

Novel based on odd real-life events

Editor's note: For a few months now in *The Word*, Karl J. Niemiec has been relating events around the time that he managed Mammoth Towers in Hollywood, Calif. See www.thegayword.com for another memory: **"The real meaning of the power of the pen."** As for his fictionalized version of the story, in his words:

If you choose to read on, just know that these adventures have been twisted tightly into a sci-fi trilogy so that those who have threatened me about repeating what I know to be true will leave me and

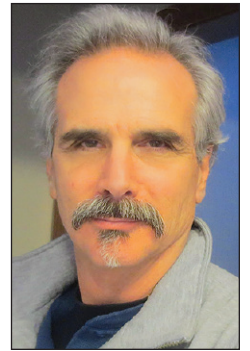
my family alone. I don't claim that any of these people are real – alien or otherwise. And if I did, like Jozeph Picasso, I am not at liberty to admit it.

Because of the danger that underscores letting these stories go, I have held on to them for many years.

Below is another chapter of "Alien Made." If you decide to jump ahead and read the whole trilogy and buy copies on Amazon, either in paperback or Kindle Books, at <http://amzn.to/karlniemiec>, know that portions of the proceeds from

those sales will be donated to Indiana Youth Group, which supports LGBTQ in ages 12-20.

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Jozeph Picasso – Alien Trilogy (Act One) Filmmaking Adventures by Karl J. Niemiec

Alien Made: Chapter 4

Until I say, forgetting about the dog, "You people are pigs."

They go into a mild glazed eyed daze, suddenly focusing on me. I'm almost an aberration, because I'm the one pissed off person they're trying to avoid – yet here I am seething in front of them.

Then all those horrid thoughts wash over, possessing me as though these thoughts of murder are my own. I know what I have to do to get even with these people. The desert isn't far. I want to drive them there in the trunk of their car so badly I can smell the open air and feel the hot desiccated sand beneath my dancing toes.

It is then something else possesses me to open one of the double electric ovens. As if I need more evidence to support my pig family allegations, only to find it completely ebonized by overcooked grease. I mean, I couldn't even try to get a stove this black. There is a frying pan in there so coated with burnt grease I can't see metal, top or bottom, inside or out, and the handle is unrecognizable burnt wood.

"How could you people live like this?" I'm reacting involuntarily at this point. If telekinetic powers ever ran in my family tree it will spontaneously mutate right now and roast this pig clan on a stick!

"It was like this when we moved in," Sonya says.

I'm speechless...but I recover fast, pointing instead of grabbing.

"Hello, I own this building, I remodeled it. I spent my life savings trying to make a decent, affordable place for you creeps to live in!" I can't believe...no...wait, I can, because these people are pig liars. They wouldn't admit to breathing unless I could see bubbles. And even then they'd blame it on gravity crushing their chests.

I'm a millisecond from losing all involuntary control of my mind, body and soul. I'm a true portrait of a crazy man. The things I want to say are so twisted up in my diminishing vocabulary that my eyes begin a rotating iguana protrude forcing my temple hair follicles to sweat. It actually hurts. Something very unnaturally is happening to me. I feeling so much inner anger that I'm about to turn inside out.

The rest of my life spent in a padded cell for double homicide is enacting itself inside the stove, flashing before me like nitrate film, when Mr. Essinola shows up with a large canvas bag and a stick. He has the nerve to demand to know why I'm in his apartment. I can't believe this? I'm visually insane, standing before him, a complete possessed nutcase plotting against my own freewill to take his wife and child out to the desert and kill them. And he wants to know why scary me is in his destroyed apartment before he has everything out.

I'm still somewhat inarticulate because of wanting to say so many things at once, but only for a flash, before my hostility surges out of me like a swelling volcano, ruefully zitting out, and I yell. I get up in his dark skinned face and I allow spit to free flow with my words. I tell him point blank, loud enough for anyone to hear, that he and his disgusting pig family are about to be taken out to the desert and shot in the head for what they've done in this apartment.

I fight with all my might not to do these things. What's happening to me? I feel as possessed as that Blipping dog. Is that dog controlling me? I stick my hands in my pockets to keep them off his neck. And wait by the door while they get what they need. That dog! The prick husband goes straight to it on the balcony with the canvas bag, fearing it enough to approach it from behind. In one quick practiced swoop of his arms he's got it inside the bag and he is on his way out, taking the bagged dog and his pig family with him.

I follow them outside, down the north steps, through the pines to the street. "What is with this dog? Hey, I'm talking to you. It's done something to me, hasn't it. What's with the dog appearing and disappearing? Why did you leave it to dump in my building? Don't think you're getting away with what you've done here. Hey, you prick! Come back here and give me your forwarding address."

Of course pig-king Essinola doesn't even bother to reply. Why give me the satisfaction? He unambiguously throws my building keys into the sewer and departs to lands unknown. The creeps.

But I don't care what it takes. I will make these people pay. This is not racial, and screw political correctness. These dishonest people, the Essinolas, they lack respect for rental

property. It's some kind of common genetic evolutionary caveman dysfunctional dirt floor behaviorism that draws a line between living and surviving, owning and renting. They are – the whole family – a brood of disrespectful sullen pigs wallowing in the subhuman filth. Contaminating their environment, with no regard to the consequences of anyone or thing that becomes mired in their droppings. Eat and defecate. And they've got one spooked up dog!

This isn't just about rent. I'm not above helping out a family in need. Who hasn't been down on their luck? It's about how they treated my property and the disregard for who would live there next.

That astronomically awful thing I dreaded happening has altered my vision of life. I stand thinking that the La Brea Tar Pits have somehow become an unwitting metaphor for my life in LA. The LA on the flipside to all those suns over palms postcards. What tourists see when they come here to sip the waters are thin glossy picturesque photos of a fertile, imaginary quenching oasis. But once they step foot to live in this pungent, endlessly growing city, they see how we're really all stuck, slowly being sucked down into an uncivilized quagmire of overpopulation, falling victim to a ruthless predator's next meal. And the only way out of it is hard cash to beat away the inevitable end for as long as possible, certain death.

A wave of anxiety washes over me with these dour thoughts and suddenly my life is nothing more than a handwritten lie on the backside of a discarded California postcard lost along a crowded highway. Because right now, everything isn't good, life isn't grand and I don't wish you were here. The fact is, even though I solved the mystery of the barking dog, I'm pretty sure I just witnessed something entirely lacking earthly explanation. And it somehow has a hold of me, controlling my emotions. Now instead of having a sense of achievement, I'm left with the unsettling feeling in the pit of my stomach that somehow that spooky cocker spaniel will come back to alter my mundane life forever.

*See future editions of *The Word* for more, or purchase the full book on Amazon. The Prologue through this chapter are also posted at www.thegayword.com.* 