

## Awien! The Origin of the Mustache

Note: This story is a parody of the movie “Alien” I hold no rights over the original creation. This is purely meant to be satire; nothing herein represents the views of any character or myself. It's a simple attempt at comedy. (That I Have Failed At)

Moving through the coldness of space, far from any known civilization, the deep space refining and mining commercial towing vessel the Omortson, carrying 20,000,000 tons of processed rock stuff, returning its slow and steady pace to earth. All is silent within the massive structure, the mess hall which has a simple round table big enough to fit the crew, one person's shirt was left messily over one of the chairs, being there for months if not years due to the time of travel. Amazingly two of the dippy happy birds are on the table, the left one bobbing its head up and down, having been doing so for only god knows for how long, despite the total lack of activity.

Suddenly, there is activity as the green screen computers come to life. A stream of data moves across the screen, reflecting off the glass domed space suit helmet that seems out of place within the cockpit. The computer makes several needless and pointless sounds. The data received, rushes through the ship, lights begin to flicker on, the white horizontal deep sleep tubes begin their automatic waking sequences, the glass fronts rising up as the lights are turned on, revealing the crew in white cloth underwear.

The first to awaken is a sleek soft white and pink furred rubber sergal. Her sleek slender body shifted and twitched, squeaking softly. She let out a long yawn, looking out toward no one in a drug like daze, “I really gotta pee,” she says, rushing out of the room.

The rest of the crew soon follows suit, a line forming out the only bathroom, they all lined up. The first is a tall anthropomorphic mako shark with a black hair, blue eyes, soft grey and blue skin with a deadly tooth filled smile, which is now an angry glare at the door, which she bangs on it, “Come on K-MT249L! Hurry up!”

K-MT249L responds, “Don't rush me! And its K *dash* MT249L. Get my name right for once!”

Ivy groans, “Why did they design this place with only one bathroom.”

Behind her is a sleek black and cyan rubber sergal, unlike the rest of the crew they are naked except black and cyan cuffs and collar with cursive writing on the cuffs that says “Yot Kcuf. On the tip of their nose is a black curled mustache that seems out of place and too small for them, and a tag on the front that says ‘3002-Մ’. “Come on Ivy. You can be more respectful and get her name right.”

Ivy groans even more, “You female rubber-like sergals always sticking together and backing up each other with your crazy strange names.”

“Hey, I'm a guy,” 3002-Մ remarks.

Ivy eyes the toy, “Right... not looking like that.”

A white furred arctic fox with a bushy tail and glasses who is only about five feet and some odd inches speaks up behind the two towering people, "Come on Ivy. Clearly he's a guy. Look at that mustache. I know you have the morning grumps but be nicer than that."

Ivy rolls her eyes in frustration banging on the door, "Open up!" she yells.

"Relax everyone, it'll be fine. We just have to be patient. I'm sure she will be done soon," says an anthropomorphic blue scaled and white belly furred winged dragon, her soft blue eyes looking at everyone as she towers over them at nearly seven feet. When all eyes turn to her she tenses up a bit, her claw hands gently playing with each other, "Please?" she asks.

"Order everyone! It's not her fault the ship was designed poorly by the Wayland Youtoni company. Those bastards like to cut costs however they can," remarks Raymond an anthropomorphic stingray with huge winged arms, with a swirl of blue and white. His brown hair unkept and in a great need of grooming.

Suddenly an anthropomorphic blue feathered bird with a black scorpion on her shoulder speaks up, "Screw waiting here with you all in your white undies. I'm just going to find a bucket and shit in it. Talk to you later suckers."

Raymond sighs, "Mira..."

Ivy responds, "Is anyone ever going to ask her why she has a deadly pet scorpion on her shoulder?"

"That's not in the script," remarks 3002-X.

"Huh?" Ivy asks looking at them.

"What?"

"You said something about a script?"

"No, I didn't."

"You just did. I heard you."

"It must be deep sleep sickness. Hearing things."

"No, I heard you. What script?"

Artie speaks up, "I didn't hear anything about a script."

Ivy gives a long glare at Artie who winces, "Never mind..."

"What do I mind is, if we got some good bonuses for this good job though," says Artie looking at Raymond.

Yelling from down the hall with a soft sounding squish, "Yes! Tell them we deserve bonuses!" exclaims Mira.

Artie looks over in that direction, "Yeah full shares would be good."

"I'll see about it. I'll look over the ship while this line clears up," says Raymond, heading to the main computer core of the ship, a large white room with countless and pointless blinking lights but with a nice swivel chair in the center for a computer screen that is too far away from anyone except with good vision to read. He types into the keyboard, looking through the data given to him.

The information before him stating there is a command called 7302 that they need to look into. Meanwhile the rest of the crew, having finally had their bathroom breaks, getting dressed

and head to the ship's cockpit, each getting into position. Booting up the machines, looking at the green screens. The seemingly archaic but "modern" they look at the information, Azuri speaking up.

"Where's earth?" she asks, perplexed by the data.

"You should know," K-MT249L states leaning back in their chair with a soft squeak.

Ivy speaks up, "This is not our system. Did you get us lost?"

"I wouldn't have gotten us lost, that would be up to Mother."

Ivy attempts to contact planetary control, getting no response while Azuri says.

"We aren't even in the outer rims yet."

"That's not our system."

"I know that."

Raymond calls a group meeting in the dining area, everyone gathering he looks over them, "As some of you may have figured out, we aren't even halfway home yet. Mother has interrupted our sleep due to some unknown transmission of unknown origin and we are going to check it out."

Ivy looks at him, "An unknown transmission out here? This sounds like a set up for a bad horror movie."

"Well we have to check it out. This isn't a movie, this is life," says Azuri.

Mira grumps, "I hate to break this up. This has nothing to do with us. My contract is due. If you give us more money, then I'd be happy to go about it. But if not, I say fuck em."

3002-λ speaks up, "There is a clause in our contracts that if we ignore this, we forfeit our paychecks."

Mira tenses, "Well then. What are we waiting for! Let's go check it out!"

Ivy shakes her head and sighs, "Just like a horror movie. This is not going to end well," she states, the ship heading towards a barren wasteland of a planet. About 1200km across, two-hour rotation and .86 earth gravity. Making it easy to walk on. The ship takes orbit around the planet that orbits another planet with two other planets nearby that are orbiting the bigger planet, making them more like moons rather than true planets. It was aptly designated 624VL.

"Let's take this baby down and take a look," says Raymond, the ship steadily making its way down to the surface of the planet. Heavy winds howl around the ship, but despite how loud they could be they aren't that great, the ship slowly making its way down, shaking the ship with a bit of turbulence.

"Locked and floating, we are ready," says Ivy.

"Going to be a little bit of a bump, but the shields will be fine," says Ramond.

