



Sam Flint

Writing about thrills & spills

Irving Walsh does Sci-fi – short story

I opened my eyes feeling disorientated for a moment then my senses kicked in. The blood in my veins pulsed in perfect sync to the music blasting from the speakers. Man and machine in perfect harmony. Fuck Lennon and McCartney; MDMA and Underworld... the two best composers for the end of the millennium.

“Suppose you want another one Harry?” I said to the skinny skag head sitting opposite me in the booth. He grinned at me manically and confused; as if trying to translate my words and gestures from another language. Even for a seasoned stoner like him it looked like these new pills were a cut above the average. Eventually his brain found his tongue.

“Aye, I’ve got a fuckin’ monster thirst on tonight. I bought these pills from a new bloke, funny looking radge in strange shades. I hope there’s nothing wrong with them.”

We looked at each other for a moment and then burst out laughing at the notion that a couple of seasoned substance abusers like us should suddenly be worried about what we were taking.

“Away and fuck yourself” says Harry, shooing me towards the bar.

I shoulder my way through the crowd waiting patiently for service. A few punters start to complain but I look them in the eye with one of my famous hard man looks and they back down. I’ve got a hard won reputation in these parts as someone not to fuck with.

On my way back with two pints of Tenants; my manic look parts the crowd. All that is except for a skinny pale guy in these big Bono fucking fly eye sun glasses. I’ve seen skinny radges before, I mean this club was addicts central, but he made the other punters look obese. He steps aside and as I pass by he guides me through with his hand on my back. Normally I would nut someone who puts their hands on me but carrying two lagers and feeling mellow from the pills I just grin at the cunt.

I put the two pints on the table and go to sit down and Harry shouts “Jesus man, look at your fucking back!”

I twist so I can see my reflection in the black perspex on the wall. There’s a one foot square section out of my tee shirt and a same sized section of skin missing. I can see the muscles and sinews of my shoulders. I’ve been skinned, but strangely there is no pain or blood. It must have been ‘Fly eyes’. I swing around scanning the crowd for him and catch him climbing the stairs to the exit. Our eyes meet and he hurries out. I chase across the dance floor pushing punters out of the way and a minute later I am out in the cold air of a Govan night.

Fly eyes is in the middle of the car park with a strange looking phone. "Oi you bastard!" I shout running towards him fists up ready for a square go. He smiles at me and a window opens in the air and he walks through it. I'm too wound up to consider how strange this is and I just jump through it as it starts to close.

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I'm on my knees in a metal corridor. My guts feel like I've been on a roller coaster for a week. I try to stand up but slump down and throw up. I feel better after this and manage to claw myself up the wall and stagger down the corridor. The place is dark and had a strange medical smell. It looks like the bowels of a weird ship. I try to open doors on either side but they are all locked. All except the one at the end. I step inside and in the shadows it looks like a store room with hundreds of wet suits. Suddenly an automatic light goes on and I scream. They are not wet suits. They are bodies. Hooked up by the shoulders, heads slumped forward. They are also empty, just like a skin suit you can step into. I push some of the heads back and recognise the coupons of punters I know. People I have not seen for a while. They were pretty spaced out people and now I know why. Some alien bastard had been making copies of them and walking around in their skins. Fuck knows where the originals are.

I stagger out of this body store room and head towards the sound of strange voices. I end up in a bright clinical looking room. A group of fly eye clones are hunched over something. They all turn to look at me and I jump back. There are eight pairs of fly eyes.... and none of them is wearing sun glasses.

Two more aliens appear behind me and grab my arms propelling me towards the table. I look down and there's my skin. It's alive, stretching and morphing, trying to grow another version of me but collapsing each time.

One of the aliens looks at me. They are all identical so I don't know if it is the one from the club.

"Scottish DNA, very poor" he says with disappointment.

"That's a shame pal. I'll be offski then" say I trying to get out of their grip.

"No, now we try brain drill" he says producing this big space age Black and Decker thing.

"Fuck that" I said pulling back. "There no need for that. Anyway I thought you aliens all took samples with the anal probe. That's what they say in all the magazines."

The one with the drill looks at me and says "Yes we take samples with the anal probe." Then they all start laughing like he's cracked a joke.

I start struggling as the drill comes towards my head. "Let me go you cunts. I'll fucking kill the lot of you."

Then it all went black.

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I open my eyes, I feel like my head had been drilled. I start to focus. I'm in the club. Music is pounding. Harry is in front of me. He seems to be coming around himself. I touch my back. No hole. The relief floods through me. I'm alive, it was just a trip. We start laughing.

"I don't know where you've been pal but these pills are fucking mental" says Harry, pupils dilated and arms moving like a spaz.

"Oh aye" I says. "Unbelievable. Got anymore?"

He slaps another two on the table and guess what? They've got an alien head logo printed on them. Fly eyes and everything. I flick one into my mouth and wash it down with the remains of my lager. Where to this time? I wonder.