

TIME TRAVEL
+
BRAIN STEALING
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MURDEROUS APPLIANCES
AND GOOD TIMES

By
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THIS EDITION

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To my sons,
May you never read this book and if you do,
Dad's sorry

To my wife,
The fact you read this and we're not divorced means I'm either a very lucky man,
Or I'm about to be smothered in my sleep

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PREFACE

Think you know your sci-fi horror genre like the back of your hand? Well prepare to have the back of your hand surgically removed and replaced with a chocolate chip pancake, forcing you to decide between a functional appendage and the very food necessary to survive, whilst you dangle trapped in a cage hung over a pit full of man-eating synonyms.

That's what this book has in store for you. A lot of bad choices, cliché moments, terribly scripted villains and nonsensical violence.

Things are going to get stranger than having your sister accidentally kiss you at a county fair kissing booth, only for her to line up for seconds.

I will be here with you every step of the way, an omnipresent narrator with the tools to keep you on course, give you a hint or two, and berate the main characters for your enjoyment. Your instincts must be like a fart after an all you can eat Indian curry buffet. Don't trust them.

Follow these rules, throw your brain out the door and enjoy the read.

PART I
THE DUMPSTER OF DOOM

Chapter One

It Has Begun

It was a dull, dreary, desolate day in the humble town of Doomsville. It is a small town full of dejected, demoralized and despondent people living day to day, drudging through their dismal lives. Unbeknown to the dishevelled and doleful masses were the plans of a deceitful and deranged Doctor of Doom waiting in the shadows, diligently toiling away at his despicable master plan to enshroud Doomsville in a permanent prism of dread.

This unknown Professor of Pain with a predilection for punishment, has perfected his primary ability of converting inanimate objects into precise predators to prey on the population. Preposterous as it may seem, the plans made by this Practitioner of Panic have now been let loose on this sleepy town. Peace now stands as much chance as Peter Piper picking a peck of pickled peppers...or so he thought.

•

Waking from his dreamless sleep, Joe Brown stretched his extremities until he felt his bones pop and clambered out of his dilapidated single bed. Looking across his jail sized room, Joe caught a glimpse of the time from his retro Casio watch, with built in calculator might I add.

7:55am, Saturday.

Joe dived head first into a mountain of dirty laundry piled up near his bedroom door, searching for that one pair of clean pants he knew were there. Rotting food, mice faeces and cockroach larvae were sporadically sprinkled amongst the one tonne heap as if they were toppings on a caramel sundae of filth.

‘Victory!’, he exclaimed, holding up a crusty set of blue jeans that pointed upwards like a perverted Excalibur pulled from a mythical rubbish tip rock.

Three days earlier, Joe’s biological parents died in a cliché yet comical way that holds no importance to this story, forcing Joe to move in with his only living relative, his Godmother Aileen White. The unfortunate incident that claimed his parent’s lives also destroyed his family home and all his belongings. Joe was left with only his deceased Godfather’s room and clothes for comfort.

Aileen did the best she could while living on a disability pension due to a freak accident involving a pair of chopsticks and a llama. However, it was barely enough to provide for the growing fifteen-year-old boy that now lived above her in their squashed two-bedroom townhouse.

Did I mention that Joe's biological parents died in a cliché yet comical way that holds no importance to this story? Good, just checking.

Did I also mention Joe's house was now locked down under a large but completely irrelevant biohazard dome? Forget I mentioned it.

A voice echoed from downstairs.

"Breakfast is ready Joe"

Joe raced down the spiral staircase smelling what he believed to be a glorious breakfast of bacon and eggs awaiting him, only to find a singular piece of bacon hanging from a wire, attached to the ceiling fan. It was spinning like... a piece of bacon hanging from a wire attached to a ceiling fan, what did you expect?

"What! Not again Aileen, this isn't fair", pleaded Joe, for he had been 'baconned' again. Ever since the great bacon prank of 2015 he swore to himself it wouldn't happen again. But here he was, salivating like a ravenous cannibalistic female praying mantis after mating, only to find a bowl of sludge in its place.

"You know we are on a tight budget little man", Aileen screeched with a wisp of Irish youth in her frail old voice, "You'll just have to make do with my family's world-famous beef and squid eye porridge. Lots of protein for your growing muscles!"

Joe knew there was no beef in the porridge as he drove his jaw down on a chunk of rubbery squid eye, popping it open like a sour gelatinous egg filled with pus. The closest thing he had eaten to beef over the past three days was a can of Doomsville's finest home brand cat mince.

Joe knew better than to push the matter further with Aileen. She may be nearing sixty-three years old and have a spine so curved she could see yesterday, but with one flick of that tea towel she keeps tucked in her armpit high pants and she would turn Joe into a Julia very quickly.

Aileen held a dripping black garbage bag out for Joe which was two evolutionary steps away from forming its own consciousness. "And when you're done there Joey my boy, put this rubbish bag in the dumpster would you dear?"

