

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS



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This book is a novel. The characters and places are imaginary and are based on no real person or place.

Introduction

This book is a *satire*. I hope the reader will find it to be humorous in places and mildly thought-provoking in others.

Historically speaking, as a matter of ethics, many medical doctors have been reluctant to discuss *sex* with their patients. Even the names associated with female sexual anatomy were not printed in medical textbooks—much less *illustrated*—until recent years. To that end, the fictitious name of the doctor in this story shall initially be withheld from the reader by giving the doctor a second fictitious name—*Dr. Blankface*. I'm sure he'd want it that way if he were a real doctor.

A word about the young lady with the split personality. In the early part of the book, the reader might find her to be a bit confusing. As will be revealed, at times she thinks and acts like she's *Candy*, a very promiscuous young lady, at times she thinks and acts like she's the *Queen of Hamster*, with staunch Victorian views against sex. This results in a conflict in her personality that is very confusing to her traveling companion, Dr. Frenzy Blankface.

Although this book is primarily a spoof on sex, it also spoofs other areas of modern-day interest such as the destruction of the environment by nuclear detonations.

The Psychiatrist

Chapter 1

THE YOUNG DOCTOR had had two sessions with the female psychiatrist and held her in high esteem. He thought her body was terrific. He liked her, even though at times he thought she was a bit too emotional. Moreover, he liked her extraordinary intellect and passion.

He enjoyed the feeling of the tension in his legs as he jogged towards her office. *Is it healthy to have so much admiration for her?* he wondered, as he continued to steadily propel his body down the sidewalk with great muscular vitality, which he attributed to his regular trips to the health club.

Why was he seeing a psychiatrist? Because he had a sexual problem—but he was sure she could get to the cause of it, help him take care of it. After all, that was what she did for a living.

As he jogged, his toes tingled as he heard the soles of his jogging shoes making crunching sounds against the damp concrete. He preferred cold, wet, challenging weather to the soggy conditions he'd recently had to endure.

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He kicked up his speed a little.

His hair was wet with perspiration. A few amber strands of it bounced over his eyes as he jogged.

He was a young, single, medical doctor with a very good practice, a fine sports car, brown eyes, and the ladies in his part of town thought of him as a hunk. He liked the image, not merely because it was satisfying economically, intellectually, physically, and emotionally—but for the reason that it also attracted the opposite sex.

He had had his dysfunctional problem for three weeks. Even as he jogged, he tried hard to convince himself that it was not an extremely serious condition. Nevertheless, he felt concern.

He'd defined what he perceived as his inconsequential difficulty to her during their two previous—one hour per week—sessions.

As he jogged, he recalled the name on her office door—*Erica C. Handleheimer, Ph.D., M.D.*

Aside from other qualities that he admired, she had exquisite red hair, and captivating blue eyes.

During their second session, she'd given him a series of psychoanalytic examinations. As he ran, he hoped—then hoped *not*—that she'd received the results of them from the evaluation center.

When he finally reached her building, he skipped lightly up the few concrete steps and let himself through one of the glass doors, went up the elevator, kept an invigorating pace down the hall, through her waiting room.

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He was exactly on time and her bespectacled receptionist glanced up at him, nodded him on into the psychiatrist's office.

He opened Dr. Handleheimer's office door.

She was reclining, in her yellow-fabric and leather, swivel chair, behind her desk.

"My test results *back* yet?" He inquired, casually tossing himself onto her couch.

"Yes!"

"And—?" he asked with anticipation.

"There's nothing wrong with your *mind*! Your thought processes are almost *perfect*!"

"*Almost* perfect? How can you say there's nothing wrong with my mind—and—also say my thought processes are *almost* perfect?"

"I just *did*!" she said.

"So, how do you explain I've not been able to have a *sexus terminus*—pardon my frankness—an *ejaculation*, for the last twenty-one days, two hours, and forty-seven minutes?"

"I *don't*. As one doctor to another, why *can't* you emit semen?"

"It just *happened*! You're the *psychiatrist*! Three weeks ago, I was a *hunk*! I liked being a hunk! Can you understand that? No! I suppose a woman could never understand that, not in a million years, not even a *psychiatrist*, not any woman—*unless*—!"

"Unless, she enjoyed her *own* orgasms?"

"*Precisely*! Why am I *agreeing* with you?"

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"You're absolutely *sure* you *can't* have an orgasm?" she asked with sincerity.

"I'm *sure*! Why else would I be *here*?"

"Maybe because you idolize *me*! I see it in your eyes and in the way you act when you're around me."

"I do admire you, I admit—but—what does that have to do with my losing my ability to have an *orgasm*?"

"Nothing!"

He put his hands over his eyes. "I must start *having* them again! I'm in my sexual *prime*. I'm a *doctor* for crying out loud! I can't be—" He couldn't even bring himself to say the word aloud. *Impotent*? he thought.

"And you have a nice *sports* car!" she continued.

"How do *you* know?"

"I peeked! And you have a lot of *women* chasing after you!" she said, smiling.

"*Have* had and not to *excess*!" he said, removing his hands from his eyes.

"Can you get an *erection*?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes!"

"*Show* me," she said, simply.

"Are you *serious*?" he said, astonished.

"Yes!"

"Just like *that*?" he said, abashed. "Without any stimulation—no foreplay?"

"Yes!"

"Why?"

"So I can evaluate your *condition*!"

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"You *know* my condition—!"

"Show me you can get an *erection*!"

"I can't just get it perpendicular—just like *that*! I need *stimulation*!"

"A sexual *fantasy*, perhaps?"

"Yes!"

"Would you prefer the real *thing* instead?"

"Of course!" he agreed, instantly.

Her baby-blue eyes lit up as she rose gracefully from her chair.

To him, she looked like a duplicate of the goddess Venus as she came toward him—casually disrobing, calmly flinging her clothes onto the thick ruby-red carpet around her bare toes.

She's a decisive woman, he thought.

He tried to undress himself immediately. He had trouble pulling his T-shirt over his ears. At that moment, he hated clothes immensely. *They're only necessary evils*, he thought. The leg-holes in his *Chantel West* shorts wouldn't let him pull his *Jogging Time* tennies through them. It seemed an eternity before he got his laces untied. He was bursting with ecstasy and struggling with the tangle of cloth that had accumulated about his ankles.

He struggled so hard undressing himself; new perspiration came to his forehead. *Can a man have convincing sexual intercourse with his feet tangled in a clothes cluster?* he wondered. He finally pulled his bare feet through the huge, doughnut-like gathering of cloth and shoes. The cluster

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plummeted to the carpet—with a great *thud*. *Not romantic*, he thought. But he was *naked*—at last!

She gracefully maneuvered her wonderfully nude body around the cloth bundle, sat intimately near him on the couch.

He explored the natural flow of her delicate, celestial breast with the palm and fingers of his left hand as she passionately kissed him on the mouth.

Then she stretched her luxurious body upon the full length of his. "I can *feel* it. I'm glad you can get it *perpendicular*!" she said, cheerfully. "That's step—*one*!"

"Me too!" he said. "But it's not step *two*? *That's* the step I'm *worried* about, isn't it?"

"Yes!" she said. "Now—you must take that next step—take step two—you must *ejaculate* for me—"

He was in paradise. He even thought he smelled flowers. She was everything he'd visualized she'd be as a sex partner—voluptuous, provocative, tantalizing, caring, titillating—affectionate.

She was so stimulating he was within one slow stroke of fulfilling her prescription to ejaculate into her sweet body—then he *sensed* something!

Am I feeling it—or am I hearing it? he wondered. He couldn't tell amid his rush of emotions. Is it my heart pounding? Hers? He quickly sensed that it was a thudding sound. It's coming from the outer office—right in the middle of the most important turning point in my life—someone is knocking on the door, he thought.

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He suddenly hated all doors. They could obviously be perilous to passionate relationships. In other words—he was *losing his erection*. He couldn't let a door destroy his *life*. He had only one defense he could use to prevent the impending intrusion. *I must disregard the sound of the knocking on the door at all costs! Maybe whoever is making all that racket will go away and I'll get my erection back.*

He felt her muscles tense up. He sensed she planned to escape. He tried to think of an argument that would keep her with him on the couch. *If she answers the door—I'll not have an ejaculation—it may destroy my life! "Don't answer it!"* he whispered, kissing her neck. "You need more time to examine my—*condition!*"

Her voice was stern, but courteous. "I really have no *choice*—! I'm supposed to *be* available in my office. If my professional ethics should be called into question, my patients would go find another psychiatrist!"

"I'm on the verge of having what may well be a milestone *orgasm*—something that could affect me the rest of my *life*—and you're going to answer the *door*?"

She was impassive. "Whoever it is—has obviously been cleared by my receptionist—they might walk in on us at any moment—!"

Without another word, she vaulted from the couch, slipped into her scattered clothing, straightened her hair and sprinted to the door.

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She returned to him quickly. "I have to *go*—! I forgot about the annual psychiatrist's convention! I'm supposed to be giving a speech there—right *now* as a matter of fact!"

She ran her fingers through her damp hair. "*Enjoy* yourself while I'm gone!" She gave him a sumptuous kiss on the forehead.

Enjoy myself?

She went to a refrigerator in a nearby room and brought out a bottle of clear liquid, then went back to the room he was in, took a hypodermic from a drawer.

He became a little apprehensive. "What are you going to *do*?" he asked.

She returned and kissed him on the forehead again. "Relax, love! I haven't had a chance to tell you—but there *is* something that we *can* try—to make you *virile* again—an injection of this *drug*! It works on some patients."

"*Some* patients? What do you mean—*some* patients?"

"I don't have time to go into the stats on it. Just trust me. It'll put you to sleep. You should have magnificent, *erotic* dreams. Whether it works or not—is really up to *you*. Try to dream about performing *sex*—any kind of sex you think might get you to go *off*—so to speak—I think it's commonly referred to as having a wet *dream*!"

"How will I know if it *worked*?" he asked with concern.

"When you wake up—if all has gone fortuitously—you'll have had a marvelous *orgasm*. Beyond anything you have ever imagined."

"And if I *don't* have this marvelous orgasm?"

