

Allergic Reactions #1: Sun

by Darryl Price

Well I too woke up and felt bitterly alive once more; outside there
was this shining fish scale attack sun
literally smashing itself against the window like a crazed yet
determined yellow

bird of paradise but it just couldn't smack through the little rows of
shuttered
blinds like it wanted to. It would hit and fall and re-circle

and try harder again, over and over and then maybe once more.
Okay, I said, I guess
I'm up. You can knock it off now. I stuffed the rest

of my sleep under the pillow for later. The usual things followed.
I opened the door and there this particularly persistent sun tried to
stick its

huge foot in but it still couldn't enter the house altogether. I
laughed,
got in the car and the same sun immediately clamped down on the

silver top and beat on it with its fiery fists until I turned
on the radio. This seemed to scare it away to some fairly short
distance.

However it continued to glare at me from behind several boulder
shaped
clouds. These clouds in turn were trying desperately to roll away
and

gather against some other cooler part of the sky. The sun hung on
with all ten fingers. I rolled down the window and none other

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than the morning wind reached a cool hand in and tossed my hair all about
and then swam on beside the front tires like a friendly noisy dolphin.

The sun continued to pour on the heat and finally the wind went beneath
the pavement and stayed there. I pulled up to work and got

out just as the sun settled on a corner of the old warehouse building like a vulture looking disinterested but nonetheless a little bit hungry from the new morning's already ongoing wear and tear.

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For OIL a piece of tar

A Little Dab'll Do You

We're all a little mired in the muck today, but that guy over there, the one in the expensive white cotton sailing tee that says "bastard on board", isn't floating around in the same thickening gloomy stuff here as we all are. His surrounding stuff is in the air like invisible shit swirling all around his head like the rings of a handmade Saturn only made out of a thick mosquito netting of collected round the clock monies and the inevitable murderous and paranoid intentions that follow such rings through the gates of hell. Oh, now believe me he's up to his expensive silk elbows in something gooey alright, but it's something

he covets ownership to. Like wives and boats and bottles

of wine that cost more than your whole family's educations put together
and several concrete boxes of toy cars hidden in an expansive maze of basements somewhere underground like a bat cave. What he knows is that they're all there simply for his liking all kept in perfectly controlled mint condition closets. What he doesn't know is that he's only a temporary keeper in this world of the material contents of all his many goods. The world will get its grubby paws around his precious toys sooner or later. That's the very black nature of time in a human body.

Nothing gets to stay in any one person's hands in this world for too very long. So while we're bobbing along in the poop of his awful sliding backward towards the shoreline greed, watching the dead animals floating by, just trying to find something, anything to climb onto to get out of the muck this guy's created all over the living streets below his, where we poor wretches have to try and float a little, he's tallying up the losses and charging it to someone else's phone bill, hoping no one will notice if he slips off to get a bit of the rest and relaxation at his favorite money bin hole...in time for a strong smelling round of good old golf with a very dear enemy of his.

dp

Space Camp/Chapter One/A Funny Start

That's what they liked to call it anyway. That's how they sold it to us at the almighty prep school for gods and goddesses we were somehow dropped into by who knows whose mistake. But from the moment we got there it was like a lot more serious atmosphere. We were all called into a huge and very empty-looking auditorium that

really looked like somebody's old abandoned warehouse from out of a 1950's gangster movie and told to find ourselves some folding chairs and to sit down in them and wait. For what we weren't ever told or given indication. For whom we knew nothing about. So of course all we could talk about was what was the big effing mystery here anyway? Weren't these things supposedly mapped out well in advance of our arrival? And where were all the cool things we saw in the colorful brochures like the blue jumpsuits and the yellow rocket-shaped badges and the inexplicable plastic gadgets and the high platforms full of cool futuristic computer looking equipment that we really couldn't wait to get our grubby little hands on ? The blue screens and the red buttons and the swivel til you drop clear plastic space age chairs to spin around in? You know, fun, the cool stuff! We were still just kids after all. We wanted to play with this new glorious stuff, not wait around, not hear some long winded boring speech about how serious the fun we were about to have should be taken by all of us, or God forbid, the sacrifices made by our families to get us placed here in the first place. We already knew all that stupid stuff by heart.

Then the lights went down and a single small man person strode out onto the empty stage and walked up to the wooden podium, adjusted the microphone with a loud wrenching screech and began to talk to us in earnest. All of us hushed up in an micro instant and turned on our rapt attention spans like mad house fans. This was it. At last. Thank God. Get on with it, man.

"I want to welcome you, boys and girls, one and all, and thank you very much for your patience with us this first but not the last afternoon we hope to speak to you .First let me say none of you are required to stay here after you hear what I have to say, but I would appreciate it if you would at least hear me out to the end first before you bolt for the nearest exit door. You are only here right now this very minute because you are the last best chance we think we might possibly have, that we know of, the only real hope we have left to

us as a teetering on the brink of disaster species on this planet. This is not a test nor is it a drill of some kind and this is no camp you've come to. I'm sorry to tell you but this is absolutely a for real situation. You will have about one week and no more to learn the basics and after that you will be given the keys to either the future of mankind or its inevitable doom."

Darryl Price

And a tiny little poem, as a gift, for those of you kind enough to have come this far with me:

Regine
happens to play every
instrument like she's trying
way too hard
to kill a toy.

dp

