

## SPACE CAMPERS

**Disclaimer:** All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

**Synopsis:** Something strange is going on at Camp Graystone. Weird uniforms, weird food, weird staff, weird everything. Could aliens be responsible? Will Matt figure it out or will he end up as a slave on the planet Xentron?

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Matt turned and looked across the room. What he saw happening in the bunk opposite him made his jaw drop and heart skip a beat. The three guys who had been rough-housing – Matt hadn't yet gotten their names – just a few moments earlier were now mostly undressed and beginning a group jerk-off session, showing off their genitals and stroking each other on the bed with nary a care in the world as to who might be watching.

“What the *fuck*?” Matt exclaimed aloud. “What the hell are you freaks doing?”

One of the participants, an East Indian or Latin lookin guy – took his hand off the dribbling cock he'd been working on and looked up at Matt. He almost seemed angry. “What does it look like we're doing, dickwad?” he told Matt in no uncertain terms. “You're welcome to join us. Bring bookworm over here, too.”

Darren had caught on and pulled his nose out of the alien book to see what was happening. He took one look, got an erection, and went right over to join in without saying a word after stripping and tossing his clothes on the floor. Within seconds Darren and the other three were standing in a circle with their hands all over each other's genitals, eagerly commenting on the size, shape, and colour of their sex organs as they masturbated together, chattering like chickens.

It was revolting. Matt wasn't interested. He was disgusted by the casual, unrestrained sex being thrust in front of him like it was as normal as having a drink of water.

It wasn't about gay or straight. It was just plain *wrong*. People just

didn't do these kinds of things, even if they were football players. Not wanting to see any more than he had do, Matt got up and left, belated cries of "Come back, come back," following him out the door and up the steep path back to the main camp.

It was dark out, and the bushes and brush nearly overtook the path in several places. There was a small light outside each cabin on the way out, beckoning the way. As he was walking, Matt decided he should find a phone and call for help. Although the details would be embarrassing to tell, the sore spot on the side of his head given by the coach told Matt it would be worth it.

There were still several lights on in the medical-training building, but the cafeteria and administration centre was deserted. Luckily a door into the cafeteria had been left unlocked. Matt crept inside and spotted a phone near the kitchen. He accidentally knocked over a chair crossing the room and froze stiff, but no one came to check the disturbance.

Working quickly, Matt picked up the receiver and punched in his mother's cellphone number, complete with area code. "We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialled." Matt tried again with his dad's phone – no dice, either. Finally in desperation, he dialled 911 – and to his astonishment got the same message.

Then he noticed the handwritten sign posted just above the phone: OUTSIDE LINE REQUIRES PASSWORD. Apparently this included 911. "Aw, man," Matt moaned, defeated. He put the receiver down and left.

On the walk back to his cabin, Matt came across a group of six or so counsellors huddled on the path whispering to each other. Lights-out hadn't really been made clear, but Matt figured it was probably a good idea to hide anyway.

Matt ducked behind a tree trunk, knelt down and watched what was happening. He jostled a few branches, but the counsellors seemed to assume the noise came from an animal and carried on with their discussion. After a few minutes, they started walking down the path. Matt followed them as best he could.

The group stopped outside cabin 9. Matt watched them put gas masks on, then pull a large blower-fan out of a bag and set it up beside a vent. After taking the grill off they switched it on. The cabin began filling up with thick, white gas. A few shouts of alarm came from those inside, but quickly quieted.

The machine was switched off when the cabin was totally saturated. Switching on the lights, the counsellors went inside. Curious, Matt snuck up to peek through a window and see what was going on.

The gas was dissipating quickly, but it smelled bad and made Matt woozy for a moment or two. Inside, Matt saw the counsellors guiding drooling, wobbly, glaze-eyed guys back to their bunks. This was interesting, but hardly surprising given what Matt had already seen. In fact, it seemed like a logical progression.