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"Then, according to the preconceptions in my profession—chances are good you'll never be able to have another natural ejaculation the rest of your life—your sex life will be ruined forever!" she said, with an unyielding quality in her voice.

"I was just one thrust—just one stroke—away from having a most splendid orgasm—when we were interrupted!"

"Yes, but the reality is—we *were* interrupted and, unfortunately, according to my deductive reasoning, that was your last chance at freelancing an orgasm. You experienced *coitus interruptus* with me—which was very negative as far as your chances for future orgasms go! Without the drug, your days of being a *hunk* will become only a fond memory! I'm sorry!"

"Impotent?"

"Fraid *so*," she said.

"And—if the drug *works*?"

"If it works, when you wake up, you and I can take up where we left off—and you can have orgasms every day—a *hundred* if you want! What do you *say*?"

"Let me get this straight. I go off into some drug-induced, fantasyland dream and have a giant *orgasm*—that's the plan, right?"

She nodded in the affirmative.

"If I just have an *ordinary* dream—then what?"

"That would *not* be good,"

"Ok!" he said. "Without the drug, my life will be sexless—on the other hand—*maybe*—if I take the drug—I'll be okay again. I'll *do* it."

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She rubbed his tush with a cold alcohol-soaked cotton ball, gave him an injection. "I'll be back as soon as I can!" she said, giving him an ardent, wet kiss on the mouth.

She hurried to the door, closed it behind her, and was gone.

The drug took effect immediately. He mentally drifted off into a very weird kind of dreamland.

He dreamed that he got up from the couch, dressed himself, walked into her waiting room and sat down on a sofa.

As the dream continued, he felt himself pick up a magazine, casually thumb through the first few pages.

The Waiting Room

Chapter 2

HIS DREAMS continued. The drug made him hallucinate his perception of everything.

Then, he vaguely remembered what Handleheimer had told him, what he had to do—somehow reach an *orgasm*.

He suddenly felt the urge to hunt for a lovemaking companion.

The waiting room doesn't seem a likely place to find a lover, he thought. He counted eleven patients waiting for Erica's bespectacled receptionist to announce them—each preoccupied with a book, magazine, or the TV.

He turned his attention back to the magazine in his own hand, page after page of full-colored photos of curvy, naked women.

Then over his right shoulder his eye caught a flash of bright-red hair. He realized it belonged to a baby-blue-eyed, redheaded woman. She was like a *dream* in a way. She somehow reminded him of *Erica*. He was about to open his

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mouth to speak, when she turned to him, looked at him, then at the magazine he'd been glancing through. "That looks like a *lustful* magazine! I see it has *s-e-x* in it!" she whispered, spelling out the word. "You must be a *woman's* man! I admire a man who knows his women—*thoroughly*, I mean!" she said emphatically.

She has me in lusty conversation already and I haven't even made a pass at her, he thought.

For a minute she pretended to read the newspaper on her lap, then whispered to him again, "I—*love*—*s-e-x*!"

He didn't say anything, gave her a slow wink, looked back down at his magazine.

Then, suddenly, he saw a heavy-looking gargoyle fly over them. It surprised him. He knew it was a *gargoyle* because the *warts* on its face were in sculptured *relief*. He disliked it instinctively. *It must have escaped from some gothic cathedral*, he mused. He noticed its head was like that of a stone rat with giant, yellowing teeth. *Away gargoyle! Leave me alone! I'm trying to find coitus non-interruptus!*

It swiftly landed at his feet, spewed words into his mouth—which he, involuntarily boomed out as if they were his own. "The *caveman* had intercourse with his *dog*!" it somehow forced him say, then quickly vanished.

The redhead's eyes studied him a moment, then casually asked, "Why would the caveman have sex with his *dog* if other cavepersons were available?" Then returned to her reading.

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A logical woman, he thought. "Yes—the caveman *would* probably have had intercourse with another caveperson, instead of his dog, now that you *mention* it!" he answered.

He didn't inquire as to whether *she'd* seen the *gargoyle*, but thought not, as she hadn't made any screeching sounds as if she had.

"You're really *different*! What's your *name*—" she asked.

All he could remember about his name in his drug-induced state was he didn't like it much. I probably need a name. I could be Philip de Assisi Rothputh! Or, Charles Montelle Grandstein! Or, Gaspaugh di Roachinni!

"*Frenzy*—" he cried out, spontaneously. "My name's *Frenzy*—!"

"I'm *Candy*!" she cried, excitement in her blue eyes.

"Why're you *here*?" he asked.

"I'm waiting to see his Royal *Physician*!" she cried.

"Royal *Physician*?"

Just then, he saw a goat-faced gargoyle fly over. Nothing that heavy-looking could really fly, he thought. Gargoyles were almost extinct. He needed gargoyle repellent. Shoo—! Find an amicable gothic edifice to attach yourself to and leave me alone to search for a sexual copulation partner!

"I'm waiting for his Royal Duck-billed *Dinosaur* to lust after his *dog*!" the gargoyle made Frenzy cry out.

Without warning, Candy shouted, "Lust—lustful—lusting—Royal *Lusters*—sexual *desire*! Oh, *passion*—speak to me of your carnal *appetite*—!"

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That wasn't from Shakespeare—and she has clearly changed personalities right in front of my eyes.

Then she returned to her original personality, began to empathize. "Believe me, I understand where you're *coming* from," she said, calmly. "I'm a *queen*! Queens *always* understand where *everyone* is coming from. It's a natural *instinct* with us!"

He had a long-held conviction of dislike for queens in general. For instance, the Victorian Period was not one of his favorites. "I suppose it *is* natural with you!" he answered.

She suddenly changed personalities again, came on even stronger than before. "There's absolutely nothing like the prurient, fleshy *lust* of a beautiful woman's naked body to turn part of a man to solid *steel*, you know!"

She's done it again—changed personalities, must be the reason she's waiting to have a session with Erica. Candy must have a split personality. "You *do* have a remarkably sensual body!" he replied.

She looked at him out of the corner of her blue eye-shadowed eye; spoke softly, "You don't even *have* a dog, do you *Fritz*?"

"The name's *Frenzy*—! No—just the lascivious duck-billed dinosaur in my *basement*!" a low-flying, yellow-necked gargoyle made him exclaim.

"You're on some kind of *drug*—! *Right*? Your *pupils* are *dilated*! I could *crawl* inside one of them! In addition to that, you have *uncouth* diction! You talk like a *commoner*! Why the gutter *speech*?" she cried.

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"Can't you see the *gargoyles* flying around us?" he asked.

"No! What's a *gargoyle*, anyway?"

"It's supposed to be a stone waterspout with *grotesque* features, shaped like an animal or fantastic *creature*—sticking out from the roof of a *cathedral* or the like! But, the ones I'm seeing are *flyers*! They come zipping in from nowhere—throw primitive phrases into my mind, which I am somehow forced to *reiterate* verbally!"

Just then he saw one, with dangling, green eyes flying at him. "The saber-toothed tiger tried to sexually copulate with the *fire* hydrant!" it made him exclaim.

Then it squirted a green, grasshopper-milk-like substance on him, disappeared.

Candy slid a little closer. "Don't take me *wrong*—! I love a little offensive language occasionally, but look where we *are*! People are *staring* at us!"

"So, you prefer to believe it's actually *me* speaking these vulgarities—rather than pesky gargoyles that fly about *making* me say them? I don't hold that against you. I'm sure I'd think the same thing if I were *you*!" he said.

Suddenly, he felt an impulse, turned another page of his magazine, put his lips to her ear and whispered, "I want to get into your *panties*."

"I'm *appalled*!" the Queen of Hamster cried.

She's portending the queen personality again.

As the other patients looked on, she changed back into her *promiscuous* Candy personality and whispered into his ear, "I

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want to *do it* with you, *too*! I think it's your *tan*—! You must *swim* or something, your muscles are *flawless*—toned to *perfection*. Out in the *sun* a lot? I smell *musk* on you! It incites me to near *eroticism*! I smell lots of perspiration—jogging makes one perspire."

"You're very *perceptive*!" he said.

Then, without warning, he took a small *cylinder* from his back pocket. It was *not* antiperspirant.

She became emotional. "What's in that *can*?" she cried.

Without answering, he jumped up, cylinder in hand—quickly bolted to a nearby white wall—sprayed—I WANT TO HAVE SEX—in towering, red letters, sat down, continued thumbing pages.

"Why did you *do* that?" she cried. "You're really *distinct*!"

"I'm in sexual *pursuit* of a *maiden*!"

"Then you *are* one—!" she cried.

"What—a *maiden*?"

"A liberated *man*—! I completely *understand* what you just *did*! You're advertising for a *sex* partner! That's *great*! *I* could be your sex partner!" she cried.

He *liked* the idea immediately.

"It's Dr. Handleheimer's prescription, actually—to be in sexual pursuit of a maiden that is!"

"Yes?"

"I think so. Dr. Handleheimer seemed to imply I should practice *le sport* as the French put it. Do you know what I mean?"

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She liked that idea. A soft smile crossed her lips. "Yes!" she sighed. "I think I *do*!"

He studied her long, red hair.

"Don't call her Dr. Handleheimer, though—she's his Royal *Physician*—!" she said.

"Sorry—Royal Physician it is!"

"You want to get into my *panties* because I'm a *maiden*?"

"Then, you *do* understand!"

"There will be certain difficulties for you if I sexually copulate with you! My *king* will probably have you *beheaded*! My uncle will leave me off his Christmas list—I won't get an autographed copy of *Part 37 of the Adventures of the Ancient Norse's Horse* next year! My *cat* will die for lack of attention! No one will pay the rent on the palace! A kingdom—wiped *out*—for *you*!" she cried. "Yes—I *like* it!"

Then her newspaper gave Frenzy an idea. "Look at *this*!" he cried, twisting the paper around so she could see the large black and white photo of the classy lady on the back page.

"Who's *that*?"

"Dolly *Freelace*—the famous international *fashion* model!"

"So?"

"So—look at the article—she's been *abducted*!"

He read from her paper. "She's a tall, blue-eyed blonde. She was last seen wearing a light-blue, satin evening gown, matching shoes, and sunglasses. Two men—in *bright-red pajamas*—shanghaied her last night!"

