

Sinister Stories  
&  
Twisted Tales

*The Ultimate Anthology of  
Sci-Fi & Cosmic Horror*

## Publisher's Note

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Thank you: *unidentified woman in Dallas*

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## Table of Contents

Lucky Tuky.....	1
Vector.....	23
Auditor-17.fga.lk.....	33
Chew and Lector Model: THAG.....	38
X17 - Zentopia: Things That Bind Us.....	46
ephemeral echoes.....	49
57 Minutes.....	109
Holy Nation.....	116
Gods & Monsters.....	124
Served Cold.....	130
Filmore Street.....	135
Smiley Face.....	144
EARTHMAN.....	155
:TO COME OR DROP DOWN.....	241

# **Fragments from the Unseen Archives**

As capsuled by

**Seer CyLor**

Initiated: Protocol 8773.fga.lk

*long live the new flesh*



## **Lucky Tuky**

“Mom, mum, mommy...” Kyle was turning nine years old tomorrow and had been asking for a pet for months but today he was more than persistent.

“Kyle, if you ask again I’m going to take a present away.” Steph pulled her hair out of her eyes and pointed at the dining table where they had already started to decorate.

“I’ll feed it. I’ll clean it. I’ll do anything. Dad said to ask you.”

Steph was trying to make him a sandwich but set down the utensils and yelled over her shoulder, “Ray! Raymond if you told him to come in here asking again I’m going to be pissed.”

“Mom!” Kyle pointed at her, “That’s bad words.”

“No it’s not.” She shot back with a grin.

Kyle ran to the hall, “Dad, mom’s pissed!”

She lunged at him playfully, “That doesn’t mean you can say it.”

Kyle laughed and jumped away, “Mom’s pissed!”

Ray was already coming down the hall toward the kitchen. “I’m just messing around, Steph.” He nudged Kyle toward the living room, “Go watch TV and don’t say piss.”

“Piss.” Kyle mumbled as he sat on the couch and fumbled with the remote.

Ray chuckled, “Don’t say it.”

Steph glared at him, “I’m trying to make lunch and you got him in here begging for a pet again.”

Ray stepped up behind her and whispered, “My mom’s bringing it over first thing in the morning. We should tell him.”

“No.” She started making the sandwich again. “Don’t tease him.”

“I’m not,” Ray said. “You want it too.”

“Shhh…” She pushed him away. “Kyle, you want juice?”

He didn’t hear her over the TV.



Steph whispered, “After lunch, take him to the park or something so I can wrap the gifts.”

“Yea, I will.” Ray picked up some lunch meat and started snacking.

Steph yelled this time, “Kyle, what do you want to drink?”

“Piss!” Kyle yelled and Ray spit a mouthful of food into his hand, laughing.

The next morning Grandma Chelsea was already calling, already on the way, early as always. Kyle and Steph were still asleep but Ray had been up and drinking coffee in the kitchen when she called, “Hey mom.”

“Is the birthday boy awake?” she asked.

“They’re both asleep, it’s the weekend.”

She sounded disappointed, “I thought he’d be up.”

“Me too but it’s early.”

“Well I have little Tuk-Tuk tucked away with me. You better wake him up!”

“I’ll go get him; he’s going to freak out. But, I don’t think we’re going to call him Tuk-Tuk.”

She sounded disappointed again, “That’s his name, though. It’s on the carrier. It’s how he came.”

“I know mom but we’re going to let Kyle name it.”

“It’s how he came.”

“Ok mom, let me go get them up. How close are you?”

She paused for just a second, long enough though, “You better hurry. I’ll be there in about half an hour.”

Ray went into the bedroom and Steph was already sitting up,

“Mom’s on the way.”

“She’s early.”

“Yep, we got like 15-20 minutes.” He sat down on the bed beside her and they heard Kyle’s door swing open.

“Mom! Dad!” Kyle ran into the room and jumped on the bed. “Can I open a present now?!”

“Happy Birthday, buddy!” Ray grabbed him and gave him hug.

“Not yet.”

Steph smiled, “Happy Birthday big-boy! Come here!” Kyle gave her a hug. “What’s for breakfast?”

“Well,” Ray said. “Grandma’s on her way and bringing donuts!”

“Yea!” Kyle screamed and jumped off the bed, running toward the kitchen. “Presents!”

Steph and Ray looked at each other, still smiling, “I got you coffee.” Ray said.

It was only ten minutes before Grandma Chelsea pulled into the driveway. They’d had barely enough coffee and Kyle was gulping down chocolate milk when he saw Grandma walking up to the door. She had a small carrier.

Kyle was shockingly quiet...

He stared out the window for a moment, realizing something was different. Realizing what Grandma might be holding.