Matt's heart pounded with fear as he watched the counsellors silently go to work on their captives, who seemed to be completely relaxed and limp. Every so often one or two of the six would moan as if they were trying to form words but couldn't quite get there.

Efficiently and methodically, the counsellor nearest Matt's window put on a pair of medical gloves and a surgical mask then began pulling down the shorts of the black-haired fat linebacker on the bottom bunk. He set these aside nearly on the floor then removed his jockstrap, leaving the poor guy exposed almost certainly against his will. The other counsellors were doing the same and looked like they were working to the same rhythm.

They knew exactly what they were doing. Matt's feet wanted to run, run away as far as he possibly could. Unfortunately, his eyes were riveted by the sight so he ended up staying.

Continuing to watch through the window, Matt saw the counsellor gently put his thumb and index finger around the fat guy's sausagy cock and begin stroking slowly. Matt wasn't aroused, but he couldn't help but be impressed by the size of the organ.

Instantly, the guy began to become erect and breathe harder. As soon as the cock was standing up hard in his fist, the counsellor took a plastic sample cup out of his pocket and put it against the bottom edge of the glans. Then he began stroking quicker to make his incapacitated prisoner ejaculate.

It was all over in half a minute. All the guys squirted little gobs of semen into their cups at almost exactly the same time – not large dollops, just enough. Then the counsellors redressed the incapacitated guys – who probably had no idea what had just happened and likely wouldn't remember – and left the cabin, scurrying away down the path into the night. As soon as they were gone, Matt rushed back down to the water and cabin 12.

Luckily, the jerk-off powwow had long been over when Matt came

in. Darren and the three guys were lying around, still mostly naked, looking blearily post-orgasmic. Matt grabbed Darren roughly and dragged him into the bathroom, locking the door behind.

“Darren, we’ve got to get out of here!” Matt said hurriedly.

“Huh?” Darren replied, his voice slow and slightly slurred.

Alarmed, Matt shook Darren to try and snap him out of what looked like a trance. “Wake up, man! Do you have any idea what I just saw?”

“Pleasure, lots of pleasure,” Darren drawled slowly.

“Aw, for the love of Christ snap out of it!” Matt shouted as he shook Darren some more. He pushed Darren into the shower and turned on the cold water as high as it would go.

That did the trick. “Hey, what’s the big deal?” Darren yelled when the shock of the water brought him back to normal. Then he noticed he was naked save for his jersey and took a more conciliatory tone: “What the heck happened?”

“You started jerking off with those other guys.”

“I did *what*?”

“I said you started jerking off with those other guys. Right in front of me, and you didn’t even care.”

“Really?” Darren asked, dumbfounded.

“Really. Now we’ve got to get out of here now. Right now. I just saw the counsellors gas cabin 9.”

“Gas?”

“It was like the guys there were slipped a mickey – they were all drooling and messed up. Could barely walk. Then they took their shorts off and made them all ejaculate into cups. I saw them. I’m not sure if they saw me. And when I came back just now, it was like you were in a trance or something.”

“Holy shit! Jesus-”

“Got that right. Now put your clothes back on and let’s get the fuck out of here.”

“I’m on it.”

Darren quickly got dressed and met Matt outside under the light. He had the alien book with him. “What’s that for?” Matt asked.

“I saw something in here,” Darren said as he flipped the pages till he got to one that was dog-eared. “This is it,” he began to read:

“Chapter 7: The sexual aspect of these abductions cannot be ignored despite its uncomfortable nature. Reports from abductees in

this case have consistently demonstrated that the aliens choose young virile males – usually those who participate in testosterone-heavy sport such as football, wrestling or hockey – collect sperm samples from them and make them perform a variety of homoerotic acts both with each other and with them the aliens.”

“Go on,” Matt urged.

Darren skipped a few dozen pages ahead and continued: “The aliens seem to prefer gassing their victims in order to render them immobile. Blah, blah, blah. The focus of these incidents is without doubt Camp Graystone. I tell you, Matt, if something extraterrestrial isn’t going on here, I’ll eat my jersey.”