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"Now I remember. Now and then I read *tabloids* while I'm shopping!" she said, matter-of-factly. "They're not much of a *credential* of course, but as I recall they *do* say Dolly Freelage is quite the maiden!"

He knew the tabloids had also said Dolly Freelage had slept with the greatest lovers in the world. *If I could find Dolly Freelage—she could probably turn me back into a hunk—in three minutes flat*, he thought. "Yes, *quite* a maiden," he agreed.

Candy was not amused. "Quite a *maiden*? What's not quite the maiden about *me*?"

"*Nothing*! Nothing at all! You said 'quite a maiden' and I agreed with you. I have the highest respect for your *beauty* and *mentality*—and I intend to *prove* it! Lets *find* Dolly Freelage—and *save* her!" he suddenly suggested.

"*You* would have to deal with her *bright-red pajama* abductors—that's out of *my* line!"

"You're right!" he agreed. "Maybe they're *torturing* her! Planning to *kill* her even—for all we know!" Poor Dolly Freelage—maybe they've taken your *clothes* off! *Stripped* you stark *naked*, he mused. Maybe they have you stretched out in a *Y*! I can imagine it—one *tickling* you with an *ostrich* feather! "We've got to *save* her!" he cried.

"Not to *interrupt*," Candy said, "but look *around*! Do you remember where we *are*? You've *yelled* everyone else out of the waiting room! My *king* is not going to like *any* of this!"

Faced, Frenzy glanced through more pages of his magazine.

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Without warning, a turtle-faced gargoyle came at him, straight and fast. Its verbiage ricocheted off his lips, "The ancient mongoose slowly, sexually stimulated the sensuous, slender, sexy, *schoolteacher*!" it made him say.

"If you think I'm a *schoolteacher*—you're in for a definite *surprise*!" Candy said.

"I don't think I'm in for a surprise. I can tell by the way you sit—straight up—like a stiff-back chair's been propping up your spine for years!"

"It's not *true*! Look at these three, bright green, gorgeous, emerald *rings* on my fingers, and this silk *dress*! Do they look like something a *schoolteacher* could afford?"

He saw a distant gargoyle flying above. It was purple and its head was shaped like a stone snake's. Its passage reflected verbiage from his tongue. "The old cavewoman *sodomized* the *fire* hydrant!" it made him announce just before it parachuted to the floor.

"Where are you getting those disgusting *lines*? And don't give me the *gargoyle* bit again!" the *queen* in her cried out.

He ran the back of his hand across his forehead. "Yes, it's from the *gargoyles*. Like I told you, they're flying around, forcing me to express *vulgarities*!" he said. "They must have assimilated such language from the Medieval *English* Period!"

"It sounds more like the Modern *Frenzy* Period to me—!" she cried. Her eyes went back to her paper.

"What do you *say*?" he asked abruptly.

"About *what*?"

"About you and I getting *together*?"

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He watched her pupils scan her paper, teased her. "Reading about seductive *tackles*?" he asked.

"What?"

"You're reading the *sports* section! I was *captain* of my college *football* team before I became a doctor! I know *exactly* what you're thinking about when you read that section! *Sex*!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "As a matter of fact—I'm reading the scores of yesterday's *games*! Some of my *Royal Court Jesters* played—do you *mind*?"

A bright-green gargoyle dived straight for Frenzy. "The ancient *cave* bear lusted after the Royal *Court Jester*!" it made him cry out. He liked the navy blue polka dots on the gargoyle's yellow shorts.

Candy ignored him, and then she became excited about what she was reading in her paper. "*Dozerface* pushed the *Greenbirds* back to the one-yard line in the first half. *Yea! Dozerface*—! He's one of my *Royal Court Jesters*!" she cried.

A brown, elephant-headed gargoyle came flying at Frenzy out of nowhere. "The old snaggle-toothed *caveman* severely *molested* the filthy *football* player!" it made him exclaim. He noticed the gargoyle had no ears and its whiskers were fat.

"Will you *marry* me—?" Frenzy asked, all of a sudden.

Candy was astounded. "*What*?" she cried.

"*Marry* me! We'll have tiny *sons* and *daughters*!"

"*Sons*—? They'd steal my *throne*!" she howled. Her eyes met his, her voice melodious. "Well, perhaps we *could* save Dolly Freelace!"

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"I'm *sure* of it!" he agreed. "We need *transportation*!"

"Haven't you *forgotten* something?"

"Like *what*?"

"Like, I *love* you, or something like that—! Be *romantic* when you propose *marriage*!"

He knelt in front of her. "I *love* you—! I *need* you! I *want* you!" he said, carefully enclosing her chin in his hands, kissing her warm lips, smelled the perfume behind her ears.

"My *king* isn't going to like *any* of this!" she said, then changed the subject. "I don't understand how the *news* people found out Freelace's abductors were wearing bright-red PJs!"

Frenzy sat down again, read from her newspaper over her shoulder. "There was a *witness*—a Ms. *Adams*!"

"What was Freelace doing in her boyfriend's *apartment*?"

"Perhaps resting her back and looking for *cracks* in the *ceiling*!"

"I think he was hoping there would be a *crack* in the *bed*! How old is she, anyway?" she asked.

"Twenty-three! It says so here—on page four!"

"The red pajama pair must have roughed her up, or she wouldn't have gone away with them, would she?" Candy asked.

"Maybe she had her *reasons*! Maybe they didn't *have* to force her!" Frenzy speculated.

"Maybe one's her *lover*! Maybe they want her *money*!" Candy suggested.

"Her money isn't the *only* possible reason!"

"What else?"

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"Maybe she wanted *their* money!"

"But she was the one *abducted*!"

"Maybe!"

"That's what the paper said—they ought to *know*!"

"Do you believe everything you *read*?"

She ignored his question. "Since we *are* going *looking* for her—we should find out where she *is*, *approximately* anyway—before we start! *Shouldn't* we, darling?" Candy asked.

She's warming up to me! She apparently has a saintly king, but this is love or war. I dislike foreign kings! They have huge kingdoms, eight or nine queens in succession, sometimes a hundred mistresses! Thousands of kids! And—always, but always—they keep a schoolteacher somewhere to play with, he thought.

He pointed at her paper. "Freelace is approximately in Southern Tirrania—it says so right *there*!"

"How could anyone find that out so *quickly*—?"

"She's *famous* I tell you! Someone at an airline *reported* her, it says!" He pointed his finger to where it said so in her paper.

"Southern Tirrania—is that *mountains*?" she asked.

"Tropical *rainforest*, I think. Why would they take her to *mountains*?"

Then she had another interesting thought. From which of her personalities it came, schoolteacher or queen, Frenzy couldn't tell. "To *torture* her in the *snow*, maybe!" she said.

"*No*—if her abductors *torture* her, according to tabloids, they'll probably tie her nude, face-up, to the hot tropical rainforest

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floor—and let deformed, pregnant, outer *space* ants *bite* her all over 'til she *screams* and does anything the ants *tell* her to!" Frenzy said.

The Queen of Hamster blushed deep red. "That's a *terrible* thing to say! I thought you wanted to *marry* me and be my new *king*!" she cried.

A bright-pink, pig-headed gargoyle with dark-green hairs on its elk-like tongue dove straight for Frenzy. "The *aardvark* molested the *queen* with its foot-long *tongue*!" it made him scream. He disliked gargoyles intensely.

He kissed Candy's neck then whispered, "We need *transportation*—like an *airplane* maybe!"

"A *ship*!" she said.

"To *slow*!"

"I should have my *head* examined for going with you to save her!"

"You're waiting in the right waiting room to have your *head* examined!" he replied.

"Look around! I'm the only one left here *with* you! Everyone else has *split, divided—gone*!" Candy exploded.

He quickly changed the subject. "*Transportation*—that's what we need—*fast* transportation!"

"We'll need *reservations*, too!" she cried.

"Yes, *reservations*—! You're a *genius*! You really have *polish*! We shall travel *fast*, and in style!"

"What if we get *ahead* of Freelace and the PJs?" she asked.

"We'll wait until they catch *up* to us!" He laughed.

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An amused look came over her face. "My king's panache comes from his father's side. Panache and money—his father was the Duke of *Hamster*, you know!"

"Really—?" Frenzy replied. "Reservations for *Southern Tirrania*, please—! For the Lady of Hamster and her cohort—! Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?"

"*Queen*! I'm the *Queen* of Hamster!"

"Are you going to *marry* me, Queen of Hamster?" he asked.

"Not right away—! I have my king—and he doesn't know you extremely well! I mean—all he may have found out from his spies is that you're a doctor in pursuit of a maiden! Wait—! What am I *thinking*—? I can't just dash off just like that to save *Facelift* with you!"

"*Freelace*—! Why *not*—?"

"Because I haven't seen the Royal *Physician* yet!" Hamster protested.

"We'll drop her a *line*—!"

"Write her a *letter*? It's only my first appointment! It would be so *common* of us!"

He took her hand. "She can send you the *ink* blots and *forms* to fill out!"

"That's not how it's *done*!" she protested.

"No reason why *not*, I've had sessions with her for two weeks—*now* she even has a sample of my giant *handwriting*!" He pointed to the wall where he'd spayed the red paint.

"What about *mine* though?" Hamster asked.

He handed her the cylinder of red *spray* paint.

The Pilot

Chapter 3

THE SKY was blue and clear.

The short landing strip in his weird dream had more potholes than the surface of the moon.

A beat-up, bright-yellow biplane sat tethered to the landing strip. The biplane's rudder drooped slightly and fluttered in the light breeze. Bits of airplane cloth flapped here and there, while larger pieces reached over most of its double-winged frame.

Its owner—an ancient British lady—walked up to it like a general.

A tall, young man, who Frenzy decided was a mechanic because of the way he was dressed, was walking from a huge shed nearby that served as hangar.

"Good *morning*, Bertha!" the young man said.

The old lady's eyes dimmed in reverie as she answered. "And a great mornin' for flyin' 'tis, too, lad. When I was your age, I was up yonder by the break o' day. Soarin' through them

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clouds. Chasin' the *Baron*—my scarf a flyin' in the breeze just like 'is was! Bright red *cheeks* I'd 'ave by noon, too! Packed my own lunch, I did—roast pelican stew mostly. Made it myself. Those were the days, lad. *Adventure! Skill! Darin!* I'll never see 'em days again. Never feel that zesty flush o' *life* through my bones—the magic o' the open sky—the kiss o' the *wind* in my white hair!"

