



It was a beautiful sunny summer morning. The sun was up but had not reached it's full height or intensity. The sky was blue and not a cloud could be seen. There was a slight offshore breeze but inside the valley by the river below the top of the sand dunes it didn't reach them. The group of men had their boards in their hands. They looked up the sand dune hoping to conquer their Everest that was More River.

The exhilaration they would feel once descending the slopy dune and across the water. As if by divine right they would defy nature and be one with their deity. One of the more jocular characters in the group, Jason, surveyed the area and the surrounding scenery. He exclaimed to all his fellow Dune riders:

“See where the river runs in through those trees out of sight? What do you think is beyond there?” After a few seconds before anyone could even answer he said, “More River,” and proceeded to admire his own play on words while the others groaned and rolled their eyes and some gave a pity laugh. They began their ascent up the dunes.

As they ascended, Jason wondered whether the sand which eroded under his feet would ever be higher than it had before it slipped away. He guessed it must be a complex interaction between the volume of sand moved, its angle of repose, wettability, the environmental and wind conditions, as well as the human interaction with the hill on which they were climbing¹. He also pondered whether the river could ever fill up with sand until it was No More River. He kept this one to himself however - he didn't want to sound like a cunt.

Reaching the crest of the rolling dune, the company deposited the appropriate apparel on the sand and began making vague pointing motions in some sort of attempt to convince themselves they knew what they were doing. It was amongst the dance of many opinions that the strange noise was heard - behind the crush of escarpment, deeper within the dunes, nightmares lived. And everyone knew it. Jason peed his pants a little. Not enough to show through the pants, but enough to make himself feel thankful that he wore two pairs of underwear. Jason recognised the noise. He had never heard it, only heard about it. Could it possibly be true? Fear flooded his eyes.

Wide eyed, he turned to the rest of his company. With him stood Elliot (long time childhood friend), a work acquaintance of his

¹ He actually considered this topic at far greater length, and with considerably more detail. This is a simple summary of his thoughts, which were several orders of magnitude above boring, and would thus make rather dull reading for most reasonable people.

that isn't worth naming since he will soon exit the story, and standing directly behind him appearing seemingly out of thin air stood Charles the Dentist. This was the first time the company had seen the Charles the Dentist.

"Who are you?" insisted Jason. With the noise they just heard, Jason was suddenly suspicious about everything. Even himself. Was he really the same Jason he remembered as a child, or rather another human of the same name? These are the thoughts that kept him up at night.

"My name is Charles, and I am a Dentist," announced Charles the Dentist. Jason and Elliot now know just as much as you, dear reader. It was at this moment the Jason's work acquaintance, for no reason at all, walked over the dunes towards the noise. He was never seen again.

The wind suddenly turned vicious. Sand flew around everywhere making Jason, Elliot and Charles the Dentist close their eyes in wincing pain. When the wind finally settled, the company slowly opened their eyes and saw the magnificent beast the Growlox.

The company beheld the Growlox. He was a Zebworks²-like creature with a round metallic base held up by six spider-like legs. His magnificent torso was attached to the base and his strong bulging arms terminating in crab-like pincers. His head had three long strands of hair and his mouth had sharp teeth. His mouth was foaming with drool as he was anticipating his prize. The moisture he attained was an isotonic membrane exchange between moisture in and moisture out. An ingenious contraption that allowed him to enjoy his prey and strike fear in his enemies.

At the site of the Growlox, the company found themselves intimidated by the figure. They found their mouths dry and tongues swelled such that in his presence all they could manage was a whimper. At the sound of this insipid noise, the Growlox looked up at

² Fearsome beast native to Artraya, with three dreadlock-like horns formed in the manner of the terrestrial Rhinoceros, and three penises, one enormously large. Not to be trifled with.

the band of men. He contemplated them for a small moment and turned his attention back to the hunt for his prize. He had a taste for the sweet mexican dish pink taco, slight sense of bush; the bulging throbbing cherry on top of the very delectable dish; and elastic flaps extending into the warm, inviting moist cave. He set off in search of the great prize. He could sense it in the air. It was close.

The company including Elliot, Jason and Charles the Dentist were overcome by what they just saw but curious as to the creature that they had only heard about but never before seen. They went off in search of the Growlox. It wasn't hard to track along the dunes as the distinct six- pronged tracks left by the Growlox and the moist sand left in the wake by the Growlox's magnificent growling vessel.

Jason was a cunt.

The man Jason was having malicious thoughts about trapping the Growlox so that he might somehow capture the growl of the Growlox and harness its power. As Elliot was making his way back to the More River Hut, he came face to face with a Shelox, a female of the same species as the famous Growlox.

The Shelox eyed Elliot up and down. She was a beautiful specimen. Curvaceous hips rose out of her shiny orb; a full triplet of breasts heaving upon her chest. Each nipple was laden with a globular mass of secreted fluid. Thick pads of moisture fell out and dripped to the sand below. Elliot looked on in wonder as she turned and with a lusty wave skittered away, her breasts bouncing. Their motion was a perfect example of a body under the influence of gravity as well as the torque created by the mammary tissue inside, pulling taut across the external organ. The motion whipped Elliot into a mesmerized state. A realisation came to him slowly at first, but then faster and faster. He would study Physics as a tertiary speciality - to truly understand the sheer beauty of what he had witnessed. Smiling, and with 32+ experience points, Elliot returned to the adventuring party.

At this point, in the reduced visibility of the low-intensity sandstorm which had begun to whirl over the dunes, Charles thought

he made something out.

“What’s that?” he said, his voice a parched croak, as none of them had brought water, and they had eaten too much biltong which had left their mouths salty and dry.

“What’s what?” came the chorus from the rest of the group, sounding like a pond full of bullfrogs.

“I can’t see anything,” snarled Jason aggressively, his eyes slitted against the blowing sand which coursed thick in the air around them. Charles, though, his eyes more protected by his glasses, could see a black shape through the gritty fog.

“This way,” he said, voice cracking with the pain of talking, and pointed a quivering arm. His trudge broke into a run, and the rest streamed past Jason, who reluctantly followed.

The dark shape resolved itself into a door in a concrete wall which jutted out from below the sand. It cracked open, and as the storm gathered itself in howling intensity, Charles, Elliot, Jason and Jason’s work acquaintance tumbled down a short flight of stairs, sand cascading around them, and fell into a heap on a cool marble floor. The soft burbling of a fountain could be heard, somewhere out of sight. They lay there, panting, too exhausted to be surprised, or to move.

Their repose was shattered by a massive boom, a cracking gunshot which reverberated around the chamber, and could be heard echoing through halls and galleries beyond. After some moments, the last vestiges of these echoes dies away, they uncovered their ears, and found the sound of the fountain has been joined by a more immediate noise, the steady dripping of blood and brain matter from the wall, where the head of Jason’s work acquaintance had been splattered.

“Oh I am terribly sorry,” said a female voice, “I was surprised by your sudden entrance, and mistook your friend for a Growlox! Welcome to the Last Lodge, the hunting lodge of choice for all those wishing to bag the Greater Crested Growlox. My name is Atticus”.

“He wasn’t my friend,” said Jason. “Just an acquaintance³.”

Atticus had a deep loathing for the Growlox after an unfortunate encounter with the beast had left her utterly mutilated and resembling mince meat. She had vowed from that day on to devote her life to the demise of the Growlox and to outcast the art of growling. Jason, Elliot and Charles the Dentist shifted uneasily at the thought of this but they looked at each other in non-verbal agreement and decided not to mention their unease to Atticus.

“You may have met my design to help entrap the Growlox.”

She went on seeming not to notice the group’s disapproval of her plan or their subtle glances at what used to be a magnificent cunt now reduced to rubble. Charles the Dentist had seen some horrific things in his field as a Dentist but no such horrors as this. The trio managed to contain their disgust as Atticus continued on her monologue.

“I designed the Shelox to attract the Growlox but unfortunately one major design flaw rendered her utterly useless at attracting the Growlox. Her three breasts were too much for the Growlox and his two pincers. He did not know what to do and did not wish to show favouritism so in the end he trudged off in frustration spoiling my ingenious plan to trap him,” Atticus continued forebodingly, “that is why I am fortunate that you three have come by my lodge. I have special plans for you and you **will** do as I say...”

