

# Thrashing Ale with Den Sidion

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A NOVEL

John T. Buckley

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# Chapter 1

## Road trip with Gitio

Inside the Old Port Tavern in Portland Maine sat Den Sidion, Pat Finney, and Rosemary Pedal in a booth in the back of the bar. The bar itself is dimly lit as it is early afternoon and they use only sunlight from a trio of windows to light it. There is a pair of musical acts loading in their instruments called The Black Smile, and The Ice Cream Punch. Both bands are scheduled to play that evening and are known for raucous rock and roll. The lead singer for The Black Smile is named Tom Riddler (and he is well known for his screaming much less his singing). Tom had been a problem child as he grew up with a red cheek as it was called, or as you would say in an abusive home. He lived just north of Bangor or the former home of Stephen King (a long dead horror writer from before The Death of Laughter as it became called).

The Doramoc's are a race of aliens that landed on Earth over 150 years ago this week. They have become thought highly of as no one had ever seen an alien up close, but soon that changed when 1,000 of their ships arrived. We were informed they'd be staying. Well many of the people weren't too happy about this as they felt they shouldn't be telling us what to do. Yeah those were the first people to die at the hands of their advanced weaponry (namely their Slow Bullet guns).

The Slow Bullet Guns were called this because the bullet's started out slow and soon accelerated. They would blow a gaping hole in any part of your body they hit.

The military tried to stop their abduction of Earth, but never stood a chance. They fell very quickly and the people left were simply told you either do what we say *or you're dead*. Smartly they all did exactly what they said. This amounted to nothing more than leaving them be and never attacking them with speech or with violence.

Over the century and a half they started rebuilding many cities including New York, L.A., and Washington D.C. among others into technological marvels. In New York the skyline rose up 3 miles high. The Guess Building alone rose up 3 and half miles and included a massive park half a mile up that was lush and green (the neighbor's called it Greenville). The park has wind repellants that way you can comfortably spend a day up there with no chance of getting blown off the side.

They also revealed they had mastered anti-gravity. Soon all people were flying to work in sleek multi-colored cars and trucks

They created an archive of other alien cultures that we were able to peruse at our leisure (or convenience in case you were wondering). In those archives we could see that the Doramoc's had taken over dozens of worlds. It showed in great detail those cultures the way they had been before they got there. In many cases centuries upon centuries before they got there, which meant they had been watching each civilization. The Doramoc's waited patiently for them to create a well defined infrastructure to make it easier when they took over. When it came to Earth the records showed they'd been watching us for 60,000 years, much longer than the other worlds as we took longer to develop.

The leader of the Doramoc's is an emperor named Wexor Grim, a large mountain of a man. All the Doramoc's are tall and muscular (many 18 feet tall) with Wexor being 18 foot and 2 inches and weighing 1050 pounds. They all have dark red skin with dark blue square patches every so often all over their bodies. Their eyes are dark orange and spotted yellow and vary in intensity (but they all look intense). Wexor is the exception with crystal blue and spotted gold eyes, they dance across your face and never blink when angry.

Wexor loves to give spirited speeches and play with the Natives Soulless (as he called human beings) at every game on the planet, but especially poker as he felt it was their only chance at victory. Oddly enough the Doramoc's dominated most sports, but rarely cheered and rabble roused as they won. Instead they became abusive towards any human in sight. This led to many humans running out of the

stadiums long before the end of a match. In baseball Wexor had hit over 1,000 home runs in as little as 2400 at bats. He had extraordinary hand-eye coordination and rarely a ball got by him. He would proceed to walk the bases as he took in the nervous applause.

“Hey, Rosemary, you up for a little naked scrabble later tonight or what?” asked Den as he threw a wink to Rosemary and she shook her head.