The young man scuffed some of the hard red soil with his boot. "I don't *fly* 'em, Bertha, I just *fix* 'em—so I guess I can't relate!"

"No matter! Leave the *flyin'* to us fliers an' the *fixin'* to you fixers!" the blustery lady cried.

She straightened her leather collar as she spoke. "Now take *Tessy* there!"

"You mean your *airplane*," he interrupted.

"Of *course* I mean my *plane*! She and I 'ave seen some rough, rough times together! Too bad there won't be *more*. I've missed flyin' the ol' gal. When I hit that '*aystack* with 'er three years back, she never started up again. I must 'ave bent up somethin' pretty good!"

The old woman showed signs of a slight limp as she slowly paced back and forth.

"You bent *yourself* a might, too!" the young man said.

"That was nothin'. The things that burn me are them modern things they *call* planes. Tessy, well, she's put together *right*. And the dude that 'ad 'er before me took good care o' 'er. Why 'e 'ad 'er built ta 'old *four* people I'll never know for sure—'cause 'is son wanted an *air taxi* I expect. We used a little baling

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wire on 'er 'ere and there. A bit o' *glue* now and then, but 'er *engine*—that was some sweet engine—! Tessy's the only biplane ever made quite *like* that—!" Bertha cried.

She obviously had a head of verbal steam up.

The young man urgently tried to break in. "*Bertha*—?"

"—and she don't 'ave no *contra-rotatin'* airscrews, no VTOL gear, no *booster* rocket units, no *navigator* bubble. But 'er *engine* made the sweetest sound this side o' the *Almighty*—" Her running narrative crushed his voice like a runaway train.

He tried again. He began to smile. "*Bertha*—?"

"No projector tubes or radar nose—"

"*Bertha*—! *Bertha*—! Just *hold* it a minute—! I've got a little *surprise* for ya!" he finally yelled.

She fell silent. Her eyes narrowed as she pulled her heavy red scarf up over her hair and glared at him. "Ya 'ave?"

He climbed into the aircraft, made a few quick adjustments, climbed back down. "Hop *aboard*!"

"Ya *mean* it?"

He was still smiling. "I *mean* it!"

While she moved her ancient body—in her green, clown-like trousers—up into the cockpit, he reached for the propeller. "Whenever you're *ready*!" he said. "I'll start 'er *up*!"

She fitted her flight goggles to her face and made some adjustments of her own here and there. Her enthusiasm beamed from her rosy cheeks. "*Ready*—!" she cried finally.

He pulled down hard on the propeller. Tessy *coughed*, *shuddered*—and then, died.

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"Try 'er *again*—! Try 'er *again*—! This 'ad better not be one o' your *shenanigans*, now lad!" she cried.

He pulled down harder.

Tessy bucked. Puffs of black smoke belched out of her sides. She wheezed, screamed, groaned, and squealed. She sputtered, growled, hissed, snorted, squeaked, grunted, screeched, and clanged. She spit, twittered, made a *chir-r* sound—and then began to sing like a well-fed mockingbird. A well-tuned melody sprang from her throbbing engine and her wings vibrated in harmony with it.

Tears ran down Bertha's face. "Set us *free*, lad! Pull the *lines* and let us *soar* with the *eagles*! Let us kiss the mornin' *sun*—!"

The young man quickly released the tether lines and blocks.

Tessy slowly moved toward the end of the lumpy airstrip, faced the wind, and powered up like a giant double-winged grasshopper, left the ground, made one vulture-like circle over the narrow strip—disappeared off into the morning sky.

The Circus

Chapter 4

A COLORFUL circus was in full swing all around them.

Explosive-mouthed carnival personalities were everywhere.

Frenzy didn't think it was a likely place to find Dolly Freelace.

Giant giraffes, massive elephants, prancing horses, ferocious lions, slick tigers, fanged leopards, sleepy jaguars, black panthers, trained bears, jumping dogs, munching goats, nickel buffalo, horny rams, stinking hogs, lazy burros, cuddly puppies, hungry kitty cats, smelly skunks, lumpy camels, big-mouthed alligators, crusty turtles, slimy snakes, eloquent peacocks, dropping pigeons, Christmas geese, banana monkeys, milk cows, waddling ducks, swimming frogs, chattering magpies, noisy roosters, laying hens, Thanksgiving turkeys, and hoot owls were crying, singing, grunting, howling, barking, wailing, squealing, screaming, screeching, squeaking, roaring, bellowing, bawling, mooing, bleating, braying, neighing, yelping, yapping,

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meowing, snorting, snapping, hissing, trilling, twittering, chirping, quacking, honking, croaking, crowing, cackling, clucking, and hooting.

In front of every magic show, puppet show, peep show, hootchy-kootchy show, and burlesque show there was at least one ranting, yelling *handbill*-wielder—always wearing a pinstriped suit and yellow polka dot tie.

Frenzy held Hamster's hand firmly as he dragged her from show to show.

She scolded him. "A *queen* must *not* be *rushed*! Let go of my *hand*!"

He did.

A gargoyle flashed by. "The primitive *mouse* had *sex* with the performing *elephant*!" it made him say.

She ignored him. "*Oh! Look—! A performing billy goat!*" Hamster cried.

Another gargoyle flew over. "The ancient *mongoose* had *sex* with the hairy performing *billy goat*!" it made Frenzy say.

Hamster took his hand, pulled him along. "Let's go see the *billy goat*!" she cried.

A handbill-wielder loudly proclaimed a salutation as they approached him. "STEP RIGHT UP, LADY AND GENTLEMAN! STEP RIGHT INSIDE! *RAMROCK*, THE *BILLY GOAT*, WILL PERFORM *SENSUAL TRICKS BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGININGS! HE DOES IT ALL! ONLY TWO DOLLARS A TICKET! THAT'S IT LITTLE LADY—STEP RIGHT THIS WAY!*"

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"I'm not sure I *want* to *see* that goat," Hamster said. "The man made him sound—well, *shameless*—and yet I guess I really *do* want to see him perform!"

A gargoyle flew by. Lascivious words glanced off Frenzy's tongue. "The mean *cave* bear *fondled* the hairy *billy* goat!" it made him exclaim.

Hamster actually *blushed*. "You've *offended* my *majesty*!" she protested.

One minute she thinks sex is great—the next she thinks she's an untouchable virgin queen. She's difficult to comprehend, he thought.

Another gargoyle flew over! "The saber-toothed *tiger* had *sex* with the mooing *cow*!" it made Frenzy shout.

"My *king* would *not* tolerate you—not even for a *moment*! *Look*! There's what's-his-name, the *billy* goat!"

Frenzy remembered the goat's name. "*Ramrock*, I believe he's called!" he said.

"Yes, *Ramrock*!" Hamster repeated. "You must promise to put your *hands* over my *eyes* if he does something *shameful*! I mustn't watch *inelegant* acts! I'm a *queen*, you know!"

Another gargoyle flew by. "The horny *cave* bear had *sex* with the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made Frenzy exclaim.

"*Oh*—! He's just *darling*! Look at his darling *horns*!" she crooned.

She must be talking about Ramrock, Frenzy concluded, since she couldn't see the gargoyle.

"He might have *fleas* on his *sex* parts!" Frenzy suggested.

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Hamster watched the goat intently. "He's just *precious*!" she cried. Then she whispered, "Let's *kidnap* him!"

"What would a *queen* be doing with a *goat*?" Frenzy asked.

"Don't you *know*? He can be my *Consort*! I'm a legitimate *queen* don't forget!"

Another gargoyle flew past. Frenzy tried to stop the words, but they just popped out of him. "The old *stallion* had sex with the queen's *Consort*!" it made him cry out.

Candy ignored his words. The raunchy goat thrilled her. "*Look*! Ramrock's beginning to *perform*—!" she cried.

Gargoyles were becoming more numerous. "The mean *cave* bear *sodomized* the hairy *billy* goat!" one made Frenzy exclaim.

"Ramrock is *raping* that poor *doggy*!" Hamster cried.

"The *cave* bear molested the trained *dog*!" another gargoyle made Frenzy shout.

"That little goat is *lustful*!" Hamster cried.

"*Ramrock*?" Frenzy asked, innocently.

"Yes, *Ramrock*!"

Frenzy threw an adjective at the goat. "*Erotic*!"

Candy was not about to let him outdo her. "*Obscene*!" she said.

They bantered like learned juveniles.

"*Horny*!" Frenzy followed up.

"*Carnal*!" Candy cried.

"*Lewd*!"

"*Lecherous*!"

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"Debauched!"

"Lascivious!"

"Sexual!"

"Goatish!"

A gargoyle put an end to their chatter. "The duck-billed *dinosaur* had *sex* with the performing *elephant*!" it made Frenzy scream.

Hamster took no notice of his words. "I've got to have *Ramrock*!" Candy squealed with delight.

"Don't you think his *owner* will mind?" Frenzy asked.

"I shan't *ask*—I'll simply bestow on the lovely Ramrock the title—*Consort* to my Royal *Court*—! That will be *that*! I'm so *ashamed* of myself!" Hamster cooed.

"Won't Ramrock *seduce* your Royal *Court*?" Frenzy asked.

"If I *want* him to!" Hamster cried.

"And why would you *want* him to?"

She laughed. "Just if they're *mischievous* subjects! I'll *punish* them that way instead of putting them in the *tower*! Don't you think that's appropriate?"

Another annoying gargoyle buzzed by and made Frenzy declare, "The Royal *Billy Goat* seduced the queen's Royal *Court Jesters*!"

"And you, *too*, if you don't quit with that terrible *language*!" Hamster said.

"It would never work—!" Frenzy said.

"What wouldn't work?"

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"The *goat*! We have *plane* reservations for *Southern Tirrania* to save *Dolly*—" he reminded her.

"When did we get *them*?" Candy asked.

"It doesn't matter! We don't have time to take him *with* us!" he insisted.

"He may sniff her out in the tropical rainforest! He can help *save* her! I think Ramrock's the *goat* for the *job*!"