Atticus paused, comprehension slowly dawning on her face, as she came to the realisation that in the excitement of the Growlox’s apparent arrival in the lobby of the Last Lodge she had leapt out of the shower without so much as a towel, and her ruined cunt was on display for all to see. With a strangled cry of dismay, she covered herself with the large automatic shotgun she had been casually dangling from her fingertips, and backed hastily into a side corridor.

The trio breathed a sigh of relief, glanced at each other, and with no further delay dashed for the stairs, falling over each other in

³ It had previously been proposed that we had seen the last of the work acquaintance as he ran in folly over the sand dune escarpment. This turns out to not be the case. No one knows how he came back to being. Perhaps he is a special being and can reincarnate. We shall wait and see how this develops.

their desperation to escape Atticus's lair. Alas, the front door had locked behind them, and no amount of banging, scratching or seductive cajoling⁴ could get it to open again. They sheepishly descended the stairs, to where Atticus awaited them - now fully clothed in a black Zinn hide one-piece trimmed with fur, with a ceramic breastplate over the top. She manually chambered a round into the breach of her shotgun, with ominous double click that echoed around the room. Jason, Charles and Elliot looked at each other. They needed a new plan.

"Now, gentlemen," said Atticus, her voice as sweet as glucose syrup, "I have laid a trap. A Growlox trap. And you are going to be the bait." But Charles had an idea.

"We must all grow beards!" suggested Charles the Dentist. "As long as we have facial hair the Growlox can't use his power against us."

"That's a stupid idea", replied Jason. "I have a better idea," Jason continued, "we could synthesize an anti-Growlox kryptonite based substance to put on Atticus' bubble and squeak snatch, then when the Growlox comes for a feed he will be overwhelmed and temporarily paralyzed for approximately 10.23 seconds."

"What do you think Elliot?" asked Jason, but Elliot was gone. Elliot, always known for getting distracted at the most inconvenient of times, decided that the painting on the southern end of the room was far more interesting than talking his way out of a situation with a crazy lady with a loaded shotgun.

"Who's this in the painting?"
You look at the painting >

*Within a beautiful solid, diamond encrusted golden frame, lay
a painting of a man constructed only with tones of red.
It had a very powerful effect. No, not a man. A warrior.
A face of scars and adventure, he held a shotgun resting on
one shoulder, and had his leg raised in triumph over the dead*

⁴ Artificial Intelligence and the internet of things.

carcass of a Shelox.

Atticus turned in surprise, not knowing Elliot has snuck off. Her face suddenly expressed a deep sadness, and a solitary tear rolled down her cheek.

“That man.... was my father.”

Atticus continued, “I painted that 10 years ago. We were hunting down by the river when a Shelox emerged from the depths and surprised us. Luckily my father, bless his soul, managed to kill it with a single shot dead between the eyes as it charged for me. I owe him my life. The image of him standing over the dead beast is ingrained in my memory, as it was also the last time I saw him. The Growlox was nearby and saw us kill his mate, and after slashing me to an inch of my life, turned and chased my father into the dunes. I fear the worst of him. Thus formed my desire to re-create a Shelox, this time with an extra breast, to have my revenge with the Growlox. Who could possibly resist a third breast? It seems I was wrong. This memory of my father standing over top of the Shelox is my final piece of hope that he is alive, somewhere. So I painted it on this canvas. With my menstrual blood.”

Charles the Dentist, who had always grown up with an odd taste in art⁵, stopped mid-lick, suddenly doubting his lifelong fascination with paint licking. The company stared at him in disbelief. As he stopped and tried to defend himself, Elliot the sneaky bastard chimed in now from the other side of the room, “and what about this?”

The others came over to where Elliot was standing, their feet squishing onto the occasional nugget of mince. The object protruded from the wall. At first it appeared to be coming through the wall but upon closer inspection it was clearly wall mounted. It was a long cylindrical object, jet black with a comfortable matte finish. It connected to the wall via a suction base and soft pink rubber protruded from its opening.

⁵ Literally, he would lick every painting he saw to try and ‘absorb’ the emotion of the art.

“What is it?” strained Elliot, his face a mixture of M&Ms and mirth.

“My weapon it is,” said Atticus, another chunk of meat falling from her thigh. Her voice flat and calm, she continued.

“My weapon which is secret. I have been developing the perfect mixture of looks, presentation, and taste. The Growlox will have no resistance to this prodigy of Hunting Lodge technology.”

Atticus grasped the shaft of the Wall Mounted Fleshlight and squeezed. A thick pad of moisture fell out.

“Cum, let us discuss the plan.”

The group decided to listen to Atticus as they could see no other way out. Although they were quite famished after all the excitement and from the attempts at conquering the More River dunes. After proposing that they eat first to Atticus - she offered them spaghetti bolognese featuring some very suspect mince meat - they declined and proceeded to listen to her plan.

The idea was simple. They were to go and find a girl of purity untouched and untamed by man. They would then bring her to a place where Atticus would set a trap for the Growlox. The pure girl would be tied up and placed in the stirrups inviting the Growlox. They would also set a trail of fleshlights for the Growlox to follow into the lair where he will then have growled for the last time.

“Sounds like a simple and ingenious plan,” said Jason who had taken on a leadership role in the group⁶.

“I only see one problem with it - where can we get a girl of such purity?”

“Oh that’s easy,” said Atticus.

“Because of our trade in the furs of dune animals - Zinns,

⁶Cunt.

Loxxies⁷, Nicholson's Dred, Common Dred, and the rest, the Lodge is very wealthy. As well as our impressive armoury we also maintain a genetic research wing. To cut a long story short, when it was clear that I would mature to be both dazzlingly beautiful and brilliantly intelligent, my father had me cloned several times."

Atticus let the shotgun swing from its strap, and clapped her hands.

"Peelia! Veelia!"

Two identical blondes, indeed appearing to be identical twins around 18 years of age, dashed into the room.

"Yes, Aunt Atticus?" they said in unison.

"We are in need of your assistance," said Atticus, but before she could speak another word Peelia and Veelia started to scream! Their bodies convulsed violently, hair started sprouting all over, and fangs started fanging.

"What is happening?" asked Elliot, whose name can also be spelt with three L's.

"They must be turning, it is a full moon tonight," replied Atticus.

"Run for your lives!" screamed Jason.

"I need to go toilet!!" Charles the Dentist screamed even louder.

They all raced out of the lodge. Peelia and Veelia not wanting to be left out, followed shortly after.

After visiting the nearest tree (because every tree is a lavatory) Charles the Dentist questioned Atticus.

"What do you mean when you said 'turning'?"

"Well, since the twins have grown up their whole lives together in isolation out in this lodge, they have become very close."

Elliot, who thought the twins were incredibly attractive (even with the recent addition of fangs and hair, he wasn't fussy) stood to

⁷ Loxxies are all male until some 15 years of age, until menarche, when some become the Shelox. The rest become increasingly masculine until they rest as a fully formed Growlox. Thus, Shelox are sometimes referred to as 'Sand Cougars', because of their frequent mating with sub-15 year old males of the species.

attention. His mind went wandering into blissful dreams of sisterly pillow fights, intense love making and long, sweaty games of chess.

Atticus continued.

“From a young age they did everything together. Played together. Ate together. Did each other’s hair.”

“Kissed each other.” Elliot interjected, eyes closed in a solid trance.

“Then as they reached adolescence, their cycles starting syncing up. At first it wasn’t so bad, just really hard to win an argument against two moody teenage girls. Then it got worse. The cycle lined up with the occurrence of the full moon. Then things started getting interested. Then they started *turning*.”

The doors of the lodge flew open and the company could now see Peelia and Veelia hunched on all fours, growling with drool dripping from their mouths. Everyone took a deep breath in, hoping they wouldn’t be seen. Elliot let out an awkward moan. This was all the twins needed. They turned their heads and noticed the group. The chase was on.

The chase seemed to go for ages. They would run up and down dunes, cross fjords, run through the bush and the fields beyond, but they could not seem to lose the hunt of Peelia and Veelia. All seemed lost as they became utterly spent, then Peelia and Veelia let out a horrendous bloodcurdling scream and turned to return back from whence they came.

“That was fortunate!” exclaimed Charles the Dentist.

