

Here in My Car

by Rick Marcou

2025

Seattle, Washington

Police Report – Saturday, May 24; Ofcrs. Watts and McGregor

Witness reported seeing a man in his underwear riding a bicycle down Waterline Avenue. Claimed it was at about 10:50pm. The man was allegedly singing something, all the witness could hear were the words “here in my car”, repeatedly. The man turned down 12th Street, according to the witness, who preferred not to provide their name.

1985

Moscow, Soviet Union

“Sergey, where are we going?” asked little Boris, the unwitting accomplice to the break-in.

“Don’t worry, just follow me. I know where we’re going, trust me, it’ll be really cool.”

“Yeah, Borya, trust him. Sergey knows this place, his Dad works here.” Alexei was always the buffer for Sergey, his trusted lieutenant. Roles were already known and understood, even for fourteen-year-olds.

But Boris was younger, just 12, and much smaller. Sergey included him in their hijinks because Boris was just so damn naïve. Brilliant, that much was obvious, but no common sense. Boris would probably go on to do great things in this world with that huge brain – Sergey assumed Boris had a huge brain because his head was so damn large, way out of proportion to his body. And on top of that, literally, was a mop of black bushy hair which was never brushed. He didn’t blame Boris, he’d seen Boris’ parents, their hair was never brushed either. But getting back to the point – Boris would come along because he had no other friends; well, no friends at all, actually, since Sergey and Alexei were certainly not friends with Boris. Friends wouldn’t treat him the way they did. But sometimes Sergey and Alexei needed a stooge, and Boris just didn’t know any better.

2025

Seattle, Washington

Police Report – Saturday, May 24; Ofcrs. Watts and McGregor

Witness reported seeing a man in his underwear in Shelley Park, on the swings. He was swinging and also singing. Witness didn’t know what the song was, but heard the line “here in my car” sung repeatedly. Witness stated further that the man got off the swing after about six or seven minutes, got on a bike and pedaled away, out of the park. This occurred reportedly around 11pm. Witness was a woman approximately in her 70’s, but withheld her name.

1985

Moscow, Soviet Union

Sergey led his two accomplices down a hallway in the old concrete bunker-looking science center building. This building had a guard, even on this Sunday afternoon, but Sergey knew how to sneak in through a rear garbage entry. His father had taken him into his office once, years ago before things got so serious that he never smiled anymore. But to this day his father did share his day’s work with his wife after dinner, after Sergey, their only child, was out of earshot in his room. With the door closed. With Sergey outside that door in the hallway listening to every word. That’s when Sergey

learned that even though his father was ultra-serious and seemed unhappy when he spoke to him, he was really into his work and spoke about it to his wife like he was doing the most amazing things in the world.

At the end of the hallway they turned and went up a staircase to the second floor, then proceeded back down that hall about halfway until they faced a door with a sign reading “Psychological Testing.” Sergey turned the knob and they proceeded inside.

2025

Seattle, Washington

Police Report – Saturday, May 24; Ofcrs. Watts and McGregor

Witnesses reported seeing a man in his underwear doing jumping jacks on the soccer field at the high school, at approximately 11:15pm. He supposedly ran out to the center of the field, and started the jumping jacks while also singing a song. The witnesses, a male and female in their teens, were on the bleachers at the time. They said they didn’t know the song, but they could make out the words “here in my car,” which he sang repeatedly. They didn’t understand any other words he said. They added that he did about fifty jumping jacks and then ran off the field and rode away on a bike. They refused to give their names, despite my agreeing not to report them for being on school property after hours. And her shirt being inside-out now. Note that this is the third reported incident this evening regarding this individual.

1985

Moscow, Soviet Union

Inside the Testing lab was a massive apparatus that looked completely confusing and possibly something Dr. Frankenstein might have in his lab. That was what Alexei thought, since he had seen a Frankenstein movie once. Sergey had no idea who Alexei was talking about, his parents never took him to the movies. But he did know music. All kinds, from all over. Smuggled in by someone, since the government didn’t go for such things.

Sergey told Boris to sit down in the chair that was attached to the apparatus.

“No way, I’m not getting into that thing,” Boris replied, as he backed up a bit, towards the door.

“C’m on Boris, I swear, it’ll be really cool. My Dad said that you put that helmet on, you close your eyes, concentrate, and then all of a sudden you’ll see all kinds of amazing images.”

“Then why don’t you sit there?”

“Because I have to operate it. I’m the only one who knows how. Besides my father, of course.”

“Then why not Alexei?”

“He did it last week. We came here to test it out, he proved that it worked. Tell him Alexei. Tell him the cool stuff you saw.”

“I did. It was amazing. I saw this fire-breathing dragon, it was coming towards me, but then turned and spit fire at a bridge and it sunk into the river. Then I saw this plane that was all different colors, it took off and started doing tricks in the air, like loops, and upside-down flying, and trailing out smoke in different colors.”

