Immiscible

Immiscible is a futuristic dystopian in the year 2037. It shows a future where Earth has been conquered a decade prior by the Bashien, a race of bipedal reptiliods that fled their destroyed system in cryostasis ark ships. James is a human in left asunder in the wake of the Xeno takeover, at odds the system they installed desperately trying to find footing in the new world, but his passion leads him coming toe to toe with the invaders.

1: Occultus

> *James*

Dew was building on the window of the train as I was jostled awake from my daydream by the intercom announcing the impending arrival to sub district five of Atlanta. The car was sparsely populated, same as how I remembered it when entering, with the added sight of peacekeepers from the Bashien Preservation Committee standing about four people to his left. I shifted my seating to place the squad in my vision, making an effort to watch from the corner of my eye as not to stare which I was easily able to verify in the officers reflective visors. I counted three, two humans and one bashien, because while the visors and outfits did their job in concealing individual identity it wasn't hard to tell when skin or scales respectively were showing around the mask. I pondered about the peacekeepers for the remaining time it took the train to pull into the station before shuffling through the doors onto the platform.

My senses were immediately met with the smell of wet paint in the air. Tracing the perimeter of the room with my eyes I found the culprit, that being a human custodian moving a paint roller along the concrete wall. Leering to the side I could make out the scene depicted in the to be defaced graffiti of a velociraptor with a feathered mullet, likely added to better fit the portfolio of a bashien, facing impending doom by a meteor. I silently scoffed to myself at the mural before making my way to the exit amongst the crowd of humans and reptilian xenos alike, quickly punching my ID into the exit turnstile before exiting through the stairs.

I was greeted to the forever sight of the sky as my head made its way above ground level, being the perpetual daytime global foggy overcast forever enforced by mirrors orbiting the planet. Pulling to the side of buildings to be out of the way of foot traffic, I quickly slid my iPhone out of my pocket to punch in the address given to me by Georgia Housing Organization. With a quick calculation the device highlighted a zigzagging path cutting though the city blocks with my soon to be home at the end. Satisfied with the directions I merged back into foot traffic in the direction of my address speedily maneuvering through the dense packs of man and xeno.

A little after 4 am I found myself on the street of my building and began sweeping the signs out front for a 'Peach Ridge' as outlined on the paper, eventually finding it nuzzled behind a corner store on the other side of the road. Examining the building it became evident that it was a post Bashinian prefab with the abundance of micro mobility racks out front of the building being a tell tale sign due to cars falling out of the public fashion post invasion. I walked through the twin glass doors into the foyer to find two people inside, a bald man in that appeared in his 70s sat in a red recliner against the wall by a coffee machine reading something on his phone, and behind the desk was a middle aged man who's face I couldn't quite make out due to him hiding behind a monitor. I walked up to the desk and greeted him to introduce myself.

"Good morning," I said despite the unchanging daylight outside.

"How may I help you sir?" the man responded deadpan failing to peel his eyes from the screen.

I pulled the yellow GHO paper from my pocket, "I was allocated housing from the Georgia Housing Organization in this building and I would like to claim my room please."

The man now turned to face me with his plastic name tag 'Liam' now visible, "Hand me your slip and ID please" Liam said in his same deadpan voice.

I dug through my wallet to fish out my state ID leaving both it and the paper on the counter for Liam to examine.

I watched Liam's grey brow fur as his hazel eyes darted across the card and the paper before he started punching information into the computer, "Alrighty Mr. James

your unit is 417 here's your key and have a great morning," Liam said leaving both the key to my room and my ID on the counter before promptly reclining back in the chair to do busywork on the computer.

I said and waved thanks before making my way to the elevator taping my electronic key on the reader and pressing the button and began waiting for the lift to only hear scoffing from Liam's desk.

"Hehe. Sorry buddy, elevators been out since Monday,"

I heard the old man in the recliner scoff at the remark.

"I emailed the GHO to come fix it but I haven't heard back from them yet, your gonna have to take the stairs im afraid," Liam chortled from his chair.

I thanked Liam again making my way to the wood door that led to the staircase and taped my key again to unlock the door before entering the concrete shaft to ascend the flights of stairs to the fourth floor.

I entered my floor and immediately felt warm air. A quick glance to the thermostat confirmed that the hallway had been set and locked to a crisp 80 degrees by the building manager, likely an attempt to shave down operation costs no doubt. I moved my way down the laminated wooden floor passing by the public kitchen and washing room on my way hunting for room 417 which I found behind the bend at the end of the hall. A tap of the key and a happy chirp from the electronic lock confirmed it was indeed my room. I walked through the entryway and tapped the lock again to lock myself in before immediately making my way to the thermostat and set it to the lowest temperature the manager would allow at 70 degrees. The AC unit came to life as dust was kicked up from the now moving air, a reminder I needed to purchase a stick vacuum in the coming future but also a hopeful sign that I wouldn't be without utilities until maintenance could come around. A sweep of the 290 square foot flat and bathroom confirmed all utilities and furniture promised by the GHO were indeed present and functional.