He set the glass down and looked quickly at his parents before standing.

“Go get her.” Ray said.

“Grandma!” Kyle yelled and rushed to the door.

The carrier was for a small dog. But it wasn’t a dog.

Grandma had full control. She had Kyle sit down on the couch, she set the carrier down and pointed to the tag on the side, “Its name is Tuk-Tuk.” She said.

Kyle was squirming in the seat, he couldn’t help it.

“He’s very special.” Grandma continued. “Your mom and dad picked him out, and I’ve been caring for him all week.” She patted Kyle on the head. “You’re going to have to care for him now. You’re a big boy and I know you can take good care of him, right?”

“Yes, yes!” Kyle could barely sit still.

Steph leaned in, “You can name him whatever you want.”

“He’s all yours, Kyle.” Ray added.

Grandma sat down and slid the carrier closer, “Now Tuk-Tuk is one of a kind. Your mom and dad had him made very special for you. He’s sort of like a puppy; he has a lot of Poodle in him. And, he’s sort of like a squirrel but with wings. He can’t fly but he does have wings. And...” She paused. “He’s very, very smart. He’s got terminals in him too!”

“He’s a toy?” Kyle asked.

“No,” Grandma said. “He’s alive. Are you ready?”

Kyle was clapping and slid onto the floor as Grandma Chelsea reached over and started to open the carrier. “He’s going to be shy at first. He’s really quiet right now but you wait.” She started to open door. “Let him come to you.”

From inside the carrier, a paw emerged. It was like a puppy, its paws were very big and covered in a long soft fur of white and gold. It stretched as it carefully climbed out of the carrier. It looked like a baby poodle with short legs; it started sniffing the air as its tiny wings stretched open.

Kyle reached out his hands and it started smelling his fingers. It wrapped a paw around his hand and one of its wings slid forward to touch Kyle on the cheek.

Kyle was very gentle and let it explore. “I love it, I love it. It’s so soft.”

Grandma was grinning as Steph started to take pictures.

“It has your same hair coloring,” Grandma said. “It’s from a couple of strands of your hair.” She continued with excitement.

“Is that why I can hear him, Grandma?”

“You can hear him?” she asked.

“He’s a little scared but in my head.”

She chuckled, “Well be careful, I’m sure he’s going to be a little shy.”

Kyle slowly picked it up and cradled it in his arms. “I love you, Tuky!”

She reached into the carrier and pulled out a leash, “Now, be careful he doesn’t get outside without a leash. He’s been trying to escape out the front door all week at grandma’s house.”

Grandma Chelsea was sipping coffee at the dining table; they could hear Kyle shrieking with delight down hall as he played with his new found friend.

“The gene-casting clinic said the poodle in him has arthritis so Kyle needs to be gentle.”

“We know, mom.” Ray replied.

“I thought you said they could take that out.” Steph said.

“No, no. It’s genetic; you’re a nurse.”

“For people, Chelsea.” Steph gave Ray a glare.

Ray changed the subject, “Mom, how was your doctor appointment?”

Grandma Chelsea placed a small FOB on the table, “It’s fine... Now, it will need a lot of exercise and its wings are clipped so it can’t fly. Not supposed to anyway. And, that’s the chip. I don’t like pause at all; it’s like dead.”

“It’s alive,” Steph said as she got up to get more coffee, “When do you want to do presents?”

“Let him play.” Chelsea said. “When are his little friends coming over for the party?”

“That’s at lunch time, mom. Are you going to stay?” Ray asked.

“No, no, no. But I want to see pictures.”

In the evening, as the night drifted in, Kyle came running down the hall, screaming.

He left behind him tiny little foot prints of blood... “Mommy! Mum! He bit me!”

Steph jumped up from the couch and knelt down, “Let me see.”

Kyle was crying, he held up a foot, “Tuky bit me.”

There were tiny scratches, nothing serious but the skin bled around both his ankles.

Ray came from the kitchen, “What?”

Tuky was creeping down the hall toward them; it was scared and knew something was wrong.

“Tuky bit me.” Kyle was sobbing.

Steph started walking him into the kitchen, “It’s alright, Ray. Grab a washcloth and some bandages.”

“What happened?!” Ray saw the little bloody steps as Tuky sulked against a wall in the hallway.

“It’s the baby teeth, Ray.” Steph said. “They’re sharp, like any other puppy.”

Ray walked into the hall and smacked the creature on the head. It yelped and scattered away.

“Ray!” Steph yelled. “It’s just a puppy. Get me a rag!”

“It’s gotta learn, Steph.” Ray said and walked further down the hall to get a cloth and bandage from the bathroom.

