

SPACE CAMPERS

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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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“Explain to me,” Darren said from the lower bunk, “why you would see what you've just seen and want to stay here.”

Matt was lying on the upper bunk looking up at the ceiling with sun coming in through the window. It had been a long night. First he'd stayed up reading. Then he'd gotten into bed and stayed up thinking.

“After I saw what the counsellors were doing and after I went to find a phone, I began to realize that we might be trapped here, held captive. Just couldn't really put it into words till I'd thought about it for a while. I don't think we're going to be allowed to leave.”

“You might be right, Matt. If that's true than we're going to have to stick together, try to avoid getting drawn in. These other guys here are too stupid to realize. Do you know anyone else?”

“I met this guy – name's Eric – yesterday. Blends in but doesn't really know why he's here. Just wants to have fun, so he says.”

“Find him and tell him what's going on. What did you think of the book?”

“It seemed like a really, really elaborate hoax, like *The Amityville Horror* where the guy says it's a true story but it's actually fiction. Aliens? Yeah, right. I still think people are doing this, and we're going to get the police in here and have them arrested.”

“If you say so,” Darren replied, a hint of scepticism in his voice.

Matt's stomach growled loud. He still hadn't eaten. “Do you have any food?” he asked.

“I've got a stash of chocolate bars.”

“Gimme.”

“In my bag under the bed.”

Matt climbed down from the bunk and pulled Darren's duffel out from under the bed. He tore it open and wolfed down three or four chocolate bars in the space of a few minutes. “Whoa, slow down. Save some for later big guy,” Darren chided.

Darren was right. Sooner or later Matt was going to have to break down and eat the eggs and blue sauce since the campers probably only had a limited supply of contraband junk food. He was dreading the moment when he'd have to pick up his spoon and feel the icky goop in his mouth – especially since he had no doubt it was part of the camp's bizarre goings-on though the exact role it played was still a mystery.

Matt quickly stopped eating and put the bag away. He went into the bathroom and undressed. He had still been wearing his uniform. Luckily there were no cameras in this shower – at least none that were obvious.

Just as Matt was finishing up, a counsellor knocked loudly on the cabin door. He, along with the other campers, was shooed out and made to run up the path back to camp. Once there, all the campers from all the cabins ran a few times around the football field before being rushed into the training-medicine building.

There, the same measuring and fitting ritual was performed followed by changing and showering under the cameras. This time, though the campers were given equipment, mouth guards, helmets and pads – the whole enchilada of gear; the crotch bulges were bigger and more preposterous than on the regular uniform. Matt went through the whole humiliating thing once more and hated it even more.

Back out on the field, the campers were lined up in front of the counsellors. Matt sought out Eric as the groups and cliques mixed for a few moments and brought him back to where Darren was. Once everyone was settled and standing under the beating sun, one of the coach – all of them were so far nameless – spoke to the totality of campers with a megaphone in one hand and a clipboard in the other.

“I know yesterday was a bit of a mess,” he began, “but we're getting it back together. We're learning, and by the time you get back a copy of the camp rules will have been posted in your cabins..”

Several campers responded by whispering demeaning comments

to each other. Isn't this camp supposed to be The Best? What kind of morons are these counsellors?

Darren and Matt were too busy trying to explain the situation to Eric as quickly as possible to Eric to bother. Surprisingly, Eric was receptive to the alien theory. He too was acutely aware of the many oddities of Camp Graystone.

Seeming to sense the tension in the air, the coach continued: "But I promise you by the time you leave you'll be the best. Everyone who comes here leaves the best. We'll make sure of that. But on to business: we work the field in shifts, splitting you up into teams and lines after assessment. First break you'll get barbecued breakfast: eggs, bacon, ham and blue vitamin booster sauce."

Matt, Darren, and Eric were among the first group to be brought out onto the field. Matt was dumped into a huddle and no instruction whatsoever was told to come up with a play and use it against the opposing line. Not surprisingly, he messed it up royally though those who were similarly tested did just as badly. In fact, most of the group's field time was spent with the campers being put randomly into positions to see how they'd do – without regard to how they actually played on their own teams.

Even the coaching at Camp Graystone was seriously messed up.

After coming off the field, Matt's group was seated on benches lined up in a long row. Coaches and counsellors passed out paper plates of food. It was eggs, ham and bacon alright. Or more accurately, blue eggs, blue ham and blue bacon. Piping hot. Matt put his put on the grass and waited for everyone to finish eating.

This time, however, the counsellors were watching their charges eat much more closely, walking up and down the line. When one got to Matt the response was automatic: "Why aren't you eating?" Matt looked up, assuming the answer was obvious.

Apparently, it wasn't. "49, you've got to *eat*. You can't play football unless you *eat* enough food to keep you going! Now pick up that god-damn plate and *eat* that food!"

Matt just looked back and said, "It's blue. Bright blue."

"So fucking what? It's good for you, now *eat it!*"

Matt slowly picked the plate up off the grass, took a plastic fork and scooped up a spoonful of eggs with the blue stuff dangling from it. The counsellor kneeled down in front of him and looked straight at Matt expectantly, expression hard.

Matt put the spoon to his lips, then into his mouth. He swallowed it down as quickly as he could. It really did taste like ketchup. The counsellor left, and as soon as he was gone, Matt 'accidentally' dropped his plate on the ground bottom-up.

"Wow," Darren said between bites.

"Asshole," Eric added. "Did Matt tell you a coach threw a football at him yesterday?"

"Figures," Darren replied.

At around eleven or so the campers were dismissed to go have some rest. Matt dreaded going back to the camera-showers again, but felt he didn't have much choice: he was burning hot, drenched and sweat and felt awful. He needed a shower.