"We have shields? That's never mentioned again ever," remarks Ivy.

"What was that? Just take her down."

"Yes Captain."

"Navigation lights on," he says, flicking a switch, dozens of lights turning on, the ship slowly lowering itself. The ship shakes as it gets closer and closer to the surface of the planet. Smoke and fire billows out from underneath the ship. The ground shown before them via a

series of lines, the machine counting down for landing as it touches down, the ship rattling, fire sparks out. Sirens go off everywhere, fire extinguishers go off while 3002-λ hits the switches to kill the alarm seconds after they go off.

“What happened?” asks Raymond.

“It appears we landed on a small pebble for the ship model,” it explains.

Ivy looks at the toy, “What?”

“Perhaps a hull breach.”

“That’s not what you just said.”

“Yes, it was.”

Ivy sighs, resuming putting out the fires.

Raymond looks to Mira and Artie, “Go check out the damages and see if you can do repairs.”

Mira looks at them, “Full bodied repairs of a ship in the middle of nowhere? Are you crazy?”

“Just do some internal work, that will fix it,” says Raymond.

“Come, we can fix it,” says Artie, taking Mira away who cries out.

“This makes no logical sense!”

“Why can't this ship handle a simple landing,” Ivy remarks.

“Blame the company,” sighs Raymond.

Azuri speaks up, “At least we are all safe, and nothing bad has happened,” she says with a smile.

“Why did you have to go and say that?” ask Ivy.

“Say what?” she asks with a soft draconic chirp.

“That just means bad things are going to happen.”

“No it won’t.”

3002-λ speaks up, “At least we are southwest of the transmission just under 2,000 meters. We can send in a crew to check it out while the repairs are being done.”

“Can you get me an atmospheric?” asks Raymond.

“Sure thing,” it says looking through the data, “Deadly. Very deadly. Suits required.”

“Easy enough. We’ll go out and bring out the weapons just in case. K-MT249L and Azuri, you two come with me. And we’ll check it out.”

“Yes sir!” says Azuri with a hint of nervousness, wings twitching.

“This is going to be so much fun!” K-MT249L calls out with a cheer bouncing with a squeak.

Ivy remarks, “Just don’t stick your head into odd things you know nothing about.”

“I would never do anything like that,” she replies, suiting up and heading out with the captain and the others.

The wind howls, crystals fly through the air like snowflakes, not harming anything while the trio steadily make their way to the anomaly they detected.

“I can’t see a damn thing!” exclaims Azuri.

“3002-λ can you see anything?” asks Raymond.

“I can see you just fine,” they respond.

As they travel Azuri says, “I can’t see a damn thing.”

“Quit griping, you are ruining the adventure” says K-MT249L.

“But I like griping. If I can’t see, there is nothing to be gained from this adventure!” she huffs.

“Knock it off you two,” says Raymond.

Meanwhile Ivy sits back watching the computer screen, while waiting, El Salvador pops up. She looks at the scorpion who waves a claw at her, “Strangest pet ever...”

The soft hissing of their breathes and hiss of gas exits out of the three explorers’ helmets, checking to see if they can keep track of what is being seen with the help of 3002-λ. They approach a strange U-shaped ship. They are surprised by the massive nature of the vessel pushing forward toward it.

“I’ve seen nothing like this,” says Raymond.

“I don’t think any of us have,” says Azuri.

“Let’s go stick ourselves inside and find out what’s there,” says K-MT249L.

3002-λ watches with anticipation as the video feed goes in and out till they enter the alien ship completely, losing all track of it, the toy remarks, “Damn, the company would like to see what's inside.”

Moving through the ribbed for her pleasure alien structure, venturing forth, trying to learn as much as they can while having only the littlest concern for their safety they eventually make their way to the ship’s cockpit, finding a large, truly massive alien in a cockpit looking through what could be best described as a telescope.

“I am no scientist, but it appears they have been dead for a long time,” remarks Raymond.

“How could you be so sure?” asks Azuri.

“I just feel like it’s what the script tells me to say.”

“Ah, easy enough,” she replies.

“Hey guys! Look, come over here I found a hole!” exclaims K-MT249L sticking their head into the hole, almost falling into it, butt in the air wiggling.

Back on the ship Ivy looks through the data, “3002-λ Mother seems to have deciphered some of the message.”

“Its 3002-λ, not 3002- backwards K.”

“That’s what I said. It is literally a backwards K.”

“No, no, no, its 3002-λ.”

Ivy sighs, “Anyway it looks like the message may not be an S.O.S. but perhaps a warning.”

“Oh, it will be fine, nothing to worry about.”

“Right... I’m going to go out there.”

“What’s the point? You’ll ruin the script.”

“What?”

“By the time you get out there, they’ll know if it’s a warning or not.”

Ivy sighs, “This is a horror movie.”

Steadily, being lowered down into the lower part of the ship is K-MT249L, “Wow this is amazing.”

“Do you see anything?” asks Raymond, while the rubber sergal is lowered down more to the massive black ribbed for alien pleasure structure.

“It’s like a cave.”

“We’re in a ship, it’s not a cave.”

“It’s also like the tropics in here.”

“You’re wearing a spacesuit, how can you know that?” asks Raymond.

“Relax, she’s just explaining it to the audience,” explains Azuri.

“Oh, alright,” he replies.

K-MT249L reaches the bottom seeing countless eggs, a blue haze over them. He looks over them, his hands breaking through the thin veil, “I see eggs. Lots of eggs or something.”

“Eggs?” Azuri asks with a hint of joy.

K-MT249L dips his hands over it, “There is a layer of mist covering the eggs that react when broken,” she says, falling into the pit with the eggs.

“Are you alright?” asks Raymond.

“I’m fine, I just slipped for the plot to continue,” she says moving closer to the egg, reaching out to touch one, a sting noise causes her to withdraw, “Strange,” she shrugs looking down at the egg, holding the near forgotten gun in one hand, able to see into the egg, “It looks like life, organic life.”

“Be careful!” yells Raymond.

“I am, the egg just opened up... I’m going to stick my head in it,” she says bringing her head over it, “Wow... amazing,” when the yellow facehugger leaps out and grabs around their head.

Ivy back on the ship feels a shiver run down her spine, “Dumbass,” she remarks, looking around, “Wait... why did I say that? Fuck,” she grumbles, sometime later getting a message from Raymond.

“You there Ivy?”

“I’m here,” she says looking at the video screen, “What happened to K-MT249L?” she asks.

“It’s K *dash* MT249L. Come on Ivy this is no time to get names wrong. This is important, we need to get her into the infirmary. There is something on their head.”

“What kind of thing?”

“An organism. Open the hatch.”

“They could die in forty-two hours for decontamination, open the hatch.”

