

# FRESH OYSTERS

The fishing boat approached Barleigh Harbor. Oysters, that's what Captain Jameson said the boat was carrying. He swore up and down that there was nothing in them.

"No drugs, no alcohol, nothing to get the feds involved with. Just regular oysters fresh from the bay." Captain Jameson said.

Captain Jameson was known as an honest man; he lived on a boat, paid more than he needed to in child support, and donated the rest of the money to an organization that aimed to eradicate youth hunger. His personal expenses included food, hygiene products, and a bottle of Johnny Walker. His boat, which caught the attention of the FBI, EPA, CDC, and, somehow, the Space Force, was alarming not just for him but also for the men he employed.

"Center for Disease Control, Doctor Maya Hardee; FBI, Agent Greg Costa, Environmental Protection, Lisa Daniels; Space Force General Connor Price." Each of the officials said while flashing their credentials while sporting neon orange hazmat suits.

"What in the fresh hell is the Space Force doing here in Virginia? Ain't y'all supposed to be up in space with the aliens?" One of the fishermen asked.

General Price ignored the question and went straight to asking Mr. Jameson some questions.

"Mr. Jameson, I know this might be overwhelming, having the military and several government agencies on your boat." General Price said before pausing.

"It's supposed to be overwhelming! These "oysters" that are coming from your boat aren't a joke or a light manner." General Price said, yelling.

"General, can't you be a little more pleasant to Mr. Jameson. He probably doesn't even know what's going on here?" Doctor Hardee asked the General.

"No! He knows what he's selling. You and Daniels tagged along for fun. I can send you back to Washington if I want!" The general screamed at the Doctor.

Mr. Jameson looked puzzled, still confused as to why the Space Force was intervening with his fishing boat, but also with concern. The general might ruin his humble fishing business, and he hadn't done anything wrong except venture into the spawning zone in the upper portion of the bay, but why would a Space Force general be on his case for illegal fishing?

"Whoa! Hold your horses there, General." Captain Jameson said.

"General Price is too emotional, so I'll step in," Lisa says, tying her hair back in a bun. "The problem is your oysters... They're different." Lisa says

"They're the darn best oysters in the area." Captain Jameson says defensively

"Tell that to Julia Clayburn, Samuel Pierce, and Megan Collin." Agent Costa says.

"What we're trying to say is that your oysters have a parasite, which in this case is extra-terrestrial. These parasites have taken control of their hosts, using their bodies as an incubator, and when they've laid enough eggs, the host dies and the parasites escape and find other hosts to infect and multiply. We've identified that several of your crew members, and possibly yourself at this point, could be hosting this parasite. For public safety, we're being asked to quarantine the boat under the supervision of the Space Force." Doctor Hardee says.

"No, we've got to git a fishing." Captain Jameson protests.

"These oysters that you are harvesting are a threat to national and even global security. That's why we're wearing hazmat suits, you nutjob," General Price says, walking towards Captain Jameson.

The captain starts shaking and trembling, his skin rapidly turning a shiny coat of grey. The officials backed up, distancing themselves from the Captain.

"Mr. Jameson, you're not looking too hot. Your skin is gray, it's glistening, you're trembling. Go back to the boat and get some rest. This is what most people who've come in contact with the parasite have." Dr. Hardee says.

"I'll sleep when hell's frozen!" Captain Jameson yells.

General Price stares and looks at the captain. "Mr. Jameson, by the order of the U.S. Government, you are ordered to get your ugly, disgraced behind into that boat!" General Price yells with his hands in his right pocket.

"Fine, maybe this will get the glowies off of me." Captain Jameson says.

As Jameson walks down the pier on the boat, Dr. Hardee and Ms. Daniels look at Captain Jameson and Agent Costa in horror.

"Is the sanitization protocol in place?" The EPA scientist, Lisa Daniels, asks in horror.

As Captain Jameson walks on the boat, General Price looks towards Agent Costa.

"Get the matches and gasoline, Costa." General Price orders.