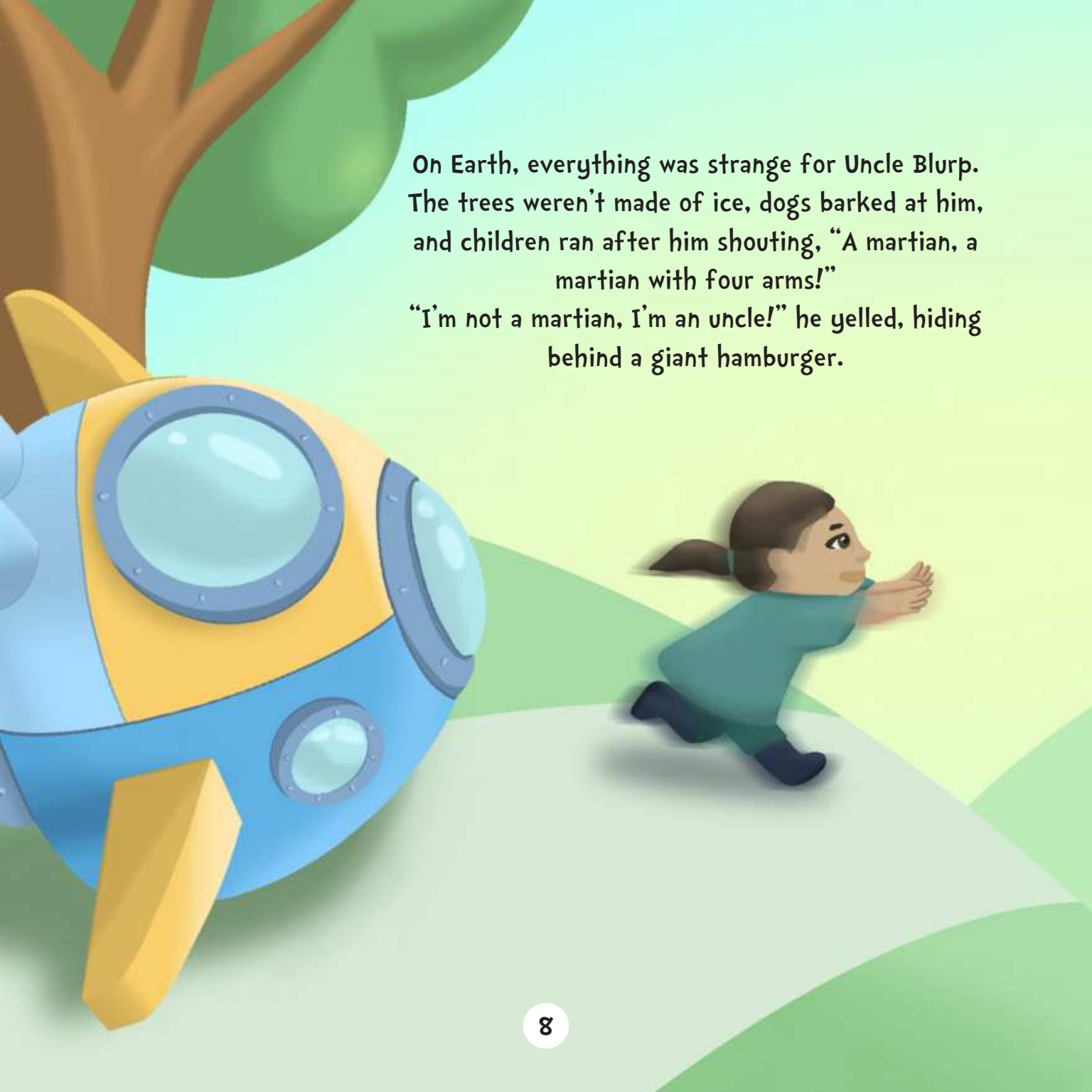


And the strangest thing of all —Luno used to say laughing— was that he didn't have neurons. "Uncle Blurp, how do you think without neurons?" "Oh, very simple, my boy... I improvise!" —answered the uncle, tangling his four arms while trying to put on a glove.

Even though they saw each other through space video calls, Luno missed him a lot. The icy planet was far away, and the intergalactic internet signals always froze.

One day, Uncle Blurp decided to surprise his nephew. "I'll build a spaceship and travel to the volcanic planet to see him!" he said excitedly. He worked day and night with his four hands, mixing pieces, bolts, and even wrapping the ship in a blanket because he said, "Space is cold." But Uncle Blurp, being who he was... entered the wrong coordinates. Instead of ying to Luno's volcanic planet, he landed on Earth!



A blue and yellow rocket ship is on the left side of the page. A young girl with dark hair in a ponytail, wearing a teal dress and dark shoes, is running towards the right. The background features a large tree on the left and rolling green hills under a light blue sky.

