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Captain Cowbuns

by headsfromspace

'The Strange case of the Septuagenarian Grey-haired Blind Transsexual Man'

The old man shit his pants with excitement; his first day outside since the sex-change operation! 'Hot-diggity, dog-diggity!' The old man said, bursting with energy he should not possess. 'It must be the nuclear radiation,' he thought. 'What the hell!' Said the old man, 'now I can get laid.' He used to be Wilma Crebbs, a decrepit, sex-starved old bag. She had used her remaining cash for the operation.

Elsewhere: Captain Cowbuns, a superhero with a cows ass for a head, was alerted by his Cowbun alert that there was a transsexual in the area and that there was shit all over him. He became excited. He wanted to see justice done, and to kill the old transsexual. The old man sensed that he was not alone. He peed his pants when he saw what stepped out of the shadows. 'A man with an ass for a head,' he thought. The Captains fist smashed through bone, cartilage, and what was left of the old mans face. A shrill scream was choked halfway out of the old mans throat. He cackled insanely as his eyeballs popped wetly from their sockets. With a swish of fart gas Captain Cowbuns was off, secure in the knowledge that justice had triumphed over evil transsexuals

Danger Baby

by headsfromspace

Reggie wiggled out of his crib and plopped gently to the floor, ignoring the over-sized rat traps baited with poisoned tuna that his Father had laid out carefully in concentric circles the night before. Gurgling happily to himself, he crawled to the door, past the toybox full of glass shards and the frayed lamp cord lying in a pool of water.

As he emerged, his Father, alerted by an expensive array of motion detectors, aimed a vicious kick at his head with an iron boot. 'Daddy!' Reggie shrieked. He kissed his Fathers iron boot and climbed into his highchair for breakfast. 'Morning, Reggie honey!' said his Mother. She leered at him from behind a huge pair of Larry Bud Melman-like glasses and placed a bowl of poisonous Amazon frogs on his tray, which was covered with pictures of Barney. Reggie munched happily and watched his parents get ready for work. He soon finished his bowl of poison frogs.

'Daddy love Reggie?' asked Reggie in his cute little voice. 'Of course, Reg,' his Father said hurriedly as he finished placing the last of the whole, bloody chickens on the deck of their modest houseboat floating placidly in an isolated corner of the Florida everglades.

As Reggie watched, his Mother and Father climbed into their airboat and cut the line that anchored their home to a grove of mangrove groves, pumping a few rounds from their Beretta automatics into the houseboats hull for good measure. 'Bye Mommy, Daddy!' Reggie called, waving his chubby fist.

'Barney, Barney, I love Barney,' Reggie whispered. The houseboat slowly drifted away, listing drunkenly as the hull filled with brackish water. Large, scaly alligator feet appeared on the deck, then whole alligators. 'Barneys!' Reggie laughed.

The Big Fats

by headsfromspace

The 500 pound man sat at the table in a rickety armchair and stared at the pile of glistening cellophane loveliness set before his weeping, fat encysted eyes. Twinkies, Ho-Hos, Ring Dings, and the lesser treats of that corporate whore Little Debbie gleamed in the light cast by a single 40-watt bulb suspended in mid-air from a dust covered brown electrical cord.

'I've endured the merciless probes of a thousand bleached-white aliens,' he said, casting a heaving sigh into the abyss. 'Why do they call them duck-billed platypuses?' his companion demanded. 'There aint no other kind of platypuses.' The companion was huge and oily and smelt of old mushrooms and taffy. He had laser beam eyes.

The man detonated a tremendous fart and dove into the pile, his greasy quick fingers stuffing the treats into a heavily muscled throat that pulsed like a termite mama in her sickly dark hole. His finger bones broke and splintered as the rapid fire shoveling reached a frenzied crescendo his nose holes vomited white streams of vanilla crme.

An ancient Philco radio with a broken antenna and cigarette burns on its grey, plastic top blared a thin version of 'Pretty as you feel' by the Jefferson Airplane.

The mans flabby heart seized itself and took a dive. His massive head hit the table with a thud and broken nose blood sprayed the empty wrappers which leapt and flew in short arcs, drifting down again to the table top.

His companion pointed a stubby finger at the one remaining Twinkie. 'You gonna eat that?'

The Beautiful Princess

by headsfromspace

Once upon a time, long ages ago, yesterday in fact, there lived a beautiful princess who had the misfortune to be very ugly indeed. She tried everything; but in fact had never lifted a finger to improve her appearance. One day the King and Queen, who had been dead many years and lay rotting peacefully in the graveyard behind the castle, came down the stairs for breakfast as usual and found the beautiful princess sobbing wildly at the window that looked out on a lovely garden that never existed.

'Why, whatever is the matter, my love?' said the Queen. 'Oh mother,' sobbed the Princess, 'shall I be ugly forever and ever?' 'Yes, forever and ever,' said the Queen with great satisfaction, feeling she had set her daughters heart at ease. 'No one could be more beautiful than you, my little dovelet!' the King declared proudly. 'That is why they turn away from you in horror,' agreed the Queen.

Her troubled mind eased by the wise words of her two dead parents, the Princess sat down to a filling breakfast that she had eaten several hours earlier. Chatting gaily with the Royal Family were the faithful servants who had deserted them at the first sign of trouble years ago. All agreed it was a wonderful day, and that all had turned out as expected; though everyone was startled at the turn of events. In time, they all lived happily ever after, until fear and black depression devoured them just a few days later.

The Evil Lesbians

by headsfromspace

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 Captains 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 didnt 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. 'Well 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,' she pointed 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.

The Screamer

by headsfromspace

He screamed and screamed; still, they wouldnt let him out. He was The Screamer, and they held him in the tower. 'Fuck you!' he screamed.