“I’m not going to put the ship at risk for their idiocy. They deserve to be left there.”

“That is not called for. They are a person and have feelings. Now open the hatch.”

“I do not want to let some alien on the ship. That could kill us all.”

“That’s not going to happen. Now open the hatch.”

“Ivy please. This is no way to take revenge on the bathroom incident. Now please let us in,” says Azuri.

“W-what? You think this is just because... are you all retarded?” Ivy remarks.

“Ivy this is an order, open the hatch.”

“If you were in my position you wouldn’t either... actually you probably would, given your level of intelligence, but no. I won’t open it.”

“I got it!” yells 3002-λ, opening the door from ground level, letting them in as they rush K-MT249L into the infirmary.

Ivy sighs, “I am surrounded by morons.”

Mira pops in picking up El Salvador who promptly stings her, “Hey! You were watching that? Well I didn’t know...” she turns to Ivy, “Welcome to the world I live in. Those guys are idiots,” she responds exiting the room.

Ivy just watches the display, seeing the deadly scorpion sting, “Someone should look into that. That can’t be healthy.”

In the infirmary they remove the helmet and clothes from K-MT249L, revealing the soft supple naked female form of the off white and pink rubber hair sergal. Wrapped around her face, stretching around the muzzle with strange ease, giving a slight “faceless” smoothness over the head is the face hugger, gripping their head, tail wrapped around their neck.

Artie steps back from the window watching from the other room, “Oh darn, what the heck is that?”

Mira walks into the hallway watching the events looking to El Salvador, “Oh shit!” she knocks over the bucket, “So, there’s where I left that,” she looks to infirmary, “Yeah they should freeze or just yeet her off the ship... Yes, yeet is a word. You guys should freeze her!” she yells, walking away, “Only half shares... ha,” she grumbles.

Ivy comes storming in as Azuri steps in front of her, “How could you be so cold.”

“It was for the good of the ship.”

Raymond who is in the room with K-MT249L and 3002-λ says, “When I give an order Ivy, obey it.”

Ivy grumbles, “Even if it's against the law?!”

“Yes!”

Mira shakes her head, “She has a point. She’s trying to save all our butts, not just yours,” she remarks wiggling her butt feathers, prancing off.

Raymond ignores, “How are we going to get this off?”

3002-λ shakes his head, “Not sure I can do anything that will work.”

“Why?”

“The script says there is nothing we can do..”

Raymond sighs, “Damn it.”

Ivy raises an eye ridge, “Is anyone going to say something about this whole script thing?”

“What?” asks Azuri.

“I think you are hearing things Ivy,” replies Artie.

“I still say we try to remove it,” says Raymond.

“It’s feeding her oxygen. It could kill her,” explains 3002-λ.

“Still do it.”

“You’ll take responsibility then?”

“Yes, yes, let’s do it.”

Ivy remarks, “So you are willing to take responsibility for killing one of us, but not all of us by bringing that thing in here?!” exclaims Ivy.

“Ivy, quiet they are going to be doing surgery. How could you be so selfish,” says Artie.

“Yeah. You are only thinking about yourself. What you’d do in the situation. Not letting us back onto the ship,” Azuri responds.

Ivy simply lets out a long drawn out sigh, “Is anyone going to comment on how those air masks they’re wearing, have breath holes making them totally useless in there, if they are trying to protect themselves from airborne contaminants?”

“Ivy are you a doctor?” asks Artie.

Ivy looks at him, “No, why you ask?”

“Then don’t question those things with logic. It’s not your field of expertise.”

Ivy sighs even more just as Raymond cuts the knuckle of one of the facehugger, yellow rubbery blood oozes out, eating through the cotton cloth and onto the floor, “That is going to eat through the ship’s hull!” he exclaims, thinking, *“Good thing my fingers are acid proof. Not the rest of me though.”*

They all rush down two decks, the blood just stopping in time before it fully eats through the hull, “We got lucky there,” remarks Ivy.

Mira looks past them all, “Acid for blood? Nasty, great defense. Don’t want to kill it. Makes those guns we have and never use or see again, useless! Ha! Man, this place gives me the creeps,” she remarks, walking off.

3002-λ spends time investigating the creature, Ivy walking over to him, “How’s our guest?”

“A tough son of a bitch. Remarkable creature.”

“3002-λ, sounds like you admire it.”

3002-λ twirls their mustache, squeaking softly, “To a degree I do.”

“You do know when Raymond is off the ship, I am in charge.”

“I remember.”

“And you seem to have forgotten your oath as a science officer.”

“I haven’t forgotten.”

“Then why did you let them on the ship?”

“The script demands it.”

“What?”

“My programming tells me to.”



“What?!”

“I made the decision and I take responsibility. It will be fine.”

Ivy glares at 3002-λ, “Something is wrong with you... I don’t know how no one else sees it.”

“I see it,” says Mira, walking off.

Ivy turns to Mira, “Then why don’t you... oh you’re gone,” she huffs, turning back to 3002-λ who is also gone. She sighs, “This is stupid.”

3002-λ later calls Raymond who is looking out into nothingness distraught over what is happening to their friend, “Raymond. You need to have a look at K-MT249L.”

“What is it?”

“It's easier for you to have a look at her.”

“How is it easier than just telling me? You could have explained it to me already by now.”

“It’s for dramatic effect and the script demands it.”

Raymond sighs, “I’ll be there. Ivy meet me at the infirmary right away.”

3002-λ, Raymond and Ivy head there, opening the door noticing the facehugger is gone, “Where is it?” asks Ivy.

“I don’t know, let's look for it,” says Raymond opening the door.

“This is a bad idea,” says Ivy.

“Don’t worry. We have these little single light LED flashlights on a stick that will protect us,” he explains, the group entering the room, Ivy closing the door immediately behind them.

“At least now it's trapped in here with me.”

“Don’t you mean with us?” asks Raymond.

Ivy gives them a glare, “I stand by my words,” she states, searching through the area, the creature about to fall onto Ivy who roundhouse kicks it across the room, landing on 3002-λ who then screams like a little girl jumping back the alien falling to the ground with a squeak, “Kill it with fire!”

“No, no, it looks like its already dead,” says 3002-λ poking it with the light, the creature twitching the other two tensing, “Relax it's just a reflex action.”

“How do you know that? It’s an alien.”

“I think the proper term is immigrant, but this is no time to talk politics. I know what I am doing because the script says so.”

Ivy glares at him, “What?”

“Oh you were talking about the xenomorph face hugger here. Ivy stop being so xenophobic. That’s unbecoming of you. Can you be a little more open minded?”

“What?! This has nothing to do with any of that. What is wrong with you people.”

Raymond pats her on the back, “It’s okay Ivy. We all have our problems to work through.”

“I’m going to put this in storage,” says 3002-λ.

