

Okay. Look...

These Are Notes! I began this in the summer of '24 (*not* '42). I'm still adding to the first draft and seeing what sticks. Characters are open, settings metamorphic. It's just an early IDEA. So give it space. It could be of interest. Take it or leave it.

Actually, don't take it. It's mine.

*-Roger*

"Marines have no qualms about killing Martians."  
"David Gardner. I'll get you!"

### **Andromeda Stain**

Earth's curve of neon blue haze, a perfect sea of tranquility, holding all enterprise and discovery, all endeavor...

Pushing into our view, an angry spaceship bristles with lasers, phasers even razers. Ever expanding it overtakes our home and hope. Christened in a mostly readable font: "WILDFIRE."

Whatever your hackneyed preconceptions of aliens and their spacecraft, this is not that. Down enormous corridors, hoards of workers shuffle and scurry tranquilized by ideological banners and Muzak. They're all different sizes of the same looking creature, same front stripe, same puff of cnidaria, same jelltenous bulge beneath same perforated shell. Maybe the width of stripe, number of tendrils or shell holes are slightly individual but to us they all look the same. That's our intergalactic speciesism.

Ship's bridge bustles. Creatures proudly chant slogans of compliance in peculiar chords, each wearing their conformity Gløbliq. They busy themselves at important stations where gauges and crystals of light vibrate and sing.

It's all in pastel and somehow it's also stationary. Everyone is. As if the whole scene is a cutout of industrious workers amid happy toil.

A pleading screech, snap/crunch and a gnarled hand pushes what's left of a bleeding digit into our happy picture. Dripping pastel blood, ripped digit paints smiles on still scene workers.

Painter's hand belongs to Captain. His preferred pronoun is "Our Eternal God." He's proud of his personal relationship with his creatures. Throughout life's ages He is: our Parent, our Best Friend, our Captain, our God, our Executioner.

Beyond the blissful painting, actual workers labor in frightened contrast to His pastel utopia.

Our Eternal God reaches into His art supplies, a box of quivering critters, and breaks someone's digit off with a pleading screech, snap/crunch. He paints with their pastel seeping end. Lifting their bloody stump to His lips, He contemplates His masterwork, sucking a little pastel.

He peers around his picture and yells, "I was God! I Am God! I will forever be..."

A nearby crew member mumbles, "Captain?" Another, "Power Hungry?" A poor stupid creature stutters, "NNNarcissist?..." He disappears in a sizzling poof.

"I Will Forever Be G O D!"

His eunuchs, all three with their Glöbliq surgically transplanted on top, confirm, "Yaaay God!"

Leering at each, Eternal asks, "What do you think of my painting?"

THLIBIAE

Oh!

It is...

SPADONES

OH!

Absolutely

Extremely GREEN!

CASTRATI

Oh My Dear!!

So Great!

GR-een!

God interrogates, "Green like what?"

THLIBIAE

Any Green you like!

Tree GREEN!

SPADONES

Oh! Crystal!

Emerald!

CASTRATI

Crystal Green!

Any Green!

Eternal stares at His Sycophants, disappointed He must again tell them, "One 'yes' at a time. Make it last."

THLIBIAE

Yes...

SPADONES

Of course.

CASTRATI

You're right!

Our Eternal Friend speaks with a scientist whose stems quake, afraid to elicit Deity's wrath. "You've done very well. Very well." Underling's stark uniform holds a single braid, a Gløbliq of course and a name patch: Crichton.

Looking down on him, Eternal chuckles, "But. You can ill afford another erroneous error, Cretin."

Crichton tries, "I beg your forgiveness, oh Eternal God, oh, oh Best Friend, oh..."

"You are certain," Leader looms, "we approach a misfit species?"

"My own analysis indicates..."

"A species not like Me?"

"Outsiders, Sire!"

“Remember what happened in the Ork system...”

“Undesirables! Definitely different!”

Sucking more pastel blood, God mumbles, “Good. I will easily overwhelm and defeat these Others.”

“No larger than a flea jump! Perhaps smaller! A bacterium, Sire!”

Some workers begin their appeasing chant: “Acid, acid let it flow! Acid, acid flow below!”

Leader yells over building serenade, “Once I rule the galaxy we shall All Know Peace!”

Throbbing chant becomes: “All know Peace! All know Peace! Rule with cruel and all know peace!”

Eternal God screams with such monstrous ferocity, His sycophants scurry and shudder:

We Shall burn them! We must churn them!

Reign our acid on their heads!

They shall sizzle! They must frizzle!

Reign our acid on their heads!

Workers echo Leader’s chant turning the Bridge into a wild carnival enjoyed by His Worthy Few. The rest cower.

One worker scrambles under a command post already occupied. That worker yells, “You don’t need to hide! You’re ‘Beloved’!”

“I’m struck off!”

“You’re back on the list!”

“Relly?” Reigning composure, suddenly superior to the other, he stands to take part in the jovial carnival. And sparkles into a poof.