Den Sidion has seal black, short curly hair that is lightly gelled and goes back from a strong hairline. He has dark blue eyes and an upturned small nose with round cheeks. He is 5’10” and weighs 204 pounds with large muscular forearms and a barrel chest. He has a green scorpion tattoo on his clavicle with the words, “She owed me forever, so I took it,” written beneath the scorpion in red letters. He has on a black leather motorcycle jacket with a white cotton dress shirt underneath, with tan buttons and a pair of blue jeans made by Tommy Hilfiger. He also has on black size 11 running sneakers with a revolver attached to his calf muscle by a black strap.

“I would if you didn’t know how to spell FART so well. Ask Grega when he gets here he loves to be propositioned by strange women,” said Rosemary sarcastically as Pat laughed and Den grinned and shook his head.

Rosemary Pedal has strawberry blonde hair and it’s long with a pair of braided pieces on either side that are curly at the ends. She is very beautiful with large luscious lips and sultry dark brown eyes, as well as a well defined cute nose. She has a thin figure, but with a large round butt and B cup breasts. She is 5’4” and has on a white sweat suit jacket with only a black lace bra underneath. She also has on black hot pants and Nike running shoes that are tan in color (and white anklet socks).

“Oh is it hilarity from the likes of you two. Hey, Pat, did Rosemary ask for your condom size before or after she said she was a virgin? Cause I suspect you both lied in your answers in the Police report,” said Den jokingly in a stern voice then he burst out laughing as Pat and Rosemary looked at him coldly.

Pat Finney has dark brown hair that is mid-length and slightly receding on the sides in the front. His eyes are lavender and look jovial. He also has a thin nose with a large round tip that makes him look handsome. He has a block jaw and oddly perfect white teeth. He is 6'2" and weighs 175 pounds with a flat chest and hairy thin arms as well as large legs. He has on a black t-shirt with the face of Marlon Brando in the movie, "Apocalypse Now," with the words, "Where is the method to the madness," written beneath his head. He also has on a pair of black satin dress pants and black Redwing boots with a blue denim jacket.

"Oh aren't you the merry prankster. I thought I found another load in Rosemary when I inserted, it was you wasn't it?!" asked Pat sarcastically as Den laughed and Rosemary rolled her eyes.

"You boys need to go get you some tranny love down at the Greyhound station. Cause this body is closed for good," said Rosemary jokingly as she tried not to laugh and then Tom Riddler walked by and she grabbed his arm and asked, "Hey, Tom, can you save me from these 2 idiots, they're burning the finish off this table with their breath?"

Tom has orange and blonde long streaked hair that is wavy and curled at the ends. His eyes are golden in color and seem very calm and thoughtful. He has a prominent nose with a rounded bump and high cheekbones. There is a tiny tattoo of a Doramoc on his thumb in gold and red. He is 6'1" and has a massive chest and rugged arms. He has on a golden sportcoat that has a soft fiber all over it and the collar he has bent up to accent his hair. He also has on a dark green polyester shirt and tight brown corduroy pants that show off his visible large man bulge. He also has on tan size 13 sneakers and a homemade beaded necklace, including a silver ring with a compartment for cocaine.

"I would, but they've already singed my nose hairs so what's the point. Hey, Rosemary, you wanna hear Waspus in the first set like usual?" asked Tom honestly as he leaned in next to Rosemary and put his hand on her back.



“Only if I get to see that anaconda in your pants later tonight,” said Rosemary in a sultry voice as she grabbed Tom’s man bulge tightly and shook it while she looked up at him longingly.

“You’ll see more than that, you’ll be lucky if you can remember your own name when it’s over,” said Tom slyly as he reached down and rubbed Rosemary’s breast and kissed her passionately.

“What is this crap, I thought it was us for tonight you lying wench. And after all I’ve done for ya, like bathing and pretending to not have money when a bum comes up to us,” said Den sarcastically in a loud voice as Pat laughed and Rosemary looked over with a hint of a smile on her face.

“You forgot stealing toilet paper from my house and wearing my bras, but I won’t mention it,” said Rosemary sarcastically. Tom patted her shoulder and mouthed the words, “See you later.”