“Okay, have it. You’re the science officer.”

Ivy looks at Raymond, “How could you just let him do that? We have no idea what it’s capable of once it’s dead.”

“I’m just the captain. I’m not in charge of anything except everything that goes on, on this ship. What the science officer says, goes with stuff like that.”

“And since when did you do that?”

“Since we do what the company tells us to do. And 3002-λ is the company.”

“How?”

“Just is,” he says, walking off, the ship’s minor damage being repaired, the ship taking off to dock with the rest of the vessel, resuming their trip back towards earth.

Mira while eating from a bag of bird seeds, muttering how good these taste when salted, remarks, “When we get back they need to keep him under strict quarantine.”

Artie nods, “Right.”

Ivy remarks, “Artie, whenever Mira says anything you always say right, you know that?”

“Right.”

Ivy sighs, “And Mira is the one considered to be the bird here...”

“Hey, I am. A beautiful bird.”

Artie replies, “Right.”

Raymond steps in, “Knock it off everyone. We’re all going to be going into quarantine but especially K-MT249L and that’s it.”

Azuri says, “We’re still about ten months till earth. We’ll be there in no time once we go into deep sleep.”

3002-λ calls in, “Raymond you need to come and see K-MT249L.”

“Has their condition changed?”

“It will be easier if you just come and see.”

“This is like last time. Where you could have simply told me, and I’d have known by now.”

“That’s not what the script wants for dramatic effect.”

“Alright, I’m coming.”

Ivy remarks, “Is no one going to comment on the script statements?” Ivy remarks.

Mira replies, “They are all bound by the script to ignore it, except me and you.”

Artie responds, “Right.”

Ivy sighs heavily, “We are on our way.”

“Right.”

The group finds K-MT249L a little rough for wear in the infirmary, drinking some water, looking a bit rough.

Mira says the moment she walks in, “How are you doing?”

She responds, “Terrific. Next silly question.” The crew laughs.

Ivy stands by the door, “So none of us are going to be concerned about alien diseases or something? No hazmat suits? Though we should have done that sooner... damn it, the idiocy is affecting me too.”

Azuri pats Ivy on the back, the dragon smiling, “Ivy this is no time to bring politics into this. Despite your actions to try to get us killed. K-MT249L is alive and doing well.”

“This isn’t going to end well,” remarks Ivy.

Raymond asks, “Do you remember anything about the planet?”

She shakes her head, “Nothing but the joy of sticking my head into places where they don’t belong.”

“She’s fine.”

“Do you mind if we get something to eat before we go back into slumber?”

“Sure, what’s the worst that can happen? Meal before bedtime, I’m buying.” asks Raymond as Ivy lets out a long drawn out sigh. They all gather around the mess hall, sitting at the round table. The dippy birds doing their dippy thing, while they enjoy a fine meal.

K-MT249L remarking, “The first thing I get back is to have a fine meal,” she chuckles with a squeak.

“At least you know what it is going to be made of,” remarks Mira with a chuckle.

3002-λ eyes everyone curiously from across the table with Ivy near them. Suddenly K-MT249L starts coughing and choking.

“Come on man, the food isn’t that bad,” says Mira, while El Salvador sits far away across the room, claws chittering.

3002-λ continues to watch with hidden eagerness as K-MT249L groans and struggles, falling onto the table, Mira, Raymond and eventually 3002-λ as total shock reigns in through the group. The black rubber sergal remarks, “Not telling you all this was going to happen, really brought the drama out in the script.”

Ivy looking over at them all goes, “What?”

“Ivy! This isn’t the time, she needs help!” exclaims Azuri.

K-MT249L groans and moans, arching back, legs kicking around, body orgasming violently, “Ah! Ah! Ah!” she exclaims, knocking over all the food and plates on the kitchen table till suddenly she stops. She pants heavily, slowly relaxing, “It’s okay... I think I’m alright,” she says sitting up.

“What was that?” asks Azuri when the face hugger runs across the floor leaps and wraps around K-MT249L’s head, enveloping her head completely. The rubber melting over her head, she claws at the mask, everyone jumping in shock.

“Why is that not locked up!” exclaims Ivy.

“I knew I forgot something...” remarks 3002-λ the yellowish rubber spreading down across the sergal’s body, shifting and transforming her, shrinking her body down.

“Is anyone going to do anything?!” exclaims Ivy.

“I’m not touching that shit,” remarks Mira foot shaking, the memory haunting her, looking at El Salvador, “Yeah, yeah another sting for me.”

The rubber sergal soon shrinks down to a small snake-like creature, with a set of jaws within the mouth, no eyes, only a foot or so in size, Azuri exclaims, "Oh my God!"

Mira sighs and grabs a knife holding it up to it.

"Don't touch it!" says 3002-λ keeping everyone from getting too close.

The alien looks at everyone making a series of clicking noises. Artie slowly makes his way over to the door, "I need to get out of here," he remarks, the door opening, the alien creature rushing across the table and out the door causing everyone to jump.

"Why did you open the door..." remarks Ivy.

"Hey, we have an open-door policy on this ship. Don't blame Artie," states Raymond.

Ivy gives him a mind-boggling look, "What?!"

"Now we have to try to capture it before we sleep," says Raymond, turning to Ivy sarcastically saying, "Thanks Ivy."

"What? I didn't do anything."

"You let it on the ship."

"I didn't let it on... and is no one going to wonder why that face hugger thing didn't do that the first time? Or why did it shrink her down? There is like three laws of physics that were broken there!"

"Don't worry, I got an idea. If we get nets and use this cattle prod here," Artie pulls out the long cattle prod out of seemingly nowhere, "As long as you don't put your hand on it, it will be fine," he says, tapping the prod on a piece of metal causing it to spark and fry the circuitry there. See?"

Ivy remarks, "Why does a mining refinery have a cattle prod? And why did you break that perfectly good screen with that?"

"Ivy, this is no time to ask pointless questions, we need to capture this alien creature thing," says Raymond.

3002-λ pulls out this large cardboard box with a tube at the end, "I've been working on this short-range motion detector that uses micro-changes in air density to make such a feat possible."

"That sounds like some sci-fi mombo jombo jargon."

"It's what the script tells me. It will work. And in a few decades my patent will make bank with the marines," 3002-λ asks with a cackle. Stops then looks around, "Huh... no lightning."

Ivy just stares blankly at 3002-λ till Raymond says, "We'll break up into two teams. Ivy, Mira and Artie are one group. 3002-λ, Azuri and I will form the other. I have open channels on all decks. Keep in constant communication. Let's get this thing into the one net we have, throw it into the airlock and blow it into space."

Ivy speaks up, "If there is only one net, why are we splitting up into two groups?"

"There you go again asking pointless questions."

Mira responds, "She has a point though."

