

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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“But what about the tablet?” Matt asked. “It was written in the same language I saw on those tanks, yet it was here long before this camp was ever built.”

“From what I gather, it's just a benign marker,” Darren replied. “Someone happened to dig it up, and that's where the story starts. But how it got buried in the woods in Washington is beyond me. Now let's go check out the medical building.”

“Now?” Matt said, surprised. “I mean-” He stopped himself before he could spill the whole story.

“Right now. We don't go back to the field until one or so.”

“I'd like to send an email to that Bailey McDonnell guy, tell him we're trapped here and something is going on,” Matt offered, trying to get out of going back to the medical building.

“Oh, come on,” Eric told Matt, “don't be a pussy. Let's go.”

“But all the counsellors are there-”

“I mean, is there anything else to do here besides play Scooby-Doo?” Darren answered, sounding a little annoyed. “If we get caught, what are they going to do? Tie us up and jerk us off?”

“Well-” Matt said quietly, the rest of his thought remaining unspoken. *Now that you mention it...*

“What?”

“Okay, okay,” Matt back-pedalled. “Why don't we wait till all the counsellors are busy handing out equipment and sneak out when no one's paying attention?”

“He's right,” Eric added.

“Fine,” Darren conceded.

When the time came to get changed again and go back out onto the field, Matt, Darren, and Eric followed the pack until they got to the big area where equipment was handed out. In the crowd, they managed to duck out a side door between racks of shoulder pads.

The trio quickly found themselves in a dull back corridor. It was clean and smelled like soap, not unlike a hospital. Indeed, several doors off the hall had specialized examination rooms behind them, though neither Matt nor Darren nor Eric knew exactly what the equipment was for. Some looked like Medieval torture chambers.

It didn't take long for them to make their way into a room behind the changing area. Monitors showed the orgy going on in the showers and just about everywhere else. There was no one around; all the counsellors were busy with equipment and the system was recording automatically.

Matt stepped towards the control console and began sifting through papers and notes, trying to glean some information about what was going on. He recognized his jersey number scrawled quickly on a notepad. Matt picked it up and showed it to Darren and Eric:

To do - 41 does not appear to be eating.

Obviously, this had something to do with the blue sauce. “What do you think?” Matt asked Darren as he handed him the notepad.

“Well, I'm beginning to think the blue stuff has something to do with the sexual goings on in the camp- is that us?” Darren stammered as he saw one of the monitors playing back in vivid detail Matt, his, and Eric's shower sexual encounter an hour or two earlier.

“Uh, yeah,” Matt admitted.

“Jesus,” Eric whispered in shock. “I don't remember doing that.”

“C'mon,” Matt said quickly as he put the notepad back. “Let's go.” He rushed out of the room and down the stairs at the end of the hall. Reluctantly, Darren and Eric followed.

“It smells like dick down here,” Matt said as he came off the last step into the basement. Apart from that, it looked the same as the upstairs.

“What?” Darren asked.

“You know, that smell when you're about to jerk off and you rub two fingers against your cock-head and take a sniff. That smell,” Matt explained.

“He might be right,” Eric concurred as he took in a big – perhaps too big – whiff. Matt almost expected him to let out a big *aaah afterwards* but he didn’t.

The first room in the basement was a laboratory filled with beakers, test-tubes, and all kinds of equipment that was beyond the understanding of Matt, Darren, and Eric. There was a computer on the far wall. Matt sat down in the chair before it and cleared the screen saver.

Windows came up. There was no login, no password, nothing. However had been using it had obviously just left a moment or two ago. Matt immediately got onto the Internet and went to Bailey McDonnell’s website.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN YOUR TOWN? read the site's headline ominously. The page was white text on a black background, designed for maximum shock value. Blurry pictures purported to show UFOs sighted over north-western Washington but Matt thought it more like a hoax.

The trio read the latest blog posting as quickly as they could:

Camp Graystone officials vigorously denied community concerns about the facility before the Board of County Commissioners when residents brought a petition to close it for good. This was followed by federal officials vigorously denying the occurrence of abductions and the doubtlessly related disappearances of hockey and football players in the area. The BCC then heard an appeal from the Chamber of Commerce wanting money to promote local tourism to take advantage of the UFO incidents.

In the end, the BCC deferred the Graystone vote until their next meeting, accepted the government's explanation, and gave the Chamber what it wanted. But what happened in between was a rowdy battle royale between deniers and accepters. Just another ordinary day on the Olympic Peninsula.

Matt clicked on McDonnell’s email address and dashed off a quick email to him saying they were at Camp Graystone and didn’t know what to do. The response took only a minute or two. Darren read:

I have the evidence but not the method for putting the pieces together properly. You do. If you choose to stay and find out more (which as a concerned parent I discourage), get the whole story and I'll give you credit in my next book.

“I told you this guy was a crank,” Matt scoffed. “Putting the story ahead of our lives.”

“Let me try,” Darren said as he pushed Matt aside. He replied with the most concise account of events so far he could come up with. Ultimately, he had trouble believing that that much weirdness could possibly happen in one night and two half-days. But he gave it his best shot and finished the reply as quickly as possible. The reply from McDonnell was:

The situation is much, more worse than I thought. Leave now. I repeat: leave now. Run. You are dangerously close to being taken.

“Taken?” Matt asked.

“He means abducted,” Darren replied.

“Dangerously close?” Eric added.