In walked Grega Sorhen with a smile on his face as he waved to the bartender. Grega has long straight blonde hair that shoots back off his forehead from a pointy widow’s peak. He has burgundy eyes and a thin pointy nose with a round bulb at the end. His face is very handsome, but has a tiny scar on his left cheekbone. He is 6’2” and 231 pounds and in very good shape. His hands are large with thick fingers and he wears a size 14 shoe. He has on a dark brown cashmere sweater with a white cotton undershirt with the face of Efor Lux and the words, “The truly wise man knows you’ll talk of his wiseness just after he leaves the room. So it worries him not,” written around the outline of his face.

Efor Lux is a renowned genius from 7 decades earlier who figured out a way to chase thoughts out of a person’s head with very little effort. He used this technique known as Lux phrases, where whenever he saw a person’s thought’s heading towards anything that could be harmful to him or his friends, he would attack. For instance, if he felt a person was considering punching him he would say simply, “OH you know what’s funny?” And then they’d ask what and he’d proceed to tell a humorous story like, “I heard about this woman who could take a whole can of beer in her pussy. Can you believe that, there’s a guy out there with a dick shaped like a can of beer and I’m lonely on Friday nights.” He wrote hundreds of these phrases and published them in his book titled, “Wasted adulthood.”

Grega also has on a pair of black denim jeans and a pair of tan leather dress shoes with a large blue R on the sides in a red triangle on the toe.

“Hey, Den, where’s the end of your rectum? I can’t find my car keys!” shouted Grega sarcastically as he walked up to the table and laughed. All 3 at the table laughed as he walked up. Den stood up and hugged Grega. Grega said jokingly, “I’d pat you on the back, but I’m too homophobic. So it’s anal get those pants off,” said Grega sarcastically as everyone laughed and sat down.

“Alright, enough talk of anal or, Pat, will spike my drink,” said Den sarcastically then he burst out laughing as did Grega and Pat shook his finger.

“He’s only half-joking, Pat, look the other way while we talk about ya behind your back,” said Rosemary sarcastically as Pat looked away quickly like he was a dullard. She made a face like a horse as everyone laughed.

“Oh fuck this, let’s have it, Grega,” said Den sternly as he reached out his hand and made a motion like he wanted Grega to give him something as a grin washed across his face.

“What are you talking about, what drugs I don’t do your heathen quick answers to man’s questions,” said Grega coyly as he grimaced and looked side to side at the table. This while he knew that Den wanted to see the money he owed all 3 of them. They wanted the tickets to the Poobo Ball in New York City. He looked at all 3 of them and pulled out a trio of yellow envelopes from his pocket and threw them to each of them.

“Thank God for God ‘cause I really lost faith. Thank you, Grega, me boy, but where’s your ticket?” asked Den as he opened the envelope and saw the 20,000 dollars. He knew he’d be fine for at least 6 months.

“Yeah, Grega, you’re still coming aren’t ya? I don’t want to be stuck with these two,” asked Rosemary anxiously as she fanned her face with her stack of hundreds.

“I wouldn’t miss the Poobo ball for anything, unless it was something more fun like breathing. So yes I’m going,” said Grega slyly as he grinned at all 3 of them and they let out a collective sigh of relief.

“So when do we head out?” asked Pat eagerly as he pulled out a pack of Marlboro lights and started packing them on his wrist with Grega grinning.

“Well they’re anytime anti-gravity shuttle tickets so we can go whenever you’re done packing. And I do mean those cigarettes,” said Grega quickly as he looked at Pat wide-eyed. Pat instantly stopped packing his Marlboro’s and grinned slightly.

“Anytime tickets, those are all first class. How did you afford that? You shake down Granny Bess?” asked Den half jokingly as he sat forward and rubbed his own biceps.

