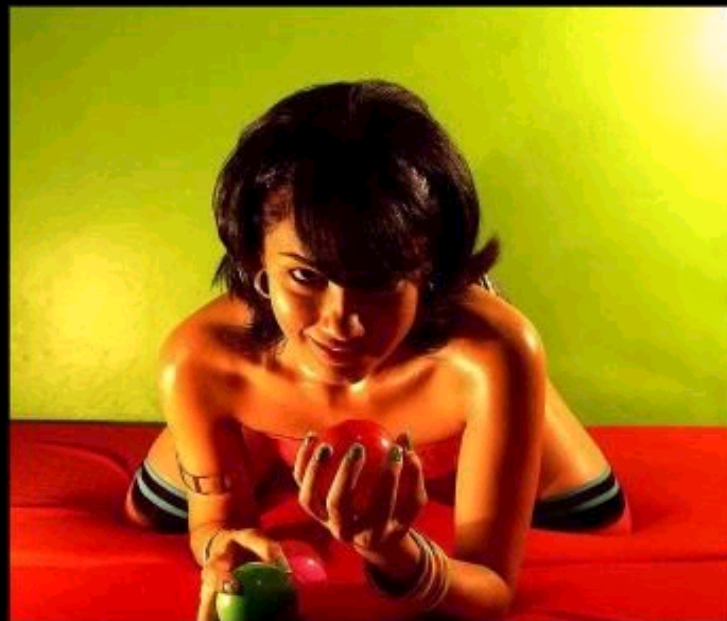


The Evil Lesbians



A Trilogy of Flash Fiction

by

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The Evil Lesbians

Part One: EVIL

In the far distant future, a band of Lesbians landed in their invisible spaceship somewhere in New Jersey. Suddenly, strange cosmic rays penetrated their bodies, turning some of them to evil!

Ajax, a pretty lesbian, but not one who had turned to evil, burst into the Captain's cabin. "Captain, Captain, come quick! Some of us lesbians, but not me, have turned to evil!"

"No! Not *choke* evil!" said the Captain. "Should we defend ourselves with blaster rays?"

"I think we should!" said Ajax.

The Captain and Ajax quickly gathered all the lesbians who had not become evil and armed them with blaster rays. They were all pretty, including the Captain. They immediately confronted the evil lesbians, who hissed at them and were unattractive.

"We are evil!" they shouted. "Fear us!"

"Should we, Captain?" said Zilla, one of the pretty lesbians.

"Yes! And blast them with the blaster rays!" said the Captain. So they did.

But the blaster rays had no effect. The evil lesbians pretended they liked the blaster rays, and started to dance. Then they ran out into the forest of New Jersey.

"Stop, evil lesbians!" shouted the Captain. But they didn't stop. They just kept on running.

"We have unleashed a bad thing onto this planet," said the Captain. "Although not on purpose."

"We should do something," said Ajax. So all the pretty lesbians took a shower together, because they only had one shower, though it was a big one. And then they dried their hair.

"Wait!" cried Ajax. "I meant that we should do something about the evil lesbians, like stopping them."

"You are right, Ajax," said the Captain. And all the lesbians agreed. They locked up their spaceship and followed the evil lesbians into the forest. They all wore special sunglasses that could see through things, like trees or buildings. After they had walked for about a mile or so, they got tired and fell asleep on the floor of the forest all curled up together. For warmth.

Part Two: EATEN BY WOLVES

In the morning they awoke refreshed, and did stretching exercises and jumping jacks; they were in high spirits and started to sing.

"Girls!" scolded the Captain. Her hair was silver and very long and beautiful, but she wasn't human. None of them were. They were like big, purple octopuses, but with more arms and three breasts, and they had horns. Growing out of their breasts. But they hid their true forms.

"We have a job to do, to stop evil," she reminded them.

"I remember," said Zilla.

"We'll stop singing," said Ajax. So they stopped.

They walked some more and after a while they saw something through the trees. It was a city.

"Look, a city!" said Marty. She was another of the pretty lesbians. But shorter.

"What does it mean?" said Zilla.

"It doesn't mean anything. It's just a city," said Ajax.

"Oh," said Zilla.

"The evil ones will go there," said the Captain.

"We should follow them," said Ajax. So they walked towards the city. Soon, the special glasses showed them strange creatures leaping and bounding, and coming towards them very fast.