They all agreed - although Elliot, having somewhat of an extreme domination fetish, almost wished they had been caught. They began debating what caused the unusual reaction and change of events. It wasn’t long before they found out.

Lurching over the horizon, against the first grey of dawn, came the hulking figure of the Growlox. It was high on the pure scent of Peelia and Veelia, and had lost much of its prodigious motor control as it slobbered and carried on, staggering along the path of the twin

sisters.

“My plan is working,” Atticus was almost sobbing in delight.

“Oh my father was such a clever man, his long laid plans are coming to fruition”.

She drew a long, plain knife that looked like it meant business from a hidden sheath, and gathered herself for the explosive sprint across the 150 metres that separated the group from the Growlox, who had lumbered past them and left it's heavily muscled back vulnerable.

Atticus's muscles strained, her tendons like guitar strings. Her entire life, every iota of willpower, every Sunday afternoon in The Lodge gym, every sacrifice and yearning was funnelled into this moment. Her vision darkened around the edges, her world filled with Growlox.

A glimmer of the coming dawn, with the first hint of pink, ran lazily along honed blade of the knife, and glinted like a dewy sparkle on the tip for an instant.

However, quantum physics dictates that nothing is really predictable, also that there can be wormholes in spacetime. Unfortunately for Atticus she trod on one of these wormholes and was sucked back in time.

Dinner was gone, this left the Growlox seriously frustrated, his gaze turned toward Jason, Elliot, and Charles the Dentist. The Growlox passed his tongue over his lips, across his shoulder, and into Elliot's armpit.

“We must save Elliot,” said Charles the Dentist in a very unconvincing tone.

“I am tired of this, I say we make a run for it!” replied Jason.

So Charles the Dentist and Jason absquatulated.

They soon arrived at Charles the Dentist's house where Jason was introduced to Charles the Dentist's family. There was his father Charles the Dentist the fifth, his mother Charlene the Dentist, his wife

Charlotte the Dentist, his son Charles Dawin the Dentist (not to be confused with Charles Dawin the astronaut⁸), and their pet chameleon, Chameleon the Dentist. After checking everybody's teeth they sat down to a massive dining table for dinner.

It is common knowledge that dinner for Dentists largely consisted of corn. In fact, it is the only thing that is served, in various shapes, sizes and assortments. Instead of being coated with butter, it's coated with corn puree. You would then dip the cob into corn soup, and wash it down with fortified corn wine. Which is unbelievably alcoholic.

Charlotte the Dentist looked at her son, Charles Dawin the Dentist, mouth full of braces and corn sticking out of every gap and nook in his mouth. She smiled.

"So proud of you." She could barely hold the excitement of simply the thought of doing his scale and clean after dinner. He was clearly the favourite child. Charles the Dentist looked on in resentment.

As Jason picked up the biggest and final piece of corn on the table, he suddenly threw it away in shock. The crafty Chameleon the Dentist had made himself look like a corn cob. It was incredibly suicidal and had spent its entire life trying to die. Which is apparently a pretty hard thing to do when you blend in with the background all the time.

The Chameleon the Dentist sighed in disappointment and unknowingly slumped himself next to a loaded⁹ gun. The others looked on. Watching him sleep. His eyebrows hovered above his eyes, like a warm sausage.

Charles, who sometimes pronounced his name with a K - like Karl Marx, wondered how he had got himself into this strange turn of events. He didn't really know who these guys really were? He had spent some time with them, but did he really know them? Enough to trust them with his life? He felt sad and awkward. His family and friends all around him.... yet he had never felt so alone.

⁸Or Charles Darwin, the naturalist.

He hid his mood however and began to hum. He slapped Jason on the arse to break the dizzy family silence.

In his dreams the Chameleon the Dentist was imagining macarons. He was making them and folding the light meringue together and adding the almond meal, making sure keep them airy so that they rise when they are baked in the oven. They would be corn flavoured and he was also pure-ing some corn to add as the filling of the delectable macarons.

The Chameleon waited by the oven until the macarons were ready. This did not happen for 70 years and this is where he leaves our story. As he was able to blend in with his environment, no one noticed the Chameleon in the following events that occurred in Charles the Dentist's residence.

"Rat-a-tat-tat," there was a knock at the door. Father Charles the Dentist the fifth being the patriarch of the family answered the door.

"We are carolers," came the call from the other side of the door.

Father Charles did not particularly like carolers but did not wish to go back into the awkward moment at the dinner table.

The carolers began and it was a particularly entrancing tune:

The Dentists go marching one by one.

Hoorah! Hoorah!

The Dentists go marching one by one.

Hoorah! Hoorah!

The Dentists go marching one by one;

The little ones, we will have for fun,

And they all go marching

To suck me off in the rain!

The carolers continued, their damp hair swaying and voices lifting mist. As the rain fell around them, steely eyed and determined, the notes came.

*The Growlox goes marching two by two.
Hoorah! Hoorah!
The Growlox go marching two by two.
Hoorah! Hoorah!
The Growlox go marching two by two;
To hunt and eat a pussy or two,
And they all go marching,
To suck me off in the rain!
To suck me off in the rain!
To suck me off in the rain!*

BANG!!! The door slammed shut. Jason peered over the Dentist family crowded together by the door.

“This is exactly why I hate carolers,” said Charles the Dentist’s father.

“Too much puss, not enough cock!” And with that he turned and walked off.

“I need to do a poo,” he said casually, grabbing a newspaper and bottlebrush from the sideboard.

He entered the Throne Room, as the family of Dentists called it. The throne itself was modelled exactly how you would have expected it. A base seat and backrest section, both hydraulically operated, for perfect positioning. Dad had retrofitted plenty of these babies in his day and this one was the most comfortable yet for snapping one off. It had ergonomic footswitches and a hand operated touch pad with excellent responsiveness. He had designed it perfectly, such that the anal cavity was in the optimum position for the user to release and also to allow various rectal procedures. It had the provision to mount additional equipment for such tasks including under and over-the-patient delivery systems. The software package in the microprocessor controlled the movement of the chair and Dad had also programmed various presets to suit the other members of the family.

It was always great to be in here whether working or tinkering - he was always left very satisfied. Smiling with the prospect of what was to come, Dad moved towards the throne.

“Dad gone,” exclaimed Charles the Dentist. He noticed that his father had made his way to the Thrown Room⁹.

His attention turned lovingly to a nostalgic moment as a child when being toilet trained. His father had just installed a custom made device for him. It was a moment of great excitement when he was to do his first poo on his own. He sat on the custom made toilet with trepidation. He could feel the weight of expectation. He was also unsure of whether the corn he had been consuming would be completely broken down or appear in his faecal matter. It was a few moments before he felt rumblings down below and his anal sphincter tone released to allow a large nugget of corn-kernel filled poo to snap off and enter the water below like a blue whale jumping in the ocean. He felt really proud at that moment and was congratulated by his adoring father.

This momentary lapse into nostalgia meant that he did not notice the change in atmosphere outside. The carolers outside were pissed off. They wanted to be paid for singing their tunes and were displeased with Dad for slamming the door on them. They turned off the plumbing to the house. The Dentists would be flushed out of the house or become consumed by the stench of the unsuspecting Dad’s shit that was just about to be unleashed on the house. The fumes would fill the house soon.

The Carolers outside were preparing their assault and little did they realise that their song about the Growlox had drawn him to Dentists’ residence along with Elliot. The Carolers began their war cry.

The Caroler’s mutual intake of breath filled the silence (other than the synchronised plopping emerging from the Throne Room and

⁹Not to be confused with the *Throne* Room that we were just discussing. Sorry if this is confusing, but I’m doing my best. It’s all these bloody Dentists. I can’t hear myself think.

the Thrown Room¹⁰) seemed to go on for some time. All of a sudden, a wormhole opened...

The soft burbling of a fountain could be heard, somewhere out of sight. Charles, Jason, Elliot, and some guy Jason knew from work lay panting, too exhausted to be surprised, or to move.

Their repose was shattered a hideous crack in the space-time continuum, a sound like a wheezing thunder god, as bodies fell through the gap, and upon them, all flailing limbs, screams and snatches of carol song.