Another gargoyle came by. "The hairy *billy* goat had sex with *Dolly Freelace* in the deep tropical *rainforest* of the Southern *Hemisphere*!" it made Frenzy cry out.

"You should *listen* to yourself! Your language is unrefined! Maybe you think I'm taunting you, but it really *is*!" Hamster insisted.

"Words just come out!" Frenzy said.

"Have you called the Royal Physician about us not showing up for her appointment?"

"I'll phone her from the airport!" he said.

"It isn't something you should do over the *phone*! That's so *common*!" Hamster complained. Hamster changed the subject. "Do you think Ramrock looks *brutal*?"

"*Brutish*! But let's get out of here and catch our plane to Southern Tirrania and save *Dolly*!" Frenzy said.

Hamster continued her thought. "I think he's more on the *bestial* side!"

"I see constant *lust* in his eyes!" Frenzy said.

Candy gave him a sidelong glance. "Okay with you if we *steal* him?" she asked.

"Let's *not* and pretend we *did*!"

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Hamster went on, "Now, how do we go about it? I have *subjects* for that sort of thing. A queen never does those messy jobs *herself* you know!"

"You might not want him—he has obviously been having sexual relations with dogs, pigs, chickens, and the like all day! However, on the other hand, I'm sure he's starved! What do goats prefer to eat most?"

Candy made a wild guess. "Watermelon?"

"No—!" Frenzy said. "I think they like tin *cans* best!"

Candy began looking frantically about, then became excited. "Yes—! There's a vending machine over *there*! Let's go! There must be empty *cans* in the wastebasket next to it!"

They pushed their way past spectators.

Frenzy picked some cans out of the wastebasket.

"The old *cavewoman* molested the hairy *billy* goat with her *tongue*!" a fuzzy gargoyle made Frenzy exclaim.

"That's *appalling* language! *Surcease* in the *use* of it!" the Queen of Hamster demanded.

A gargoyle tried to land on her head. "The primitive *mouse* lusted up the leg of the giant female *circus* giraffe!" it made Frenzy shout.

"Let's get out of here and catch the plane before you get *arrested* for misuse of guttural *language*—!" Candy cried.

Frenzy noticed that her personality was now splitting frequently.

Candy stared at Ramrock's every lusty movement.

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Then the Queen of Hamster's voice came in a thin gasp. "What's Ramrock *doing* to that *monkey*? Oh my! Cover my *eyes*! Cover my *eyes*! Oh—!"

"I must *have* him—!" her *Candy* personality cried, as she put empty cans from the wastebasket into her handbag.

They pushed through the crowd and got on stage behind the backdrop.

Candy found a *hole*, set a *can* just through it—in Ramrock's view.

He saw it—his beastly movements slowed in their thrusting. The crowd booed. His eyes became glassy. Saliva began dripping from his panting tongue.

Candy's voice was but a whisper. "Isn't he just *wonderful*?" she sighed.

"You had *me* fooled! I thought you were a *queen*!"

"I *am*—! What else *could* I be?" *Hamster* said.

"A *schoolteacher*!" he suggested.

"*Never*—! It's such a *common* occupation!"

"But a very *necessary* one," he said, not knowing whether he was talking to Candy or the Queen of Hamster.

Ramrock's orgiastic motions stopped. He let the unchaste monkey escape. It scampered away.

With cries of angry voices all around, the goat made a dash for the tin can—ate it up in a few bites, looked for more. His gleaming eyes spotted another one Candy had placed on *their* side of the hole in the curtain that separated the stage from backstage. The goat ate the hole larger and jumped through it.

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He munched the can Candy had put there for him as quickly as he'd eaten the first one.

"The goat has *escaped*!" someone cried. A shoe came flying through the hole; hit Ramrock on his tush. He *ate* the shoe.

"We demand our *money* back—!" many in the crowd screamed.

"Let's *get* him and get *out* of here—!" Candy cried.

They both made a dive for Ramrock at the same time—wrestled him to the floor.

"The crass beast *stinks*!" the Queen of Hamster cried.

As Frenzy held Ramrock's head down, another gargoyle flew by. "The saber-toothed tiger *raped* the crass *beast-goat*!" it made Frenzy cry out.

Candy had placed her body crosswise over Ramrock's stomach, pinning him to the floor.

His legs stuck straight up like a pantomiming goat-corpse.

"We need a *leash*!" Frenzy said.

"Use your *belt*—!" Candy cried.

"I'll lose my *jogging* shorts!"

"Go on! *I'll* hold them up!"

Frenzy fastened his belt around Ramrock's neck.

They both helped the goat to its feet.

The goat took up with Candy right away. "Look at the uncultured beast! He's *nuzzling* me!" she cried.

Frenzy could see she was not feeling too badly about it.

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Another gargoyle buzzed Frenzy! "The ancient uncultured *beast-goat nuzzled* the cultured Queen of *Hamster*!" it forced him to shout.

Candy's voice was almost frantic. "Let's beat it *out* of here, before the *bouncers* show up!"

"Where *to*?"

"The *big* top! They won't find us *there*—!"

Ramrock in tow, they quickly lost themselves in the maelstrom of noise, circus smells, cotton candy, and organ-grinder music.

They made a dash for the big top's entrance. A pinstriped handbill-wielder stopped them short. "You can't bring that goat in *here*!" he yelled.

"I'm the Queen of *Hamster* and this goat is *Consort* to my Royal *Court*!" Hamster explained.

"And—I'm the Queen of *Catatonia*!" the wielder mocked.

Frenzy got into the act. "No—*really*, you don't *understand*!" he said. "This goat's to perform for Her *Highness*—! In fact—they're running *late*—the Circus Manager's to have a *surprise*, you see. You wouldn't want a thing like *that* on your head, now *would* you?"

The wielder signaled them on in without further argument.

"—GET YOUR TICKETS RIGHT HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—!" he screamed to the crowd behind them.

As they entered the big top, Hamster's face beamed with childlike excitement. "Look! A *horse* show with trick *riders*!"

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Aren't the *ladies* beautiful? Look at the *clowns*! They're leaping from one galloping horse to another on their *hands*. I'm surprised they don't get hurt! I *never* let *my* jesters do that!"

Suddenly a *hush* fell over the audience.

A monkey high above on a flying trapeze had suddenly swung into view. Its hind feet gripped a trapeze bar. Its limber body flowed gracefully, head down. Its hairy hands reached out, *grasped* a bright-blue, horse-leaping *clown* by one ankle and pulled him high into the air—the audience *gasped*. The monkey *smiled* ludicrously. The clown *smiled* and *wiggled* wildly about, flapping his arms and free leg in midair.

Hamster became excited. Her voice carried above the crowd. "Isn't it *great*!" she yelled.

Before the audience's thousand eyes, one of the monkey's hind feet *slipped* off the *trapeze* bar. The duo—*suddenly out of control*—twisted half-round, sped *faster* and *faster* back and forth *twisting* and *turning* as the arc of the long trapeze's pendulum pulled them with it. The clown's *smile* quickly became a *frown*—he beat the *air* desperately with his arms and free leg. The audience *roared*. The monkey smiled—then let *go* of the clown's *ankle* with its hand—and *waved* frantically to the audience with it.

A hysterical woman yelled, "That isn't part of the *act*! They're in real *trouble*!"

Hamster became more excited. "They're going to really—*fall*—!"

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The monkey was smiling broadly. Now it could wave *both* its hands *plus* one *foot* at the audience. The audience *gasped*—then *screamed in terror* for the clown's safety.

The clown, *shrieking, shrieking, fell* and *fell*. The monkey *smiled* and *waved*.

Hamster covered her eyes. The clown tumbled end-over-end—*screaming*. The monkey let *go* of the trapeze bar completely. Falling freely, it seemed very *happy* that it could smile and wave *both* its hands and *both* its feet at the audience at the *same* time. It *fell, fell*—smiling and waving.

The clown grimaced and—very suddenly—stopped falling.

The monkey suddenly stopped falling, too.

The *audience* screamed—its *approval*! A circle of smiling clowns—in bright-red firefighters' costumes—had *caught* the falling clown and the falling monkey securely in a large *trampoline*. They laughed and softly bounced the smiling clown and the smiling monkey up and down.

A gargoyle flew by. "The ancient *monkey* had sex with the bright-blue *clown* on the flying *trapeze*!" it made Frenzy cry out.

The Queen of Hamster ignored the remark.

Hamster's sweet voice sang out softly. "Before she was abducted, I think Dolly Freelace took long walks in the church garden, among lovely flowers, with little singing birds all around and bright green leaves on the trees, soft green grass under the oaks with lots of golden, soft leaves on the ground—! Then one

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day her Prince Charming came walking down the cobblestones toward her. They instantly fell in love. They spent many love-filled hours together on the leaves under the trees—just *talking*. They were to be married, of course, but it was not to be. One night, a couple of red-pajama'd thrill-seekers were waiting for him in his apartment. They bound and gagged him with their red handkerchiefs. Then they waited. Freelace's love-filled heart dragged her to her boyfriend—in her magnificent, satin gown. She entered his apartment; using the key he'd given her in case of emergency. They nabbed her. She struggled. Her muscle-bound boyfriend ripped off his bonds—came to her rescue. They beat him with their guns—and snatched Dolly for the thrill!"

"How did the red-pajama'd thrill seekers know she would be coming to see him *that* night? They waited in his apartment for *days*, maybe?" Frenzy asked.

"Maybe!" Candy said.

"Fetch Ramrock and let's get *going*!"

"*You* fetch Ramrock—I'm the Queen of *Hamster*, remember?"

"He's *your* Consort!" Frenzy protested, as *he* took hold of the goat's leash.

Candy looked suspicious. "What's keeping your *shorts* up—? *I* haven't been holding them up!"

"My shoelaces!"

Hamster ignored him. She'd made a discovery. Her voice went so high it squeaked. "Look at *this*—!"

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She held a glittering gold *cross* on a fine linked chain in the palm of her hand. Frenzy turned it over. It had the initials—D.F.—engraved on the back.

"Where did you *get* it?"

"It was hanging on this *pole*—you don't think it belongs to Dolly *Freelace*?"

It seemed impossible to Frenzy. "Not really!"

"I think it's hers! I think she's a *nun* or the like and has desperately left a clue hoping someone will find it and *save* her!" Hamster cried.