Inside the changing area, Matt, Darren and Eric stuck close together. Mutual solidarity. All was fine and well until shower time came.

Under the warm water, Matt lathered himself up and got an erection. He didn't notice right away, of course, until he happened to look over at Eric who was sporting a major boner of his own. So was Darren. Matt's face went red. He was embarrassed at being aroused even though those nearest him were in a similar frame of mind. Worse, he had no idea *why* – he hadn't been thinking sexy thoughts at all. Quite the opposite in fact.

On noticing Matt's predicament Darren and Eric slid their slippery, wet bodies up to Matt's. "Sounds like someone needs to loosen up," Darren drawled. He was acting the same brainwashed way he'd been last night.

Eric got behind Matt and put his arms around his waist to hold him in place. Eric got down on his knees and began gently licking Matt's erect cock.

"Guys, I don't—" Matt managed to choke out in surprise before Darren took the head of his cock into his mouth and began mercilessly imparting pleasure. At the same time, Eric tried to stick two fingers up Matt's rectum, but was unsuccessful. Matt didn't know what to do. On one hand, he was horrified and repulsed to be dragged into the strangeness he'd been trying so hard to avoid at all costs. On the other, he liked it – a little.

Matt instinctively thrust his hips forward to push his cock further into Darren's mouth as the water washed down over all three of them. Darren started playing with Matt's foreskin, with pushed Matt

further towards the edge. Eric took one hand off Matt's chest and used it to start stroking himself. When that didn't satisfy him, Eric pushed his cock between Matt's legs so Darren could get at them both.

As this was going on, Matt craned his neck to see if anyone else in the shower had noticed. Not only had they noticed, but it turned out that Matt, Darren and Eric were in the middle of an incredible outpouring of teenaged, testosterone-fueled sexual energy. Everyone in the big shower area was engaged in some kind of sexual activity, and most of those changing were as well. Anal, oral, solo – it was all there unabashedly.

Matt seemed to be the only one with his wits still about him, despite the pleasure being foisted upon him. As soon as the thought left his mind, both he and Eric came at the same time and covered Darren's face with their warm semen.

The trio separated. Matt panted as his orgasm wound down. Holy shit, he thought, that was unbelievable. Even after spending the morning doing football drills, he still had the energy to produce a tremendous orgasm like nothing he'd experienced before. A moment later he felt horrible for allowing himself to have Darren suck him off and like it.

He decided right there to carry on as if nothing had happened. This detail would not be part of the story. Nor would he ever get sucked into being sucked again – next time, Matt promised himself, he was going to fight. Clearly, he'd never be able to look at Darren and Eric quite the same way again.

Matt quickly washed the semen off himself and put his regular uniform on. On the way back to the main building, he told Darren and Eric – who, like the day before probably couldn't remember what had just happened – that he wanted to go check something out. He needed a little time to take stock.

“We'll come with you,” Darren protested.

“No, no, I'd rather go see myself.”

“Whatever,” Darren said, “just tell us what you're going to do.”

Matt made up an excuse quickly: “I'm going to check out the kitchen, see where that blue stuff comes from.” He hurried off before they could reply.

A bunch of guys were hanging out in the cafeteria, chatting. That and playing football seemed to be the only legitimate things to do at

Camp Graystone. Luckily there were no counsellors around. Matt crept up to the big swinging kitchen doors and quickly slipped through them.

The place was empty and the lights were off. It looked like a regular industrial kitchen. Matt couldn't see any blue stuff, so he started opening cabinets and peeking into things. The food appeared to be perfectly normal – in fact, the packages testified it was all top-quality stuff.

Then Matt took a closer look at the silvery containers that looked like propane tanks in the back of the pantry. The valves were covered in blue goop. Sauce is supposed to come in jars, not tanks. Matt tilted one tank a little to see the lettering on the side. He immediately recognized the strange Egypto-Sumerian combination script from reading Darren's book last night.

"Whoa," he said quietly. Matt arranged everything the way he'd left it. Then he left as quickly and sneakily as he'd come.

Whether he liked it or not, Matt had to report his findings to Darren and Eric. He found them chatting beside one of the goal posts.

"Guys," Matt said breathlessly, "you'll never believe what I found in the kitchen."

"What?" Darren and Matt answered excitedly.

Matt turned to Darren. "You know that tablet-thing they found," Matt explained, "the writing on it is unique. I just found tanks full of blue sauce in the back of the kitchen that had that same writing on them. Didn't you say this only started in 1990?"

"Yes, when they built the camp and found the tablet. But you just confirmed my theory. Aliens are doing this."

"Well—" Matt replied, hesitant to jump to that conclusion.

"Just admit it. You know I'm right. What do you think, Eric?"

"It's possible," Eric conceded, to Matt's chagrin.

"If that were true, we'd probably be halfway to fucking Mars, right now," Matt said combatively. "You know what? Maybe something extraterrestrial is going on here. Maybe. But ultimately, this is being carried out by *people*, even if they're under the influence of green men in flying saucers."

"Clearly," Darren surmised calmly. "There must be some kind of interaction, some reason why these people are working for these aliens, some kind of deal, if what you think is true. Not impossible. Most importantly, what you found gives us ammunition, hard evid-

ence – something to go on. We know something that they don't want us to find out, and they probably don't know we've found it.”

“So it's leverage?” Eric added.

“And it's a lead,” Darren continued. “Matt, you were out after dark. Which buildings are lit?”

“Cafeteria, office's closed. Training-medical had lights on. I think people were inside.”

“Then that's where we need to start looking next.”

To be continued?

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