

LOW RED MOON

tags: 1961, mars2, fng, jerrymander_mold, spiro_mold, tab1

9 August.

So, in the middle of his blowjob he looks up and expects to see, like, a bunch of dead grey rock and shit, right?

Uh-uh. Not what he expected, right?

He near to smashed every switch on his control board when he saw it. There, down in a rather *large* crater on the dark side of the moon, was the biggest resort hotel he had ever *seen*. Actually, it looked to him like there was a whole little *town* down there, right? So he drew his craft in closer from the night sky, to get a closer look at whatever the fuck was going on.

He barely pulled away in time to miss being disintegrated by the deflector shield. Coming by on another, more liberally distanced pass, his sensors informed him that there was what appeared to be a giant plexi-plastic *bubble* stretched taut over the city. A sort of *glass ceiling*, if you will.

So, what does he do? Why, he blasts a hole in it, of course.

Down on the ground, a little boy had let his dog out to see a man about a horse. They were standing there in his backyard, looking up at the night sky, when they see this guy's craft come crashing through the bubble.

Well, the craft's blasters apparently hadn't been enough to handle the bubble's natural bio-genic feedback, and so, in addition to opening a hole he was sent hurtling onto the satellite's surface. The craft touched down near the boy's yard. The child raced over, but his dog hadn't finished pissing yet, see? All over his Asics.

The boy and his dog soon found the charred remains of this guy and his mistress, right? So, he runs home, tells Mom and Dad, and his folks, first thing, get a hold of the press.

Next day. The headline reads:

ALIENS CRASH LAND ON EARTH.

Now. Where's my cocaine?

FNG looked around. TAB1 was still staring straight up, sans visor, peering through the pink clouds at some distant, though persistently incoming pink object. No one had brought any cocaine.

"Sorry, no one brought any cocaine," FNG said.

"I spoke but rhetorically," Jerrymander sighed. He leaned down

and snorted the ground, his two nostrils presently caked with sand.

About a mile downrange, Spiro had set out with his dog.