"On a *pole* in the middle of a *circus*?"

Takeoff

Chapter 5

THEY WAITED impatiently at the airport ticket window until the dark-haired man at the front of the line gave a nervous pat to the bald spot on his head, finished purchasing his ticket and quickly moved on.

The ticket agent randomly shuffled some papers then blandly looked up at Frenzy and the Queen of Hamster. "*Next—!*" he said.

When he saw Ramrock, his reaction was instantaneous. "Get that goat *out* of here! It's against the law to have an *animal* inside the *airport* building!" he screeched, flailing his arms.

Frenzy quickly defended Ramrock. "He won't be here but a *minute*! We're putting him on flight 986!"

The agent became so angry his voice trumpeted wildly. "*Here—you're not—!* It can travel as an *animal* passenger—if you take it to window 87!"

Hamster could remain silent no longer. "*It! Animal passenger? Window 87? Ramrock, in one of your cages? Can't*

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you *see*? This is no *ordinary* goat! This is *Ramrock* the most famous *billy* goat in *all* of the *Western World*!"

A hideous gargoyle made a flying sweep overhead and its words came out of Frenzy's mouth. "The hairy old *billy* goat had premeditated sex with the offensive *ticket* agent!" it made Frenzy shout.

"*What—?*" the agent cried. The agent's face turned red. His voice strained, could scarcely gasp. "*What did you say—?*"

"I said 'the hairy old *billy* goat had premeditated sex with the offensive *ticket* agent!'" Frenzy repeated.

The agent's face went from red to crimson. "*I thought* that was what you said! Leave—*now*! "*Immediately—!*" he screamed, making wild, pointing gestures with his hand.

Candy became excited. "We have *reservations*!" she shrieked back at him.

Frenzy backed her up. "She's *right*! We *do*! *Ramrock* does! The Queen of *Hamster* does, too!"

"*Who?*" the agent wheezed.

"Check your *computer*!" Frenzy said.

"I'll just *do* that!" he cried, running his fingers over a keyboard. "*There!*" he said, confidently. Then, his eyes on the computer screen, he pulsed *crimson*. "It can't *be—!* It says *Frenzy Blankface*, *Ramrock Goatface*, and the *Queen of Hamster* are booked on flight 986 for *Southern Tirrania*!"

"*Precisely!*" Frenzy said, delighted with the outcome.

"Well, it *can't* be *allowed*, the computer has obviously made a *mistake*. Now, leave *quietly*, or I'll be forced to call the *police*!"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

Hamster defied him. "Arrest *Ramrock*, Consort to the Court of *Hamster*?"

An oily, pink, cat-like gargoyle eyed Frenzy from some height, corrupted his speech. "The earthy Consort to the Court of *Hamster* sexually stimulated the airport *ticket* agent!" it made him exclaim.

"*Out*—!" the agent furiously shouted at them.

Hamster let him have it. "Don't *push*! A *queen* must *never* be deliberately *pushed* you know! You no-manners *barbarian*! We'll find *other* arrangements—no thanks to *you*! And my *king* will fax your *president*!"

Frenzy couldn't resist. "We're looking for Dolly *Freelace*!" he added.

"*Right*—! I don't even *want* to know who she *is*—just get *out* of here—!" the agent barked.

They left the ticket window, unhurriedly walked down the flight of stairs toward the airport exit.

They stopped to rest and collect their thoughts in front of the giant windows that allowed a panoramic view of the enormous runways. Planes were noisily landing and taking off every few seconds.

"Not much use hanging around, when we could be tumbling on a tender *mattress* in an apathetic *hotel*! I'd like to take a *crack* at it! What do you *say*?" Frenzy asked.

"I'll bet you *would*! But not with *my* body, you don't—!" the Queen of Hamster cried.

Why is it always the Hamster personality who answers—when the Candy personality is the one I need? Frenzy thought.

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"Maybe we *should*!" *Candy* contradicted Hamster.

"Do you think a *king* is the same as a *husband*?" Hamster asked.

That's better, he thought. Then, something caught her eye. "Wait! Look at *that*! What do you suppose it *is*?" *Candy* asked.

It isn't helping me with my battle for sex—whatever it is, he thought. He looked out the window at it. It seemed *familiar*. "I think it's called a *biplane*! Probably here for a show or museum display! Seems like I've seen it somewhere before!" he said.

Candy spotted the clown-like pilot. "Look at the marvelous lady *driving* it!"

"*Piloting* it!" he corrected.

"She looks a little like a *clown*!" *Candy* observed, excitement growing. "She's bringing the biplane to a *stop*, right in *front* of us!"

Bertha bustled down out of Tessy with great enthusiasm, set the biplane tethers and chocks, headed for an airport entrance.

Candy was so excited; her voice was almost a shriek. "She's coming *in*! *Look*, she's getting a drink of water at the fountain. Let's *talk* to her!"

Ramrock didn't waste any time. He made a beeline for Bertha's aft just as she was bending over the fountain to take a drink.

"I thought you were holding his *leash*!" Frenzy quickly said to *Candy*. "*I* couldn't, I was holding up my *pants*!"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"I presumed *you* had him! What happened to your *shoelaces*? I recall *they* were holding up your *pants*!"

"Ramrock *ate* them!" Frenzy said.

"He's *nuzzling* her! Isn't he *wonderful*?" Candy cried.

Bertha turned, and with one swish of her mighty flight boot, landed Ramrock's head soundly up against the wall. Then she *yelled* at him. "Get fresh wi' *me*, will ya—!"

Candy and Frenzy quickly made their way to the fountain.

Bertha's eyes were fierce as she faced them. "Your goat?" she asked, with blood in her eye.

"You *could* say he's *not*!" Frenzy whispered to Candy.

"The dirty little beggar. I 'ave a *mind* ta—! If I *ever* find out who *owns* him..."

Candy quickly changed the subject. "That *your* plane?"

"*Tessy*? Yeah, she's about all I have in the world!"

"You entering her in a *contest*?" Frenzy asked.

"*Contest*? For land sakes *no*! She's a *warplane*! She 'as more combat guns on 'er than a navy *missilebristler*!"

Candy was surprised. "*Real* guns?"

"O' *course* real guns! Real *bullets*, too!" Her separated front teeth beamed under the shadow of a slight mustache as she laughed.

"Would you consider *chartering* her?" Frenzy asked.

"Where *to*?"

"Southern Tirrania!"

"Where's *that*?"

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"If you could just take us *south* for now, we could handle the geographic details *later*!" Frenzy said.

Bertha looked them over. "It'll take some up-*front* money. I'm a bit strapped for ready cash just now!"

The biplane didn't look all that substantial to Frenzy, regardless of Bertha's buildup.

"I'm the Queen of *Hamster*! I have *lots* of money!" Hamster volunteered.

Bertha took another drink from the fountain before she spoke. Ramrock strained against his belt-leash. Frenzy held him back.

"I *knew* a queen once! A most *beautiful* wench—! Are you gunna hock some *jewels* like *she* did?" Bertha asked.

"I have royal *travelers* checks—*Mrs.*—!"

Frenzy whispered to Candy, "If this deal falls *through*—the sign in front of the hotel across the street says it has a great Roman *bath* with *every* room!"

"I'll give it some thought!" Candy said, receptively to him.

"My friends call me Bertha. Yer 'andle Queen o' *Amster*, then?" Bertha asked.

"*Candy*—! And, this is *Frenzy*!" Candy said. "And, this is *Ramrock*!"

"This is yer goat then—!" Bertha bellowed. "No deal! That goat isn't goin' ta ride in *Tessy*!"

"That *tears* it!" Frenzy said, turning to Candy. "Let's check in across the street!"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

That disarmed Bertha a little. "Why the *goat*?" she said, finally.

Candy came to Ramrock's defense like a trial lawyer. "He's no *ordinary* goat!"

"He certainly *isn't*! He's a *nasty* little—!" Bertha exclaimed.

Candy thought fast. "I mean he's a *detective*, you might say! He may well be able to help locate a certain, Dolly *Freelace* that we're looking for!"

"*Who*?" Bertha asked, astonished.

"Dolly *Freelace*—the international *fashion* model. That's why we're going to *Southern Tirrania*. According to the news, two men in bright-red pajamas have abducted her. We're going to *save* her!" Candy explained.

"Bully *reason*!" Bertha said, suddenly learning she had paying customers. "I suppose we *could* take that naughty little—*darling—with* us!"

Hamster became jubilant. "Yes, yes, he's Consort to the Court of *Hamster*, you know!"

"A *Consort* is 'e now? I'm not *surprised*! He 'as talent for that sort of activity. He's probably *good* at it, I'd say from my short acquaintance with 'im! Ya 'ave any *bags*?"

"Not really—we're in a bit of a *hurry*! I'd like to get *married*, and Candy's giving it her deepest consideration, *aren't* you, darling?" Frenzy asked.

"No need to explain! Let's get *aloft*. The beautiful mornin'—'tis *wastin'*," Bertha sighed.

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They trailed out from Airport Central to Tessy like a string of vibrant *peas*. Ramrock followed up the rear.

"Now—*lad*!" Bertha said, with some command in her voice.

Frenzy realized she was speaking to *him*. He referred her to his name. "*Frenzy*—!" he said.

"*Lad*—!" she repeated, ignoring his plea for true identification. "Stand in front o' Tessy an' when I yell—'*CONTACT*', pull down hard on one o' the propeller blades! Pull it round the same direction as the hand turns on a *clock*! And then stand clear—*fast*!"

"Isn't that *dangerous*?" Candy protested.

Bertha started for the cockpit. "Only if he does it *backwards*! I 'aven't killed anybody that way, *yet*! An' when I tell ya to—*lad*—pull the *chocks* out o' under the *wheels*—!"

"Won't that make Tessy leap *forward*?" Candy protested.

"Like a *lightnin'* bolt—so be *careful*, *lad*!"

"How do I get *aboard* her, then?" Frenzy asked.

"You'll think o' *somethin'*! Chock-kickers always *do*! While their *runnin'*—usually! I never knew one who *didn't* finally make it aboard Tessy!"

A *gargoyle*, dripping with purple paint, made a dive at Frenzy. The next thing Frenzy knew he was spouting verbiage. "The ancient *cave* bear sodomized the *clown*-like lady-*pilot*!" it made him cry out.