The creature scurried into Kyle’s bedroom and disappeared.



“It’s ok.” Steph comforted Kyle, wiping tears from his face. “It has little sharp baby teeth. Just be careful how you play with it and you’ll be fine.”

Kyle was calming down but still had tears in his eyes. “It’s ok mommy, I don’t want dad to hurt Tuky.”

“He won’t,” Steph told him, “It’s just a baby, dad won’t hurt it.”

Ray made sure Tuky stayed in the carrier that night. On pause.

The next morning Ray and Steph drank coffee together at the dining table, watching Kyle and Tuky play in the back yard through the kitchen windows. Steph swiped at the air and the tinted glass disappeared, the wall became transparent so they could keep a closer eye on them.

Tuky couldn’t fly but his wings let him carry a little weight. He was able to jump over Kyle completely with the aid of those wings. They were chasing each other around the yard.

Ray was watching, but working on his screens... Bills were due.

Steph set her cup down on the table, “Your mom insists on pissing me off every time she’s here.”

“I know, she’s a little passive-aggressive.” Ray said. “Can you grab my wallet from the counter please?”

Steph stood up, “Yep.” She stepped over to the counter. “Where? I don’t see it.”

Ray looked up, “It should be next to my keys.”

“Nope.”

“What the hell.” Ray stood up and walked over. “Where is it?”

Steph started to laugh. “Don’t be mad.”

“What?”

She knelt down; it was under the table. She picked it up with two fingers and chuckled. “Looks like Tuky is teething all right.”

His wallet was chewed up, torn and a little shredded.

“Damn it!” Ray swiped it from her hand and knelt down to pick the other pieces on the floor. “He ate my cards but left the bills. That’s fucking great!”

Steph was laughing. “Remember, it’s just a puppy and you wanted it.”

“Fuck, Steph.” Ray threw the wallet on the table and stormed off.

“I’m pausing it!”

“Don’t you dare,” Steph said. “Kyle is playing nice out there.”

“I’m fucking pausing it, Steph!” He yelled from the down hall.

“Fucking pause!”

Tuky was waiting at the window in the living room for Kyle to come home from school. Tuky had grown very smart over the next year and knew exactly when Kyle would be walking down the sidewalk. And when Kyle got close, Tuky would jump onto his hind legs and drift up and down; its wings allowed it to get quite high.

Tuky started floating and bouncing, yelping, as Kyle’s figure turned onto the street. It was able to make small phrases, almost like a bird, “Kaylee,” it yelped.

*That was the closest it got to saying his name.*

Steph could see Kyle waving toward the house and pointing to his ears... That meant they could hear each other. Almost like they were twins, Kyle insisted he could sense Tuky’s thoughts. And it did appear that way...

“Kaylee!” Tuky grumbled. “Kay, Kay, Kay!” It yelped.

Kyle swung open the door and Tuky almost tackled him.

“Tuky, down!” Steph yelled. But it was no use... Those two were usually inseparable.

Steph sighed, “Kyle, tell him to settle.”

Kyle tapped his ear and Tuky responded, sitting down.

“Thank you.” Steph said, “How was school?”

“Boring!” Kyle yelled.

Tuky joined in, “Bor, Bor, Bor.”

Steph waved him into the kitchen, “Come on, let’s have a snack.”

Kyle led the way and Tuky followed at his side, stretching its wings wide.

“Tuky thinks he wants a snack too, mum.”

“I bet he does,” Steph said. “You tell him to stay out of dad’s shoes and I’ll *think* about giving him a snack.”

“He thinks he’ll stop but it’s hard, mom.”

Steph laughed, “Well, your dad will thump him good if he doesn’t.”

Soon after, Ray came home and when he opened the door, Tuky tried to run out. He didn’t do that with Kyle, but every time Ray or

Steph opened the door they had to be careful. Tuky was a known escape artist.

The next morning started the weekend and Grandma Chelsea was coming over. Late that night, Tuky quietly made his way out of Kyle's room. Tuky always stayed with Kyle until he was fast asleep and most nights he stayed in Kyle's room. But Tuky also liked to sleep late nights on the floor next to Steph.

As Tuky entered their room he sniffed Ray's shoes left near the bedroom door.

He didn't take them.

Grandma Chelsea was sitting at the dining table gazing out the back window at Kyle and Tuky playing in the yard. She was lost in thought but smiling. "He's gotten big."

Ray chuckled, "Well, you said he'd get to about twenty pounds but Tuky's about double that already."

She glanced at Steph, "You look like you could use a walk, do you take him on walks?"

Steph was quiet and gave Ray a look...

“So, mom,” Ray continued. “How was the doctor visit?”