"Mira, everyone knows you tend to be the first that goes in these kinds of situations."

Mira gives a long blank stare, “You know that is fucked up and racist.”

“We aren’t talking about horse races here. Now let's get out there and catch this thing!”

Raymond exclaims.

Mira’s ears slowly smoke, “I’m surrounded by idiots.”

Ivy pats her on the back, “You aren’t the only one,” she says, their group heading down toward the machinery equipment area. Ivy holds the motion detector, the sound giving some indication of something up ahead, Ivy says, catching the small alien creature in a corner. It hisses at her snapping its inner jaws.

“Gah, I can’t see in here it's so dark. Let me get the lights,” Mira says working to fix the lighting.

“It’s over here! Quickly get the net!”

Artie stumbles, grabbing the net, “I got it!” he says, rushing over.

“Quick while I got it cornered,” exclaims Ivy.

“Here we go! Eh!” Artie says, throwing the net which lands on Ivy, entangling her completely in the net, allowing the creature to escape. Moments later Mira gets the lights working.

“There we go... what happened to you?” Mira says, rushing over to Ivy to get the net off.

“Nets! My one weakness!” yells Ivy, glaring at Artie.

“Sorry it was dark, I panicked!” Artie explains.

Ivy groans, regaining her composure, “Come on and let's find this thing,” she huffs.

“I’ll use the net, you get the cattle prod,” says Mira, handing the cattle prod to Artie.

“Okay,” he replies, adjusting his glasses as they slowly move through the ship, Ivy in the lead. The motion detector makes noise, “It could be here.”

“What if it's bigger now?” asks Artie.

“What do you expect? It to have grown to person size? If so why did it shrink in the first place?” asks Ivy with a huff, thinking, “*Shit... it’s going to happen now isn’t it?*”

Mira sighs, “Let's get ready and get this jump scare over with.”

“Why do you say that?” asks Ivy to Mira.

“Do you see how many pages are left? It can’t end here, gosh,” she huffs, puffing out her feathers.

Ivy rolls her eyes, “I think it's affecting you now too Mira.”

“If it was only a fortitude save I’d be immune.”

“What?”

“Just open the hatch,” she responds.

“Okay... now!” Ivy says opening the hatch revealing an orange cat hissing and screeching with El Salvador riding on their back like a cowboy, the cat and the scorpion rushing off.

“Wait don’t let him go!” exclaims Mira.

“It’s just the cat,” says Artie.

“What the hell are you doing man, my scorpion was on that cat!” she squawks.

“When did we get a cat?” asks Ivy.

“Look, we have to bag the cat so it doesn’t cause other issues. Lets bag the cat and get going,” says Mira.

“Is no one going to ask where we got the cat?”

“It’s a plot thing. Don’t worry about it, but help find it.”

Artie remarks, “I’ll head off over here by myself by these construction equipment stuff and find it,” he says, meowing out, “Plot cat. Plat cat? Where are you? Here kittie, kittie, kittie.”

“We’ll be over here, don’t get eaten!” yells Mira.

“I won’t,” Artie replies, parting with the group, looking around in the orange metal room, filled with mining equipment, “Here plot kittie, kittie, kittie.” He looks around, eyes darting, adjusting his glasses moving through the dirtied and rusted looking mechanical mining equipment, “Here plot kittie, kittie, kittie.”

Suddenly the cat appears with El Salvador with a cowboy hat in his pincers, “I ho plot kittie away!” exclaims El Salvador, the cat screeching as it runs through the dangerous mining equipment.

“Damn it plot cat!” exclaims Artie, rushing after it but losing it after two seconds. Artie finds a strange snakeskin like thing in front of him. He picks it up, feeling the rubberness of it, “Oddly arousing,” he remarks, going deeper to where a pair of large doors are open, not caring as to why they are even open in the first place. The chains that hold the large mining equipment hanging over head, “Damn water leaks,” he mutters, moving deeper, calling out for the cat, “Here plot kittie! Kittie, kittie, kittie!” he says, walking toward the center, feeling the water hit his face, “Hmm tastes moldy... and horrid... bla, bla, blah,” he states, looking around more, feeling the water hit his body, not even questioning why a spaceship would have dripping water in the mining area in the first place.

Suddenly, he notices the cat with El Salvador on top, the cat now sporting a full equine attire with a saddle which El Salvador is riding on top. The cat backs away slightly, hissing out.

“Come on plot Kittie, come here,” says Artie. The black rubber alien coming up behind him. He feels a shiver run down his spine, “If I don’t turn around, nothing bad will happen, yup,” he mutters feeling a tap on his shoulder. He turns around, “Fuck, it was a trap.”

“Wrong movie,” The alien with the black long rubber fingers grabs him, “Kissy, kissy,” the alien says, forcing its inner jaw into his mouth pulling him up into the unusually large ceiling with pointless blinding lights, the chains rattle while Mira and Ivy rush in, not to the rescue.

“Artie!” calls out Ivy.

Sleek rubbery fluids drip down onto Mira’s coat and feathers, it’s gooey, icky white, with a soft groan from above. Mira yells out, “Artie!” till the cat that is fully in pony gear clops up next to her, El Salvador waving his cowboy hat with several pairs of matching boots on his feet. “Oh El Salvador there you are, back on my shoulder.”

He nods and climbs up stinging her.

“Ah! What was that for!” she squawks, “Not my fault for that!” she squawks more, they heading out to meet up with everyone else. Mira sits down shaking her head, “Whatever it was, the actor they had for it was a big man.”

Raymond looks distraught, “Are you sure they went into the airshaft?”

Ivy nods, “Right into the cooling ducts, why are they so big anyway? Not like air is huge.”

“It’s what the script demands,” says 3002-λ.

“There you go again with that script shit!” exclaims Ivy.

“Ivy, this is no time to go onto a bigoted rampage. We need to think of what to do next,” says Raymond.

“We’ll get out of this, I just know it,” says Azuri.

Mira sighs, “It’s using the air ducts to move around.”

Raymond looks over the map schematics for the airlock, “Well this could be used for our advantage. We can just cover up this one area, and then funnel it towards the airlock and blow it into space.”

Mira shakes her head, “This sonofabitch is huge! HUGE! My hollow bones can’t stand up to something so big.”

“There has to be something we can do to get this thing, what do you know about it?” Ivy asks everyone.

“It’s adapted remarkably well to our environment, the only thing we don’t know about is temperature,” 3002-λ explains.

“How do you possibly know that?” Ivy asks.

“The script.”

Ivy sighs, “So what if we change the temperature?”

“Most animals retreat from fire.”

“Moth’s don’t,” says Azuri.

“Moth’s don’t count,” says Raymond, turning to Mira, “Can you make something?”