The singing stopped, the screams got louder, and centrifugally extracted excrement splattered across them. Corn cobs rolled across the marble floor, trailing corn puree, and fell into the fountain. Plop, plop plop.

"What the fuck?" said Elliot, as he looked straight into a mirror.

Only it wasn't a mirror. It was his twin, a doppelganger splattered in shit.

Boom. A cracking gunshot sounded, echoing through the space. The guy that Jason knows from work froze in shock, as Father Charles the Dentist the Fifth's brain matter was splattered across his face.

"Oh I am terribly sorry" said a female voice, "I was surprised by your sudden entrance, and mistook your friend for a Growlox! Welcome to the Last Lodge, the hunting lodge of choice for all those wishing to bag the Greater Crested Growlox. My name is Atticus."

"He wasn't my friend," said Jason, "I actually have no idea who he was or where all these people came from! What the hell is

¹⁰ We've covered the Throne Room in some detail, even down to the hydraulics. The Thrown Room was a rather different proposition - a chair adapted with mechanisms from the Gravitron used centrifugal force to suck stool from the bowels. It was mainly used prior to long shows at the Concert Hall - the Dentists were Wagner aficionados, and it is useful when one has that feeling of a trip to the bathroom coming on, but is not quite ready yet, to be able to spin it out ahead of time. Especially before a full showing of the Ring Cycle.

going on? I am getting the weird sense of deja vu!"

At that moment, a black chameleon emerged from the shadows, and disappeared as its skin took on the hues of the marble floor. Then another black chameleon emerged from the shadows, and slowly faded from view.

"I saw a black chameleon," said Charles.

"...and then another one just like it," said the other Charles, who couldn't help but finish the first Charles' sentence. They both laughed their annoying laugh.

"It must be a glitch in the wormdrive," said Atticus, running from the room.

The guy that Jason knew from work had pushed two Carolers who had landed on him, and staggered toward the fountain. He splashed water over his face, which was covered in bloody gore and bone fragments. "Got to get it off. Got to get it off. GOT TO GET IT OFF..."

Meanwhile, Atticus was running down the stairs, into the lower levels of the lodge. She snatched a Zinn fur cloak as she dashed through one of the lower corridors, and wrapped it around her naked form. She grabbed the microphone for the PA system, still running down the corridor, the cable unspooling behind her, cape flying.

"Veelia, Peelia - meet me in the lower garage now - I think the wormdrive is leaking!"

Veelia and Peelia rushed down into the wormdrive room where Atticus was waiting.

They entered the wormdrive room holding a packet of female hygiene pads with leakage protection. Long ago Atticus had developed a problem with urine leakage after her run in with the Growlox left her with a vagina resembling mince meat. As they had guests, Atticus developed a code to allow her to maintain her dignity. The code was to say that the wormdrive was leaking and allow her an excuse to go down to the wormdrive room to apply an anti leakage pad with odour neutralisation.

Curiously today Atticus was experiencing vaginal urine

leakage and an actual wormdrive leakage of which the pads would not be able to fix.

“We must get The Mechanic.” Atticus exclaimed while applying a pad to her mutilated vagina - the absorbent material began to swell; a sign of moisture leaching into the pad.

The Mechanic entered the wormdrive room. She was such named because she was a Mechanic and had impressive skills working on machinery.

Atticus only employed females in the lodge. She was a large butch woman with short hair and an androgynous facial structure. She did not take care of her appearance and was always covered in some form of grease. She liked to sport a brown/beige singlet that was torn down near the midriff; black tracksuit pants and her shoes were large and had a heavy tread that required immense leg strength to lift her feet off of the ground. She might not have looked much, but she knew a lot about machinery. She was also smarting as she was the architect of the recently foiled plan to destroy the Growlox.

3 Months Earlier

The Mechanic pushed the void goggles up on her face as the Wormjet sat atop the dune, the last traces of void slime steaming off it's fuselage after the passage through the wormhole.

Peelia and Veelia had already leapt out of the fast deployment pods strapped to the sides of the craft, and were scanning the darkened sands with the infrared scopes on their rifles. Atticus turned around in the pilot seat, her face still covered by the bug-eyed void goggles. The Mechanic's face was reflected in their silver lenses, looking even more distorted and hideous than usual on the convex surface.

“Well?” said Atticus. “Are we at the right place? And the right time?”

“Just let me get a fix ma'am,” said The Mechanic, pointing a sextant at the stairs, which still glimmered in the sky just touched with

the first grey of dawn.

“I hate time travel,” said Atticus. “I’m time-sick as usual.” She popped a large yellow pill, swallowing with a gulp of tea from her thermos. The crackle of the foil was loud in the stillness.

The fuselage popped and clicked as it cooled, and The Mechanic muttered to herself as she twiddled the dials on the sextant. Otherwise, all was silent. The barest breath of breeze put a shimmer on the surface of the More River below, the only break in the stillness.

“Yer, we’re on the right morning,” growled The Mechanic, “23rd June. Our sensor records show the Growlox was moving through the area at the time.”

“Hear that girls?” said Atticus to Peelia and Veelia.

Their only reply was to swing their rifle barrels back and forth. Back and forth. All four were tense and watchful. The Growlox could strike at any moment, and it rarely came near a weak point in space-time¹¹ that would allow a Wormjet through.

This Wormjet was an amazing craft. Sitting beautifully rested near the water, you could see the golden plaque on the side, inscribed with the name “Paddle” by her crew, she had served the girls for years. Named aptly as it was so trustworthy there was never a moment where she couldn’t “steer” their way out of trouble.

There was a deep sudden rumble. Atticus, Peelia and Veelia all turned towards The Mechanic in apprehension. They shouldn’t have. What they witnessed next was nigh on impossible.

“Sorry guys, I get time-diarrhe...” and in an instant her tracksuit pants starting expanding and expanding, until it couldn’t possibly stretch any further, (which, for the record with tracksuit pants is much more than you would think), until a brown lava-like liquid erupted over her belt, overflowing into the cockpit and flooding up to

¹¹ Growlox can smell the space-time continuum. Stephen Hawking, in his 1988 work *A Brief History of the Growlox*, postulated that this was the reason for the prevailing bad mood consistently observed in the Growlox; that the scent of their own doom lies as an inescapable sour odour upon their lives. Certainly, studies of Growlox snot as it dries using radio microscopes (see *The Journal of the Square Millimetre Array*) has revealed all we currently know about the early universe.

ankle height of all the girls.

“Her anus is leaking!” screamed Peelia and Veelia in unison.

They tried stepping out of the way in disgust, but all it managed to do was splash a bit in their eye, which they would then open their mouths in disgust, and get some in there too.

Some extremely important, extremely unprotected wires inconveniently placed along the floor of the Wormjet sparked and fizzled as it came in contact with it. The smell of burnt poop was an interesting one.

“Oh, sweet Jeesoo, Sun of Marriet! I think the Wormjet just shat itself.”

Silence filled the air.

“And me, I guess, yes, I guess I shat myself too.” It was a hard fact to admit, but under the current circumstances, not exactly something that The Mechanic could deny. Yep, this was definitely beyond the hiding point.

The girls were not impressed. The mood needed to be lifted. The Mechanic was always up for the challenge.

“Looks like we are up shit creek without a Paddle!” she exclaimed. Struck by her sudden genius in puns, The Mechanic smiled. It didn’t last long.

Cresting the dune, stalking towards them, it came. Peelia and Veelia’s rifles immediately leveled to the figure, their eyes straining down the scopes.

“What is it!? What IS IT!?” screamed Atticus, her voice high on anticipation. Lips licked and pussy pounding - bloodlust fizzing in her eyes. Beads of sweat reflected the light off the Eelia’s¹² foreheads, as they glared towards the figure fingers on the respective Trigure’s¹³.

¹² Atticus often called Peelia and Veelia the Eelia’s to avoid confusion. Atticus was smart like that.

¹³ Trigure brand triggers were the top of the line in pressure sensitive reflex rifle triggers. They sported a sweat detection and compensation technology and anti-slip Growlox hide interface for cached response reflex delivery. The Mechanic had seen them on gumtree for \$39 each and received both for \$70.

“Is it him?!” demanded Atticus. “Are we about to net The Greater Crested Growlox?”

Eelia faulted. “No... It’s not... It’s a man.”

“I’ve never seen anything like it,” said Peelia.