The Trap of Time

by headsfromspace

Timmy Thompson woke at 6:30 in the morning and stretched his tiny pink limbs towards the ecstatic sky where the birds were screaming. His mother came quietly into his room at 6:45 and fed him his bottle, looking like an angel in the pale light of dawn. Timmy sucked. He sighed and burped. His mother smiled. 'My little man,' she said, gazing at him fondly as she wiped formula from his red mouth. She changed his diaper and laid him gently in the crib. Timmy gazed at her adoringly. He was in love. She left the room to make the morning coffee.

By 7:30 Timmy had learned to walk and to think symbolically. He had become a philosopher, probing the deeper meanings hidden in everyday events. He grew large in his flesh. When breakfast time came at 8:00, he could eat bacon. He attained puberty while eating raisin toast. He was naked, for his clothes had been destroyed by the rapid growth of his body. Sipping coffee he withered, and his bones crumbled into old age while he read the front page of the New York Times. I am not a morning person, he thought, collapsing into a pile of powdery bone dust.

'Here is your lunch, Timmy,' his mother said. He grasped the handle of the tin lunch box with his dissolved hand. She opened the door for him and he drifted out along the sidewalk towards the waiting school bus packed with chattering, excited children. 'Have a good day at school!' she called, waving. 'I will!' he yelled back as he boarded the bus. By 2nd period he had re-formed enough to hold a pencil. He did math problems while a bluebottle fly buzzed around his head. During gym class the last of his grey hair turned brown and he hit Jimmie Myer smack in the head with a dodgeball, giving him a bloody nose. 'I am the Mac Daddy!' he shouted. He felt wonderful. His muscles rippled and swelled like earthworms on a wet sidewalk.

Lunch was Fish Sandwich, Three-bean Salad, Fruit Cup, and Chocolate Milk. His paper straw collapsed half-way through the carton. He noticed Sally Jennings looking at him when he went to get another straw. His hidden parts started to tingle. Wow, he thought. Sally Jennings.

When school let out for the day he was three feet tall and thinking about comic books and chewing gum. He practiced tying his shoes on the way home, but by the time he got there he had forgotten how. His mother was waiting for him. 'Its time for your nap, Timmy.' 'But I want an ice cream cone!' he protested. 'Maybe after your nap, honey.' 'I want a chocolate one.' She laughed. 'Okchocolate.'

He un-grew as he slept and dreamed of chasing rabbits in a sunny field covered with yellow flowers waving in the breeze. Then the dream changed, and impossibly huge rabbits with angry eyes and long sharp teeth were suddenly chasing him, their big flat feet stomping the yellow flowers into the ground, crushing them. 'I dont want to play anymore,' he told them. He woke up after an hour and his mother put a fresh diaper on him and gave him his chocolate ice cream cone. He went out onto the steps to eat it because he liked the feel of the warm concrete under his feet. He watched a fat man in a stained white t-shirt mow his lawn. Up and down, up and down. The man was sweating and soon took off his shirt. He had curly black hair on his back, and Timmy thought he looked like a bear. The ice cream started to melt in the warm sun and dripped onto his chest because he couldnt eat it fast enough. He didnt care.

His father got home at 6:30 and had a vodka martini before dinner. Timmy had forgotten who he was and stared up at the huge, towering man. 'Buh,' he said. He crawled away on dirty knees to find the cat. 'How was your day, dear?' he heard his father ask his mother, but the words meant nothing to him. At dinner he was cranky and he couldnt find his mouth with his spoon. His face was soon stained with pureed carrots and chicken

paste. His father chuckled and rubbed his head, and his mother unbuckled him from his highchair and washed his face methodically with a warm washcloth. She kissed him and put him to bed. He stared at the Mickey Mouse nightlight glowing in the dark until he fell asleep. His parents sat on the porch swing and listened to the sound of his soft, regular breathing on the baby monitor as they looked at the stars.

Later, he grew very small.

2003 by Craig Snyder

Atomic Jayne Mansfield

by headsfromspace

Everyone thinks Jayne Mansfield died in a car crash but what they don't know is that she didn't really die but was secretly taken out West to a nuclear testing facility in the desert and healed with injections of Plutonium and Coca-Cola.

Of course she couldn't act in movies anymore. She was a glowing chartreuse woman with Plutonium in her veins. She was top secret. She stayed in bed for weeks. There was nothing to do but play chess with physicists.

One day she found a door marked X. Behind it was a tiny James Dean in a test tube. She looked like a giant to him.

"Hello," he said.

The Thunder of Great Trees

by headsfromspace

Winter of The Dead. People walk, hunched, oblivious, wanting home. The steam of coffee cups at the bus stop. The swirling blue snakes of cigarette smoke. Gloveless hands shoved in pockets. Shivers.

The days die early. The wind smells sour. Square windows light. The shriek of playing children, the soft plop of snow. TV reruns, blue screen flicker before bed. The post Christmas blah.

Finally a green-budded tree in early light. The soft hope of bird song. Snow melt flutters in black mud.

Heavy coats flung off. The thunder of great naked trees in a night of warm wind. Green grass spikes in defiant cycle.

A baby cries softly in sleep, dreaming huge dreams. Jackson at 16 in black t-shirt and red hair shock finds a new girl. She's kind of pretty in a big-eyed way. She has a silver belly ring and new white arms.

She can even sing. He makes small talk while he figures a way to make her.

Toad Tennis

by headsfromspace

You will need one live toad and two tennis rackets. It is a very interesting sport. My brother and I invented it.

You may possibly need more than one toad if you are playing a regulation match because you must play at least three sets. Toads are brave but they run out of gas pretty quick.

Other interesting sports: Toad Smoking. Yes, you can teach a toad to smoke a cigarette but they don't like it too much. It is hard to tell whether they like Toad Tennis or not.