“If I find some duct tape, some sprocket things, and other stuff, I can make it say about twenty minutes. Could be faster but my assistant engineer had to get themselves *killed*,” she groans.

“Who’s going into the vent?” asks Azuri, looking at everyone with increased concern.

“I will, just monitor me through the computers and the grid,” says Raymond.

“I got it,” says Azuri, the group breaking to their planned tasks, Raymond adjusting himself using the flamethrower to slowly move forward, opening hatches while Azuri keeps track, everyone doing what they can to help.

“Ivy?” asks Raymond over the headpiece intercom.

“Yes?”

“Close all the hatches behind me.”

“Got it, just don’t get complacent and not watch your back.”

“I got it,” Raymond says, moving forward.

“Raymond, I got it, I think I got it,” says Azuri looking at the small grid.

“Where?”

“Somewhere by the third junction.”

Raymond continues moving ahead, flamethrower in hand, looking around.

“It’s right around there. Be careful.”

Raymond lets out jets of flames down the way, “Alright, I reached the junction I am going up,” he says, climbing up the ladder.

Azuri looks at her machine, the grid, telling her all she needs to know when the other signal drops.

“What the hell is wrong with that box?” asks Mira, looking over Azuri’s shoulder.

Azuri hits the box, “Why is there no signal? Raymond? You’ll have to wait a moment I lost the signal.”

Ivy remarks, “Signal? Do we have a tracker on it?”

“Quiet the chatter Ivy with your illogical questions,” says Raymond.

“Raymond holds still for a bit, so I can regain the signal.”

“You sure?” he asks, feeling a slick rubbery clear liquid on his hands. Looking around curiously, but not behind him.

“One moment it was there, now it’s not. It has to be around there somewhere. Are there no signs of it? It is there. It’s got to be around there.”

Raymond fires the flame thrower.

“Raymond?”

“It’s fine, I got this,” he says, firing off the flamethrower, “You know perhaps I want to get the hell out of here.”

“It’s moving right towards you!”

“I don’t see anything,” he remarks, climbing higher up the ladder.

“Move Raymond! It’s right there! Move!”

“I am, moving woman! What do you expect me just to sit there and be ready for it to attack, instead of moving into its own ambush? Gosh,” Raymond, remarks rolling his eyes.

“That would be a good idea,” remarks Ivy.

“What did I say about your illogical ideas Ivy!”

“Raymond it’s right there! According to these blinky lights it’s on top of you!”

Raymond looks one way, “Nothing.”

“The other way!” exclaims Azuri.

“Could have told me that the first time,” he looks to see the alien arms out.

“Hug time!” the alien yells, the signal from them both going silent with some screams and squeaks going over the intercom before silence.

“Raymond?” asks Ivy.

“No...” says Azuri. The group reconvenes by the mess hall, Mira show the flame thrower.

“We found this laying there, covered in thick slimy rubbery cum like stuff.”



“What?” asks Ivy, eyes wide.

“It was covered in gooey rubber stuff is all,” Mira replies.

“That’s not what you just called it.”

“Yes I did,” Mira huffs.

“There was no blood or Raymond. Nothing else but that.”

Ivy speaks up, “I am thinking. A shocking thing I know, but unless someone else comes up with something better. We’ll proceed with Raymond’s plan of shooting it out of the airlock.”

Azuri shakes her head, sweating, fur a total mess, “What? I have lightning magic and I wouldn’t use it against this thing.”

“You have magic?” Ivy asks.

“Yes but it’s immune to it.”

“How do you know?”

3002-λ responds, “I told her. The script explains clearly it won’t work. So we won’t even try.”

“You and your talking about the script. What script is this!” exclaims Ivy.

“Ivy, calm down. We must keep our cool and not talk about bigoted crazy stuff,” says Azuri, “Remember, Raymond is dead now, thanks to you letting that thing on the ship.”

Ivy gives them all a long cold stare.

“You are out of your mind. We’ll end up like the others, Ivy,” says Azuri.

“You have a better idea?”

Azuri nods, “Yeah, I say we abandon the ship, we get the shuttle and get the hell out of here. Blow this place and take our chances that we would be picked up.”

Ivy sighs, “That is a good idea if more of us die. The shuttle won’t take four.”

Mira huffs, “I’m for killing that thing right now.”

“Let’s talk about killing it then. It’s using the air shaft. We’ll just cut off all of its methods of escape, push it back and blow it out into space.”

3002-λ responds, “That means killing it.”

“Of course, that means killing it. What were you expecting us to do? Invite it over for a tea party? What do you think we’ve been doing this whole time?” Ivy huffs and pants, “We have to stick together.”

Mira looks over the weapons, “Most of our never to use weapons are fine, but the one that works, needs refueling.”

“Can you go get that then?” Ivy states.

“Sure.”

“Azuri go with them.”

The dragon nods, “Okay.”

Ivy looks over to 3002-λ, “So have you and Mother come up with something?”

3002-λ responds, “We are still collating the data.”

“Collating the data?”

“What would you like me to do? Nothing?”

Ivy shows off her teeth in anger, “That’s what you’ve been doing this whole time 3002-λ. Nothing.”

“I got access to Mother now, and I will get my own answers,” she huffs, heading toward the main computer which makes strange random pointless sounds along the way. She sits in the center of the computer room, beginning to type in and ask logical questions. Clarifying the directive. Noticing order 739. She types in her emergency command override 573001. The data is then told to her. Reroute the ship to a new destination. Pick up organism for analysis, all other considerations secondary, crew expendable.

Ivy tenses, “This is deplorable, but how in the nine hells do they even know an organism exists that the company wants to profit over if they haven’t even analyzed it yet!”

3002-λ, who seeming had teleported beside Ivy’s chair says, “There is an explanation for this all.”

“How the fuck did you get beside me! And let me guess.”

“The script,” they say in unison.

“I don’t give a damn about your explanation,” she shakes and beats 3002-λ against the wall, walking out of the room, “Azuri, Mira. Get in here,” she states, about to leave the next room when 3002-λ closes the door.

She looks over to 3002-λ who stares at her with cold eyes, “Open the door.”

3002-λ doesn’t respond. Ivy goes to the next hallway the door closes, “3002-λ open the door,” she states, blood leaking from her nose while she approaches 3002-λ. They have a quick tussle when Ivy notices cyan blood coming down its brow, “I knew it. You weren’t real in the first place!”

“I am real!” 3002-λ grabs her tossing Ivy across the room with inhuman strength. 3002-λ stares down at Ivy who is almost knocked down, it looks around, throwing Ivy onto the side to the private quarters of the late Artie. Where pictures of naked women are plastered against the back wall along with a few sexy femboyish males. 3002-λ looking around for something and finds a massive pink dildo. 3002-λ grabs it and begins to shove it down into Ivy’s throat.