Candy hoisted Ramrock into his seat, got into hers.

Bertha arranged her flight goggles then shouted down at Frenzy with great authority, "*CONTACT*—!"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

Frenzy pulled down hard on the propeller blade. Jerkily, it slowly came around.

Tessy sneezed, gasped—*died*.

"Again—! Try 'er *again*, lad—!" Bertha yelled.

Frenzy pulled down hard again. Tessy groaned mournfully. Great puffs of black smoke belched from her engine crevices. She raged, snarled, hiccupped, panted and moaned. She huffed, muttered, scolded and banged. She twisted, sputtered, made a whirl sound; and then began singing like a canary at a fest.

Frenzy kicked the chocks away from her tires like a pro.

Tessy ripped out her tethers, started rolling—directly toward the *runway*.

Frenzy ran after her.

Then he thought about what they were actually *doing*. Something wasn't quite *right* then he realized what it was. He shouted at Bertha, "This is an international *airport*! You can't take *off* on this *runway*—!"

Bertha couldn't hear him; revved up Tessy.

"Did you clear with the *tower*?" Frenzy shouted, as he ran after them, a chock in each hand, dust in his eyes.

Tessy just barreled on.

Frenzy prognosticated the next few moments as he ran. The most devastating aircraft catastrophe in the history of aviation—people screaming, pieces of populace and aircraft flying—a nightmare the headlines will say, he thought.

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The same second that Tessy approached the runway, a huge commercial jet—tires screaming—touched down in a thunderous landing, right in front of them.

Obsessed with taking off, Bertha had apparently leaned on Tessy's throttle too hard and everything was set into whatever motion it would wind up in.

Ramrock's terrified eyes were as large as walnuts. Candy soothed him, rubbed his hair.

Frenzy locked his fingers around a strut, gritted his teeth—struggled—finally got aboard Tessy. His sudden weight made Tessy tilt badly to the left. The wing he was standing on almost touched the ground.

Bertha tried to make a rapid correction. "Adjust the *cargo*—! Put that *goat* on the *right* wing to balance out the *weight*—!" she screamed.

Ramrock refused to budge from the cockpit. Candy looked steadily at him. "You want to save our *lives* don't you? Now go out there like a good little goat, and be my *hero*!" she cried.

Frightened out of his wits, Ramrock tried to make his body long and narrow so he could hide in the pitching cockpit.

"Now, now! You're a subject of the Court of *Hamster*. You must *obey*!" Hamster cried, as she picked him up and pushed him out onto the right wing.

Ramrock revolted. He stiffened his legs and closed his eyes. His hair ruffled against the rapid airflow.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

Tessy continued straight on—entered the runway—made a right turn, shot up its middle—right into the face of the *on-coming air traffic*.

Hamster screamed. "We'll be *killed*—! We're going the wrong way—!"

Ramrock, jostled sufficiently about, cautiously opened his eyes. Instantly, they became huge with surprise as he stood alone on the right wing of the biplane and saw the speeding earth pass under him.

Bertha lifted her arm skyward, two fingers extended in a victory salute. "Up, up we *go*—!" she cried. She maneuvered Tessy to the edge of the runway and taxied faster and faster, until Tessy's tires slowly lifted above the runway's surface.

Tessy's right wing caught a puff of wind from an on-coming plane, wobbled as Bertha banked her. That made Ramrock dash back to the safety of his seat. Tessy lost her balance again, suddenly lowered her left wing—the one to which Frenzy was desperately hanging.

Frenzy quickly moved hand-over-hand between wings—then scrambled into Hamster's seat behind Bertha.

Finally, Tessy started flying level.

Bertha wrapped one end of her scarf about her leathery neck; let the rest trail behind her—right into Frenzy's face.

Bertha was jubilant. "Jes' like the *ol'* days!" she cried.

Candy yelled back against the roar of Tessy's engine. "*What* old days?"

"*Never mind*! It's a long story! I'd 'ave ta tell ya about the glorious *Baron* an' all—!" Bertha insisted.

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At that moment, Tessy caught a gust, quickly gained altitude into a left bank then made a slow turn over the crowded circus grounds.

Tessy suddenly started into a steep—*dropping*—right bank.

At first, it caught Bertha by surprise. "*What the—*" she barked. Then she understood the reason for their situation. "*Grab that goat—! It's on the wing again! It's going to get us killed—!*" she screamed.

Apparently assured he was the center of attention, Ramrock stood solidly on the wing, planted his feet in defiance, and looked down from the wingtip at the minuscule circus grounds far below.

Candy was elated. "The impure *beast*! I know what he *wants*—he wants a *monkey*! Isn't he *wonderful*?"

A frog-shaped gargoyle flew near. "The impure *beast-goat* lusted after the naked *schoolteacher*!" it made Frenzy shout.

"You should be *ashamed*, Frenzy Blankface! Ramrock's a *wonderful* animal. He's very *sensitive*! You just don't *appreciate* him! Come here, Ramrock—before you get us all *killed*, lusting after the little monkeys down there in the circus! You just can't *have* one!"

Bertha had her own ideas about him. "The *dirty* little—"

Ramrock still would not come back off the wing.

Bertha became most serious. "I think we're going to *crash*!" she cried.

Candy yelled at Frenzy. "*Do something—!*"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

Frenzy kept his voice calm. "He's *your* consort, *you* do something!"

Hamster protested. "What can I *do*? He just won't come *back* to me!"

Frenzy had an idea. "You'll just *have* too! We're about to make friends with the *big top* again! From the *sky* this time!"

Her voice was near panic. "Have to *what*—?" she screamed. "I'll do—*anything*!"

"Take them *off*! Dangle them in *front* of him!" Frenzy shouted.

Hamster's voice was still on the edge of panic. "Take *what* off?" she screamed.

Seconds passed. Frenzy felt Tessy dropping out from under them.

"Your *panties*—!" he shouted.

"A queen does *not* take off her *panties* on an airplane, or anywhere *else*!" Hamster cried.

Suddenly, Bertha's frantic voice exploded through the clamor and engine roar like a bull elk during mating season. "We're going *down*—!" she screamed.

She voiced her feelings of dishonor about it. "Not in *war*, Tessy! *No*—! Not for a noble *cause*! Just because a bloody, clumsy—lusty goat—won't get off your *wing*!" Bertha wailed.

"Don't you dare *watch* me, Frenzy Blankface—!" Hamster screamed, preparing to partially disrobe.

She slipped out of her *panties*.

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"I'm a *queen*, you know! Just *remember* that!" she screamed as she dangled her undies toward Ramrock. "Now—Ramrock won't *look* at me—!"

Frenzy tried to imitate the sounds of a monkey. "*S-Q-U-E-A-K! S-Q-U-E-A-K!*" he yelled.

Ramrock turned his head, saw the dangling panties, dashed back up the wing, *ate* them in one gulp.

Candy grabbed him by his fleecy neck and quickly secured him in her seat between her naked knees.

His expression was a lusty goat-smile.

Candy was excited. "Isn't he *wonderful*?"

On the ground below, seeing Tessy coming at them, three frightened elephants and a giraffe galloped away from the big top just as Tessy got some lift—just in time to pull up—mere *feet* from disaster.

Bertha was upset. "'Twas bloody *close*, laddies! I'd like ta take that goat and—"

"*Ramrock*—!" Frenzy corrected her.

Frenzy could tell Bertha was calming down a bit. She repeated the goat's name. "Darlin' Ramrock!" she said, with a tinge of sarcasm in her voice.

Candy stroked Ramrock's hair. "Wonderful Ramrock!"

Maybe the gargoyle stuff is catching, Frenzy thought, as he tossed out a line of his own. "The despicable Consort to the Court of Hamster devoured the Queen's panties!"

Bertha forced Tessy into a steep left bank.

"We aren't headed *south*!" Frenzy said.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"Relax, lad! We're goin' on a grand escapade—*right*? Well then, we're goin' to need all the *supplies* Tessy the warplane can carry!"

"I 'ave everythin' back in the '*angar*!" she insisted.

"Tessy has trouble even carrying a *goat*—much less real *cargo*!" Candy said.

"Best watch what you *say* around Tessy! She always gets the last word when she's in the *air*—so to speak!" Bertha said.

"Does she have suicidal *tendencies*?" Candy asked.

"No—just *sadistic* ones!" Bertha said. "Forgive me for talking about her like she's human, but we've been through so much together, it seems like she *is*!"

Frenzy saw a hideous, black-spotted, yellow lioness-looking gargoyle flying alongside. "The old defiled *goat* had sex with the sadistic *biplane*!" it made him exclaim.

Tessy's engine began to purr. She flew smoothly toward the hangar.

Frenzy put his arms around Candy, pulled her close.

"You *crazy*? What're you *doing*?" she asked.

"*Sh*—! Now's as good a time as *any*—!" he whispered in her ear.

"For *what*—? You mean—*s-e-x*?" Candy asked.

"Definitely—! Ramrock swallowed your panties—! No problem from that point of view!" Frenzy said.

"But, we can't do it on a *plane*—!"

"Ever hear of the mile-high crowd?" he asked.

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"We're sitting right behind *Bertha*! How do you propose we get around *that* bit of acquiescence?"

"She can't tell *what* we're doing—she's *flyin'* this thing!" he said.

"She'll look back and see us at just the wrong *time*! I want to make love to you—I really *do*—but this isn't the right *place*!"

"We want to be able to report *headway* to your Royal Physician, don't we?"

She thought a minute, eyes smiling, then breathed into his ear, "*Okay*!"

He kissed her fragile neck.

She relaxed; let him explore her body with his hand.

Suddenly, as Candy had predicted, Bertha's face materialized in front of them like a goggled-owl general, her bulbous, bright red nose, inches away. "Now—tell me about this Dolly *Freelace* person—!" she shouted above the noise.

Candy gently pushed Frenzy away.

Bertha chattered on. "You say two men in bright-red pajamas *nabbed* 'er?"

Candy straightened her dress. "*Yes*!"

"W'at in the world do they *want* with 'er, ya suppose?"

"*Sex, money*, or perhaps erotic *thrills*!" Frenzy suggested.

