

POINTS OF VIEW Book One - The saga begins

Chapter Three - The Eyes Have It!

He did not recognize himself at first. He had a three-day growth of soft scraggy whiskers sprouting out here and there on his chin. Then, there were the eyes—his new eyes. They were bulging out more than he remembered—a lot more in fact. They were a glossy metallic green in color with a wide jet black semi-circle below each iris. He moved them up and down and then sideways, studying the contrasting off-white areas as best as he could. The pupils were larger than he remembered too. His eyelids were open, but when he closed each of them in turn, he could see that they were a dark purple color, as if he was wearing eye shadow. He held the mirror further away from his face and stared. The purple color extended out from his eyelids too, and there was no doubt about it...he did look weird. He gave a gasp of dismay and sat down hard on the chair beside the bed. Then he stared up at the professor and cried, “I look terrible, really weird. Even if I shave off this stupid beard, I’ll scare any kids that see me half to death! I’m a freak!”

“There is a solution,” came the sympathetic reply. “You can always wear contact lenses over them... for any special occasions, I mean. You will have to remove them when the batteries have to be recharged. Otherwise, I suggest you always wear a pair of not-too-dark glasses. The nurse will give you some before you leave here.”

“But what about my eyelids and around my eyes, this horrible purple color?”

“Don’t worry. Everything will be back to normal in a few days, that color will be gone and your eyes will not bulge out at all. They’re caused by the result of slight swelling and bruising

from the operation. I was very careful, I assure you, but some things are unavoidable. Any more questions?”

“Yes, there is something else. What’s happened to my old eyes?”

The professor stroked his short beard in surprise at the unexpected question. “Well, we have not destroyed them, if that’s what you suspect! After I took all the photographs I needed, I put them in a jar with some formaldehyde to exhibit later in my private museum. You don’t really want to see them, do you?”

“No...not really. I was just curious, that’s all. Do you always photograph everything during an operation?”

“Yes I do. That’s a very important part of the procedure, especially when I am going to write a technical paper about it all, as I plan to in your case.”

“I see. I think I’d like to read that. I’m sure it will make you famous, even more than you are now.”

The professor smiled modestly. “You may be right, my boy. Now, if you have no more questions, I really would like you to stay in bed and relax for the rest of the day. The nurse will give you something to ease the itching and help you to get some proper sleep.”

Horace was overjoyed at the thought of being able to walk around soon and see everything again. There were so many places he had always wanted to visit. Then he began to consider his future. “I’ve got to think about what I want to do now that I can see,” he told the professor. “But I’m going to take a few weeks off first and do some real sightseeing.”

The surgeon became thoughtful. "I would like to talk to you about your future. I believe I have a proposition for you to think about."

"You mean some kind of job with you?"

"Not quite, but I have an old friend in a government department, and I think he will be interested in what you can do now with your new eyes."

"You mean the way I can zoom in on anything I look at? I suppose that could be useful to somebody."

"Even more than you realize," said professor Freeman quietly, "and that is not all you may discover you can do."

Horace raised his eyebrows. "Really? There's more? How will I find out what it is?"

"The weather forecast says it will be cloudy in the morning, so I plan to take a little walk with you around those houses you can see through the window. I will want you to tell me what happens."

Horace glanced out the window at what he could see of the large estate on the other side of the main road. The neat rows of houses and the tidy gardens stretched away far into the distance. It was fascinating to observe with his new sight, but other than that, there did not seem to be anything unusual...at least not relevant to his amazing new visual facility. "So what do you expect me to be able to see over there?" he enquired cheekily. "Close-ups of the insects on all the different flowers in the gardens maybe?"

The professor chuckled softly. "Yes, those if you wish, but maybe something else...but you'll have to wait until tomorrow to find out. And I will have to wait too!" he added with a smile. "Now Horace, the nurse is about to give you a special pill to help you sleep normally again until the morning. Please swallow it immediately with a small glass of water."

"Will it make me dream?"

"Possibly! Yes, it might. Why, what made you ask? Do you often dream?"

Horace grinned, "Yes I do. I always enjoy my dreams; they're the only way I had before of actually being able to see anything."

He settled back down in bed and was fast asleep before the professor and the nurse hardly had time to leave the room.

Agent Mayberry gave the jumpjet fighter a little less thrust and then checked his location on the viewing screen. There was only featureless desert below him, but the scrolling map on the screen was now indicating that the pyramid was about twenty-five miles ahead. He lowered his airspeed again and began to reduce altitude. Seconds later there it was with the oasis beside it and a few tents erected around that. He spoke into his microphone, "Hallo Base, Jumper Two here, I'm almost over the target. Anything new to report, before I go in?"

A crackling sound came from the headphones in his helmet. Then a voice came over the radio. "Carrier Base One here. All okay at the moment, but a couple of enemy MIGs took off about ten minutes ago, and are now heading in your direction. You should have about forty-five minutes before they get to anywhere near you."

“Okay Base, that should be time enough, I’m going in now...over and out.”

He reached forward with his left hand and then armed all four air-to-surface missiles, one after the other, with his gloved thumb. He circled the fighter around and set his sights about halfway up the hollow pyramid which contained—he knew from his briefing—the enemy’s store of deadly biological weapons of mass destruction. He was grimly pleased to see its occupants suddenly stream out from a door in its base.

He had no quarrel with them. They must have realized that their secret store had been discovered, and what was about to happen to it. All they wanted now was to frantically get away to safety...and he was willing to let them.

He circled the pyramid once more and then headed directly towards it. Nobody else was coming out of the door, so he hoped by now it was totally vacated. He realigned his weapons sights up to the middle of the pyramid and then pressed the firing buttons for all four missiles. He watched them streak away successfully and head towards their target. Seconds later, as he banked the fighter over and away, they hit the target one after the other and exploded violently. He looped the fighter up and over then watched as the top of the pyramid lifted up slowly, turned over and slid down over what remained of its base. Satisfied, he spoke again into his microphone, “Target located and destroyed, returning to base now.”

“Good work, Agent Mayberry, but careful, those MIGS are very fast and almost near enough to lock on to you. Head south now and get away as fast as poss...”

He suddenly felt the jump-jet shudder as a missile hit his left wing and exploded. He watched in horror as the wing broke up, and the fighter began to heel over, out of control..."

Horace awoke in a sweat, wondering why things were always going wrong in his dreams ever since he had met the professor.

End of sample

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