“Never!” said Veelia.

“It’s a man.... but....”

“But he is burnt!”

“Charred.”

“Completely cooked.”

“Like totally flame grilled.”

“All bloody warm and toasty I’m sure.”

“EELIA!!!!” screamed Atticus. “Shut both ends of your gastrointestinal tract.” Atticus snatched a rifle off the Eelia and ranged it at the approaching man.

“He’s not burnt you fools! You dumb blonde broads! You yellow-bellied rug munchers! It’s just a black man! And yes, I’m still going to kill him!” Atticus smirked and began to squeeze the trigger.

Suddenly the scope went dark.

“Huh!” Said Atticus. “What’s in the box?”

The Mechanic stood in her path.

“No,” she said slowly. “I know who that is and killing him is not a good idea.” Atticus lowered her weapon.

The black man approached. He was at the distance as far as a man could through a tinned food can.

“It can’t be...” Atticus stammered dramatically.

But it was.

He was here.

The Mechanic smiled.

“I’m back,” said Meal’c.

Meal’c had arrived through the wormhole and approached Eelias, Atticus and The Mechanic.

“Greetings,” exclaimed The Mechanic. Her heart was aflutter at the site of this muscular man with beads of sweat on his bald head

streaming down from the heat of the sun reflecting off of it.

“May the wind be with you and may your hunt be ever fruitful,” Meal’c said with hands clasped together and bowing to Atticus - who was the most important member of the party and deserved of such a greeting.¹⁴

“And may the disc roll forever in your favour,” replied Atticus reciprocating the same gesture in return; the appropriate reply of civilised peoples throughout the universe and dimensions.

“I bring grave news,” exclaimed Meal’c. He continued, “I have come to warn you that you need to close the wormhole at More River at once as there is a war coming and there is a great force headed this way looking to claim these lands and those that occupy it. The Greater Crested Growlox is quite legendary around the wormsphere and many races are very keen to get their hands¹⁵ on the Growlox as he holds the key to the universe and all the wormspheres.” The mention of the Growlox only enraged Atticus - such was her hatred and determination at destroying the Growlox.

“The only person getting their hands on the Growlox is me. I will end him and if you do not get out of my way I will put a bullet right through that target on your head.” Atticus pointed her gun squarely at Meal’c, her hand pressed on the Trigure.

“No, STOP,” yelled The Mechanic, “I am having his baby...”

¹⁴ He managed to make a sideways glance at The Mechanic and wink at her. The memory of their tantric night together where he ripped off her beige tank - the rip at the midriff that she still sports today as an everlasting legacy of their forbidden but lustful encounter - the heaving toing and froing as they entered each other; her muscular bulk and his writhing in hot sweaty unison and she rode him on top. It was a beastly animalistic engagement and they were in total ecstasy. He would release his seed in her and they would spend the night together in each other’s arms until the morrow. The Mechanic didn’t ever feel much like a woman; but that night she felt feelings she had not felt before. She felt vulnerable and submissive in the presence of Meal’c but safe at the same time and he would always hold a special place in her heart.

¹⁵ This of course was an expression as we know that not all races in the wormsphere have hands. The Crosslegged Cobwebb Spinners of Rags River did not technically have hands and they used their powers to produce cobwebs from the genitalia of their male prey. As their prey were hypnotised and unable to stop their fate, the cobwebs overcame them and encapsulated them, suffocating them to death.

“You’ve got rabies??” Atticus asked, not hearing her right.

The Mechanic, seeing her way out of this awkward situation (only to be put in another), confirmed, “Yup, rabies. Got ‘em bad. All though my system. When I pick my nose, I pick out rabies. When I sweat, I sweat sweet little rabies tears.”

She didn’t want Atticus knowing at any length about her intimate connection with this foreign man. When Atticus had her eyes on killing someone, anyone that got in the way often met the same fate. She didn’t want to test this observation. Meal’c was suddenly alarmed.

“Rabies? Are you sure? What colour is your blood?”

“Red,” The Mechanic confirmed.

Meal’c suddenly gasped. Red coloured blood was a common attribute to a blood with a rabies infestation¹⁶. Maybe it was true.

“But why didn’t you tell me?” Meal’c demanded. Atticus chimed in, gun still locked on Meal’c’s gleaming forehead, “She did, partner, just then!”

“But Meal’c, you don’t understand, I didn’t have it before I think I got it from you.” Peelia and Veelia were confused.

“But how can he have given it to you, you guys haven’t exchanged any saliva! Unless....”

“You slept with this man!?” Atticus was enraged. She suddenly swung the gun at The Mechanic. “Why haven’t you told me this earlier?” The irony wasn’t lost to The Mechanic. Swinging the gun left and right, Atticus started getting dizzy. She started to stagger.

“Whoaoaoa.”

As she hopped and stumbled around, dropped the gun and sunk to her knees. Her quick movements had set off her motion sickness. Just moments before she vomited and passed out, she thought she heard something strange from the foreign man.

“My darling that’s amazing news that you’re pregnant. Because you see, so am I.”

16[□] Quite often cases of rabies were misdiagnosed.

“Ah, so Ivanov’s experiments have finally yielded results.”

“Yes, Meal’c, and soon I will be to the fragile creation growing inside what she¹⁷ it is to me, only more so.”

“What have *you* got to do with it, then, if a person may inquire?”, interrupted Peelia.

“Yes, answer my sister forthwith, we know you being here wasn’t an extemporaneous decision,” added Veelia.

“While your race continues to find such endeavors to be of a deplorable nature, mine has long ago accepted any tool as a welcome addition to our arsenal when matters of survival depend upon it. This is one of many lessons we learnt from the Go’ld.”

“You sit there are argue to me that the ends justify the means when what has been done here should constitute one of the greatest crimes against humanity!”

“How could you understand what it is to have a life inside you, one that will be considered vile to both his species.”

“The Chumans¹⁸ should never have been but it is because of people like you experiments like this were not stopped!”

“Please focus on the task at hand, repairing the wormdrive is the only thing that will enable us to survive. We need to solve the boundary conditions for the time-independent equation relating to the potential energy of the drive.”

“Hah, you sure aren’t very intelligent for an Afar, the potential energy function $U(x)$ will simply be related as:

$$. + = ”$$

“Don’t be obtuse, just tell me will will be related to the probability of the particle being positioned inside the chamber?”
Uncertainty could be seen on Meal’c’s face.

“itself is meaningless, but is the probability density function and of course this will relate to the particle’s position,” answered The

17[□] Indicating Atticus.

18[□] <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Humanzee>

Mechanic whilst wearing a condescending look upon her face.

They looked into each other eyes. Meal'c lost in The Mechanic's deep pools of lust. They both smiled realising that, together, they had simultaneously solved the problem by cornering the particle from both sides. Meal'c's jet black lips opened revealing the wetness of his mouth. The Mechanic moved in, her lips opening to greet Meal'c's. Their tongues moved in pulsating rhythm playing and toying with one another. Licking and scraping across the insides of the mouth. Occasionally their teeth met, clattering, but then they repositioned and flung further into the throats. Meal'c desperately ripped and clawed at The Mechanic's fabrics, exposing her midriff followed by her heaving breasts, both nipples buzzing with the electricity of her lust. Atticus looked on, mesmerized. A stray hand massaging the outskirts¹⁹ of her panties - which she found to be sodden.

"I always piss myself using the wormdrive," she thought.

Meal'c positioned The Mechanic with her head back in the sand and in one muscular motion flipped her legs into the air roughly, dragging off her oil stained jeans. Meal'c was greeted with what can only be described as a lemon meringue pie. The Mechanic's white curves, and pussy lips juxtapositioned with a bright yellow lemon scented G - string. He pulled her G-string off more tentatively, his lips quivering and eyes never leaving the rolling splendor of her vulva. The G Banger stayed clenched within that graceful valley before the tension was released and it sprung back slapping Meal'c on his Afar tattoo. The lemon meringue pie looked like it had been slightly burnt in the oven. Although her pussy was shaven there were some small daggy nuggets around the rim of her fan-forced. The prize shimmered in the bright More River sun. A true pie-in-the-sky.

The Mechanic hadn't washed for days and she tasted like it. But Meal'c hadn't eaten for days and he went in with relish²⁰. His

¹⁹ Her hand was actually **inside** her skirt.

