

THE FACTORY

R. J. Davies

Short Story by



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First appeared:

The Enigmatic Monster Project

<http://theenigmaticmonsterproject.com>

Online Edition

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"Welcome to the Factory ... Factory 48789 to be precise."

"I heard you were in the top five, is that true?"

He laughed, "Why young lady with three beautiful yellow eyes, you were misinformed.

We are in fact, number one as of today! I just got word before this tour group arrived."

"What makes this factory so special?" someone called out from the back.

"There are several features of the factory that make this special the ruins on Gillnoti, the Worm Holes at Central, the black holes in every galaxy, especially the one in S40 on the far side."

"Will we be seeing all of those things?" another asked.

"Yes, we will."

"Wait! My sister picked up the cutest little creature. He called himself Brad. I want one."

"A Brad?" he was stumped. He had not heard of such a thing. Its mere sound made a bad taste in his mouth. "What does it look like?"

The woman laughed, "I thought you might ask! So, I brought a holopic for you. My daughter bit his head off by accident last week and I owe my sister another one."

He cringed on the inside, as he smiled grandly at the woman and her ferocious beast of a daughter. "We may have one in the gift shop."

"No, no, no you don't. I have already spoken with the cashier. She told me there were only a few places that you can pick up one of them. I need to go to a planet called Earth they have the most variety in stock."

"Earth? They are so primitive." He wasn't fond of slumming it in that sector. As far as he was concerned that whole sector should be wiped out and put something else in its place, something that would attract more tourists.

"Yes, but I need to get another Brad sir. I would like to pick up about four or five dozen my daughter really enjoyed the last one.

"He tried to quell a shiver at the thought, yet always being the sales person shoved the images out of his mind and grinned, "well, we might be able to stop by Earth to pick up a few Brads for you, but there will be an extra fee for that."

"Oh yes sir," the woman grinned. Her daughter giggled, clapped all her hands together as she drooled on herself. A thought occurred to him if more tourists decided to buy those Brads he could get a little monetary reward, as he got rid of an eyesore.

"Does anyone else want to buy some Brads?"

"A few tentacles and limbs went up. He could hear himself getting richer. As a dutiful employee he was doing the Factory a favour, maybe he could get a promotion for this?"