“Come on,” Matt said, walking towards the door. “We've done all we can do.”

Then he noticed the row of beakers on a counter. They were filled with white, waxy fluid slowly being turned bright neon colours by chemicals slowly dripping into each of them. Having an inkling of what they contained, Matt leaned in and took a sniff. “Is that *cum*?” he exclaimed aloud.

Darren and Eric rushed over. “Looks like it,” Darren said when he saw the beakers.

“God, that is disgusting,” Eric said, speaking for all three of them. “What the fuck are they doing with it?”

“Looks like food colouring to me,” Darren commented as he moved down the line examining all the beakers. Each one had a numbered label. “Looks like they correspond to jersey numbers,” he said.

“Let me see,” Eric said. “Hey! That's my number – 26! Is that really all my cum?”

“Could be,” Darren replied calmly.

“Oh, God. I think I'm gonna be sick,” Eric said, exaggerating his disgust as best he could. “Where the hell did they *get* all of that? I can't cum that much in a week.”

“Uh-” Matt said, about to offer a suggestion before being cut off.

“Matt?” Darren cut in. “Didn't you say they were only taking samples when you saw them.”

“Just a little bit.”

At the very end of the counter a white binder was lying in plain view. The label on the front read ASSESSMENT #1 – TO BE DIGITIZED NIGHTLY. Darren picked it up and opened it. On the first page

was a nearly handwritten chart, complete with key:

SEmen-EJACULATE SAMPLES

A – Excellent (80-100%)

B – Good (60-80%)

C – Acceptable (40-60%)

D – Mediocre (20-40%)

E – Poor (0-20%)

“What cabin did you say it was they took samples from?” Darren asked as he ran a finger down the lines of data, noticing the space for cabin 12 was blank – obviously, the counsellors hadn’t gotten around to them yet.

“Cabin 9.”

“Let’s see.”

<i>Cabin 9</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Comment</i>
11	A		
67	D		<i>Inadequate performance.</i>
35	B		
2	B		
99	C		
0	B		

Matt tapped the page with his finger. “I remember now. The guy I saw – I think he was 67, but I’m not sure. He didn’t produce very much.” Discomfort crept into the end of his sentence as he remembered what he’d seen the night before. There was simply no other way to describe it. ‘Produce’ – ick.

“I wonder what they’re measuring,” Darren wondered aloud.

“Don’t you think getting down here was too easy,” Eric suddenly said, agitation entering his voice. “I mean it almost seems like they wanted us to see this. How long have we been here. Fifteen? Twenty minutes? Thirty? And this isn’t answering how they got my cum!”

“I’m going. I’m going,” Darren said as he quickly flipped through the pages, taking note of the titles. At the end were quick assessments from the campers’ arrival the day before, at supper time, and that morning. Matt spotted his number looking over Darren’s shoulder.

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Arrival: Reluctant.

Supper: Suspicious. A little confused.

1st Day Morning: Pays too much attention to friends. Also, would not eat. Trouble ahead. Watch closely.

“Jesus,” Matt said quietly.

“Looks like you’re a marked man,” Eric said jovially, patting Matt on the back.

“I’m number 32, so-” Darren said.

Arrival: Is too smart. Trouble ahead. Watch closely.

The other entries all said exactly the same thing. “Me too,” Darren added.

“I *still* want to know how they got my cum,” Eric complained angrily.

Darren flipped back a few pages and found Eric’s number 26. “What cabin are you?” he asked.

“Three.”

<i>Cabin 3</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Comment</i>
26	A (100!)	(pend.)	Moved up.

“They got the second sample from you. Pending. That must be it right here,” Darren explained, pointing to the beaker. “You were moved up, whatever that means. Congratulations, Eric, you scored a perfect 100 in the scoring department.”

“But why didn’t I know about this?” Eric exclaimed.

“They gassed you, just like the others. You can’t remember,” Matt said, shaking his head.

“I think I’m going to be sick,” Eric repeated, more out of upset than disgust. At the moment, he was content to assume what had happened to the cabin 9 guys had happened to him, not wanting to think there could be any more to the story.

“You and the rest of us,” Darren added, a little sad.

“I mean, how many other guys did they do this to in so little time? There must be ten, twelve beakers here,” Eric continued. “It’s industrial rape.”

“Heh,” Matt said. “If anything’s going to happen, looks like you’ll be the first one it happens to.”

“Fuh-nee,” Eric said sarcastically. He walked towards the door and went back into the hall, turning to walk further down. Matt and Darren followed.

At the end of the corridor was a huge, heavy metal door like the kind used on bank vaults, only more high-tech. Steam-like vapour was seeping out through the seam. Matt immediately spotted Egypto-Sumerian writing on the keypad beside the door and pointed it out. “Look,” he said.

"It looks like it goes out under the football field," Darren speculated.

"Maybe," Matt replied.

Darren glanced back down the corridor. He looked worried. "We need to come back here later, figure out how to get inside. There's no time. We're already really late as it is. Hopefully they haven't noticed. Which is unlikely."

"Maybe King Jellyjam's hiding in there," Matt said, forcing a nervous laugh. Darren and Eric just glared.

"Oh, let's just go," Eric decided, jogging back down the corridor. "I don't know how long it'll take before they notice we're missing. We probably don't want to find out what happens if we're caught down here. Too many wide open doors and empty rooms here – pretty fishy."

"Got that right," Matt agreed as they quickly jogged back to the stairs.

To be continued?

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