

FUNKY MEDICS copyright

Bodypoppin' - Just another night.

Somewhere, hidden in the depths of the human machine is...

...The MUTANT..

Lip had been a Stabiliser too long. His excitement had been replaced by exhaustion. And now here he was babysitting LipA, the new Stabiliser on the block. She was young, her smile lit up blood and her enthusiasm and energy made him ache. Lean. Keen. A gene-hunting machine.. He was jealous of her youth and the time she had in front of her. She thought she knew it all but she still had a lot to learn and had yet to make her first hit.

Around him the crisscrossing routes of Body City were quiet. The business of the day was done. The organs were on downtime - the healing and replacing could begin.

In the rumblings and shadows, he was ready to give back the balance of life. Ready for the hit that would come when the Body Authority gave its call. Then he had no choice – he was on the front line. The only chance to make it right.

It was all down to him, here in the beating, throbbing soup of cells that brought life... and death. When the heart missed a beat and the race was on. To search, find and stabilise the mutant in their midst.

He winced as the alarm pulsed. LipA felt it too, snapped towards him – her eyes hopeful. Lip checked the pulse. Red Alert.

'We're on – it's a known mutation.'

'Which one?' she was almost breathless.

'FH – it's the Liver.'

He moved quickly and she found it hard to keep up. Once Lip got the hit then passion took over. He could make a difference but the need was speed.

They entered the Liver carefully then made their way to the LDL receptor area. This was the tricky bit. You had to become part of the background, unseen. It wasn't easy. It was where experience came in – made the difference.

Lip checked the reading on his mutometer – it was high - that meant the mutation was near. There were a lot of LDL cholesterol heavies swirling around the bloodstream giving the outnumbered HDL guys little chance to clear the mounting build up of fats. It was a mess. Time was running out.

LipA touched him. 'What's happening?' No fear there, just excitement.

'We've got a rogue receptor not taking their share of bad fats into the Liver to be cleaned and recycled – it's making the others work harder and with too much trying to get into too small a space, there are problems.'

She was confused. It smacked him between the eyes. 'You haven't done Liver yet?'

'No.'

She needed a brief - short, sweet and to the point.

'Okay, the body needs cholesterol to work. There's good, HDL, and bad, LDL. If too much LDL builds up it blocks the arteries and if it goes too far... the heart stops and... we're out of a job. This mutant, a flathead called PSKC9, has just been found here. It was a gene inherited from an alien body called a family member'.

'How do they know that?'

'Another Body must have caught this family member in time, found this mute was there and then followed through the gene line to us.'

He led her round the receptors careful to keep out of the way of the HDL workers and out of sight of anything else.

Suddenly he stopped, pulled her close to him, pointed. 'There'.

She followed his gaze. She snatched a breath as she saw the mutation.

'You do the hit.' He knew she needed the buzz. There was nothing like your first.

She looked at him in shock. 'Me?'

He handed her the stabiliser, whispered. 'Programme for Statin.'

'Statin?'

'It's one of the best.'

She held the stabiliser, programmed it, then let the trigger go.

Sensing danger the mutant recoiled.

She stared, fascinated, but he pulled her away. "We're done.'

'Is that it?'

'For now. It takes a bit of time to process, ease the cholesterol flow, then regular statin hits and the blood will be a cleaner flow again

She looked confused. 'I thought it would be harder.'

Always the same misconception. 'Knowing it's there is the tricky bit, once you've got it, you're home and dry... if your Body sticks to the rules...' he smiled at her... 'Feel good?'

She nodded. 'Yes.'

They moved out of the receptor zone.

'How does it work?'

'What?'

'The Statin.'

He hesitated, smiled.

'That's another story, for another day.'