“I don’t know,” Matt replied, more inclined to accept an earthly explanation. “Maybe it’s some sort of weird CIA experiment? Military? Area 51, North?”

“Possibly. It can’t be ruled out.”

“I mean, they have tried to brainwash people. Who knows what they’ve done to people that they don’t know even happened?”

“True. Now, we need a plan. What next?”

“I got to the phone in the cafeteria. Can’t dial out without a password.”

“If this place wasn’t in a cellphone dead zone-”

“But they confiscated all our stuff. Where’s the nearest town?”

“We’ll get it back, and the nearest town is Clallam Bay, a few miles away down the road.”

“Could walk there. How about this: in the morning, we try to figure out where they’ve got our stuff. We get it back-”

“I’d rather just leave now. Those things you say I did – gross.”

“I’m not getting eaten by bears. And I want to know the truth. I want know what’s going on here.”

Darren sighed, mildly disappointed by Matt’s reluctance to get the hell out right then and there. “Fine. But we have to get out of here within 72 hours. I’m not playing Scooby-Doo. God only knows what else could go on in this place, what could happen to us if we stay here too long.” Shoving the book into Matt’s chest, Darren said, “Read this and see if you don’t believe me. It’s the truth.” Then he went back inside, leaving Matt alone.

Matt leaned against the wooden railing and held the book out to read. Although the moon and the flickering cabin light weren’t perfect, it was good enough. He turned to the glossy section of pictures

in the centre and using them as a starting point began reading:

*Figure 1: Stone tablet inscribed in both Sumerian and ancient Egyptian found buried during the construction of Camp Graystone. See page 67.*

Matt turned to page 67:

*The stone tablet displayed in the Clallam Bay Museum is perhaps the best evidence of extraterrestrial interaction on the Olympic Peninsula. It is inscribed in both Sumerian and ancient Egyptian, two languages whose speakers were unlikely to meet. Even stranger, it was found buried on the site of the Camp Graystone football field when the latter was under construction in 1990. The archaeological community assumes it is a hoax (hardly surprising given it turned up in what even this author will admit is an absurd location), but even they are baffled by carbon dating tests that consistently show the tablet pre-dates Christ by about 2,100 years.*

*Most of the tablet is missing, broken or worn away millennia ago. The intact part has been translated, though in truth there really wasn't much to translate. Basically, the text talks about a utopian pleasure planet and describes its location in relation to star constellations that if they exist at all cannot be seen from Earth.*

*Although most would file this under "meaningless gibberish," in light of the evidence and the experiences described by abductees, the existence of this planet somewhere "out there" appears to be a possibility – although it can't possibly be in Earth's neighbourhood. The tablet may be a 'road map' of some kind to get there, but unless its descriptions can be understood and a legend to the map found it is useless. Nevertheless, this tablet is without doubt the beginning of a long and strange legacy of alien encounters on the Olympic Peninsula.*

Matt laughed loud and long. It felt good to find something funny in the midst of all the weirdness going on. Oh God, this book's a crock, he thought. Whoever wrote it – the cover claimed someone by the name Bailey McDonnell – obviously had a vivid imagination and probably spent the better part of a year coming up with all the crazy details.

A tablet pre-dating Christ by two millennia found in north-western Washington on the other side of the world from where it should have been. Give me a *break*, Matt chided mentally. Constellations, star charts – what a loony! Still, even if a work of fiction the book was

inexplicably fascinating – definitely different from anything Matt had ever read before. Turning to the back of the book, Matt found the “about the author” section consisted solely of:

*Bailey McDonnell lives in Port Angeles, Washington. He has researched UFOs and extraterrestrial phenomena for the past 35 years. Visit his website at [www.baileymcdonnell.com](http://www.baileymcdonnell.com).*

There wasn't even a picture of the guy. Matt reasoned “Bailey McDonnell” might be a pen name. Still, the website could be worth a look. Maybe he had an email address.

**To be continued?**

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