²⁰ Meal'c always had on his person, a StarStrider Sandwich Kit - which included relish. Discernable fruit pieces in sauce - The perfect condiment for enhancing any

tongue flicked and cracked like a whip at first, toying at The Mechanic's forgotten freckle. Meal'c being honest and fair, always liked to treat both ends of the gastrointestinal tract equally, and The Mechanic was thankful for it. She had never felt so exposed. Looking to her left she saw Atticus ramming the wormdrive gear stick into her meat-rissole gutted rabbit. To her right she noticed with relish²¹ that Peelia and Veelia were doing their math homework.

"Are you 2x?" said Peelia.

"Yes," said Veelia knowingly²².

"I want to integrate you from 10 to 13." And they did. Each with a mouthful of the other's mouth, they shuddered on the hot sand. Peelia lifted her head up, her mouth dripping red.

"What's the significance of 6.9?" she smiled.

"Haha," replied Veelia. "Dinner for two interrupted by a period!" They switched conformations and carried on.

Just at that moment when mutual climax was about to be reached the wormdrive began to hum indicating that someone was about to enter through it.

"Quick, get Atticus and take Peelia and Veelia to somewhere safe and I will deal with whatever comes through that thing," cried out Meal'c, the fear for his beloved pleading in his eyes. The Mechanic was quite strong and picked up all three girls. Peelia and Veelia so intense in each others love did not even notice what was happening and continued on a trickle of blood leading off in the direction they went. The Mechanic knew exactly where to take them.

"Goodbye my love. I will come for you later. Take care. I love you," and with that she disappeared, Meal'c unsure if he would ever see her again. This momentary lapse did not last long as his concentration turned to the wormdrive with the arrival imminent of

staple.

21 [□] Some of the relish, under the influence of gravity, had fallen from the pie into The Mechanic's mouth hole.

22 [□] dhdhd

some fiend no doubt.

Meal'c hid just out of sight. A single being arrived through the wormhole. It was tall and slim carrying some device that was making beeping sounds

“A tracker perhaps?” thought Meal'c. “But tracking what?” Concern appearing on his face. The being was dressed in a hooded cloak revealing only deep-set brown eyes. The dunes of More River had obviously been given a much harsher reputation than reality as sand storms were quite rare in these parts. Meal'c looked upon the being from his hiding place with it's back to him.

“A nice night to be outside wouldn't you say Meal'c,” it spoke with such a presence that Meal'c was almost too mesmerized to take in what had just happened. This person knew him. He still did not know whether it was friend or foe.

“I'm afraid I am at a disadvantage,” said Meal'c. “For you see you know who I am but I don't believe I know who you are.” The being turned and slowly removing his hood said, “Oh you know who I am.”

Meal'c looked upon the revealed figure and uttered one word to himself, the word almost caught in his throat:

“Hamish!”

Meanwhile, at an undisclosed residence, Jimmy Vicaut was getting ready. “I'm getting ready!” said Jimmy to himself.

“Getting ready for what?” said Jimmy. “To manipulate the Coccyx of the humans of course!” He replied to himself.

Mostly self taught, Jimmy was a master of the coccyx. Not much else is known about him except that he invented the letter green and has most definitely touched your mum at some point in time.

“Bite the pillow, I'm going in dry,” Jimmy said as he inserted his ungloved fingers into the a-noose. He loved the sensation of the rough hairy skin transforming into into the soft dank cave of the hole. He brought his fingers to his mouth to make the diagnosis.

He paused. Breathing deeply on the scent.

“Yes,” he murmured. “You need a dynamic adjustment. And a deep one.”

The patient strained against the standard practise stirrups, trying to get away. They could sense their fate. Jimmy loved this. Working the patient up into a stir always led to a better adjustment and enhanced chiro ceutical result. Chewing a breath mint he calmly donned armed length gloves, goggle and snorkel.

A knock at a door interrupted the consultation. The receptionist, a nice little indian lady who spoke poor broken English but had a friendly demeanour and was always bringing in tasty homemade dishes, walked in to announce that Jimmy had some very important visitors and must come straight away. Still sporting the goggles and snorkel and a brown stream of liquid fogging the outer surface of his goggles, Jimmy took his leave from the patient still positioned in the stirrups having had a successful adjustment and feeling much more fluid motion in the coccyx area. Jimmy left the room as the patient looked across to the framed degree on the wall, a little concerned that the frame contained nothing.

“Who are these guests of mine?” thought Jimmy as he took a curry puff from the receptionist’s desk on his way out to the main hall. Standing in front of him was Jason.

“This guy is a cunt,” thought jimmy to himself. He had long been an acquaintance of Jason although never really liked him and only hung out with him as others in the group tended to invite him to communal events. Originally he could be at least cordial towards Jason but they had had a big argument and difference of opinion recently that made their interaction more icy.

Jason was very much in opposition to the theory behind internal coccyx adjustment and believed that the success rate was poor and lacked evidence and could leave a majority of patients feeling violated and later developed psychological issues related to sphincter trauma associated with the more invasive techniques

employed by Jimmy²³.

“Hello Jimmy. We have been adjusting again I see,” he said derisively noting Jimmy’s appearance.

“Jason. Did you come all this way just to insult my practises?” retorted Jimmy. It is important to note that Jimmy would severely beat Jason in a fight and although Jason often talked a big game, he actually feared Jimmy and was in awe, perhaps even jealous, of Jimmy.

“I have laid down my arms Jimmy. I have come to offer you an opportunity.” Jason seemed excited but Jimmy was wary. Quite often Jason’s ideas were poorly planned and executed even worse. “I have discovered a place that we can go with our mates. It is awesome we can hire a house right next to the river and swim or boat across to the dunes and go sand boarding. It’s awesome.”

Jimmy remained sceptical but his interest was slightly peaked although he was growing wary of the conversation and his thoughts were returning to the stirruped patient in Treatment Room A. Jason continued, failing to notice Jimmy’s waning attention.

“The place is called More River.”

Then Jason did notice something. “I know that person,” he muttered under his breath.

“Did you just say, *nice mow cat person?*” replied Jimmy in a hostile tone.

“No, that person you have in your room, is that Charles the Dentist?” said Jason.

“Oh yes,” replied Jimmy, “he is a regular, gets an adjustment almost every week! Although he never seems to need one,” continued Jimmy in a slightly puzzled tone.

“So, how is your mum?” Jimmy asked Jason. Jimmy had forgotten that it was his unprofessional encounters with Jason’s mum that had caused the hostility between Jason and himself. The mood

²³ Mainly the double fisted coccyx crank- where misaligned coccyx’s were cranked using the force of both hands much like a wrench. It was effective in aligning the central spine but could lead to prolapse, anal leakage and other issues associated with torn and de-elasticized sphincter muscles.

was getting very uncomfortable in the room until by some divine miracle - as if an omnipotent being sensing that things were going nowhere in this particular situation, caused a break in the tension and an introduction of a new plot twist - Jason's phone rang.

The tune was a particular catchy and rocky tune that everyone in the vicinity stopped what they were doing and started shaking and interpretive dancing (almost wishing Jason would refrain from picking up for a moment). The ringtone was just reaching a climactic point in the song when Jason picked up, disappointing the rest of the punters in the room.

"You really are a cunt," thought Jimmy under his breath that had a hint of faecal tinge from his earlier experiments with oral-rectal coccyx adjustment - a new method developed by Jimmy's practice and unfounded by any medical evidence.

"Elliot," Jason said in a welcoming but determined tone. He had a look of worry on his face as Elliot was reporting some news to him. The conversation lasted a few minutes.

"We must depart at once. I will meet you there and bring the others with me." He hung up.

Jason told Jimmy and Charles about the latest development. Meal'c had contacted Elliott on arriving through the worm drive. He also told them about the arrival of Hamish. This sent shivers down their spines. They would depart for More River at once. Although Charles the Dentist insisted on an adjustment if he was to go on any journey. Jimmy obliged although decided to hold off on trying his new oral-faecal technique and went for a more traditional digital-rectal adjustment.

"I have a work acquaintance outside waiting in the car, he can take us," said Jason.

