

Adolescent Apocalypse (Short Story Sample)

The transfusion, as always, was a complete success.

Samson offered his reflection a long and crooked smile, and tilted his purple pork-pie hat past the thick waves of his glittering hair. His body, once more, was running on the blood of a man several decades his junior—and he *felt* it. Samson’s toes buzzed, his fingers quivered with a newly inherited electricity, and his stomach was churning with fresh butterflies.

It was 15.32. Time for a bit of Drippo. Samson had been dropless since last Tuesday but, fortunately for the old boy, there was a perfectly decent Drop Shop squatting on the other side of the road. Samson straightened his tie, gave his reflection one last check in the bank’s window, and began prancing in the direction of the pulsating zebra crossing.

A gorgeous young girl of sixty-three was perched upon the counter as Samson entered the Drop Shop. She paused, for one pregnant moment, before allowing her pale, plastic face to sink into a long and lascivious smirk. On cue, the girl thrust out her inflated chest, which bounced, twice, before coming to a shuddering rest above her midriff. Her curved, crimson nails began tapping against the edge of the counter.

“And what would *you* like?” crooned the girl. Samson arched an eyebrow. Without taking his eyes off the girl’s slender, artificial body, he plucked a small pack of Drippo vials from the nearest shelf. With his spare hand, Samson took out his phone and allowed his fingers to dance, in a familiar pattern, across several buttons of his Body Regulation App. Samson’s ears gave a minute shiver and the crackling music that oozed from the Drop Shop’s speakers faded into scarcely more than a whisper. An aphrodisiac erupted from its dormant pouch within Samson’s body and began gliding, like a swarm of fireflies, towards his loins. Samson’s manhood, which, admittedly, was long overdue for an upgrade, suddenly sprang to attention.

Samson, as he always did, asked the girl to provide him with a discount. The Drop Shop girl instead offered to have sex with him. Samson, after a moment of faux hesitation, agreed to the arrangement. The couple exchanged profiles, giving each other a quick, obligatory examination for any criminal histories, or any lurking transmissible diseases. Once this hasty background check was wrapped up, the girl giggled and took Samson by the hand. Locking her long, false fingernails around Samson’s wrist, she led the old boy into the back room.

Half an hour later, thoroughly satisfied, and with his stock of Drippo now replenished, Samson left the shop and began ambling towards the high street. His fingers were already darting across the screen of his phone, in the process of summoning a taxi.

It was time for Samson to begin properly celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday.

Now that we have given you a little snapshot of Samson's daily routine—for Samson was always popping into Drop Shops, regardless of whether it was his birthday or not—let us take a moment to introduce our young protagonist.

Samson, on the morning that he slept with that particular woman, at that particular Drop Shop, was an unemployed ex-student; one amongst thousands. He had just graduated from the University of Winchester, with a PHD in the Deconstruction of Revisionist Pre-Postmodern Postcolonial Romantic Poetry, at the young age of seventy-five, and he was looking forward to the beginning of the rest of his life. Samson's arm tingled; he knew it wouldn't be long before he was slinking back to the bank for another dose. Samson had another operation booked in for the end of the month, and he knew that with all the partying he had planned following his graduation, he would need all the *pick-me-ups* he could get.

Samson had already undergone ten surgeries, which was about the national average. His kidneys had been replaced; his heart was artificial, and now pumped the blood of countless far younger men through Samson's plastic veins. Samson's eyes, at his birth, had been a dull brown, and now they sparkled like emeralds; he'd swapped them the day after he turned sixty.

Of course, it was impossible to halt the cruel ageing process entirely. Samson's bones, despite all the yoga and the drugs, seldom moved without a now overfamiliar squeak of protest, and his teeth were in dire, *dire* need of replacement. Still, all things considered, Samson knew he was still endowed with rather good health. With enough operations, there was no reason he couldn't make it past the national average of one-hundred-and-eighty-three. Plenty of time to work out what he was going to do with his superfluous education.

Samson, with a skip in his step and his loins still blissfully throbbing after his encounter with the Drop Shop worker, danced his way into a little bar called *The Sapphire Chain*. A soft, blue glow fell upon the ex-student as he ambled his way over to the grinning bar staff. Two identical girls who couldn't have been much older than fifty, beamed at Samson as he scanned the glistening rows of technicolour booze. One of these girls, who had gaudy pink braces and flowing ringlets the colour of broccoli, took Samson's order, her purple studded tongue rolling her *thank*

you from cheek to cheek, as Samson tapped his phone against the register. Samson returned her thank you with a wink.

Synopsis

Samson is in a very good mood. He's just turned seventy-five, and has managed to graduate from the University of Winchester. He's young, he's unemployed, and he's keen to throw the best birthday party ever. With an endless supply of drugs, sex, and booze (not to mention countless surgical enhancements) Samson is ready to rock and roll...but when tragedy occurs at his party, the young ex-student is forced to re-evaluate his whole life.

Adolescent Apocalypse is a satirical work of science-fiction, that presents the reader with a futuristic society where human life has been greatly extended by medical advancement. The average life expectancy is just shy of two centuries, and citizens of this brave new world rely on a combination of surgery, cybernetic implants and biological manipulation to keep them young and virile for as long as possible. No new wisdom comes from these increased lifespans. Instead, Samson and his friends choose to remain hedonistic and irresponsible adolescents for as long as possible, filling their days with meaningless sex and occupying their time with pointless education. It's a world where everyone is more or less happy, but at what cost?