"Ughh", sighed Joe, snapping out of his daydream about his parents and pushing it to the back of his mind once again.

"Yeah alright, but then I'm out of here for the day", Joe stated as firmly as he could, while at the same time protecting his privates from a tea towel rapture just in case. Sure, he would lose a finger or two, but it was a price he was willing to pay.

Aileen raised a suspicious brow so high that it migrated from her face and became a citizen of her ever-growing back hair, “Ok, you have a deal. But only because it’s the weekend, and I don’t want you moping around the house feeling sorry for yourself. Your parents wouldn’t want that!” Extending her reptilian shaped hand in Joe’s direction with all five fingers facing in ten different directions, he knew exactly what this meant for him.

The crusty kiss of death!

Her stained hand appeared unwashed since birth, with warts growing on warts creating a porous honeycomb of viral paradise for dirt and grime to bathe in. Hair attached to several moles across her palm were so long they were platted together in dreadlocks, and her skin was riddled with pustules that had reservoirs of oil deep enough to run a small car.

‘Enough of the pleasantries’, Joe told himself, building the courage to do what needed to be done.

Joe puckered his squid lips together and closed his eyes tighter than a squirrel grasping its last nut. Leaning forward he felt his lips break ground with Aileen’s alien hand, surface craters and all. He lingered for a second. Any less and Aileen’s other, even more disfigured hand would replace it for round two.

Appearing satisfied that Joe had met her disturbing ritualistic expectations, Aileen raised her chin upwards in an approving gesture. Although from Joe’s perspective, standing at least six inches above this five-foot dwarf of a woman, it looked more like a one-hundred-year-old turtle with a misaligned jaw trying to lick its own nose.

Wasting no time, Joe snatched the top of the garbage bag and raced out the front door onto a concrete slab they called a front yard, narrowly avoiding six of Aileen’s fifteen inbred cats. All the houses in Doomsville looked alike, the government officials thought it would promote uniformity, or so they said. Aileen’s house was on a long, winding, narrow road aptly named Doooms Street with dozens of grey and white townhouses crammed together, ending in an abrupt cul-de-sac facing the local rubbish dump.

‘Ahh, smell the serenity’, Joe thought to himself as he shoulder-barged their aging iron gate open, sending a fresh layer of rusty mist high in the air.

Out on the verge was one of Doomsville’s finest inventions. The self-closing, steel reinforced dumpster that compacted all your rubbish automatically, reducing the garbage collection to once a month. No one knew who came up with this great invention, only that he was a dark and mysterious man who clearly had the best intentions for the people of Doomsville and nothing else untoward.

“Piece of junk!”, Joe yelled at the dumpster in frustration, kicking the side hatch button to prompt the lid to open.

Each dumpster had a unique code so that its contents could be read back at the rubbish dump to determine which sneaky individuals were breaching the forbidden ‘No Human Waste’ rule. Sounds like a no brainer? That’s why there are toilets right? Unfortunately for Joe and Aileen, there were the occasional plumbing issues resulting in a few suspicious and smelly packages making their way into their dumpster.

To circumvent this issue, Joe used his superior intellect and even finer kicking abilities to knock a few wires loose in the dumpster’s main processor and Presto! The dumpster is now their very own glorified toilet without the plumbing expense. Patent pending, so don’t get any ideas!

As the dumpsters black domed lid slowly slid back like an armadillo unfurling, Joe stepped back and held the bin bag under his right arm with his legs bent and bottom sticking out. The green light on the side of the dumpster flashed indicating it was ready to receive.

‘And receive it shall’, thought Joe with a malice intent. He could never put a finger on why he hated this dumpster so much, only that it felt very primal, like a vegan who can hear the screams of a carrot as it’s pulled from the ground. Think about that the next time you walk down the valley of death at your local grocery store you monster!

Sprinting with more co-ordination than an epileptic seal, Joe rushed at the dumpster and jumped as high as his teenage chicken legs could muster. Grabbing the bag from under his right arm, he mistimed his approach and slammed the bag on the bottom lip of the dumpster, sending human faeces’ high into the air and coating their once black gate a new shade of brown.

“Ah shit”, said Joe. And he was exactly right.

Using a nearby snot filled tissue, which was clearly Aileen’s due to the amount of nose hair caught in it, Joe made a small gesture to clean up the crap-tashtrophe, wiping down the side of the dumpster so that its code could still be seen. If the code wasn’t visible it wouldn’t be picked up by the scanners on the rubbish trucks.

“Let’s see, 3. V. 1. L. All there”, Joe smiled at his brown reflection, happy with himself for completing the bare minimum in order to get back to his prearranged day.

What kind of day you ask? Only the best day Doomsville can offer. Firstly, a meetup with his best friend Brandon Red at the beach to observe the pod of dead whale carcasses that just recently washed ashore. Then, off to the central park of Doomsville for its annual ‘Eat till you

puke' contest, with special guest and world record bull testicle eater, Reginald Black. To finish this perfect day, Joe has a mid-afternoon cinema date with his high school crush Roxanne Beige, to watch the cult classic horror film, 'Chickens: A peck too far'.

