

ALIEN INK



By Faye-Marie Simcox-Lawrence

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Imagined by
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June 2019



Faye worked on the reception desk at the tattoo studio. She was keeping busy during the quiet times by practicing her drawings, as she was an aspiring artist.



Suddenly, she heard a noise coming from the downstairs room. She had never been down there before; her manager had told her she was never ever to go down there. But the noise was calling her and it sounded mysterious, so she could not resist.



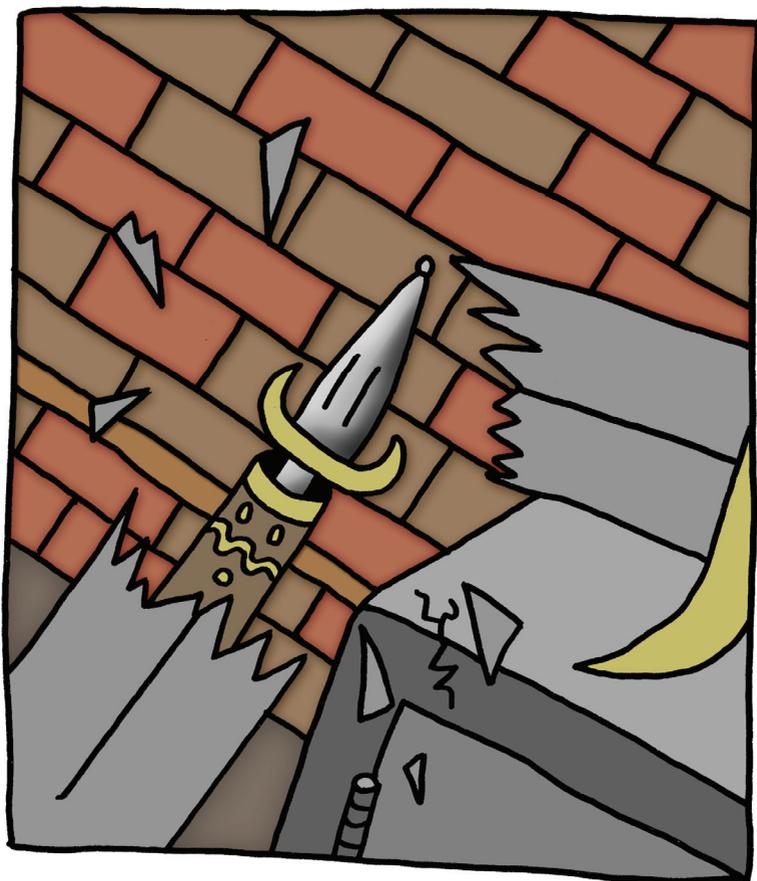
When she got downstairs, she found a safe covered in cobwebs near the corner of the room. The noise was coming from inside, and she could hear it clearly now. It was a voice calling her: 'Faye... destiny,' it said.



She tried to unlock the safe using the mechanism. She tried all the combinations she thought her manager might have used: his birthday, address, lucky numbers etc. She soon became frustrated and showed her teeth to the safe in a menacing way, hoping that it might give in.



In a mad rage, she unsheathed her trusty sword (she never left the house without it) with a cool fa-shing noise that she had only ever heard before in Samurai movies. She was quite impressed by this and felt particularly bad ass.



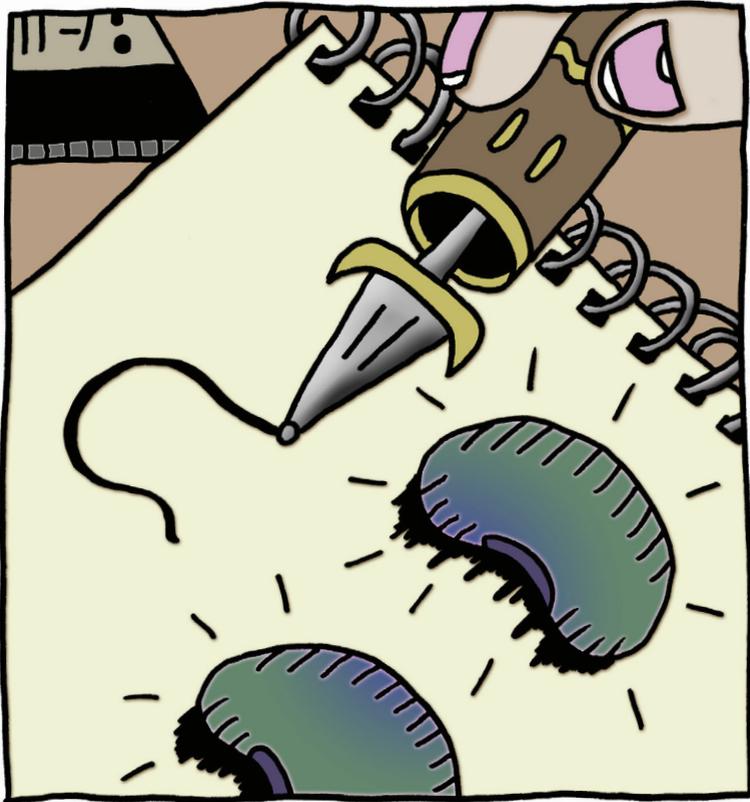
She swung the sword down hard on the safe, hoping to break it open. But instead it snapped her sword in two! Inside her sword (and unknown to her), there was a much smaller pen-sword, an elegant fountain pen fashioned with the beauty of a finely forged sword.



'This is odd,' thought Faye while examining the cool little pen-sword. She wondered where it had come from, who had made it and how much it might be worth. Behind her, she heard a slow metallic creaking sound.



The impact of the sword had opened the safe door after all, and there on the shelf was sat a little bottle of ink. The label on the bottle had strange alien-looking symbols. 'Now I have a pen and ink – it must be destiny indeed!' exclaimed Faye.



She had never been the best at drawing, but by using the new pen-sword and ink she drew some beans that looked so lifelike that they suddenly became real! ‘Wow,’ she gasped, ‘this is like a fairy tale! I totally have to plant these beans.’



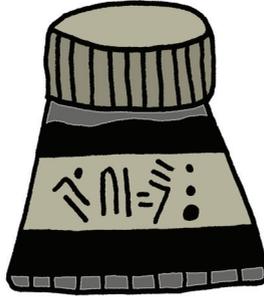
So she planted the beans and went to bed with great anticipation of beanstalks and adventure. In the morning, she was surprised to see that a pterodactyl was crawling out of where she had planted the beans. He seemed quite friendly, and she decided to name him Terry.



Terry was an awesome pet, much cooler than all the other pets she had. Terry had an added bonus in that she could use him as transport. She sold her car and got some instant cash. She would make great savings in the future by not having to run a car. She had a smug little smile knowing that her carbon footprint would be massively reduced.



Faye decided to leave her old life behind and set off for adventure. The feel of the wind blowing in her hair as she rode Terry through the sky made her feel exhilarated and free. She took with her the pen-sword, sketchbook and alien ink. She would create her own adventures – anything was possible now!



Meanwhile, the police were investigating a case of stolen property from a certain tattoo studio. And that ink might not last forever, it was only a little bottle. Faye might not have fully thought this one through.

To me, this story is one of great escapism. It's also the beginning of a greater adventure, a sort of superhero origins story. It was written using Rory's Story Cubes over a cup of tea in Spondon, Derby, with Faye's brain a-tingling while I transcribed. A bit of jiggery-pokery here and there, and some sketches later, and here it is: Alien Ink.