Satisfied I wouldn't have to quarrel on the phone with a dinosaur at the GHO for cool air, I set my bag on the cot and plugged my DELL laptop in the corner of the room to charge before pulling out my phone. Moving into the city from the middle of bumfuck nowhere meant I had some prospects for dating people my age instead of

the derelict remains of society that remained in rural America. As instructed from my online compatriots I downloaded ‘Entwine’ off the ios app store before setting up my profile, taking a photo of myself smiling against the dry wall of my apartment before typing some biography of how I was new to Atlanta and the books I enjoyed reading. After a quick upload of my ID for verification I was off to the races and browsed some potential partners. I made sure to swipe left on the names that sounded Bashienian, it would be convenient if i was allowed to just filter by species or the visiobibliophobic dinos uploaded photos of themselves more often but unfortunately either was a far fetched reality on this planet. The second I was done with that thought ‘Sarah’ with the profile of a white lily in a glass pot, came up next in the queue seemingly just to punish my observation. Regardless, reading her bio it seemed she also enjoyed history and and reading fantasy as much as I did, so I swiped right willing to take the risk of the girl turning out to be horizontally gifted.

Done with the dating app for now, I rotated to my phones privacy browser of choice and punched the onion address for Jurassic forum directly into the search bar and took a swig from my water bottle and looked out the window to the Atlanta skyline while the page loaded. While often inconvenient, the eternal twilight and fog that smothered the planet did produce a mesmerizing effect. My head snapped back to my phone to see the page had indeed loaded. It was an ironic twist that the supposedly more advanced species struggled to police the internet as they never actually invented a world wide web on Ross 128 b, thus lacked the generational knowledge to do so effectively. The top post was the same as it has been for the last few days being titled ‘Total Dino Death’ featuring CCTV footage of some Latino beating a Bashienian peacekeeper with a crowbar while they screamed through their visors voice modulator. It turned out the video was actually cut short and that the peacekeeper managed to pull out her handheld laz and burned a hole in the man, something the trolls on the forum were now pointing out to the dismay of the regulars. I scrolled down until I found my thread I had made yesterday titled ‘Saving the Human Race’ reporting to my friends that I had downloaded Entwine as suggested, as allegedly it was the least monitored of the dating apps at the moment.

After reporting, I pulled up my contacts to call my parents and make sure they knew that I had made it to my apartment and sat on the foot of my cot as the phone rang. Two rings later my mom picked up and I put her on speaker so I didn't have to hold the phone near my ear.

“Hello?” my mom said customarily as if she didn't see my name calling her.

“Hey!” I said mirroring her, “I’m calling to let you guys know I made it to my flat as promised.”

“Oh thank goodness. I was worried that you'd lash out at some poor Bashien and get in trouble.”

My eyes rolled at my Moms plight. We talked about the Bashien all the time and despite her agreeing that they're a problem she akins me as some sort of skinhead caricature.

“Tom! Come here your sons on the phone!” I heard through the device followed by the sound of my dad making his way to the phone.

“Hey, hows my baby boy doing?” I heard my dad coo through the microphone.

“Good, just got in and decided to call you guys,” I lied as if I hadn't spent the last 30 minuses dicking around on my phone.

“Well that’s great to hear. Everything in the apartment okay? Nothing's broken right? If you need I can Amazon you a fan if your ACs broken.”

“No dad everything's great only thing broken is the elevator. Lucky I didn't get a flat on the seventh floor right?” I said in a joking tone.

“Yea... You get yourself a girlfriend yet like you've been on about?” my dad said switching to match my tone.

“Dad Ive been here for like an hour I don’t see how I’m supposed to do that.”

“I'm just messing with you. If you need anything just call us okay?” he said in a more serious tone.

“I got it,” I said nodding my head like he could see me.

“Just watch out and don’t get in trouble okay?” my mom said worryingly.

“I got it I got it” I said reassuringly.

“Okay. Just make sure to call us okay?”

“Will do”

“Alrighty we love you James, good luck on getting that job mkay? We love you!”

We exchanged goodbyes over the phone before I hung up.

Before I was lulled into another bout of daydreaming, hunger began to pang in my stomach. Looking at the time I confirmed I was running behind on my usual meal time and it was a good idea to get some food before the 6am meal rush came into effect. Looking at emaps for some comfort food in my area I found a Wendy’s five blocks down that I wouldn't even need to cross the street for. Pinching my fingers I zoomed out a bit more and found a Walmart across the main road I could use to pick up some food, a vacuum, and some supplies for my flat. If I bought a foldable cart the only issue would be getting it up the stairs which I could manage. Satisfied with my little plan I put my phone in my pocket and gathered my wallet and keys I left on the counter. I tapped the key and was in the process of leaving when I felt a buzz in my pocket. Sliding the phone out of my pocket to examine I saw I had a made a match on Entwine.