Joe was so excited that in his haste he forgot his backpack with a change of clothes for his date with Roxanne. Looking down at his oversized T-shirt from his departed Godfather, which fit more like a dress over his child like body, Joe knew he needed something with a little more pizzazz to win over Roxanne.

Running back through the front door and up the spiral staircase, Joe could hear Aileen outside his bedroom window screeching curse words he never knew existed.

"You're a lazy scoundrel Joe, I guess I'll clean up after you again! Wait till you feel the wrath of my tea towel tonight!"

Joe peeked out his bedroom window and saw Aileen hunched over in front of the dumpster, picking up what look like large brown logs of...

"Crap! Sorry Aileen", yelled Joe out the window, "I'm in a rush. I'll make it up to you I prom...argggghhh!"

Joe let out a scream. A long, high pitched, ear piercing, brain scrambling, glass shattering, testicle raising scream that was enough to send his puberty backwards a few years. Like watching a bad television commercial at midnight, Joe wanted to look away, but his eyes betrayed him, acting as his captors and forcing him to watch.

The cold black dumpster etched forward towards Aileen with its domed lid wide open, two red lights on either side of its lid acted like eyes, and out from its sides came two long grey metal arms with clamped prongs at each end. Aileen's small frame was nothing compared to the robust two-meter-wide and two-meter-tall dumpster, stooping over her like a diabetic craving a cupcake. Aileen had no time to make a noise as the dumpster grabbed her by her face and leg, throwing her three meters up in the air before she fell back down into the middle of the open lid.

Without hesitation, Joe tore down the stairs and picked up a crowbar near the front door before running outside. It was worse than he thought. More horrible than he could imagine. A lot gorier than he could dream of. And it all unfolded before his very eyes.

The dumpster's lid crushed down repeatedly onto Aileen's petite body, breaking her fragile torso apart into smaller and smaller pieces. Joe tried to hold back the tears as he wiped her spleen from his face. Breaking free from the full body paralysis he had been under, Joe

grabbed the crowbar and forced it in-between the lid of the dumpster and the bottom lip, preventing it from shutting entirely.

Looking deep inside the dumpster, Joe could see Aileen's face, or at least he thought it was her face, it could have been the left overs of the beef and squid eye porridge, he wasn't sure. All he was sure of, was that the beef and squid eye porridge spoke to him. It said, "Joe.... your parents.... they didn't die...in a cliché...and unimportant way..."

Before Joe could reply, the crowbar bent in half under the pressure, closing the lid permanently where the dumpster began its compactification. Joe was defeated. He slumped down and leant against the gate watching the dumpster churn away, breaking bones and mixing organs. He was in shock.

'What happened? Did I do this? I ruined its processor...maybe it couldn't tell the difference between Aileen and garbage'. Joe ran the scenario through his mind, guilt building up in his conscience as his tears streamed down his blood covered face.

As if the heavens above, or in this case the hell below were listening, the dumpster suddenly stopped digesting and in slow motion reared its domed head to look directly at Joe. Joe swatted the side hatch button with a nearby stick to shut it down, but it had no effect. Its beady red eyes stared straight into Joes beady black eyes. Joe's stomach rumbled. The dumpster's body rattled. Joe let out a nervous fart. The dumpster emitted a cloud of smoke from its exhaust pipe. Joe realized his wasn't a fart.

Pulling soiled underpants out of his rear, Joe flexed all the muscles he could muster in an instinctual alpha male show of strength. Unfortunately for Joe, he looked more like a hairless cat straining to defecate in its litter box. The dumpster let out a loud booming laugh that echoed through the street. Joe looked up and down the road, but no-one was around. All the doors were closed and windows shut. It was a ghost town.

"I MUST FINISH WHAT MY MASTER MADE ME FOR", bellowed the dumpster in a deep robotic voice.

"What do you want from me?", Joe shouted back, his voice quivering as every bone in his body shook violently.

"YOUR...BRAIN!" it replied, with a hint of delight in its tone.

Once again, Joe's body betrayed him as his legs locked together refusing to part, preventing him from running. The dumpster crept forward on its squeaky plastic wheels.

‘Surely a technologically advanced killing machine would have better wheels?’, Joe thought as it gained distance on him, ten slow centimetres at a time. Joe closed his eyes and surrendered to the beast, having no will left to flee or fight.

Just as the dumpster extended its arms to clamp down on Joes unscathed face, another noise rang out in the distance causing the dumpster to stop in its tracks. It was the most majestic noise Joe had heard all day. The rubbish truck was coming.

The dumpster retracted its arms and spun around as it engaged its engine to maximum output, blasting away down the road towards the end of the cul-de-sac and into the rubbish dump.

Exhausted, Joe collapsed into a heap on the ground as his world turned to black.

End of Chapter One

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