

SCIENCE FICTION

June/July 2006

ISSN: 1545-

3650

Vol. IV No. 6

# AlienSkin Magazine

Exploring The World Of Speculative Fiction



## AlienSkin Magazine®

Published Bi-Monthly Online

Up

Alien Fingers

Calling The Dead

Cooking Clones

Discovery

Failure

Happy Birthday, Clandestine

Imminent Domain

The Knight And The Dragon

Lucky

One Man's Poison

The Pink Flamingo

Sanity

This Is Where We Begin

Traveler

The Witch's Instrument

# Flash Fiction

## Failure

by Timothy R. Nunes ©2006

There are good and bad answers in life, so choose wisely... Or life may choose for you

*Drip... Drip... Drip...*

He heard it again, yet tried to ignore the sound. It was just water after all, nothing more... Water leaking past old, cracked washers and seals.

*Drip... Drip... Drip...*

He got up, wandered into the kitchen, reached into the half-opened cupboard and removed the bottle. Just a sip, he thought, just one last little sip. Maybe it would help him sleep? He couldn't remember the last time he'd slept through the night, though it might've been before the crash...

*Drip... Drip... Drip...*

They'd been driving home... A dark, rainy night, with slick roads and an empty bottle by his side. She'd screamed, he'd turned towards her; one last look, at her beautiful face, her eyes filled with terror... God, how he'd loved her!

*Drip... Drip... Drip...*

### Weird But True

A 1/2 mile wide sinkhole opened beneath Lake Peigner, Louisiana in 1980. When it did, it swallowed 5 houses, 2 oil rigs, a mobile home, 9 boats, and the entire 1300 acre lake.

---

### Did You Know ~

There is an ordinance in the city of Fremont, CA that forbids people from repairing spacecraft in their family garage.

---

His body convulsed as he lowered the empty bottle, his chest racked with dry coughs and rent with emotion. He fell to the floor, gasping for breath, sobbing painfully, still coughing, the coughs eventually turning to dry heaves. Oh Pamela! My sweet, sweet Pamela, he sobbed quietly, hopelessly to himself.

*Drip... Drip... Drip...*

Damn that faucet! He grabbed pliers off the kitchen table, where he'd last used them to open the bottle that his weak, shaky fingers couldn't open, and staggered towards the bathroom. What the hell was wrong with the damned thing, he wondered? It'd been dripping all night, and he'd tightened it over and over again; Yet it still dripped. And not water... Or at least it didn't look like water to his weak, reddened eyes. No, not water. This was thicker, black and oily, like the filth-poisoned sweat of the city itself... Slowly filling his bathroom sink with it's dark coagulated ooze...

*Drip... Drip... Drip...*

He raised the pliers, suddenly realizing he held two sets in his hands (though, hard as he tried, he could only focus on one), and awkwardly attempted to fit either set to the faucet valve-stem. Then he paused... The pitch black mass in the sink, it was, or at least it seemed to be... moving! Feet frozen to the filthy linoleum floor, he watched, unable to move as the dark fetid surface bubbled up slowly, then rose and shaped itself into something, something oddly familiar, almost like a person's face...

"Pamela? Pamela?? Is it really you, Pamela?!?" Did he imagine it, or did the 'face' actually smile back at him? Those cheeks, those full lips... It was her, he knew it was her! Yet, how?!?

Eyes fixated upon the 'face' floating up towards him, he never even saw the dark hand-shaped blob rise up and grab his wrist. He suddenly felt himself yanked forward, off balance, falling, falling, far down into the darkness...

His last thoughts as he breathed the dark miasma into his lungs were of an aroma, a subtly familiar smell... Of dank rooms, mildewed windows, soiled carpets... A bitter, yet almost sweet scent...

The sickly sweet smell of failure.

*Drip... Drip... Drip...*




---

~ Timothy R. Nunes, Illinois ©2006

Copyright since 2002 by Froggy Bottom Press and its Licensors. All rights reserved.