Ivy struggles against it as it's forced deeper down her throat. 3002-λ making odd noise as the dildo shoved deeper and deeper, while Mira comes in trying to help her with Azuri’s help the dildo begins to vibrate. Ivy’s eyes go wide when 3002-λ’s attention shifts to Mira throwing her with El Salvador across the room. 3002-λ rushes over to the nearby airlock quickly overriding the systems and opening the doors with Mira right there.

“No! God damn it! It’s too early for me to go! My character equivalent isn’t due for a while yet!” exclaims Mira, reaching out to grab 3002-λ. El Salvador runs along Mira’s arm latching onto 3002-λ’s mustache, which Mira then grabs onto El Salvador’s legs, their bodies pulled horizontal against the pull of the vacuum of space. Everyone else holds onto dear life except 3002-λ who stands there without issue, the mustache the only thing keeping El Salvador and Mira from flying out into space, “Why won’t you fuckers help me!”

“Why is 3002-λ the only one not being affected by the space vacuum trope!” exclaims Ivy.

3002-λ cackles, “The script!” the mustache suddenly ripping off, revealing to everyone the truth.

“3002-λ is a god damn robot?! A female robot fuck toy at that!” exclaims Azuri.

“Damn you, I hate you all!” Mira says as she is flown into the vacuum of space, El Salvador with the mustache in his claws runs across the outside window tapping on the glass before he is flung out completely as the automated emergency airlock system closing seconds later.

“Slowest airlock system... ever,” pants Ivy rushing over to 3002-λ.

3002-λ chuckles, turning to them, “Fools. I am invisible! For I have the power of the script to protect me!” she exclaims.

“You’ve just been written out,” Ivy remarks grabbing a nearby fire extinguisher knocking 3002-λ’s head almost clean off, gooeying Cyan toy blood juices everywhere.

Azuri unleashes lightning from her clawed fingertips shocking the still moving toy body till it falls over and sizzles, the rubber skin burning and bubbling leaving the head safe for the moment, “Damn. I could have fucked that thing if I only knew it was a female toy. But their disguise was too good,” she sighs.

Ivy looks over to them, “Why couldn’t it been you that got blown out of the airlock and not Mira,” she sighs, “Let’s get this hooked up to see if we can get some answers.”

Azuri remarks, “Why was it doing this though?” she asks as they get it set up the dragon using her electricity magic to spark it back to life.

“To use it for their weapons department or something,” Ivy remarks.

“All set up,” Azuri remarks, giving the head another shock.

“3002-λ can you hear me? 3002-λ?!” exclaims Ivy hitting the table, 3002-λ’s cyan glowing eyes looking up at her.

Cyan rubber toy blood leaking from 3002-λ’s mouth, “Yes I can hear you.”

“What was your special order.”

“You read it.”

“Say it.”

“Ah for the movie goers who don’t read... fine. Bring back life form, priority one. All other priorities rescinded.”

“What about our lives!” exclaims Azuri.

“I repeat all other priorities rescinded.”

Ivy demands, “There has to be a way to kill it.”

3002-λ states, “You can’t.”

“There has to be a way!”

“It’s the perfect organism. The perfect killer.”

Ivy shakes her head, “Sounds like you admire it.”

“I admire its purity.”

“I’ve heard enough, let’s pull the plug.”

Azuri gets ready to shock it when 3002-λ says, “Ivy?”

Ivy glares at it, Azuri’s claws sparking.

“I can’t lie about your chances. Though I have lied to you about everything else thus far, but you have my sympathy,” 3002-λ smiles.

Ivy shakes her head as Azuri shocks it into a burning firing death.

“I hate to say this but you had a good plan Azuri. We are going to blow up the ship. Take our chances in the shuttle. How long do we have till the ship blows once we release the safety procedures?”

“Well I wasn’t the chief Engineer that was Mira, but during one of our sex sessions, she mentioned that she can blow me faster than she can blow the ship, and said something about ten minutes. Which she did…” Azuri blushes.

Ivy lets out a long sigh, “We are going to need coolant for the air support system. I will work to blow the ship and get the shuttle ready. You get the coolant ready Azuri.”

“But you said we shouldn’t split up.”

“We have no choice!” exclaims Ivy.

“Alright, alright,” Azuri says, splitting up. Ivy rushes to get the shuttle ready for launch, flipping all the switches, everything ready when she hears the clip clopping of the pony geared cat.

“The plot kittie,” she remarks, heading off after it.

Azuri frantically gets the coolant ready, making as much noise as possible all by herself, rushing with the cart, doing all she can with the metal cylinders as she hurries along, making more and more noise.

Ivy grumbles, “Damn plot kittie. My only salvation. I don’t know why, but I know it,” she remarks.

Azuri continues to make noise, loud banging noises, while going through the cylinder coolants.

Ivy moves around looking, “Here plot kittie, kittie, kittie. I need your luck, you damn fucking cat,” she groans, searching through the cockpit area of the main ship, eventually finding the cat clip clopping around in the pony gear, “God damn it cat,” she grabs the cat, placing him into a transportation box.

Azuri continues to make loud noise, rolling the metal cylinders around, checking and searching each one when the alien comes. “I can’t get out of the way! Damn it! It’s right there! No! No!” exclaims Azuri crying out in pain at the creature standing there.

The alien tilts his head. “I haven’t touched you yet.”

“If only Mira was here to help me!” exclaims as the alien’s tail moves between Azuri’s legs.

“Time for some penetration play,” says the alien.

Azuri pants and breathes heavily moaning, being taken by the alien, as Ivy will eventually come to find nothing but the slick rubbery cum mess on the floor.

“Fuck,” Ivy says, rushing through the ship with the flamethrower she picked up off screen, pulling down the four levers that lift the security hatch that has the warning system of how to shut down the coolant. She takes the spark plugs putting them into each cylinder spinning them around, lifting them up, and then pulling them out to press the button.

“I know you don’t want the ship to blow up all that easily. But there are like five buttons I need to press, while there are fifty here. That seems pointless and needless extra stuff to make this simple system look more complicated. The length to go through to initiate it is bad. If I have to stop this, let's hope it wasn’t complicated to undo it,” she says, vents beginning to hiss, the ship speaking out.

“Danger. The emergency destruct system is now activated. The ship will detonate in T minus ten minutes. The command to manually override expires in T minus five minutes,” the warning sirens going off.

Ivy moves through the ship, going to get the coolant she’s been needing. The flamethrower in hand, she moves through the ship, hearing moaning and groaning. Drawn to it she goes over to see a horrific sight, all but the original crew member there, transformed or transforming into the sleek black rubber aliens, having an orgy with each other. Squeaking loudly, using those inner jaws for unspeakable lewd actions.