“Let’s just say that I just said. No, look I bet a guy at Scarborough Downs that Raging Hardon, a fifty to one shot would beat his horse Primodonna, which was the favorite,” said Grega proudly as he produced a large envelope filled with 100,000 dollars. He raised his eyebrows and laughed in a cocky fashion as the 3 of them eyed the envelope with smiles on their faces.

“Raging Hardon, I bet 1,000 bucks to show on that soon to be glue horse a week ago, to show mind you, and lost it all! How in the hell did you pick him and win no less?” asked Den excitedly as he folded his arms and sat back in his seat as Grega laughed.

“Because I knew the guy that owned him, Dick Somers, and I knew they had given him a high powered steroid. So when Hardon took the track I let it be known I had money to wager to this old fat guy named Ronald. Then I coaxed him into giving ME odds of 5 to 1. Then I wagered 50,000 dollars and we...are...stylin’!” said Grega greedily as he let out a horse laugh and pumped his fist twice.

“That is so sick, well we know who’s gonna buy dinner. Go ahead and pony up the cash, Den, I’m dyin’ for steak and those country gravy potatoes I love,” said Rosemary sarcastically as she continued to fan her face with her money. Den grinned and then she said,” Well if we’re all rich and in no need of

work for several months. Why don't we all get the fuck out of here and head for New, York, Spity? The sidewalks are covered with spit let's face it," asked Rosemary as she put her money in her pocket and let out an unsettling laugh. This was the laugh she did when she was about to do mischief.

"I packed, we just need to swing by my place and grab my suitcases," said Pat quickly as he put out his cigarette, wiped off his hands and then grabbed his money.

"Same for me and Rosemary, you got all your bras and panties packed, Grega?" asked Den sarcastically in a stern voice, as Grega smiled and nodded yes.

"Yeah I packed your suitcase like you asked," said Grega sarcastically and then Pat and Rosemary laughed. Grega said happily," Everything of mine is packed and in the car. So let's get up and be gone."

"Works for me," said Pat as they all stood and headed for the front doors.

Outside it was a sun shower as Doramoc's and regular people were going in every direction in the busy Old Port. The street is cobblestone and leads up to a paved street next to the waterfront. There are dozens of different kinds of new and old anti-gravity cars and trucks, including Grega's 20 year old Porsche Vermilup. It has a sleek design and is dark green with tiny specs of black all throughout the paint. It is a 4-seater and has tinted black windows and a trio of exhaust pipes. The radio plays the song," Not an addict," by the 1990's band K's Choice.

The Doramoc's ride exclusively in Gummars, as we called them because they are 3 times the size of a truck and gum up the works. The Gummars are shaped like a crab shell without the crab legs. They are black, red, or silver depending on how powerful that Doramoc is in their government called the Qusama. The really powerful Doramocs all drive the black ones including Wexor. Only his has a pair of anti-gravity motorcycles attached to the sides (because he loves to mingle with female humans and flirt with them). He has bedded dozens of them much to the chagrin of his wife Birsten.

“Alright look you 3 snapperheads, I don’t want any shouting in the backseat about the A/C. Just accept I like it hot,” said Grega as he pressed the door opening button on his car remote. The doors disappeared as they have a mechanism that can scramble and realign molecules and atoms.

“Fine, Grega, we’ll cook a little bacon on the seats for ya. You sure you’re not a Doramoc? We all know they love it good and toasty,” asked Rosemary sarcastically as she hopped in the front seat with Pat and Den in the back.

“So what if I’m part Doramoc. Where do you think I got my massive wang from?” asked Grega slyly and sarcastically as he pressed the door button and they reappeared.

“Wang, or shit for brains? That statement was a trifle misleadin’,” said Rosemary sarcastically as she grinned over at Grega and shook his head around like there was something loose inside.

“My brains are all brains, momma said so,” said Grega jokingly and in a little kids voice as he played with her. He said quickly as he eyed his holographic watch,” Oh Jesus, we’ve got to hurry or we’ll miss the 4:30 shuttle. Hold on I’m going rogue!” said Grega boldly then he pressed the upward acceleration and his Porsche lifted up into the air.

