

Gina's Alien Encounter

This story is another of my old writes

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"I see something," said Luke.

Fred asked, "What?"

"Well it's up in the sky and it moved really fast till it got over the town. Then it stopped."

Fred quipped, "Well! You silly ass, what was it?"

"Damned if I know but it's looking at us now." Luke looked worried

"It is one of them UFO thingies. Do you think is it going to suck our blood?" he asked.

"You stupid ass there ain't no such thing so shut up."

At that moment a beam of green light focused on them.

Luke started to scream, "Oh God protect me from these aliens."

"Shut your face, it ain't aliens, it's the cops. They done put the light on us. Don't say anything. They will use it against us. Hide the whiskey quick. Don't let them see anything."

The green beam of light made a sound, almost like a bumblebee in flight, and two big-eyed creatures materialized in front of them.

Luke said, "Oh! Shit! They ain't the cops. They are from the UFO."

One of the creatures raised his hand and pointed a strange finger with what looked to be a sucker on the end at Luke. Luke screamed, "He wants my blood. He ran toward the car."

The next thing they knew they were both strapped to a table in a strange place. The light was a pale green color and something was stuck in their arms.

Luke asked, "Are they sucking your blood too?"

Fred answered, "Yep! I be wondering if they are vampires?"

"I'm thinking they are." Said Luke.

Unzion communicated telepathically with the Beta Three clone that was his science advisor, "these creatures have been modified."

"How?" Inquired Beta Three.

"A substance interfering with their normal thought processes seems to have been

introduced into their body."

Unzion, "It seems as if a chemical depleting the brain's supplies of dopamine, gamma aminobutyric acid, opioid peptides and serotonin systems, is present in their bodies."

"What is it asked," Beta Three?

"Alcohol," Was the reply.

"An ethyl hydroxide has such a negative effect in the development of these creatures?" Asked Beta Three.

"Yes was the answer."

"I will apply a tracking device and take genetic samples. It will be possible to test again for this aberration sometime in the future. Do you want me to place a telepathic embed in their frontal lobe to help the subjects to avoid this abuse in the future?"

Unizon's answer was, "That will be an interesting experiment."

"I had the strangest feeling." Said Luke.

"Shut up and have a pull on the Old Grand Dad." Said Fred.

Fred lifted the bottle to his lips took a pull and said, "It don't taste like it used to."

Oh! Shit, I'm late for work.

Luke took his horrible hangover to the bathroom for repair. It shouldn't take long for the fix. He pulled out the jug and took a swallow. Damn! This stuff is horrible. He spat it out. How the hell was he going to get a start on the day with spoiled booze?

At work he ran into Fred, he was looking pretty bad.

"Don't you think this place smells worse than usual?"

Luke nodded his head in agreement; it was awful. The line started just then. The first of the condemned cattle started up the chute. Fred was thinking, I won't look in it's eyes it bothers me too much.

He stunned the animal with his kill stick. It wasn't dead of course the heart was still beating. That was part of the process. A beating heart would void the animal of blood and make the meat taste better. Fred stuck the bleeder in the animal's throat. Blood gushed out into the gutter to be collected, it would be made into cosmetics and chemicals.

Looking into the steer's big brown eyes, Fred was thinking, You poor doomed critter, some woman will smell so pretty because of you.

But it didn't help any; he was still having withdrawal problems. No alcohol made for too much realism.

He figured it must be time for a nip. He did several more animals and took out his thermos. One big gulp should put him back in form. He took the gulp and spat it out.

He thought, I'm getting sick I'd better go to the Doc.

Fred and Luke wound up at the aid station at the same time with the same problem, no alcohol.

Gina was a no nonsense LPN. She was God at this aid station. She took one look at the two men and said, "Fit for work, Nothing wrong with you guys."

She knew they were alkie, could be they had guzzled into some bad stuff.
"What you guys been into."

Luke said, "It started last night when those aliens sucked our blood."
Fred joined in, "I know Luke is normally full of shit, but he is telling the absolute truth. Them aliens sucked our blood and we haven't" been able to drink a thing since."

Gina was writing in her chart, "The patients both exhibit behavior not consistent with norm." She wasn't able to chart further. It was then that she saw something really weird."

Beta Three materialized in front of Gina as she worked on the two men. Gina's eyes almost achieved the same size as the alien's.

Beta Three linked telepathically with Gina. He simultaneously transmitted to his commander, "This one shows some intelligence."

Gina gasped and tried to run for the door. Beta three captured her with a telekinetic net. She felt like she was running into a wall that pushed her backwards, towards her weirdo patients and the alien clone.

Gina was thinking, After this I'm going to stay out of the narcotics cabinet. It was only for my migraine and god knows migraines are an excuse to use anything.

She felt herself being sedated; it was as if an external stimulus was affecting the sleep center of her brain. Gina was in a state not unlike a hypnotic trance, absolutely unable to move a muscle but aware of all the activity in the room. The alien was about four foot two and she had no doubt that he was an alien. Ten minutes ago, she would have charted hallucinations for any one describing this thing. She wondered how she would describe this encounter in the future, assuming of course, she had a future.

The alien went to Luke and put one of his three fingers on the middle of his forehead.

Luke wailed, "Fred he is going to suck my brains this time."

Fred answered, "It's ok Luke, you ain't got any brains."