On Earth, everything was strange for Uncle Blurp. The trees weren't made of ice, dogs barked at him, and children ran after him shouting, "A martian, a martian with four arms!"

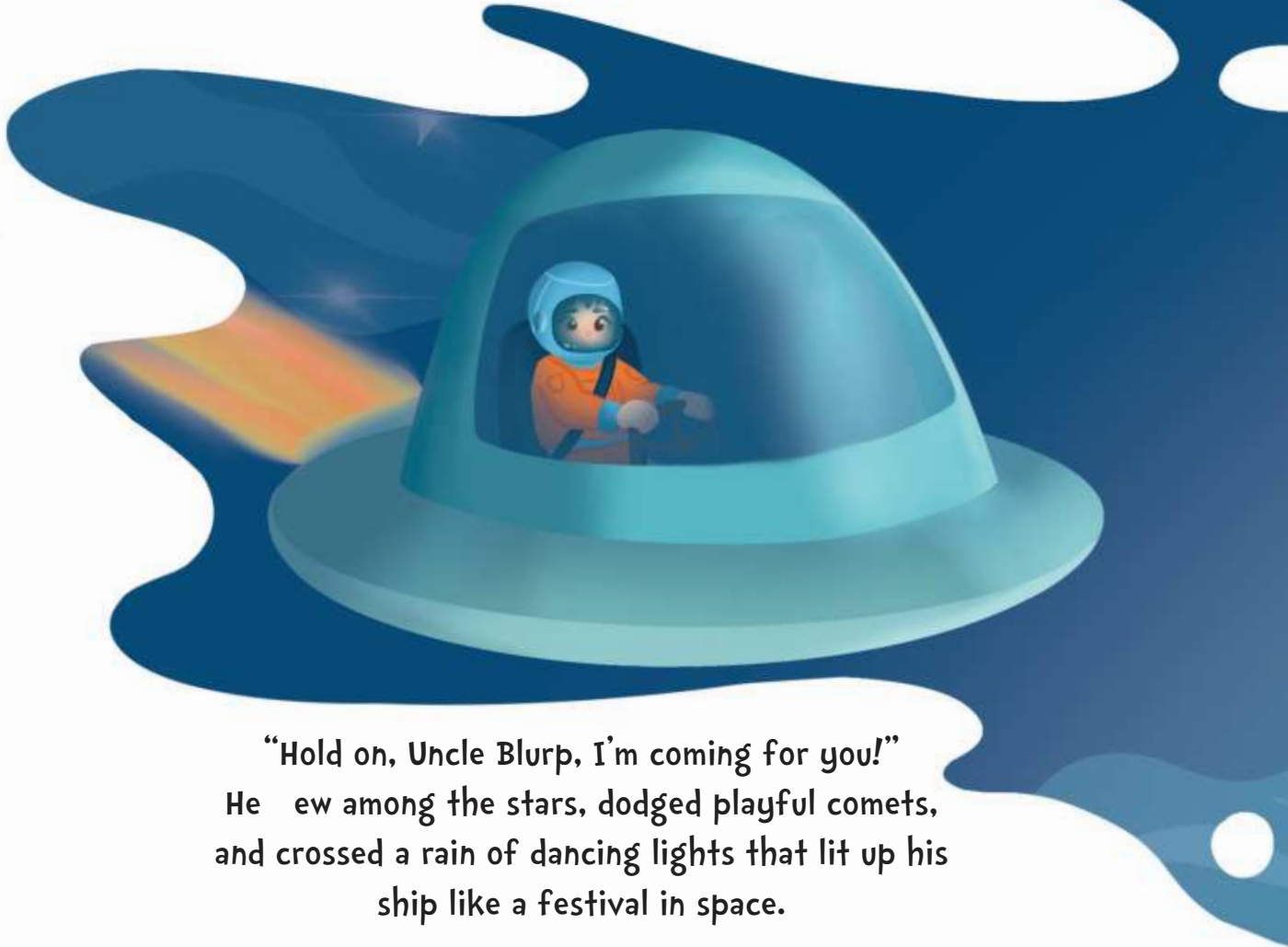
"I'm not a martian, I'm an uncle!" he yelled, hiding behind a giant hamburger.

Soon, his ship ran out
of energy, and Uncle
Blurp began to feel cold
inside his heart,
even though the planet
was warm. He missed his
nephew, his laughter,
and the lava mountains
of home.