She didn’t answer right away, still lost in thought... Her memories a hall filled with pictures and ghosts.

“Mom?”

She never looked away from window... “Make sure Kyle has a good birthday this year.”

Tuky was lying on the living room floor when he heard Ray approaching, he was home early. Tuky sat up and watched the front door... waiting. He slowly moved closer, inching his way near the door.

Ray unlocked the door, and Tuky ran for it, but Ray caught him and pushed him back with his foot. “Fuck, Tuk. Stop that shit.”

He slammed the door and locked it.

Steph came from down the hall, “Kyle’s still at school.”

“Yea, I left early. I didn’t want to be there.”

Steph hugged him, “What time do you want to leave?”

Ray took a deep breath, “I don’t know.”

“I’m sorry it’s been so rough.”

“It’s okay.”

“Kyle keeps asking to bring Tuky.”

“He’s not bringing Tuky to the funeral.”

“I know, I know... I’m just saying, you should talk to him.”

Ray wouldn’t cry...

They knew Kyle was approaching when Tuky went crazy at the front window. Kyle swung open the door and when Tuky greeted him, the door was left ajar... But this time, Tuky ran.

Kyle screamed at him but Tuky was fast.

“Tuky! No!” Steph jumped off the couch and ran out the door,

“Tuky!”

There was a car.

And there was an accident.

Tuky tumbled under the wheels and the car sped away.

Kyle was screaming as he knelt down beside Tuky...

Out of pain or instinct, Tuky snapped at him and bit off one of his fingers.

Kyle was screaming and blood was spilling.

Steph grabbed him, and chaos spilled as well.

Ray stood in the doorway...

There were two funerals that week.

Gene-Cast was able to use Tuky's remains to create something new again... They waited almost a month but it was the only thing that brought Kyle back to them. And it was Kyle who insisted on adding a few strands of hair from Grandma Chelsea.

They kept the name, Tuk-Tuk. And, Kyle called him Tuk-Tuk from then on... It was a way to honor Grandma.

And Tuk-Tuk had a streak of grey in its hair just like Grandma.

Tuk-Tuk was almost identical... It was hard to tell any difference.

Kyle shared its thoughts, its hair...



And, over the next few months, Ray lost another wallet and a comm. Steph lost a purse and a sweater.

The difference they did notice was on early weekend mornings...

They would find Tuk-Tuk in the kitchen, staring out the back windows.

Lost in thought it seemed... Just like Grandma.

And, Steph insisted, Tuk-Tuk showed some disdain for her specifically. She couldn't place it, but she insisted Tuk-Tuk would call her a 'nurse' with a tone of sarcasm.

Ray and Kyle both insisted they had never heard it, and Tuk-Tuk was probably trying to say purse.

It was Steph who began to threaten a thumping... And, she did, when no one was around.

Tuk-Tuk would stare at her and growl. "You in there, Chelsea?"

She asked one morning. "You in there?"

Steph leaned over and was going to thump it on the head but it snapped at her. She screamed as she jumped back, "You little fuck!"

She kicked at it but it didn't move. Instead, it stepped forward... growling.

"Ray!" She yelled, "It's doing it again!"

It continued staring until it heard Kyle coming down the hall and it scattered away.

"You little fuck." She muttered under her breath.

Kyle ran into the dining room to find Tuk-Tuk under the table. He knelt down to try and coax him out, "Mom, Tuk-Tuk thinks you're mean. Are you mean?"

"No!" Steph exclaimed. "I'm just tired."

Tuk-Tuk was slowly crawling out from under the table, inching his way toward Kyle.

"Honey," Steph said. "Do you hear grandma when you hear Tuk-Tuk?"

"Not really." Kyle said.

"What do you mean?"

"Sometimes... Sometimes grandma shares Tuk-Tuk I guess."

Steph caught the creature glance at her, dead in her eyes...

Kyle continued to call for it and Tuk-Tuk inched closer, gently licking Kyle's stubbed finger.

Late that night Kyle was asleep, and Tuk-Tuk hadn't gone into the master bedroom for a very long time.

But this night... This night it crept slowly into their room being careful not to disturb anyone or anything.

It walked to the other side of the bed where Steph was asleep and sat down.

It stared at her... Its memories lost in a dark hallway somewhere close.

A wing slowly raised and drifted silently toward her neck...

Long white hairs spun out from the tip and stopped short of making contact with her skin but... It was close enough.

A faint glow drifted between them as Tuk-Tuk began draining genetic strands from her.

This was the gift that Gene-Cast brought forward...

All of their creatures were interlinked.

All of their creations subjugated.

A new Steph was being granted new life...

And this new creature would be given to the children to come.

*long live the new flesh*