

STRANGER

By

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Trip Station # 8527
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R.N.Johnson
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At first glance, he couldn't make out what it was. The tall weeds at the edge of the water hid whatever was attached to the object that kept swinging back and forth. He moved slowly through the dense foliage to get closer to it as he felt water seeping into his shoes. Shit, he thought, I hope whatever that it is, is worth it. Getting closer he could see that the object was attached to a slim silver rod, that held it above the weeds and slowly moved back and forth. It appeared to be some kind of a clear cube, about 2 inches square and inside of it was a silver ball that seemed to be turning.

"Hell, some kind of child's toy," he said aloud.

Immediately it dropped out of site into the high grass. Pushing the safety off his needle and arming it, he crouched down

and quietly approached, with it held out in front of him. It didn't drop like something falling, rather as if it were being held by someone.

There were few people who were interested in the swamp area. An occasional visitor, but he didn't have any one living close enough to call them neighbor. Seeing any other human out here was a rarity, and that's why he liked it so damn much.

Rushing forward, the last few feet, he stood pointing his weapon at a man, who was lying still on his back. Only the man's eyes moved as he slowly circled him, holding the needle out in front, pointing it at his head.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

The figure closed its eyes appearing to be passing out.

Lowering the needle he walked up to him and crouching down next to him, "Who and.....what are you?"

He studied the odd figure lying there, placing his age at around twenty or so. Dressed in a shiny dark blue skin tight outfit, that covered his entire body from feet to over his head. Only his face was exposed to the air. Lying above his head was a clear round object that had to be a face mask of some type. He guessed his height at about 6 feet, extremely thin and with small delicate looking features.

Tapping him on the cheek to bring him around, he noticed how small his nose and eyes were and that he didn't have any eyebrows.

"Where you hurt man," he asked?

The eyes opened for a moment, then closed again.

"Great, now what do I do, I sure can't leave you here. The gators would make short work of you. Guess I'm going to have to carry you back to the dome."

Placing his needle back on his hip, he stooped down, with one arm under his knees and the other under his shoulders, picking him up with ease.

"Man, I can't believe how light you are."

He began to make his way through the tall grass, when. . . .

"What the shit?"

The blue outfit began to wrap itself partially around his arms. A chill went up his spine as he stopped walking. The blue fabric, then retreated back to its owners legs and back.

Standing still for a moment, he then started walking. The fabric again started to wrap itself around his arms, as if it were hanging on to him.

"What the hell are you wearing friend?"

The fabric tightened slightly around his arms as he kept moving, making the carrying a little easier. Twice he stumbled

and each time the fabric adjusted its grip to compensate for his lose of balance.

It's almost as if it were alive, he thought, shuddering.

Arriving at the swamp-dome, they passed through the clear wall into an empty round space, except for a round post like object at the entrance.

"Sleep," he commanded.

Parts of the floor raised up forming a bed, also a table and a couple of chairs.

Carrying him over to the bed, he placed him on it.

"Medical," he ordered.

A round like disk about 12 inches in diameter came out from under the bed and floated over the stranger, slowly passing over him.

"This should tell us what we need to know young man."

"*Expired,*" said a voice from the head of the bed.

"Expired, damn it. What did he die from?"

"*Laser wound in the chest.*"

"I didn't see any laser wound."

"*It's under his second skin.*"

"Second skin?... explain."

"*He is totally covered except his face with a redysul.*"

"What the hell is this redysul?"

"*A life form developed for specific purposes.*"

"You mean it's artificial".

"No sir it is an actual life. It was in service to him and it stopped the bleeding and mended itself."

"I've never heard of such a thing, where can I get one?"

"You can't, it hasn't been invented yet."

"Well what the fuck do you call that?"

"Ah..till now,..... sorry sir."

"Friggen computers".

"Yes sir."

Taking hold of the sleeve of the blue covering he gently pulled on it. It split up the arm and fell off the arm onto the bed. He continued to gather it up in his hands as it slowly split up the strangers side, allowing him to pull it free from the now naked body. Looking at him he saw the gash across his chest, a death shot if he ever saw one. It was amazing that the man didn't die immediately. Taking the loose bundle of material he placed it over a chair, then turning back to the corpse, "Now what the hell do I do with you? What would you suggest Brenda."

"With regard to sir?"

"The friggen body, for Christ sake."

"Oh...well you could place it in the incinerator or bury it or simply throw it back into the swamp."

"Are you trying to be humorous?"

"Sir?"

"It's against the law to cover up a dead person, where's your brain?"

"Sorry sir, but that's not a person."

"What do you mean, that's not a person?"

"It's a foreign life form....I have no records on this type."

"He sure looks human."

"Yes sir it does, but it doesn't match with any criteria on the definition of human. Laws dealing with the reporting of deaths only pertain to humans."

"OK so what is it exactly?"

"Don't have a term for it...you need to give it one."

"Ok lets call it...Him"

"Very good sir.... Him"

"Now describe Him and how it works, like what kind of blood and heart does it have?"

The disk again began to move over the body as the screen at the head of the bed came to life with a diagram of it.

"Its blood is similar to ours but with a much higher viscosity. It doesn't have a heart, circulation is handled by 42 heart like organs placed through out the body, with the largest being at the base of its skull. 90% of all its waste products are handled internally, and recycled. Its method of reproduction seems to be a singular internal function."