"What's that?" said Marty.

"People. Or animals," said Zilla.

It turned out to be wolves—hungry wolves that jumped on them, biting and growling.

"Use your blaster rays!" shouted the Captain. But the blaster rays were useless.

"Run away!" shouted the Captain. The pretty lesbians all ran away, but some didn't. They were the ones who got eaten by the wolves.

When they stopped running all of them began to cry, and they hugged and kissed each other for a long, long time. Because they were so sad. After they had stopped crying, they all had something to eat, and then the Captain said "I've lost a lot of confidence in these blaster rays." And they all threw their blaster rays away.

"Take out your death rays," said the Captain. So the rest of the time they were in the forest all the lesbians carried death rays in their hands, in case the wolves came back. After a time, they came to the city and it was called the city of New Jersey and they all hid themselves until dark

Part Three: SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED

The city was a wreck. Smashed and gutted cars littered the streets, creating metal mazes through which scurried the

devolved citizens of the city, survivors of some nameless horror. Fires burned, the smoke carrying the reek of destruction to the lesbians looking down on the city.

"This is not a pretty place," said Ajax.

"Let's go," said the Captain. And so the lesbians entered the city, and the buildings looked like skeletons of metal and stone, and there was silence.

"Spooky," said Zilla.

"Spooky," Marty agreed. They noticed an ugly old woman huddled in a doorway, her face pinched and dirty.

"Hello, woman of the city," said the Captain. "Tell us, have you seen our sisters? The ones like us?"

The woman shuddered. "They do unspeakable things," she whispered.

"Then don't speak of them," said Ajax sensibly. "Just tell us where they are."

"There," the woman said, pointing with a thin claw-like finger.

"Thanks!" said Ajax, and the lesbians headed in the direction indicated by the hideous crone. This is what they saw: A huge bonfire had been built, and around it the evil lesbians had placed little tables, and at the little tables sat the wretched males of the city. And the evil ones were serving them drinks, and rubbing

their feet, and complimenting them on their scrawny musculature, and sashaying, and flipping their hair at them, and doing other things more evil still.

Ajax screamed. It was a scream to chill the blood and freeze the marrow.

"N-n-n-n-not possible," stuttered the Captain. "Such evil..."

Zilla screamed and Marty screamed and soon they were all screaming and slapping each others faces. Then the hugging started, and they hugged each other with tight, tight hugs. For comfort. Because of the horror.

"Should we shoot them with death rays, Captain?" said Ajax.

"Yes, do it now!" shouted the Captain. So all the pretty lesbians took out their death rays and shot the evil lesbians, and the evil lesbians screamed and fell down because the death rays were killing them, and the walls of the city echoed with the screams of the Damned. Then they lost their hidden forms, and were revealed as huge purple, three-breasted octopi, and the males shrank from them and ran in disgust, but some were impaled on the horns growing from the breasts of the evil ones and were slain. And the evil lesbians all died in agony.

"We must leave this planet" said the Captain, "or evil will destroy us too." And all the lesbians agreed. So they made a pile of the bodies and burned them, and they returned to the ship and to the cold embrace of space, and they never forgot the horrible fate of their sisters on that forgotten world, though they shudder to

think of it, and clutch each other fiercely.

To soothe the pain.

Daughter of Lesbos

Strange cosmic rays have forced the Lesbians to flee the planet Earth and return to the vast, unknowable reaches of mighty empty space, blissfully unaware that evil may yet be lurking in their midst!

The Captain sat at the table writing in her diary. We have escaped evil, she wrote, how clever of us. Thank goodness for those death rays. It will be nice to settle into our routine of soothing sponge baths and the endless polishing of our vast collection of chromed vibro-probes.

Ajax stumbled into the room, out of breath. "Captain!" she panted. "Improbable conception...lesbian child...possible return of evil..."

"Calm down, Ajax," the Captain said.

"Can't!" she gasped.

The Captain slapped her, hard.

"Ooo," Ajax said.

"Better?" the Captain asked.

"No. Sorry," Ajax gasped again.

The Captain slapped her again and again. The young lesbian's head was rocked by the force of the Captain's blows.

"How about now?"

"Nothing yet."

The Captain closed the door and went to work on Ajax, methodically slapping her until her cheeks were the color of flame. In order to calm her down. After an hour of slapping, Ajax felt better. "Thank you, Captain," she said.