Jimmy unfortunately could not go as he had to submit his research to the Coccyx-Adjustment United National Trust, (of which there was only a few members being unrecognised by the rest of the chiropractic community.)

"Before you go tell me who this Hamish campaigner is."

Below is an account of Hamish:

Hamish is the Grand Septon of the universe and all the alternate universes. He was originally made Grand Septon of the High Order of Priest by the Leader of the Interdimensional Ruling Council and anointed by the Council in charge of Religion, Faith and Growling (and other oral endeavours).

Hamish in recent times has deviated from his teachings and become more hard line and strict using his position as Grand Septon to enact cruel and painful acts in the name of faith and religion. He has denounced Growl and deemed it an unnatural and blasphemous act punishable by incredible torture until the guilty party denounces the practice of growl and has their tongue removed as penance for the practice. This was not in line with the thinking of the Council in charge of Religion, Faith and Growling or the Interdimensional Ruling Council. Hamish used his position to allow him to defy the wishes of the Council by claiming that he was beholden unto no other entity but the great Creator who by divine intervention and intelligent design made him the conduit of his message.

Hamish had arrived at More river to enact one of his more contentious policies. Hamish believed that all couples should be married and only have intercourse for the purposes of procreation. As Meal'c and The Mechanic had consummated their love out of wedlock, Hamish was to enact terrible punishment upon The Mechanic and Meal'c.

The punishment for consummation out of wedlock and without the context of procreation was severe. For the male subject he would be castrated. Before castration the male would undergo a mammoth 32 hour cleansing whereby Hamish would excrete all of the semen out of the male's sexual organs through a process known as Testicular Milking. In Testicular Milking Hamish would get a Fleshlight apparatus set up in a shower dungeon. The male would be forced to insert his erect penis into the fleshlight for the entirety of the 32 hours while cold water washed over him. After this time the male would be castrated

and the female would be forced to eat the shriveled testicles.

The female's penance began by consuming the seaman-less testicles taken from her male lover. She would then have her clitoris removed (a process known as Debeaning). She would then have her reproductive tract sucked through the incision left by the Debeaning. The fallopian tubes would then be used as sausage casings for the seaman excreted from the male via the Fleshlight and both parties would eat it as their last meal before execution.

Most people, upon finding out about the details of his punishments, cringe simply at the thought. This is a common feeling. But apparently not for Hamish. His ritual pre-punishment is to boil the kettle, serve himself up a nice cup of green tea (a marathon of semen cleansing, especially with multiple patients, requires a calm mind, and green tea not only does this but the high levels of antioxidants are an extra bonus).

With some Bach Symphony Number 9 in F Minor playing in the background, Hamish would do his stretches. He would start from the top of his body, focusing on his neck and shoulders, and eventually work down to his legs. Except for this particular day. Today was legs day at the gym. He didn't want to over-do it.

That morning after setting up his lair he donned his leather jacket he bought from Melbourne. And his red Superman cape that he stole from an 8 year old earlier that year. It tended to make him instantly recognisable (and thus avoidable), but it was just too cool not to wear on such an occasion as today.

Everything was going as planned. His hair was cut, his beard shaved, his pubes trimmed. Yup, all hairs were taken care of. And now Meal'c, the man with no bodily hair at all, (the irony was inconceivable), the man whose testicles he had dreamt about all week, stood in front of him. His Superman jocks could hardly hide his boner.

With his arm stretched out just like superman he ran toward Meal'c. Meal'c was almost double his size, but that didn't seem to deter him.

His first move was to walk around Meal'c repetitively, also known as orbiting, this had been effective in the past, however, somehow Meal'c seemed to be immune. Next was the ball of wool, it would always work on his cat. Meal'c raised one eyebrow like he always does, but was still unperturbed. Tickle under the arms, fail. Rubber ducky, fail. Strobe light, fail. Garlic, fail. Video clip from a Nicholas Cage movie, fail.

“How can this be, he has no weakness!” exclaimed Hamish.

And it was at this exact moment that Hamish and Meal'c heard a distant battle cry. The cries became louder and louder. Meal'c paused shirtless, and Hamish dropped the bottle of chocolate flavoured massage oil in his latest attempt at cajoling Meal'c into a false sense of sensuality. They both turned in time to see the machine burst into flight over the top of the dune and silhouetting the sun as it passed overhead. It all seemed to happen in slow motion.

The machine was not just any machine. It was a 1980 Datsun Dual Cab Ute. But not just any 1980 Datsun Dual Cab Ute. It was a 1980 Datsun Dual Cab Ute sporting mounted rocket launchers in the tray, operated by none other than Jason, Charles and Elliot. They each were wearing rainforest camouflage gear, (which was pointless, considering the ute and surrounding sand dunes were white, and they also made quite the ruckus). Jason's work acquaintance had gotten the band of comrades to More River in record time after receiving Meal'c message. He sensed he had a big future ahead of him in race car driving.

Not thinking to wear goggles, the sand had gotten in Jason's eyes, and with his itchy trigger finger combined with the excitement of finally making it to More River, started blasting rockets in each and every direction. He figured one was bound to hit Hamish. He was a cunt like that. Charles and Elliot not wanting to feel left out, decided to join in. Rockets flew everywhere. Every single one, pointless.

Unsheathing his samurai sword and preparing for battle, Hamish turned his attention to the band of rebels as the ute hit the

sand and skidded to a halt, turning to face him. Time returned back to normal. This was going to get messy.

Hamish was furious now. He had never failed in his quest to punish the sexually enlightened before. Meal'c was his ultimate scalp to claim. Made all the more easy by the fact that he was bald. He would deal with this "inconvenience" and then return to get Meal'c and The Mechanic for their lustful crimes. Hamish had not, however, countered on the fact that through coming through the wormhole, the Growlox would sense his presence and be drawn to it. The Growlox is the anti-Hamish and it is a long held belief²⁴ that a great battle would take place between the Growlox and Hamish that would shape the future course of history and the place of growl in the world. This battle will be hotly contested and no one has been able to see exactly who comes out on top. Many people thought that through exclusion they would be rid of Hamish but his methods and beliefs that he is superior and only answerable to a divine being has meant that he has been let free to torment his fellow beings.

As the Datsun was creating a magnificent diversion. The Growlox was making his way towards the scene. The smell of a fresh and particularly satisfying kill on his breath. His last victim was a squirter and had left globules of moisture dripping from his menacing face. he sensed his destiny was upon him and would take care of this Hamish once and for all.

The Growlox, unable to contain his excitement for his distracted prey, let out the greatest growl that Hamish, Meal'c, and the band of rebels had ever heard. The reverberations created a pocket of sand near the top of the dune to slide away from it's resting position, causing the start of a sand avalanche. Unable to ignore the growl, Hamish turned towards the Growlox. He screamed out a menacing roar in reply. The stage was set for the ultimate equilibrium balancing

²⁴ By the Great Growl Appreciation Society and its subsidiary group The Pie in the Sky Appreciation Society. They have long held the Growlox in high esteem and taught the teachings in secret so as not to be condemned by Hamish. They practice in great secrecy and darkness in the hope that one day they can come into the light and enjoy the fruits of their teaching and worship.

equation. Good vs evil. Ying vs Yang. Black vs White. Growlox vs Hamish.

Meanwhile, upon hearing the cries, Jason, Charles, Elliot and Jason's work acquaintance figured they had hit Hamish with one of their rockets. High fiving and celebrating, they decided to start the kettle and get out the scones. The whole thing had gone down quicker and easier than they thought. They'd have double cream with their scones today. It was a day for celebration. Their pooches would have to deal with it.

Easily distracted like the reader, the cameraman turns his attention back to the battlefield. It seemed as though while you were watching the kettle boil, Hamish had taken the first blow. Crouched over, his hand covered his left eye. Pulling it away he revealed the face long scar that would characterise his face for the rest of his life. However long that may be. He took a moment to put a bandaid over his eye, but jogged on the spot whilst doing so to keep up his heart beat so as to not lose any momentum in the battle. Whilst doing so, the avalanche roared closer...

Meal'c let out a menacing war cry. The first strike was his. Hearing Meal'c's voice, the band of rebel's stood attentive, placing their scones and tea on the hood of the Datsun, and noticed that Hamish was down, but not out. Their job was not yet complete. They were the kind of guys that insisted on 100% passing video games. This would not do.

