space Silly Land very Short Story

Silly Station 17
Part 1
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Sitting down on the bar stool in front of him, the lizard man knocked on the counter to get the attention of the bartender currently wiping down the soda machine. "Get me a Space Beer, will ya?" The lizard man asked, glancing around the room. The floor and tables were wooden, which was contrasted by the many machines and screens that lined the metal walls. Most of the station he had been assigned to was mainly metal and plating, aside from certain rooms. The bartender opened the cold case, grabbed a beer, and handed it to the lizard man. "300 credits." the bartender said. The lizard man handed over the money and grabbed the beer, then got up to leave.

"Slow down there, haven't you heard? Drinks must stay in the bar!" The bartender loudly warned the lizard man.

"Since when?" The lizard man looked back, confused.

"Captain's orders, not mine, don't you ever check your PDA?" The bartender asked, and the lizard man stared blankly at him.

"I… I don't know how to use my PDA." The lizard man hesitatingly stated, coming back to sit down.

"Didn't you get trained on it when you got here?" The bartender replied, wide-eyed.

"My training was cut short." The lizard man sighed.

"It's alright, it's simple enough, you could probably figure it out on your own. Say, are you the librarian?" The bartender inquired, looking at his uniform.

"Oh, yeah, name's Zigvok, still pretty new to the job." The lizard man said, grinning.

The bartender pointed to the back door near the counter and cigarette dispenser, "The library is connected to the same maintenance if you want to bring your drink. You can go unnoticed by the cameras, just don't get caught"

"Thanks." Zigvok got up from his seat and walked to the door with his beer, before he entered though, he checked out the cigarette dispenser.

"Can't take cigs either." said the bartender, chuckling. Zigvok sighed before entering the door. The bartender hastily added, "Oh wait! Before you go, there's a little switch on the side of your PDA! It turns on the flashlight!"

<p style="text-align:center">***</p>

The room was pitch black, Zigvok felt around his satchel to find his PDA. Once he found the PDA, he switched on the flashlight. The hallway was tight, with loose wires and pipes everywhere, and a variety of items laid scattered about ranging from a stuffed dog, to hard drugs. Realizing he didn't know where he was going, Zigvok turned around and reentered the bar.

"How do I get to the library…?" Zigvok asked the bartender.

"Oh whoops, it's a right, a left, then another right, the door is at the end." The bartender laughed, turning around to welcome the human coming towards him. Zigvok popped back into the maintenance hall and began to follow the instructions. Down the right, then the left, he finally reached the last turn. Suddenly, a clown came from the right, and Zigvok jumped.

"Holy– Flippin' hell…" Zigvok was trying to gather air.

"Zigvok, huh? Mmm…" The clown looked at his name tag before shoving him out of the way. Zigvok watched as the clown walked away in its squeaky shoes. He slowly turned around and walked through the door at the end of the hall.

<p style="text-align:center">***</p>

The room was dimly lit, a lamp illuminated Zigvok's desk, surrounded by bookcases sparsely stocked with books. Zigvok made his way to his desk and set his beer down with a quiet thud. He pulled out his PDA, which he had put away only moments earlier. He moved the selector over the announcements button, and text filled his screen. Glancing over everything, he then turned on the ping notification. Setting the PDA down to the side, he reached for his beer instead. Unscrewing the cap of the bottle, he glanced at the clock, "7:47." Leaning back in his chair, he took a sip of his beer.

"BEEP, BEEP, BEEP," The PDA began to blare, Zigvok quickly sat up, splashing his beer onto his shirt. He checked the announcements, "Attention! Code Red! An unknown and dangerous life form had been found roaming the station. Security will have weapons in hand at all times." Zigvok could not believe his eyes. He rubbed his face with one hand, "Drat."