"Now tell me what is wrong," the Captain said. So Ajax did.

"Molly just had a baby. It just popped out. And there was blood."

The Captain was stunned. "How is that possible?"

"She lay with one of the alien males, then fell asleep. When she awoke, she was swollen with young, but no longer evil, and so returned to the ship."

The Captain pondered this. "Should we shoot her with death rays?"

"No, Captain," Ajax said gently, "remember...she's no longer evil."

"I will convene the Council of Lesbians," the Captain decided.

So the Lesbians all gathered in the Chamber of Doom, and they

were shiny with oil, because they had oiled themselves up. To protect their skins because space is so cold. Then they all sat down at a big table.

"Didn't this used to be called the Hall of Justice?" Zilla asked.

"Yes, it did," Marty said. She was smoking a space cigarette. "But the Captain changed it."

"I don't know her anymore," Zilla said. "She used to be so cheerful."

"I know," Marty said.

The Captain stood up. "Lesbians! You remember how we barely escaped evil."

The Lesbians all nodded, remembering. "Well, there may be more evil," the Captain said, grimly. The Lesbians were shocked. More evil?

The Captain picked up the Gavel of Judgment and banged it smartly on the table.

"Let Molly and the child stand forth!" the Captain said. So Molly and the child stood forth, and they were very pretty, and oily, and the child was already four feet tall with long red hair, and she could talk.

"Good news, Captain," Molly said, "I'm not evil anymore. It must have been the alien sex."

"That is good news," the Captain admitted, "but your child is strangely huge."

"Yes," Molly said, stroking the child's hair, "our species must be extremely compatible."

The Captain looked at the child, who stared back at her insolently. "What is your name, child?"

"You're a douchebag!" the child blurted out.

Molly looked horrified. "Her name is Buffy, Captain."

"And do you feel...evil?" the Captain asked.

"YES! AND I WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH MEN!" Buffy shouted.

Chaos erupted in the Chamber of Doom.

Some of the Lesbians unholstered their death rays, fearing that evil had returned. Others grasped their sisters firmly. For protection. The little lesbian half-breed stood calmly, unafraid. She watched her half-sisters fall to pieces with a thin smile on her lips. "You're a bunch of stupids," she sneered, and stuck out her tongue at them.

The Captain clutched Ajax closely, and looked thoughtful.

"You look thoughtful, Captain," Ajax observed.

"Yes, I know. I'm wondering what to do about her."

"She might have special powers," ventured Ajax, "being a half-breed, you know."

"Special powers, eh?" the Captain brightened visibly and unclutched Ajax. "She might be useful to us on our long journey through space. So...death rays?"

Ajax sighed. "No, Captain."

"It's just as well," the Captain said, "death is so boring."

The Captain smoothed her tunic with several purple tentacles, the well-developed horns growing out of her three breasts poking the fabric becomingly.

"There will be no death rays!" she commanded. "The child is probably not evil, and may grow up to be a splendid lesbian. We will continue our journey through space, which is, as we all know, very cold all the time."

The lesbians all felt much better, and crowded around Buffy, hugging her. This took a long time. Buffy did not want to be hugged by the lesbians and so spat on them, but the spit just slid right off, because of the oil. Then her mother took her away to have a nap. The lesbians left the Chamber of Doom to take sponge baths and re-oil themselves.

"Boy am I glad that's over," the Captain said. She was in her quarters taking a sponge-bath with Zilla, Ajax, and Marty, one

of the shorter lesbians.

"All of us lesbians agree with you, Captain," Marty said.

"Yes. Evil is complex," Zilla said. "And difficult to get away from."

"Imagine wanting to have sex with men," Ajax said, frowning.

"I can't imagine it," the Captain said.

"None of us lesbians can, Captain," Marty said, "the sheer mechanics of it are mind-boggling."

"Somebody must have had sex with them at some point," Ajax pointed out, "or we wouldn't be here."

"Ajax is right," admitted the Captain, "perhaps at some time, in the far distant future, we should consult the secret history books that we have forgotten about."

Zilla was puzzled. "I disremember having any secret history books, Captain."

"That is because we have all forgotten about them, until just now."

But all of the lesbians agreed that they were too busy to look at the history books just then, and so they didn't.

Later that night, the Captain wrote in her diary again.