“Wow, that does sound pretty cool.”

“See, like I said you should sit down and try it out. So you can tell us what you see, hopefully even cooler than Alexei saw.”

“OK, I’ll do it.” Boris quickly got into the chair. Sergey placed the helmet over Boris’ head, made sure he was good to go, and then walked over to the control panel. He reached into his right coat pocket and grabbed the tape he had in there.

2025

Seattle, Washington

Police Report – Saturday, May 24; Ofcr. Watts and McGregor

Witness reported a man in his underwear peeing on cars in the Centennial Hotel parking lot. He was singing as he peed, according to the witness he repeated the line “here in my car” many times in addition to some other words they couldn’t understand. He peed on about ten different cars, apparently stopping midstream each time and walking to the next car and restarting. They said they were impressed by how much pee he had in him, and that on the tenth car the stream seemed just as forceful as the first. This occurred around 11:25pm. Note that this is the fourth reported incident with this individual this evening.

1985

Moscow, Soviet Union

Sergey turned on the machine, and all of a sudden lights on the helmet flashed green and red intermittently. He then hit the start button and all of the lights were now green, with no flashing. He knew from his Dad that this meant the machine was now working, and the process had begun. Boris looked worried, but over a span of about forty seconds his worried look started to fade, his eyelids began to droop, and he mumbled a word that couldn’t be understood. Soon his eyes were completely closed, and his face looked like he was having a pleasant dream. His Dad said this was when the subject was hypnotized. Sergey hit the play button on the tape deck, and the sounds of Gary Numan singing Cars rang out.

“What is this?” Alexei asked. He looked confused. Sergey didn’t tell him everything he was planning here, especially since he didn’t know if it would work.

“I got this tape from Vlad. You know how his older brother smuggles in stuff? I bought this tape off him. It’s cool, right? All that electronic sound.”

“Yeah, it is pretty cool. What’s he saying? What’s cars?”

“Automobili.”

“Ohh, right.”

“OK, Boris. Can you hear me? If you can hear me nod your head.”

Boris slowly nodded his head, still very much under.

“Good. Now I want you to take your right hand and rub your nose.”

Sergey looked at Alexei, who scrunched his eyebrows wondering what was going on. Sergey whispered to him “I just want to see if he’s really under hypnosis.” Alexei nodded.

Boris rubbed his nose with his right hand.

“OK, good. Now pick your nose with your right pinkie.”

Boris complied, and didn’t seem to mind.

Sergey again whispered to Alexei. “He’s definitely under. No way Boris would ever do that, at least not in front of us.”

“That’s so true. He’s a freak about germs. He told me once when I was sick that it’s probably because I don’t wash my hands enough, and germs got inside me and made me sick.”

“That’s pretty funny. Did you hit him?”

“No. Just told him he was full of shit. Germ shit.”

“Hah!”

“What are you gonna do now?”

“Now is when the fun starts. Boris, can you hear this song?”

2025

Seattle, Washington

Police Report – Saturday, May 24; Ofcrs. Watts and McGregor

We witnessed the subject from several earlier reports riding a bicycle down Canton Avenue, singing just like the earlier witnesses claimed. He was still wearing just underwear. We stopped him and asked him to get off the bicycle. He complied, though he was still singing but in a lower voice. We asked him to stop singing and he did. The subject appeared to be in a trance, or possibly under the influence of drugs. We asked him his name and he said Mikhail Gorbachev, and he smacked at his forehead a few times like there was a fly there. We couldn’t find anyone with that name in the state records, however we believe he may have made up the name. The subject seemed to have an accent, possibly Russian, and according to Google Mr. Gorbachev was the leader there many years ago. We again asked the subject his name, saying that if he couldn’t provide a real name he would be placed under arrest. When Officer McGregor pulled out his handcuffs and showed them to the subject, the subject seemed to wake up. He looked at us, looked down at himself and his underwear, and said “What’s going on here? Where are my clothes?”

2025

Seattle, Washington

Police Report – Saturday, May 24; Ofcrs. Park and Winslow

According to the security head at the Throwback Music Festival, at approximately 10:30pm this evening a Mr. Boris Antonovich was with some friends when all of a sudden he got undressed down to his underwear and ran off. They figured he was heading to the bathroom or something like that so they waited but he never came back. According to the friends Mr. Antonovich is a very prominent Biology professor at the University, he’s originally from Russia but has lived in the US for about fifteen years. When asked what may have set him off, the friends just said that when Gary Numan took the stage, and started singing Cars, his one hit song from the 80’s, Mr. Antonovich seemed to go into a trance and started singing along. Then he undressed. They said he’s not much of a music fan, they had to really convince him to come to the concert. They were shocked he knew the words to that song, prior to that he was just standing around watching. Then he went nuts. They said it was like he became a totally different person.

The End