

THE ABDUCTION

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I've never told this to anyone before, but last year, just before school started, I was captured and taken aboard an alien spaceship.

Now I'm sure there are a lot of questions concerning my admittedly unbelievable claim. For one, I could be either lying, deranged, or the victim of wild hallucinations. For another, some might question whether the structure in which I was taken was indeed a spaceship, and even if it was, was it truly alien. Well, to answer all these questions, you just better believe me, because I got the proof and it just might make me the most powerful person on earth.

But let me go on with my story. It was just after midnight and I was driving down Five Points Road between County Line and Southport Road. Way out in the sticks. So there I was, driving along, when up in the sky, and no, I was neither drunk nor stoned, I saw a circle of red lights spinning around and around. In the middle of the red lights was a purple light that glowed on and off. You can imagine that I was pretty shocked by just that, but right after I first saw the thing, the purple light got brighter and began to flash more rapidly until it was a long, continuous stream of light like a big purple searchlight. And worst of all, this big purple searchlight was aiming right at my car! Pretty soon it swallowed my car and all I could see was purple. The car slowed down and stopped all by itself and I couldn't move a single muscle. Not even my eyelids.

I'm not sure exactly when, but I lost consciousness. It wasn't a bad sleep, and in fact it was pretty good, because I didn't have any dreams since all I could see was that glowing purple light. I don't know how long I was out, but when I did come to, again I was pretty shocked. You've seen movies and read stories how when people are taken aboard flying saucers they're just amazed at all the sophisticated equipment and these little green men and everything. Boy are they wrong! I found myself lying on a bare mattress in a room in a slum apartment. Can you believe it? The place was filthy. There were stains on the walls, the plaster was falling from the ceiling and there was mud and an unmentionably disgusting crud all over the floor. It stunk.

I laid there for a while, not moving so I wouldn't get any of that crud on me. I was scared out of my mind, too. Man, I wanted some high-powered equipment and computers and stuff so at least I'd know what was going on. You can imagine how confused I was. And it didn't help any when this guy came walking in. He was pretty normal looking, but short (about five-two, I'd guess) and he was dressed in sneakers, jeans, and a flannel shirt. Right then I thought he was a fellow prisoner who had escaped and came to rescue me, so I jumped up and greeted him. But then I saw it. He had a ridiculous long tail that had a tuft of dark hair on the end of it. He looked so stupid. I laughed at him.

"What's so funny?" he said defensively.

I kept on laughing and he was getting pretty mad.

"Laugh at this, funny body." He pulled out what I guess was supposed to be a ray gun, but it didn't look like anything more than a flashlight. He aimed it at me and flicked it on. Once again, it was the purple light and it put me right to sleep.

When I woke up this time, I was sitting in a chair in another filthy room. Across from me, sitting behind a desk was a short, fat bum who hadn't shaved for a couple of days. He was wearing a dirty T-shirt with a hole torn just to the left of his navel, and his hair was greasy and all messed up. And there was that stupid tail.

"Sleep well?" he asked me.

"What is this?" I said. "If you guys are supposed to be spacemen, you're doing a pretty bad job of it."

"What do you want?"

"Where's all your computers and far out technology?"

"We didn't bring any with us."

"Why not?"

"We didn't think it would be worth it on this crummy planet."

"You're one to talk. You guys are just a bunch of derelicts, living in this goddamn dump."

"Yeah, well we sure made a mistake picking you up. Low intelligence quotient, SAT scores total of 850, sub-average personality rating, kitsch culture taste, abnormally low sexual drives, poor physical upkeep, lacking in muscular development, a congenital though not deformed defect in the lumbar region, a poor credit risk, a pair of speeding tickets in 1973, Mary Jo McCollum just turned you down for a date...shall I go on?"

I lunged at him but the fat slob dodged me and I fell reeling to the floor. He stood over me and kicked me in the side and pulled out one of those flashlights, holding it in my face.

"You asshole," he snarled. "You're not going to get out of here until we're done with you."

I conjured up visions of dissections, frontal lobotomies, and mind probes.

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked.

"We just want you to do something for us."

He grabbed my arm and helped me up from the floor, but I punched him in his tremendous beer-gut and tried to run out of the room. But as I should have expected, I soon found myself engulfed in purple light. Again, I passed out.

