

MOVIE SCENES REIMAGINED

DADDY

He'd wanted to have kids someday.

It wasn't going to happen now. That was a sad thought.

Maybe it was for the best, the way the world was going. That was an even sadder thought.

Tyreese was normally a more positive guy, but it was hard to stay optimistic when you were cocooned to a wall.

Tyreese Shannon. Lance Corporal, Military Police. That was all you were supposed to say when you were a prisoner.

He doubted his captors would care much for his name and rank, however. The carnivorous alien arachnids from another dimension appeared to have more primal concerns than sorting out who they'd managed to capture.

Hungry concerns, like digging those too-toothy grins into a few of the unlucky people they'd killed when they came skittering out of the enveloping grey fumes that had swallowed the entire town, and in through the doors of the pharmacy.

Some, the live ones like Tyreese, the spider-things had plastered to the ceilings and the walls. Maybe food for later, maybe something else.

He wished that he could move his arm to scratch the incredible itch that was spreading from his back to his chest and face, radiating from the spot where several of the creatures had stung him with some kind of paralyzing poison before they wrapped him up against the wall.

Sam. That would've been the name of his first kid. He'd always liked the name, the rhythm and the alliteration. Sam Shannon. Samantha if it was a girl.

The whole thing was fundamentally notional; he didn't have a woman in his life at the moment, and, given the way things were going today, he didn't think he was going to be with another woman in this lifetime. But it was something to keep his mind off itch. The second kid would be Charles. The third kid? Maybe Charlene. Or Tyrone.

Tyrone, son of Tyreese. That had a nice ring to it.

The worst part about waiting to die was the boredom.

That, and the itch, but the boredom was what surprised him. Gave him way too much time to think, which in turn made him feel bad about the current predicament he and the others found themselves in.

The Project had seemed so badass when he'd first been assigned to it, heard the stories about experimental technologies that could look into other worlds, filled with impossible places and things.

Not nearly as badass when a surge from the electrical storm knocked all the precise calibrations out of alignment and into a perfect cascade of catastrophic consequence. His radio had crackled with panicked screams from the base, only to be cut off by an overly calm broadcast from off-site command, ordering Tyreese and the other MPs to round up any wayward troops from town and prepare for emergency operations.

Yeah, they'd screwed up, majorly, and he'd been a part of it. A small part of it, but still part of it. That sucked, stuck on the wall, where not even the weight of all that culpability could pull him down.

He'd run out of baby names hours ago.

Something familiar but new echoed through the cobweb coated shelves, something Tyreese had abandoned any hope for since he'd gone up on the wall: human voices. Flashlight beams punctured the shadows inside the store.

"Let's just get what we need and get out of here." Someone whispered harshly.

Tyreese guessed they weren't having the best day either. The newcomers crept through the aisles. Most of the spider-things slept soundly in their webs, the rest out stalking through mist soaked streets, searching for prey.

The group clanged and clamored to the back room of the pharmacy.

Tyreese wanted to tell them to keep it down. He could hear the sleeping spider-things begin to stir at the all the sounds the intruders were making.

"Guys...hurry it up. I hear something." One of the people said. Good, they'd finally realized they should tread more softly. They didn't want to end up like Tyreese and the others.

"Something weird." Another chimed in. Shut up, Tyreese thought.

One of their flashlights fell onto a woman webbed to the ceiling. The newcomers began to scream. Some wordlessly yelling, others spouting profanity.

This had the potential to go very badly for them.

The telltale chittering grew louder, the spider-things really waking up now.

Gathering his remaining strength, Tyreese pulled his hand from the wall and onto the shoulder of one of the group. The man, a craggy face in mechanic's overalls, spun around and screamed louder.

He felt bad for scaring the man. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Tyreese choked out through the itching, somehow growing even more intense than it had been before. He pulled and shook against the wall. He had to get down, help them get out before the spiders fully awakened. "Help me," he said, struggling against the webs.

"Oh man, he's glued to the post."

Tyreese could just make out the confused and terrified expressions on their faces through the haze of webs.

They really had no idea what was happening or why, and he couldn't begin to imagine how frightening this all must be, without the context of the knowledge that he had. He started to explain, began at the beginning,

"It's all our fault..."

The itch got worse, and better at the same time, little strokes soothing it from the inside. He realized what was causing it; little feet, thousands of little feet scampering under his skin.

"I can feel them..."

The others stepped away from Tyreese.

Finally some relief, all those little teeth and claws scratching at the itch. One spot on his face gave way entirely, tiny little spider legs tickling his nose as they stepped across his cheeks.

Sammy. He would name it Sammy.

"Oh...my god." One of the intruders said. More spots burst open as hundreds of baby spiders came crawling out of him.

So, so many, and even after all that time spent just thinking of possible kids' names, Tyreese didn't have nearly enough. But it was okay. Good, even.

He was going to be a father after all.

DADDY

by TM Hogeman

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