“Dear God,” Ivy mutters to herself, slowly backing away, grabbing what little coolant she needs still, grabbing the plot cat, and moving back towards the shuttle, “I didn’t need to see that... ever. I think I am going to be sick. Even as aliens they are idiots.”

“The option to override the self-detonation expires in three minutes,” warns the ship.

“Damn these idiots,” grumbles Ivy, slowly making her way towards the shuttle, careful not to get jumped by any of the aliens.

The alien suddenly pops up, “Peek a boo!” he yells, the music plays dramatically, lights flashing everywhere.

“What the hell is with this music?” Ivy falls back, the alien stopping her only way onto the shuttle.

The plot kinnie stuck in his container hisses and clip clops in his hoofed feet. The alien looks down hissing softly, “I want those hooves, nah!” the alien states smacking the cage.

Meanwhile Ivy rushes down towards the core of the ship, which reports, “The option to override automatic detonation expires in T minus one minute.”

Ivy rushes to the area, reading through the how to stop the detonation on the same panel as for the detonation sequence itself, “Why does this have to be so complicated! Damn this company and their needlessly complicated dramatic way of doing shit!”

The ship counts down, “Twenty-two, twenty-one, twenty. Seconds. Nineteen. Eighteen.”

Ivy rushes to try to undo all she did before.

“Ten seconds.”

“Come on!” she yells, pushing it all down, lifting each handle that was slow, heavy and delaying.

“The override for the automatic ship detonation has now expired.”

“Come on! Mother! I turned the ship’s coolant system back on.”

The ship responds, “You were two seconds too slow. I don’t care about you. The script must continue.”

“Damn your script!”

“The ship will automatically self-destruct in T minus five minutes.”

“You bitch!” Ivy exclaims, throwing a chair at the screen.

“At least I am not a bigot like you. You machine hater.”

“Damn you!” she yells, rushing back through the ship, slowly going back to where she was, where she abandoned the plot cat, fearful of the alien to come out at any moment. The vents screaming out, sirens blaring, “Does it have to be so loud? I can’t hear if the alien will be coming.”

“I want you to die too bitch. Blowing me up. I’ll blow you up!” says the ship.

Ivy grumbles, noticing the plot kittie still in his cage, “Plot kittie,” she grabs the cage, slowly making her way towards the shuttle, “Yeah... I have to go slow. Damn alien. Place is about to blow. No time, and I have to go,” she says, making it to the shuttle, fires shooting out of the hallway.

“Who the fuck made this crazy thing to shoot FIRE down a hallway during a PLANED emergency self-destruct sequence? She manages to get to the shuttle, closing the door behind her.”

“You now have one minute to abandon ship.”

“Don’t I need more time to get away from a giant thermonuclear explosion than just a single minute?” asks Ivy.

“I said a minute to abandon the ship. Not survive the explosion,” the computer cackles.

“I hate this universe,” Ivy remark.

“The ship will automatically destruct in T minus one minute.”

Ivy hits all the buttons, purging the shuttle from the ship, shooting the ship away from the vessel.

“You now have T minutes 30 seconds,” the computer giving a countdown, the shuttle rattling as it rocketed away from the ship, moving farther away. The vessel getting smaller on the window, “Ten seconds.”

“I hope the debris doesn't hit the windshield and kill me,” Ivy grumbles.

“You have plot armor, you will be fine,” the ship responds, “Five seconds.”

Ivy pants heavily, sweating, looking as the vessel gets smaller and smaller the countdown continuing till the ship is a small speck in space the vessel exploding with a massive blue light. Ivy moaning the shuttle shaking loudly as she holds onto dear life. The explosion happening three times in quick succession. Mira passes the shuttle at super-mach speeds, “Damn you all!” she exclaims, tumbling through space.

“That was a lot of explosions, but I got you” remarks Ivy.

“It was a big ship,” the mother computer states.

“Aren’t you exploded?” Ivy asks.

“Right, machine death. Bleh...”

Ivy sighs in relief, “Now to get some sleep and hope I can get back to earth with no problems,” she says, putting the cat into the sleep chamber, getting undressed and ready. The cryo tube closes down on the cat who clip clops within it. Ivy takes the moment to relax and prepares herself having a trying twenty-four hours. She flips some switches to get the ship ready for the long transportation when the alien’s rubber hand shoots out from a hiding spot, surprising Ivy, forcing her back.

The alien hisses softly, “That was a nice sleep... so tired, and out of it. I hope I didn’t miss the orgy,” it says, while it slowly slips out of its hiding sleeping spot, while Ivy is in the corner looking at the creature with utter disgust. The long deadly claws, the second mouth within its mouth. Slowly she takes this time to get herself suited up in a space suit, a plan building in her head. One she has confidence in as it is *her* plan.

As quietly as she can she dresses and suits up, the alien stretching and waking up, dripping with rubbery slime, its black latex body gleaming in the lights, the creature stretching out, “It will really suck if I miss it. Get it? Suck? Hehehe. I kill myself,” he remarks while Ivy gets the helmet locked into place.

She reaches for her harpoon gun, “Good thing I brought this with me as a fun personal affect. Stupid company doesn’t check if it was even a weapon,” Ivy chuckles, moving toward the chair, buckling herself in, “Safety first,” she says, hitting buttons to smoke the alien out.

“Ah! I hate smoke! It's bad for my insurance rates!” it exclaims, hissing and growing climbing out of its hiding spot completely, groaning, “Ow, charley horse. I gave myself a charley horse! That is going to slow me down.”

Ivy pants and tries to keep calm, hands shaking, the alien getting closer, right on top of her. She hits the emergency, open the airlock to blow the alien out of the ship button, sending the alien toward it. The alien grabs the door, trying to come back inside.

“No! In space no one can hear me squeak!” it exclaims, Ivy shooting it with her harpoon gun, knocking it out of the ship, toward the shuttles jets which she turns on to fry the alien completely.

Ivy sighs in relief when the horror finally over, she sits down to make a report, “Raymond, Mira, Artie, and Azuri are all dead. Fuck that fuck machine 3002-X that company toy can go to hell. Hopefully I’ll make it to earth easy enough though in a few months. This is Ivy, last survivor of Omortson the signing off.”

Many months later the ship with automatically touch down, Ivy ready to greet people eager to see her. Mira in a wheelchair, body in a full cast, feathers singed, exclaiming, “You guys made it! You would not believe the crazy adventure I had as to how I survived the cold harshness of space and made it back before you all!” she exclaims wheel chairing herself toward

the entrance, the door opens with a platform dropping onto her, crushing her, “Ow! My Hollow bones!”

Ivy steps out, seeing the crowds of people, the police ready to arrest her for blowing up the ship, the company already reporting it as a terrorist act by a bigoted shark. Ivy stares at the police as they approach, sighing, “I really hate this universe.”