They quickly did the maths. Hamish was still alive, but they were out of rockets. Jason's work acquaintance, (who did maths faster than any of the other dumb wits), slammed on the accelerator and lined up Hamish on the horizon with the dashboard of the Datsun, tea and scones flying past the windscreen. It was quite the sight.

A rocket launcher-mounted Datsun carrying a band of rebels propelled itself towards Hamish, (granted, it did take 45 seconds to get to the top speed, but slow and steady wins the race, right?)

On the other side of the valley, Meal'c was sprinting towards Hamish, right arm extended giving him the bird the whole time as he

charged in, (his signature move.)

Above them all the sand avalanche drew closer.

The Datsun picked up speed. Meal'c wound up his left hand for a sneaky opposite-hand punch.

Hamish looked left and saw the Datsun closing in. He looked right and saw Meal'c fast approaching, doing something weird with his left arm. He looked up and noticed the sand was even closer. Things didn't look good for Hamish. Or for anyone else for that matter.

The datsun, now meters away. Meal'c almost in striking distance. The sand, a second away from burying them all in certain death. The Growlox, sitting back with popcorn in hand. The stage was set for the most epic of collisions.

Time slowed down to a crawl.

As Hamish accepted his fate, closing his eyes, he felt the softest metallic touch of the Datsun's bull bar on his left hip, a feather-like stroke of the outermost skin of Meal'c's left fist on his cheekbone, and the faintest of sand particles touch his scalp from above, something completely unexpected happened.

Yet another wormhole appeared.

Meal'c opened his eyes. Above him, a perfect circle of a sun encapsulated his sight. His ears, filled with a loud humming sound. His mouth, dry. His teeth, wedging a lone pubic hair. As he tried gathering his thoughts, nothing made sense. So he tried retracing his memory.

He remembered the dunes. He remembered the sand falling. He remembered the Datsun. He remembered Hamish. He remembered the wormhole. Then he remembered where the wormhole appeared. It was an alternate universe. No, an alternate time.

Some time in the future. He and Hamish had gotten past their differences. They had talked things through. Hamish had come to terms of Meal'c's actions with The Mechanic, and through fair and honest debate, had actually taken his side. Meal'c learnt to forgive Hamish's intense efforts of testicular milking. They ended up becoming quite good mates. They played pool together. They went to the game together. They even had a secret handshake.

Every Friday they got together and got drunk, watching horrible B grade movies, narrated in another language, and subtitles in a third. They were both hipster like that that. The memories continued to fill Meal'c's head.

Hamish and Meal'c, after spending so much time together, grew fonder of each other. Then one Friday night, they decided to get so drunk, and let whatever happen, happen.

The hangover hit Meal'c hard. It was like a small being was in his head, trying to smash its way out with a vibrating sledgehammer. Little did he know this was actually the case, but that's another story and spin-off show.

He blinked a few times and slowly got to his feet. His bedroom was a sty. He noticed there were 17 missed calls from The Mechanic. She was needy like that.

As he turned to go to the bathroom, he noticed Hamish's body lying on the floor. Naked. He kicked it. Nothing. He kicked it some more. Still nothing. Then he noticed the pool of blood on the floor emanating from Hamish's crotch. This did not look good. It was also confirmed when Meal'c noticed Hamish's chewed off his penis in hand.

He gasped. Hamish was dead.

He made a vow at that very moment that he couldn't tell anyone about this. About their lustful encounter, about Hamish's death, nor how it happened. It would ruin him. Literally. If The Mechanic found out about that blood stain on the carpet, he was as

good as dead.

He would have to dispose of the body somehow, and tell no one. Then the door opened, and Peelia walked in. Meal'c was frozen in horror. So was she. She gasped loudly. Meal'c still didn't know what to do. She had seen everything. Then Veelia walked in. She gasped too. Then a man stuck his head in, "Hey guys, is this where the party in corridor 3 is at? Oh shiiiiit"

"What is it hun?" said his girlfriend, walking in behind him, "Oh my god! THERE'S A GUY ON THE FLOOR HE'S BLEEDING".

Mealc wasn't sure how to deal with all of this, his headache was way too intense.

"Guys, please get out of my room," everyone was screaming, Veelia had started CPR on Hamish, and the stain was spreading to enormous proportions, they would need a whole new carpet for the room. Things seemed to start blurring, going too fast. An ambulance arrived, and then police. The shrivelled penis was prised from his clenched fingers, handcuffs on his wrists, and slammed onto the cold concrete floor. His headache was worse.

Thankfully for Meal'c this was no ordinary policeman. It was, in fact, a stripper policeman. And he started undressing in front of Meal'c.

Meal'c was unsure what was happening.

"What's happening?" he asked.

"A friend of yours invited me."

Just at that moment Hamish came back to life.

"Got ya!" he exclaimed. It was all just a rus.

"When you got drunk, you mentioned you were planning on proposing to the Mechanic and that you wanted a pre bucks. I thought as a surprise for you I would get some strippers for the pre bucks. I meant to order female strippers but looks like I misread the name on the internet."

"No problem!" said the policeman stripper as he pulled a mysterious pill from the top of his ass crack (you know, the bit that gets the most sweaty). No sooner had he dropped the pill in his mouth

and he became a she! Breasts, vagina, and ass grew faster than your bonner could. What once was a male stripper has become Meal'c's greatest fantasy.

Before the transdimensional police stripper could start her emmy award winning show, Jimmy burst into the room.

"Everybody listen! I have just completed my doctrinal dissertation on the Growlox and I have made some startling discoveries. The Growlox belongs to a whole species called Growloxen, of which the one we call The Growlox, a singular Growli, is the original, the king oldmate growlox. The only way to kill the abomination is by adjustment of the coccyx."

Just as he said this his face whitened. His hands clammed up and he collapsed to the ground. Jimmy was dead. The body so soft and warm to the mouth. Hiccups gobbling Meal'c slurped at the corpse, tasting the the slight smell of it. It was kind of nice, but only because he had been fantasizing about it. He also wanted the taste of shit, collected on the tongue. The freckle, fried as it may have been. Like a hiccup, sudden yet expended, opening to the girth of expectation. Solid and round. Jimmy had had a heart attack and he was dead.

Meal'c shook his head again, wiping the globules of moisture from his lips. This hangover was definitely the worse one he has had yet. Even the description of the world around him didn't make sense. What he did know was that there was a super hot stripper straddling his saddle, a satisfied Hamish sitting quietly in the corner, and a dead Jimmy lying naked on the floor. How he got naked in those last few moments was lost to Meal'c, but not much was making sense anyway, and he was starting to get used to it.

The gender-swapping stripper, Maxene, had a sudden thought.

Although her wandering years and distaste in society had led her to this stage of her life where she was a stripper, she was once an ambitious young lady. Or man. She forgot which.

In her early years she always wanted to help people. This led her to the internet, researching various proven and unproven medical research theories. One of which was the Double Fisted Crank Internal Coccyx Adjustment by the infamous Jimmy. She had read so much about it, she almost knew how to do it. The key word was ‘almost.’

“I know EXACTLY how to save Jimmy!” Teal’c and Hamish weren’t too bothered about saving Jimmy, but wanted the stripping show to continue, so thought if they could hear her out, she might get it done quickly and get on with the show.

“During my Googling of Jimmy’s life work I discovered one of the side effects of an Internal Coccyx Adjustment - a severe raise in heart pressure. It happens right at the moment of the double fisted crank, it just elicits such a response in the body that the heart loses it’s marbles. It’s kind of a high. That’s why some people are addicted to having the adjustment. They just love the feeling it gives. It’s also why some people jack off while it’s being done.”

“I reckon if I just ... turn Jimmy over . and let me see ... right over left ... clamp the index fingers ... carry the 1 ...” A nugget of poo flew from Jimmy’s ass. Maxene dodged it in time. Hamish did not.

“... wait ... here it goes ... just about ... NOW”

SNAP!

CRANK!

Jimmy burst off the floor. The shock of the adjustment had restarted his heart. It was like a natural defibrillator. The room was in shock. The medical world was not going to believe this. And long story short, they didn’t.

Majorie Grupp is a fictional author who writes fictional stories.

Read more of her work at www.cowtexas.com