"You mean there are no females?"

"Can't answer that positively . . . however it is pregnant."

"Your kidding, is it still alive?"

"No sir and there are three of them . . . all deceased. I should say that it has the potential to reproduce itself three times."

"Continue."

"It's skin is without pores and there is no sign of any hair of any kind. My scanner is showing numerous inert items inside its chest cavity as well as in its brain."

"Robotics?"

"Only in the assistance level."

"Can you determine it's age?"

"Only generally . . . somewhere around 300 years, also it should be noted that it has started to decompose and at a higher rate than normal."

"Its brain?"

"Same size as a human, but devoid of any patterns. Skeleton seems to be the same as a human except sligher and both hips and one elbow has been replaced with a plastic of some sort. All it's teeth are artificial."

"Lungs?"

"Larger than a human."

"So we have found some kind of alien?"

"Possible sir."

"Were you able to diagnose it's outerwear?"

"Yes, it is a holistic life form for service, termed a redysul."

"Explain the term redysul."

"It is the science of using life to counteract other life or to assist other life."

"Give an example".

"The cure for cancer was a redysul, the body is injected with a life that destroys the cancer cells."

"As a virus?"

"No sir, a redysul."

"Ok, ok, if I were to put it on, would it accept me?"

"Yes sir it should."

Turning to the still shape on the bed he noted that the skin color had turned to a gray color.

Wrapping the body in the sheet that it laid on, he carried it out through the glass wall to a metal door in the ground.

"Open," he ordered as the door slid open.

Then without hesitation he dropped the bundle into the opening. Going back inside of the dome he went over to the blue cloth. Removing all of his clothes, he sat down in the chair and cautiously picked it up. Slipping his foot into one of the sock like ends, it immediately closed down on his foot, while moving

between each toe, until his foot was completely covered with what felt as a thin silk like material. Continuing up his leg and then the other foot and leg. He held his breath as he slowly pulled it up to his waist. Again, it gently conformed to his shape. Then pulling it up over his shoulders, he watched as it closed, covering his entire body including his hands and arms. He walked around the dome with it thinking, it feels absolutely wonderful, like you are completely protected from the outside world.

Stepping outside he started to pace around to test it some more, when a clear face mask grew from it, around his face until his face was totally covered by it. He was surprised that he could still breathe, but there didn't seem to be a problem. In fact, he felt stronger than he could ever remember. His walking became easier and lighter. Lightly jumping into the air, he gasped at the height he went and how lightly he landed. Pushing off with one leg he felt himself fly over the ground, covering almost twenty feet with one step. Taking a deep breath he ran down the hill toward the wet bottoms. There didn't seem to be a limit on how fast he could go. The trees flew by as he accelerated increasingly. Then leaping as hard as he could, he felt himself being propelled into the trees overhead. Slamming into their branches that gave way under his force until he cleared their tops, and began the fall back to earth. Again he tore through the branches on his way down, hitting the

ground and still standing. He checked for any injuries, but found none, including no pain.

"Damn amazing," he said aloud. "The only thing I'm missing was that funny wand he had. I wonder what it was for."

Turning into the direction where he had found him, he headed off at a slow trot. Within minutes he found the area and there, where they left it, was the silver wand. Picking it up, the ball inside began to spin.

His vision began to change and there in front of him was a scene in the swamp with three armed Fed soldiers. He recognized the area, and it wasn't that far away. Releasing his grip on the wand his vision turned back to where he was. He crouched low and headed for where the wand vision had occurred. Crawling through the edge of the grassed area, he spotted the soldiers. They were acting as if they were hunting something or someone. That someone could have been Him and right now he would make a likely target. Best get back to the dome and get rid of this outfit.

Arriving at the dome within minutes, after running the entire distance, if that's what you would call it. It was more like flying over the ground. He ran straight into the mirrored side.

"What the Hell", as he pulled off the face mask. "Brenda open up it's me."

An opening then appeared in its side.

"Friggen computer."

"Living," he ordered.

The bedroom sank into the floor and a living room arose from it. Removing the blue outfit he placed it in a table drawer and then dressed back into his swamp suit.

He watched as the soldiers approached the dome; they of course not being able to see in.

Picking up his needle, he walked to the entrance.

"Open," he ordered.

Flicking off the safety, he stood in his doorway pointing his needle at three surprised soldiers.

"Well Mr. Johnson. how was it?"

"What . . . what the hell are you doing?"

"Your two minutes are up. Mr. Johnson."

"I don't give a damn about no 2 minutes, I was just about to kill three of them goddamn fucking fed officers."

"Please sir, this was only a two minute free demo."

"I don't give a shit what you call it....I was in the middle of . . ."

"Mr. Johnson, we offer this demonstration to special people as a promotional exercise. We can't be held responsible for the nature of the trip. That was your choosing."

"Yea, Yea, you assholes are all the same, you give someone a

little taste, to hook them, so they will come back and spend, spend, spend."

"Mr. Johnson, we really don't appreciate your attitude, you were clearly informed as to what you were getting into, if you would kindly leave the premises."

"You'll hear from my attorney, you sons-of-bitches and as far as leaving.....yea well, screw you and your friggen computer."

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