They flew across town on the Longfellow Sky Route and grabbed Pat and Den’s luggage. They headed over past Marginal Way and up to Munjoy hill to grab Rosemary’s luggage. She ran into her house and everyone sat in the car and waited.

“So do you think she’ll bring her Rex dildo or the Luther one?” asked Pat as he stared at a beautiful brunette woman in a black bodysuit stretching out her legs on a park bench.

“Neither, I’m available Monday through Friday. She knows where to find a firm rod and a warm bed,” said Den crassly as he stared at the same woman Pat was, as she ran in place.

“Ok now you’re creepin’ me out. Let’s talk about something else, like how I’ll pound her head into the headboard while she screams at me in French. French fries, Grega, French toast!” said Grega jokingly and in a loud voice as Pat burst out laughing and Den grinned. This while the brunette was met by a Doramoc man in a white silk suit, he lifted her off the ground and kissed her.

“That lucky prick, why aren’t I 13feet tall and blue skinned?” asked Den in disbelief as he frowned and glared at the Doramoc.

“Because your momma ain’t a fucking alien!” joked Grega as he shook his head. “You are screwed, Son. Hey here comes Rosemary, calm your jets,” said Grega quickly as he scrambled the door’s molecules and Rosemary hopped in with a single leather bag.

“Hey roll of dimes, put this in the trunk for me,” said Rosemary as she handed Den her luggage and smiled. He grinned and then threw it in the trunk.

“You mean silver dollars don’t ya, Love?” asked Den jokingly as he grinned.

Grega laughed as he lifted the car up in the air and they headed back into the Longfellow sky route.

“What are you tryin’ to make change? All this piggybank talk is gettin’ me hot and horny. Quick roll over and lift your leg I smell a deuce comin’ on,” said Rosemary sarcastically as she used a stern voice. Then everyone except for Den burst out laughing and Grega nearly crashed into a car beside them.

They sped across town and the South Portland shuttle bay was ahead of them, floating 3,000 feet above the ground. It is shaped like an old toaster oven that has been turned on its side. It has 3 large bays one on top of one another, they’re in the front of the 1,200 foot high and 4,700 foot wide superstructure. There are hundreds of cars and trucks flying in and out of the top bay. The other 2 bays have two massive and super fast Qurob shuttles inside (that can travel at 5,000 miles an hour). The building is dark red in color and has the image of Wexor emblazoned on it along the sides. It shows him holding a long laser rifle and smiling from ear to ear.

“This looks like the place, but where do we drop Rosemary off to get her back hair sandblasted off before the trip?” asked Grega sarcastically as he pulled his Porsche into the top level. Grega asked jokingly, “I’m just kiddin’ ya, Rosemary, but seriously where?”

“Just park the car already or we’ll miss our departure time,” said Rosemary as she glared at Grega and wondered why she couldn’t think of a zinger. She said sarcastically, “Ya know, Grega, I hear guys like you get lots o’ dates in New York. Oh wait that’s prison, excuse me so much.”

“That’s where we’re all headed so it’s nice to know we’ll enter the dating pool ahead of the warden,” said Grega sarcastically as he parked the Porsche and scrambled the doors. Pat and Den laughed while Rosemary looked over at Grega and rolled her eyes.

Inside the hangar bay there was a bustle of activity, as hundreds of people unloaded their cars and headed for the Quorb shuttles. Many of the cars and trucks were floating above power cells as they took full advantage of the free juice. There were Doramocs milling about yelling obscenities at any person that drew near, in the hopes of drawing them into a fight. There is a large movie theater on the right side of the bay that is playing the movie, “Broken Perfections” on a massive living holographic stage. It gives each person the feeling the movie is happening right on and around where they are sitting. They use sound dampeners to deaden the sound, so no one outside of the theater can hear even a whisper.