First worker snickers.

Eternal God screams, “They’re different! They’re not us! I Am Me and They’re Not We!”

Swept along, even Crichton repeats, “...they’re not we...”

Already wearied of leading, Our Eternal God asks Crichton, “How many poison-bloods remain after my war with Laredef-76?”

“We used...”

“‘We’?” interrupts Eternal Friend.

“I. I used a lot of wrong-headed dissenters in that last system, Sire.”

Resisting his not so patient side, He skulks over, “How many did you leave me.”

“Frank, Sire!”

“Remind your Deity: exactly, precisely now... What number are ‘frank?’”

Crichton looks around for help. “Sire,” he says. “Frank is one: Frank is... He’s Frank.”

“Bring these ‘frank’ before me!” With more claw than digit, He points to the trap door marked ‘Grovel Here’. “Pile them here.”

Bridge's frenzy throbs.

In a soft room filled with art and acceptance, squealing with laughter, Frank clowns for delighted larva. He's wearing an absurd costume which creates buffoonery music as he moves. He forms bubbly rainbows above writhing babes, each dazzled by his magical gifts.

Two armored security officers, one with a bumper sticker: "Peace Through Killing," crash into the nursery.

Larva scream.

Frank waters.

One armored creature looks to the other. Over its can-&-string type radio, it clicks, "No wonder. Odd Man hypothesis."

The other clicks, "Real oddball."

Security dominate and pile Frank to the floor.

He is roughly escorted through parting crowds who know to shun him. Pieces of his costume fall and are trampled.

Impatiently waiting, God slithers by a technician who's shoulder deep in a command post console even though it's marked, "DANGER 1.21 Gigawatts." Writhing hoses and tubes vibrate and lash out at him like Sam Lowery's wounded apartment wall.

"What in ME are you doing to my Quantum Computer Clock, Shrod!"

Technician's plain jumper has a single patch: Shrodinger, "Everything's entangled, Sire!" Tubes and wires squirm out to grab him. Beating them back, "It only shows the time when I'm looking at it! When not being observed, it hovers in an unfamiliar ghostly mixture of many possible dispositions!

"Then. Don't. Look at it?"

"Sire! What good is a watch you can't watch?!"

"Worship the Warship!" Moving on, God rumbles, "I haaate him."

"Why not Poof him, Sire?" asks a eunuch.

God considers then says, "He likes me."

Frank arrives and is rudely held on the trap door. Officers carefully stand.

Our Best Friend looks upon Frank, befuddled, disappointed. "Is this it? This is a 'frank'?"

Stewards surround to appease their God. "But no one told me." He mumbles. "Why wasn't I told?" Pushing Himself through sycophants, "Besides this 'frank,' how many Wrong Heads do I actually have in reserve? Cretin?"

"...None, Sire."

"Remind your Deity later, the precise quantity for these 'none'."

God examines Frank while adjusting him over His 'Grovel Here' trap door.

“My child. Your deity doesn’t ask much, an expansive mansion in the EverWarm quadrant of our warship, a few pure bloods for breakfast... Instant notoriety. But I do insist on ideological purity. It was treasonous to deny your Deity.” His sycophants cackle. He enjoys their admiration. “You’ve forced me to personally select you...” He stops to ask those around him, “Is he enough? Can we make...” All shake their thinking organs. He continues, “To select you and you alone, dear wrong-headed child, for your beautiful honor.”

Sycophants jeer.

Like the cowardly lion, Frank quivers to his knees in supplication. “Sire. I only said ‘A half truth is a whole lie.’” Eunuchs stand aghast. “...Just popped in my thinking organ and straight out my noise organ!”

Deity chuckles, reminding Frank, “It’s my way or the bilge way.”

Frank repeats the phrase all learn as larva: “I willingly forfeit my life to Your whim.” But his blood pumping organ’s not in it.

“Your Eternal!” continues Our Eternal, “Has need of your internal organs which I will use as a catalyst for Acid Starter Number Six Oh-One.” To those watching He mutters, “The dumbest always make the best acid.”

Sycophants chant to a frenzy, “SIX OH-ONE!”

Eternal Deity reaches for the well worn lever marked, ‘Grovel Lever.’

Raising his hand, Frank asks, “Forgive me, Sire. Did you say ‘internal organs’?”

Eternal Leader mumbles a question to an aid.



Aid mumbles answer.

“Of course I did!” Again Deity reaches for the Grovel Lever, oozing anticipatory goo.

Frank interrupts, “But my internal organs may dissolve our entire ship, Sire. You should know, your brilliant plan could destroy us all.”

Reaching for that lever, glaring at Frank, “I want your internal organs.”

“...All of ‘em?”

“He’ll do.” Our Best Friend yanks the lever. Bridge uproars in cheers and helpless creature body parts.

Their raucous jeers fade as Frank plummets down a twisting tunnel filled with rusty razor blades and empty HappyMeal boxes. At the bottom, he’s grabbed by armored security and dragged out. Being a bit different, all are ruthless to this clown.