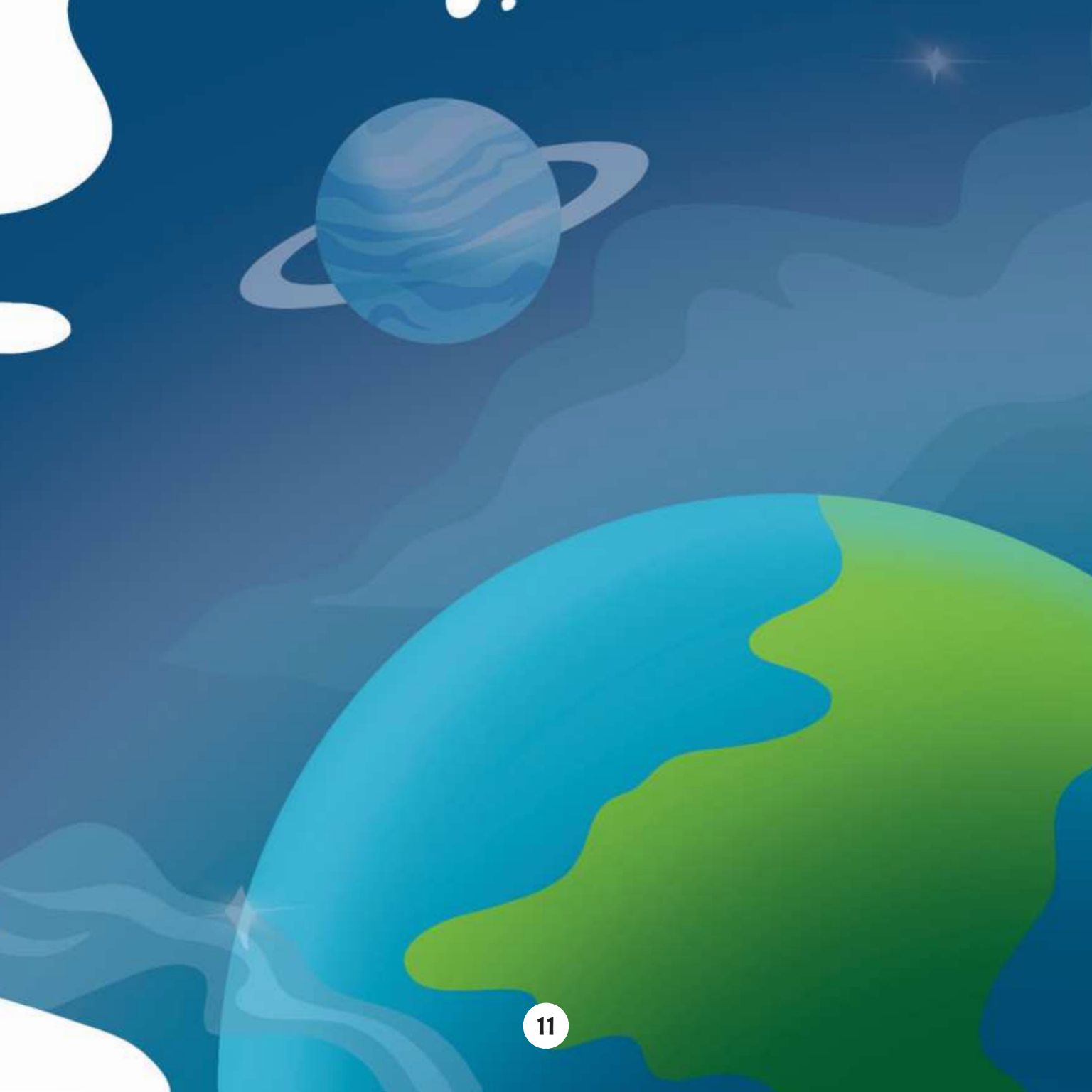


Luno realized his uncle wasn't answering galactic
calls. The space radar showed a tiny blue dot far, far
away... "Oh no! He's lost on planet Earth!"

Without a second thought, the little alien grabbed his explorer helmet, gathered volcanic metal, a bit of magma energy, and built his own ship: the Family Rescue Ship 3000.



“Hold on, Uncle Blurp, I’m coming for you!”
He flew among the stars, dodged playful comets,
and crossed a rain of dancing lights that lit up his
ship like a festival in space.



When he arrived on Earth, he found Uncle Blurp trapped in a phone booth, trying to call “the universal operator.”

“Uncle, that’s not how you call home!” said Luno, laughing.



“Oh, really? Then why didn’t you answer me?” asked Blurp while tangling himself in the phone cord. Luno hugged him tightly. “Let’s go home, Uncle. I promise to teach you how to use the interplanetary GPS.” The boy’s ship took off surrounded by colorful lights, with Uncle Blurp waving from the window and saying



goodbye to some Earthlings taking pictures.

When they arrived back at the volcanic planet, Luno prepared a special room with cold air and icy walls so his uncle would feel comfortable. From that day on, Uncle Blurp lived happily there, though sometimes he got confused and dipped his antennas in the soup.

Luno smiled. Because even though his uncle was clumsy, weird, and neuronless, he loved him more than all the stars in the universe.

Moral:
No matter how different we are, love
and family always find the way... even
if they take the wrong planet.