I woke up sitting in that chair again, but this time I was tied in the chair with a rope. That fat son of a bitch was sitting behind his desk, leering at me and waving his stupid tail. I hated him.

"Sleep well?" he asked.

"You guys are a joke," I said. "If you wanted to restrain me, why don't you put me in some kind of a ray?"

"We did."

"That purple piece of junk is nothing new. Earth science could do that."

"Shut up."

I obeyed him. I didn't care any more. I figured I might as well play his game.

"We just want you to help us out," he said.

"But why me? Why didn't you get somebody who knows some government secrets or something?"

"We don't want government secrets. You just happened to be in the right place at the right time."

"Lucky me. You going to kill me? Take me apart?"

"God no. Why would we do that?"

"That's what you aliens usually do, isn't it?"

He waved his hand at me in a gesture of disgust and shook his head.

"Just do what we want you to, okay?"

"I will not betray my country."

"You fool. We're not asking you to."

"Well what do you want?"

"Buy us some beer."

I looked at him for a moment then strained forward and turned my ear to him.

"What?"

"Buy us some beer," he repeated.

"What do you want beer for?"

"We're out of it."

"You mean you guys drink it?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Doesn't it mess up you aliens' metabolism or something?"

He jumped up from his seat and almost threw his flashlight at me in rage.

"When are you going to cut out that spaceman crap?" he roared.

"Sorry."

Pacing in front of me, he threw his hands in the air. He turned to me abruptly and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Will you buy us some beer?"

"Why can't you buy it?"

He took a deep breath and cast a glance at the ceiling. Closing his eyes, he exhaled slowly. Then he laughed and swung his tail around and waved the little tuft of hair in my face.

"Stop!" I yelled. "I'll buy your damn beer! Just stop it."

He yelled for one of his alien friends, and held his flashlight on me while his friend untied me. The three of us walked out of the room. It was morning by now and I could see my car parked along the curb outside. Just before we went through the door, the head alien stopped me.

"Now listen", he said, "we've not asking that much. Just walk into the liquor store and order ten cases of Blatz."

"Boy, you guys really are aliens. Get some Bud, man."

"Shut up."

I obeyed him, seeing that they were both holding flashlights on me.

"Here's the money," he continued, handing me a wad of bills. "Once you load the stuff up and drive us back here, we'll let you go."

It seemed fair to me. The head alien opened the door and we all walked out to the car. Alien number two opened the door of my car and

we got in. I nearly slammed the door on the head alien's tail, but he got it out of the way. He threatened me once more with his flashlight but since I was driving he didn't zap me.

There was a liquor store just around the corner. I pulled up in front of it and went in to get the beer. The clerk helped me carry the ten cases, and he had the strangest look on his face when he saw those two sitting in the back seat, fanning themselves with their tails. I kind of grinned at him and thanked him for his help. Before I got in the car, the head alien told me to bring in a six-pack.

They each popped open a can and started chugging greedily. Hah, I knew that beer would mess up their metabolism. They started getting drunk right away, and as they did, their stupid tails got stiff. They both giggled and acted really dumb for a pair of grown-up aliens.

"Hey! Will you two settle down? I'm trying to drive," I told them.

They just laughed at me. One of them rubbed his tail in my face, but I grabbed his tuft of hairs and pulled on it. He yelled groggily, but he was too drunk to remember to zap me with his flashlight. The other one just laughed at him.

I was really relieved when I got back to their slum apartment. I helped those two fools out of the car and led them up to the door. They stumbled in. I carried all their beer in for them, and didn't even bother to steal any even though they wouldn't have been able to stop me. But I did steal something. Just before I left I reached into the head alien's pocket and stole his flashlight. I zapped both of them and they fell restfully asleep. I hope they both had terrible hangovers.

I ran to my car and sped off, and I never saw or heard of those two stupid-looking aliens ever since.

So now I've got this ray gun and it's probably a power unmatched by anyone on earth. I've used it only a few times; once to shut my boss up and another time to zap a gas station attendant when I didn't have any money. Still, I keep it with me at all times, even though I notice it glows purple at night.

I only wish I could find out what this little stub that's grown at the base of my spine is.