They push Frank through the dank underbelly of the ship where bloodthirsty creatures scurry to chomp and slice pieces off this miraculous clown.

Frank’s hurtled before waiting attendants and tries his last chance, “You know, the acid in my internal organs will immediately eat away the walls of the Churning Chamber completely obliterating our ship not to mention Our Eternal God’s ruthless, yet beautifully benevolent, plan.”

A scientist, Penny Priddy, consoles, “We get a lot of despair down here.” She points to a plaque at the bottom of the Churning Chamber which reads, “Completely Impervious to Frank.”

Frank, “Shasbot.”

Shrieking, Frank is thrown into the Churning Chamber, really an enormous juicer. A rainbow of colors foam to the center. Frank's body parts disappear beneath a small atomic mushroom poof.

Nodding scientists agree, "Odd-Man Hypothesis."

#### TESTING FRANK

An extreme multopus creature, 'MIC-T', each appendage controlling multiple robotic appendages, places a caged rhesus behind a window. The boney primate is trapped behind bars and cage glass walls. Gears whir and grind, mechanical digits delicately slide open the cage glass door.

A pulsating emerald green fume wafts inside his enclosure. It searches about, darts to the rhesus and jams itself up the monkey's nostrils. Primate begins to wobble, to act drunk, stumbles to cage corner, clanks his water dispenser along cage bars demanding more, little fuzzy eyebrows plead.

No response from note taking scientists.

Primate tosses water dispenser over his shoulder, does a darling River-Dance jig and explodes.

Glass and bars drip in fuzzy goo.

Scientist One: Yup. Six Oh-One achieved.

Scientist Two: Six Oh-One.

Back on the bridge, Our Eternal God absently chews on a pastel dripping digit, waiting for the Weapons Chamber verdict.

An Ensign and his cadet, try to look busy while listening to their can-&-string radio. Cadet mumbles, “God really needs to narci his cyst.”

“I know!” Ensign mumbles back, trying not to move his noise organ digits. “If our species could retch, I’d be retching all over the Bridge!”

Cadet clicks into his can-&-string radio, “Bridge ready. Go ahead... Understood.” He looks at his Ensign to quietly relay, “Six Oh-One achieved.”

Ensign knows those who talk to God usually don’t return to their station. “Well. Go tell God.”

“You go tell...”

“I order you...”

“Your pay-grade, Buckaroo.”

Can’t argue with that.

Ensign begins to slime his way towards Our Eternal. Cadet reminds, “You’re a very lucky boy, David Gardner. Not everyone gets to meet the Supreme Marshal.”

Shaking Ensign approaches his Deity, mustering courage to make his report, “Sire,” he mumbles trying not to lose consciousness. “Weapons Chamber reports Six Oh-One achieved.” He faints.

Bridge erupts, “Destroy Others! Destroy Puny! Destroy Enemy Misfits!” Their triumphant war hymn begins.

Over their rucus hymn, The Eternal asks Shrodinger, “Do the thing-a-majigs spin up or spin down?”

“YES!”

“What does that even mean!”

“Sire. No one knows!”

Turning, God mutters, “...I haaate him.”

Eternal God turns to bathe in Bridge’s warm war hymn to Him. Pastel flecks shower those around when He screams: “Disgorge the Humiliation on these meat popsicles!”

Ship’s Captain tells his Lackey, “Helm to One Oh Eight.”

Lackey, “Yessir...” It gulumphs over to Helm and screams: “Helm! One! Oh! Eight!”

Spinning her console dials and cogs, overworked Helm replies, “Helm to one oh eight.”

Space War Cruiser swerves and plummets. Down it roars to destroy us!

Beneath the ship, giant vents descend. They release a heinous interplanetary toxin which plumes sickly emerald green, blotting out our white woolen sky.

Tacoma's October sun is cold but Wright Park still bustles with people enjoying early Fall. Red-orange leaves carpet. Frisbees and dogs leap in the air. Somewhere nearby, a theremin plays high, fuzzy notes.

A street man wearing a San Francisco Giants cap uses a forgotten presidential poster to scrape dog shit from his shoe, mumbling, "Where's Homer? Where's Kazantzakis? Where's Jack London!"

A mother and young daughter walk hand in hand, enjoying mint ice cream cones. The solitary drip of heinous emerald green drops on daughter's white wool cardigan. Drip sizzles then fizzles out.

Mother notices, "Vera Rubin! Dear, that will stain!"

Holding out her cone, Vera Rubin begins to cry.

"Mamma's sorry, Dear." Vera drops her head to weep. "Keep looking up..." Mother licks her napkin and brushes the insidious spec from daughter's sweater. "There. That's better. No stain!"

We hear Our Eternal Captain instruct, "Open all frequencies for my victory yodel!" Dust spec of the Space War Cruiser rainbows away singing their triumphant war hymn... To Him.

"Yode-lye-EE-hooo!"