Oh boy, she wrote, that was really scary. I do not think that my

sisters are ready to hear about the stuff in the history books, although I don't remember what is in them so maybe it will be ok. One thing is for sure; that thing that Ajax said. About Lesbians having sex with men. Because that is where babies come from.

When she woke up the next morning, the Captain had forgotten about the secret history books again and did not remember them until about a year later when they were stranded on a remote planet and got really bored, because they had run out of vibro-probes to polish, and all the sponges had worn out.

Chad of the Lesbians

10,000 years ago in the Andromeda Galaxy, the Lesbians were born. The death throes of the first great space-faring civilizations had barely ceased when they burst upon the stellar scene, shattering the musky bonds of heterosexual dominance that had enslaved the galactic core for uncounted eons.

They evolved naturally from space particles of Dark Energy in the lonely wastes between planetary systems. Being in short supply, they sought to increase their numbers, but—because they were lesbianic in nature, and engaged exclusively in homosexual lovemaking—they could not do so. In those days came Chad, a lonely space wanderer following comet trails, seeking rare gases and singing off-color tunes. Because of his profound service to the Lesbians he became their greatest hero, forever known as Chad of the Lesbians. This is his story...

* * *

"See for yourself if you don't believe me!" retorted Krysalix, an ancient, crabby lesbian.

Her companion, the hypnotic Minmae, beautifully aged like the finest Burlian wines, bent her purple, octopian head to the eyepiece of the Stellascope and squinted. The tell-tale spectrum of extremely compatible life was unmistakable.

"My apologies, sister," she said gently, "I don't know how I missed it."

"Accepted!" snapped Krysalix. "Let's return at once to the Hearth of Lesbos and inform our sisters. Time runs short."

"Agreed," said Minmae. The two lesbians soon disappeared over the horizon, leaving behind the Stellascope and a barren landscape of dust and orange rock.

The Lesbians gathered in the towering heap of stones known as the Hearth of Lesbos and oiled each other listlessly as they waited for their leader to appear. Many wore unattractive shawls, for the planet was a cold one. All were stiff with age, remnants of the original brood of stellar accidents, their race doomed to wither and die unless a miracle should occur. The universe had dealt them a losing hand.

The Supreme Sister entered the chamber through a silvered screen which opened onto a dais holding a regal but uncomfortable chair with no arms.

"Sappho," whispered the Lesbians, "Sappho brings wisdom."

Sappho sat down in her chair, her glorious black hair shining, her noble face wrinkled but proud. "Hail, lesbian crones!" she said. "A miracle has occurred. The one we have waited for a super-long time has come at last." She nodded to Krysalix who stood up and faced her sisters.

"We have discovered a male of extreme compatibility. He is on a

comet that is passing our planet at a distance of 200,000 miles. We will assume pleasing forms and go to him. If all goes well, and it should, we will seduce and lie with the male and get us all with child, if gotten we can be."

"Must we?" moaned Chloe, a slender lesbian in a shimmering green dress whose breast-horns were sheathed in chromed steel. "Is there no other way?"

Krysalix sneered at her in barely disguised contempt. "Stop your whining! We have discussed all this before. The only way for the Lesbian race to survive is for all of us lesbians to have babies and...STOP SUCKING YOUR TENTACLES!"

Chloe had shoved at least six of her tentacles into her mouth and was sucking on them furiously. As Krysalix glared at her she slowly withdrew them, dripping with yellow saliva, and gazed apologetically at her sisters. "I was nervous," she explained.

Sappho rose from her chair. "I decree that any lesbian caught sucking her tentacles from this day forward shall be put to death! It is a disgusting habit and I will not tolerate it." She sat down and adjusted her shawl, splendidly decorated with rare chartreuse space diamonds. "I am sure you can find plenty of other things to suck," she added, looking at Chloe.

Chloe stared at her drying tentacles. She was very embarrassed. "I'm sorry; I promise it won't happen again. Let's assume our pleasing forms and go have sex with that male."

So that's what they did.

The Lesbians assumed their pleasing forms, which were very pleasing and hot, and boarded the spaceship, which was named Jewel of Sappho, in honor of Sappho. They set a course to intercept the comet and settled back to enjoy some nice sponge-baths, and to apply breast-horn wax to each others breast-horns. After that they rubbed copious amounts of oil on each other, because they were wise, and knew that space air was very dry. After three days travel they sighted a huge blue ball of dirty ice and trailing vapours. That was the comet.