Luke tried to scream but nothing came out of his mouth. He froze in place like a statue. Then he started to fall in the direction he was leaning. The alien somehow rotated Luke to the horizontal position. He was suspended in midair as if in zero gravity. Fred and Gina were both unable to move a muscle but they continued to be aware of everything that happened.

The alien's finger had made an opening in Luke's head, it had split open like a neatly sliced apple. Gina could see implants in Luke's brain.

Beta Three was in telepathic contact with Unizon, "Timeline data indicates that as a direct result of our implant this human is going to have an accident. So it is necessary to modify his programming to avoid timeline conflict."

"What sort of accident." Inquired Unizon?

"He is going to fall in a place called the bone grinder where his body will be reduced into fragments and then melted into a liquid. He will then be placed in a large tank to be shipped to a pharmaceutical company.

"How are you going to accomplish a fix for him? We can't allow the galactic council to find out that we made a mistake like that."

"My repair will have two goals, increase neurotransmitter activity to overcome chemical dependencies and stimulate dendrite connectivity. The individual will not be distracted by his dependencies and will be more slightly more intelligent. That should keep him out of trouble."

Beta Three installed more appliances in Luke's open head. He then made a motion with the same finger and every thing closed up.

Fred tried to speak, nothing happened, but what he wanted to say was, "I saw your brains Luke this alien has done put some stuff in there."

"Just what the hell do you call yourself?" Gina screamed at the Alien.

Sounding like an echo in her mind she heard a reply from the strange creature, "Beta Three Biological Clone or BTBC_37FFE to give the complete nomenclature."

"What is your mission? Why do you put implants in these people, draw their blood and go probing around in bodies?" Gina was getting pissed, but it didn't escape her attention that the clone was communicating with her.

The clone said, "It is difficult to relate the exact purpose. The best thing is to relate an analogy."

The clone was in her head and she was shouting at him, Gina was angry. She decided not to vocalize but just think her next response,

"Try me."

She formed the words in her mind. Immediately the clone formed an image in her consciousness, not so much words as groups of ideas.

"Hollywood, movies, entertainment, industry, profit."

"Explain how the agony of abduction and mutilation can be entertainment?" Gina asked."

"Your culture understands the concept of soul. It is a continuing self-aware existence in one timeline. Each individual's experiences form a unique incident. We capture and market those experiences. There is a huge intergalactic market for such recordings, they are a valuable commodity used for stimulus and entertainment. Luke's experience in the park is now playing in the Zeta sector and has made billions of credits galactic currency."

"How do you do that? How can a man's soul play to a large audience?"

"We have the technology to put the image of a soul in a mind. It's quite a simple process; it is a momentary restructuring of the electrochemistry of a brain by chemical injections and electromagnetic induction. The process takes only a few of your seconds but it can seem to take a very long time. There is an enormous throughput of data during the process. The Zeta civilization has no sexuality we reproduce by cloning. We are much like a colony of earthy insects only with a much more powerful mind. Our minds need emotional imports to make life worth living. Luke's ignorance and primitive emotions are great therapy for the Zeta's. He is an extremely valuable commodity."

"If life is so boring for you why do you need money?" Gina asked.

"Since we have no sexuality that experience is highly valued. Certain humans have vivid experiences that are very much appreciated by the Zeta's, and again I can't stress too much, very valuable."

"So your race is by human standards a society of body snatching voyeuristic perverts?"

"By your standards, that is true, certain humans have been used to generate entertainment for the industry. People known to you as, Adolph Hitler, Charles Manson, Jack the Ripper . . ."

Gina cut him off, "Enough! I get the idea and it's sick."

Gina asked the Clone, "How did you do that trick with Luke? Suspending him in the air, then opening his head like a melon and then putting it back together so quick?"

The Clone explained, "You must understand that the galaxy is a quite complicated system consisting of many parallel universes and infinite time lines. It is possible to create voids in the universe that exist in a different timeline and do this in a precise way. In Luke's case he was rotated to horizontal using telekinetic force. The reason he didn't fall was that his body is encapsulated in one of the voids. He can't fall because within that void time is static. It takes time to fall and if time doesn't pass no change in position occurs."

Gina still going for information, while ever so slowly inching towards the door, "Explain how you split his head in half then open it up, then put it back together?"

"Two voids are created encapsulating each half of the skull. One void is shifted ever so slightly to the future the other to the past this within the encapsulating timeline. Since the head has one half in one timeline and the other half in a different timeline, it can be separated. After positioning the devices that will allow us to monitor Luke, his head is aligned perfectly at the cellular level by technology in our vehicle. Cell walls are then fused perfectly. It is as if the implants suddenly appear in Luke's brain with no trauma."

"What are they for, the implants that is?" Gina was still inching towards the door and getting ready to break into a run. She was thinking, "I know some surgeons who would like to know that trick."

“A complete record of his every experience, thought, memory and the essence of self, is recorded within the device. Later this will be retrieved and studied. Luke is special case because of a momentary failure of a preexisting implant; he is going to have an accident. We are trying to undo that change to his future.”

Gina made her move she sprinted towards the door. She made it almost one half a step before feeling her self being rotated to a horizontal position. She heard the Clone say, “We are sorry, but you will not be permitted to remember the previous conversation. It would violate the rules of our charter.”