

The Transpoligy Machine

There I was minding my own business, when instead of walking down the High Street, I was here in this box!

“Well, bless me! What’s going on here then! I thought; when actually it was: **&^^***%”*** Hell!!!”

Shock finally worked its way down from my head to the rest of me, the other bits of me then sat down rather suddenly, leaving my virtual head still standing up! When we re-connected a moment or two later, nothing had changed my general opinion about being in a box.

I’ve always prided myself on being a rational person, but there are times when allowances have to be made and that time had arrived at an unprecedented rate of knots!

“What’s going on? Where the ***xxzz%%***”&&& am I” I voiced, with gusto I might add!

Just then, light burst on my darkness as (I assume) the lid of the box was removed and a rather large face appeared. “Quiet in there, you’ll wake them up” the face whispered loudly.

Gazing upward I managed to announce, in what I thought was a reasonable voice (in actual fact a quavering squeak) “Where am I and who the blazes are you?”

The face receded and an equally large hand reached down and scooped me up. “Quiet, I said, do shut up” said the face, adding “Please”, I duly conceded.

While holding me up, another hand appeared and picked up the box lid and replaced it. I was then gently set down on the lid. As my legs were still recovering from the jelly like state I sat rather rapidly, toppling backwards. As I lay there, I had a chance to glance around at my surroundings.

The face arms and hands belonged to a rather tall person in a white coat, who was at the moment examining; to me, a rather large rodent like creature. The creature seemed to be asleep and was emitting rather noisy grunts with every expiration of breath.

The face turned back to me, I had; by this time calmed my jelly like legs and had stood up to face the face, as it were.

“Good, they’re still sleeping” the face exclaimed, looking me over. “It could have been rather nasty if they were woken; even though they are in their shackles. I’d better explain” said the face. “I’m Sofia Branning and this is my laboratory. I’m currently working on ‘Transpoligy’ but have had problems calibrating the ‘Poligtronic’s, I seem to be collecting several different species and not the target group of ancestors I was hoping for”.

“The last ones before you of course were rat like creatures you see over there” She said pointing in the direction of the slumbering beasts”.

“It was quite a task to catch them, I tell you; Jason, my assistant; lost two of his fingers before we could sedate them. You are the first Transferee that can speak and I must apologize for the inconvenience it must be causing you”.

“Well miss” I managed to say in my far from normal voice, “Inconvenience! Is a very mild way of putting it, there I was, popping along to my local shops and ‘Wham, Crash, Wallop! I’ here in a box!”

"I can only apologize again" said Sofia, I'll be trying really hard to try and get you back to where you came from".

"Err", "What do you mean 'Try and get me back'?"

"Well, the process involving Poligtronics is a little hit and miss at the moment, but I'll check the calibration and we'll see if we can get you back home".

"Have you managed it before?" I quired.

"Well; once and we had a bit of an accident I'm afraid".

"What sort of an accident?"

"The err; specimen, bounced back and in a bit of a state; his head was back to front!"

"Oh! I see".

"I'll check over the calibration then" she said, turning away.

As I sat on the box listening to the 'Clack', 'Click', 'Boing' of the machine, I looked around my current world. The room was about the size of a large dining room and painted a sort of faded white. Around the walls were tables and large cabinets. Some of the cabinets contained small cages with a number of live specimens in them, to my surprise; they were looking at me!

In one of the nearer cages was a fur covered creature with large round black eyes and a wide fleshy mouth. As I stared back, a tongue flashed out at speed and headed in my direction. Diving sideways I felt the mouth mounted appendage whistle past my head.

Hearing the curses emanating from my over wrought larynx, Sofia turned to see what the commotion was about, just in time to observe another attempt by the creature to gain my attention. What happened next was, I thought; impossible!

Sofia moved from her chair, across to where I was lying on the box, grabbed the extended tongue and returned it to its rightful owner; all in the blink of an eye!

The creature squeaked noisily as its tongue was unceremoniously returned and slunk to the back of the cage. Sofia tapped the side of the cage and an opaque film appeared around it. She then turned to me "Are you ok?" she ventured. Recovering my quavering voice, I said that I was and muttered a thank you.

"How" I croaked, "Did you do that?"

Sofia explained, "With the machine switched on a Poligtronic field extends to most of the lab. The field can speed up the time flow for rapidly moving objects to further increase their velocity. As I am closer to the source of the field, it made me a little faster".

"Oh!" I said.

"I'm sorry that happened, but with your arrival, my routine is a little haywire I'm afraid; the cage shields should have been re-activated after the transfer to keep the creature in isolation".

With that she turned back to the control panel and resumed work at the console.

I sat and returned to my visual inspection of the lab, keeping a wary eye open for further unexpected intrusions. Fortunately, no further surprises presented themselves, so I settled as best as I could and listened to the 'Clack', 'Click', 'Boing' of the machine, quite soothing really.

After a while; maybe an hour or two? I'd dropped off to sleep so I had no idea of the amount of time that had slipped by, I was nudged awake by Sofia, and standing next to her was a man a little shorter than her with tussled black hair, an unkempt beard. His right hand was bandaged,

"Ah! I thought, this must be her assistant Jason". Sure enough, Sofia introduced him as Jason. "I think I have completed the recalibration of the machine and we are ready to send you back", she announced.

Jason nodded, looking me in the eye and daring a comment. I said nothing and just nodded casually (how do you nod casually?).

"Ok" said Jason, "I just need to put you back in the box, if that is alright?"

"Fine" I said, "Will the transfer hurt?"

"You won't feel a thing" he said, but under his breath, I just heard: "Unless your head is back to front!"

The jelly returned to my legs as I was scooped up and placed back in the box, and with a smile from Sofia the lid was put back on and I was left once again in the dark.

After a few anxious moments I heard the 'Clack', 'Click', 'Boing again, but this time louder.

The next I knew; I was walking down my High Street but back the way I had originally come from. Stopping suddenly, I was pushed from behind rather roughly. "Look out mate you made me drop my rhubarb, stopping suddenly like that!"

Taking a moment to recover, I apologized to the chap and helped him pick up the scattered fruit.

A nearby bench beckoned, on to which I gratefully collapsed, "Crickey". The next moment a parcel appeared on the bench next to me. It was a book, neatly wrapped in red ribbon, tucked underneath the ribbon was a note. I slipped it out, opened it and saw it was from Sofia.

"I hope you made it with everything intact and in the right place? Please accept the book with my complements, it is the first edition".

Untying the ribbon, I looked at the title of the book: 'Transpoligy Explained' by Sofia Branning.

"I'm sorry sarge, but he's having a bit of a giggling fit and he keeps waving this book about, I'll have to bring him in; he could have someone's eye out with it!"

Ho Humm!