"I'm so nervous!" squealed Chloe. "Did anybody bring a diagram, or something? I mean, how do we, that is, where does..."

"I have detailed files," replied Krysalix.

"Oh, good."

When Chad—space wanderer, amateur poet and stellar cartographer, collector and seller of rare gases and carefree spirit of the empty spaceways—finished double-checking his inventory, his face wore a weary but satisfied smile.

These will fetch a handsome price on the asteroid fields of Zabulon-Delta, he thought, staring at the array of gleaming compression tanks neatly stored in his ship's hold. Tilting his head back, he gazed thoughtlessly at the velvet black vacuum of a matchless void, home of uncounted brilliant stars.

And one swiftly approaching spaceship, he suddenly realized. I wonder who it could be? He crossed his fingers, remembering his recent violent clash with the Pantanglian Swarm, a virulently

mutated species of hyper-lobed beetle who attacked lone spaceships for no apparent reason. A jaded blue funk seized him as he locked down his ship. He hated being attacked by swarms. He unlimbered his Mark 7 death ray and waited.

"Remember to be casual," Krysalix warned, "and don't stare at his thing." The Lesbians nodded soberly. They filed down the gang-plank and onto the icy surface of the comet, waving at Chad who stood nervously, his hand resting on the butt of his weapon.

"Hello, there!" Minmae called. "We were just passing by and thought we'd stop and see if you needed anything, oil or breast-horn wax, for example. We have plenty."

Chad relaxed a little, reassured by the sight of so many attractive and obviously non-swarving women.

"I'm fine," he said, taking in a larger eyeful of Minmae in her pink vinyl spacesuit. "I was just leaving."

"Oh, don't go just yet," pleaded Minmae, linking her slender arm with his, "we were going to offer you refreshments."

"And then you can tell us of your lonely life in space," added Chloe, taking his other arm. "It must be so interesting. Don't you think so, girls?" The other lesbians all nodded quickly. "Yes, yes, that is what we think."

Chad felt his fears melt. The universe could wait. He let himself be led into the ship.

"My name is Chad," he said.

Soon the Jewel of Sappho was full of the merry sound of laughter, and of clinking drink glasses and the patter of rhythmic lesbian feet, for the lesbians were teaching him strange exotic dance steps. Chad found himself having the most wonderful time. These women are even better looking out of their spacesuits, he thought. His eyes drank in the slim form of the lovely Minmae as she danced for him, weaving an intricate pattern of steps and subtle arm movements combined with a ferocious staccato of eye-blinks. He looked at his glass and realized he was having a hard time focusing on it.

"Your drinks are very strong," he hiccupped. He looked up blearily and saw that their clothes had somehow managed to disappear. " 'S magic," he slurred. "Lucky li'l spaceman."

Chad disappeared beneath a mound of soft, yielding flesh and before slipping into a blissful communion more profound than any he had ever before experienced, realized that he didn't hate being swarmed nearly as much as he thought.

"Well that was different," mused Krysalix, staring out the view-port as the comet shrank, then disappeared from sight.

"I feel a strange tingling in my yum-yum," said Chloe.

"I also feel this tingling, it is quite wonderful," said Minmae, wistfully. "So different."

"We'll have none of that!" Krysalix glared at her sisters. "Forget

him! That distasteful business is over. Sappho awaits us; also extensive, multiple probings to determine our conceptual status."

She reverted to her true form, a withered purple octopod with sagging breasts and a soured, acid face. Her tentacles wriggled in agitation. "You are lesbians," she reminded them.

"Ah, yes," said Minmae. "You are wise, Krysalix."

"I have always thought so," added Chloe.

The secret history books reveal that the Lesbians returned to the Hearth of Lesbos and were unmercifully probed, and found to be with child, and they swelled and became ripe with gotten-ness, and gave birth amid shrieks and howls of unexpected pain.

Slowly, the population of the planet increased, for the male children choose not the lesbian way, and some among the females cherished the strange tinglings of their yum-yums. In time, the new lesbians began to send out spaceships to explore the galaxy and spread the news of lesbian oneness to alien females on far distant planets.

Minmae never forgot Chad however, and in her final days caused to be built on a hidden hill a monument to his willing and drunken lustfulness. And though in after years this monument goes untended, the inscription can still be read:

CHAD OF THE LESBIANS

"He probed us with his thing"

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