Broken Perfections is a story of a beautiful, almost unreal young girl, who is told everyday of her life how stunning she is. As she gets out of high school she starts plotting against the government. She feels their abuse of the Patriot Act is reprehensible and disgusting. She sets about using a series of wealthy business men to cripple the financial sector, by dumping a large quantity of stock all at the same time. They do this to force the government to step in and bail out the large corporations, which are owned by the men she enlisted. Then as the country is in ruin she executes a raid on Washington D.C. that kills off the president and 40 members of congress.

The walls of the bay have a glowing hologram of Wexor, as he kicks the game winning goal in the championship match at the World Cup. It's plastered from end to end.

"Alright let's steer clear of those Doramoc fuckers on the left there. They're looking for damage and we've got places to be," said Grega softly as he grabbed his black cotton suitcase from the trunk. Grega watched as a pair of young men got berated by 2 large Doramoc's in black leather suits and red sunglasses.

"That is a wise decision, now let's hustle we have to be boarded in 5 minutes and Pat needs to sit down to pee," said Den sarcastically then he looked at Pat's angry face and laughed.

They hurried towards the anti-gravity elevators on the right (they are in a dark red mahogany and marble sphere). The doors to the elevator spiral inward and pulse as they do. When they reached the elevators Grega looked back and saw the Doramocs pushing the 2 men around like play things. Grega felt very angry because it wasn't the first time he'd seen this behavior, far from it.

"Let's go, Grega, the doors are open already," pleaded Rosemary as she tugged on Grega's arm and he grimaced and hurried into the elevator.

They pressed the button for the ground floor and were there only a moment later. The door's spiraled open and they could see the Qurob shuttle. It was covered in Doramoc propaganda that included lines like, "We're all the same now, embrace our everlasting friendship," as well as the lines, "Why worry of life, there's too many fun things to do on Wexor's world." It was shaped like a race car, but had a pair of large jet shaped anti-gravity cells on the wings that glowed dull red. It also has 3 eye shaped black tinted windows on the front, as well as a trio of large plasma windows on the sides that surround the entryway doors. They are mahogany and have the words, "Give in to life," carved onto them and surrounded by gold. It also has a wide blue observation deck on the rear that shows in flight plays and movies.



“That looks like a whole lot of party. Where do we put our tickets?” asked Pat as he pulled his red, oval shaped ticket out of his pocket and looked at everyone doing the same.

“Oh Jesus, I left my ticket in the car,” said Grega sarcastically as everyone looked at him in shock. He grinned and said slyly,” How you dumb boners ever learned how to breathe I never will know. Alright look we don’t swipe our tickets as we walk in it does it automatically for us.”

“And what if someone doesn’t have a ticket and is trying to sneak on, then what?” asked Rosemary as she walked up to the doors and glanced over at Den, who was eyeing the doors.

“You get shot in the face with a knockout spray and then security carries your broke ass off the ship,” said Grega honestly as the doors swung sideways into the ship’s walls.

“What if the ticket doesn’t work though, Grega? Hey that isn’t funny, Grega, say something!” pleaded Rosemary as Grega ignored her and hurried through the doors as she tried to keep up.

All 4 of them were safely through the doors when Den said happily,” For a second there I thought you were serious about that spray.”

Then behind them a man in a red sport coat walked through the doors and got doused with the knockout spray, as a siren went off. Then 2 Doramoc security guards came out of a secret compartment and started pummeling the man. They tossed him out the doors and one shouted,” No free rides Motherfucker!”

Rosemary looked on in horror and then the Doramoc turned and looked at her. She quickly looked away and said sternly,” Not a word, Grega, if you love me at all.”

Grega just smiled and they walked down the mahogany arched hallway towards the massive games and relaxation room, which was where you sat during the trip. The walls of the hallway have several doorways, each leads to an exclusive and lavish Doramoc quarters (that take up 2 thirds of the ship). Each

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