"My *word*—! She must be *young*, bein' a model an' all!"

"*Twenty-three*!" Candy said.

"Jes' a wee young thing, then!" Bertha said.

"She's an *angel*!" Candy said. "I'm *sure* of it."

"A *strumpet*!" Frenzy said.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"Anybody see it '*appen*'?" Bertha asked.

"A Ms. *Adams* saw them take her away, according to the newspaper!" Candy said.

"So w'at do the lugs look like who snatched 'er *up*?" Bertha asked

"Bright-red PJs—that's all it said in the paper!" Candy said.

"It always tells what color *clothes* the beggars wear. You'd think they'd come up with somethin' new, wouldn't ya now?" Bertha asked.

"You *would*! A scar on the right side of the nose for example! Even *that* would be refreshing!" Candy said.

"An' when did they *do* it?" Berth asked.

"On the *third*!" Candy said.

"Well that's better than the fourth, bein' July an' all—that Ms. *Adams*, or whatever her name was, might not 'ave seen a bloody thing on the *Fourth* o' July like that. She may 'ave been *nippin'* ta celebrate, ya know!" Bertha said.

"That's *possible*! It never occurred to me!" Candy said.

Bertha became a regular lady-Sherlock. "Ya 'ave ta consider every aspect o' a case like this! You never know when you'll overlook the exact *thing* ya need ta solve the very *mystery* o' it. Like where she *was* when it 'appened? Ya probably never thought about *that*, now!"

Frenzy could tell that Candy wanted his *body* badly. She squeezed his hand tightly as she answered. "At her boyfriend's *apartment*!"

"So ya 'ave looked *into* it some!" Bertha said.

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"Just what the newspaper said!" Candy said.

"Did they drag 'er off kickin' and *screamin'*, or did she go *peaceful* like?" Bertha asked.

"The paper didn't say!" Candy said.

"Well, now *there's* a clue—*isn't* it lads? If she was a screamin'—that Ms. Adams would 'ave said that much, wouldn't she now? It's 'appened a thousand times, if it's 'appended once—this Dolly Freelace must 'ave 'ad a reason fer *not* screamin' 'er lungs out!" Bertha said.

"What did I *tell* you, Hamster? Dolly Freelace's into it up to her *ankles*!" Frenzy said, with a touch of sarcasm.

Bertha was not finished. "They dashed 'er out in the dark o' night—! They bein' in bright-red *pajamas* an' all—I suppose! To a waitin' *red* sedan. Then—where did they take 'er?"

"She was reported to the *newspaper* as being on an *airplane*! That's all we know!" Candy said.

"So ya've put yer distinguished lives in Tessy an' my 'ands, ta 'elp find this Dolly Freelace person an' find out who *killed* her, 'aven't ya lads?" Bertha asked.

"You might put it that way—except she isn't *dead*!" Candy said.

"An ya want ta go to Southern Tirrania because the airplane Dolly Freelace was on was *goin'* there, right?"

Candy gently stroked Ramrock. "*Yes*!"

"You're brave lads. You are *that*. The bloody birds that took 'er are probably not playin' with a full deck ya know! Why do ya suppose they *took* 'er there?"

"It's your turn, Bertha!" Candy said.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"Ow so?"

"Doctor Watson Blankface and I—have already speculated—why do *you* think they took her there?"

Bertha thought a moment. "If they faked the whole thing like I'm beginnin' ta suspect, she might 'ave a house or mansion even—in *Southern Tirrania*. One of the kidnapers could be 'er *lover*, the other 'er *chauffeur*—!"

"It's only fair to apprise you, the newspaper said they found her boyfriend in his *apartment*—the same apartment the snatchers *took* her from!" Candy said.

"My *word*! Was 'is bloody *throat* slit from ear ta ear?"

"No! He was apparently resting his back and looking for cracks in the ceiling while waiting for the lovely Dolly Freelace to arrive!" Frenzy ventured.

"My *word*!"

"*Indeed*—!" Frenzy agreed.

The Desert

Chapter 6

WHITE-CAPPED WAVES foamed across the vast Southern Ocean's rippling, vigorous surface, far beneath Tessy's wings.

The sky was powder blue. Puffy, white clouds floated above and below them like giant marshmallows.

Seagulls flapped alongside—riding their strong wings on the furious breeze.

Candy pointed down toward the whipped ocean, "*Look!* Sharks—!" she cried.

"*Porpoises*—!" Bertha corrected.

"They're *laughing* at us!" Candy cried.

"I *doubt* it! Want some *lunch*?" Bertha asked, eyes twinkling.

"*Porpoise*—?" Candy asked with reservation.

"No—! Pelican *stew*! I 'ave *plenty*!" Bertha smiled, showing the separation between her gleaming front teeth.

A cinnabar-red gargoyle appeared. "The horny old *cave* bear had sex with a young *pelican*!" it made Frenzy shout.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

Hamster scolded him. "Now, see what you've done! You've ruined my royal *lunch*! How can I eat *pelican*, knowing what you *said*?"

Bertha managed to serve each of them a bowl of stew.

Hamster became indignant. "Ramrock can't eat *stew*!" she cried.

Bertha passed a bowl to him. "Ramrock'll eat *anything—watch*!" she said.

Ramrock sniffed it, devoured it in three mouthfuls—including the bowl. Bertha was so upset she tried to reach back and rap him on the head. "Tha' was my best *china*! I 'ave a mind ta throw ya *overboard*, ya crazed *goat*—!"

"It was just a tin *bowl*! The tin was his royal *dessert*!" Hamster laughed.

"W'at's 'is consorted Highness goin' ta eat out o' *now*?" Bertha asked in a booming voice.

"I'll feed him!" Hamster said. Then, she suddenly pointed at the ocean. "*Look! An island!*"

"Tis a bloody island at *that*!" Bertha said, banking Tessy a bit. "Quite long! Light-brown like a *desert*!" she said, surprised.

"Probably has *snakes*!" Frenzy said.

"I can't *stand* snakes! They make my royal *skin* crawl," Hamster cried.

Frenzy saw hazy, blue film winding through the trees below. "Not to change the subject," he said, "but there's *smoke* down there!"

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"It's comin' from that li'l' green stretch. 'Tis a bloody oasis in the middle o' that desert island!" Bertha said.

"Must be *natives* down there! We can send a message to the good physician by way of a *messenger-native*!" Frenzy suggested.

"They're not *natives*—they're *Nationals*! Some may even have a smidgen of royal *blood*—! You probably think they're *savages*!" Hamster admonished.

Bertha looked perplexed. "Where *are* we?"

Candy looked surprised. "*You're* the pilot!"

Bertha took out a crunched-up map, began running her finger around on it, rested her finger on a spot. "Ok—*this* is where we are—we just flew over the Southern *Ocean*. My guess is we're comin' into the northern part o' the Southern Tirranian *Islands* and it doesn't look very *friendly* down there!"

"The oasis is probably full of palm trees and *monkeys*!" Frenzy said.

Ramrock's *eyes* lit up with *desire* when he heard the word *monkeys*. He started for the wing.

"No—Ramrock! *No*—!" Candy screamed, "Frenzy was just *joking*! There aren't any *monkeys* down there!"

"*Now*, see what you've done—?" she yelled at Frenzy.

A bald, blue, fish-shaped gargoyle steered straight for Frenzy. "The old flying *consort* goat had sex with a young oasis *monkey*!" it made him cry out.

"We'd better stop at the oasis and freshen ourselves up! I need to powder my royal *nose*!" Hamster said.

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"Ok, but it's *our* funeral," Bertha said, pulling her leather flight cap flaps down over her ears.

Candy would not give up. "Let me put it *another* way! I need to go behind a *palm* tree for a moment to *tinkle*!" she yelled.

"Maybe Tessy could just *strafe* the *palm* tree a little first! Kill a few *snakes*!" Frenzy suggested.

Bertha put Tessy into a power dive.

Tessy screamed, whistled, wheezed and fluttered; her guns blazed—R-A-T-A-T-A-T-T-A-T—!

Palm fronds flew everywhere.

Hamster became excited. "*Look!* The Tirranian Nationals are chucking *spears* at us—!" she screamed.

Bertha pulled Tessy up—made a high reconnaissance pass—went into another screaming power dive. The ground was coming up fast.

Hamster saw something ahead, between them and the palm trees. "What's *that*? It looks like a *funnel*—!" she screamed.

"It's a giant *dust* devil—*sand*—swirled high up by the *wind*!" Bertha yelled.

It looked extremely dry to Frenzy. He intensely disliked desert. "*Waterless*!" he yelled as they sped toward certain death.

Hamster was excited. "It's right in our *path*! Can we *miss* it, Bertha—?"

"Can't change Tessy's *mind* once she's in a *power* dive!" Bertha yelled. "We'll 'ave to go right *through* the bloody thing, now!"

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Tessy took the great arc with little grace. Her wings strained, her structure stressed. Her bright-yellow trappings whipped about in the rapidly moving air.

Like the heroine Bertha was, she met the dust devil head-on, as if she were on the Baron's tail.

As they entered the dust devil, the sky suddenly disappeared. All around them, the air was brownish-gray. Tessy became suddenly ill. She coughed, sputtered—then her engine died.

Involuntarily, the three of them took turns trying to save their wits.

"We'll be *killed*—!" Hamster cried.

"We'll land *unharm*ed!" Bertha yelled.

"We'll take the Nationals by *surprise*!" Frenzy yelled.

"We'll be *toasted*—!"

"We'll divide and vanquish!"

"We'll be *shish* kebab-ed—!"

"We'll invite ourselves to *dinner*!"

Bertha was too busy to scream anymore. Hamster and Frenzy alternated.

"*Un-watered*—!" Hamster screamed.

"*Un-damped*!" Frenzy yelled.

"Bone-dry—!"

"Juiceless!"

"Dried-up—!"

"Parched!"

"Baked—!"

"Seared!"

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"Wind-dried—!"

"Mummified!"

Bertha chimed in as Tessy broke into clean air beyond the dust devil. "Tessy glides like an *angel*! I can land 'er on a *shillin'* when I 'ave ta!" she said, with pride.

Or in a haystack, Frenzy remembered.

"Do you think *Freelace* is down there someplace?" Hamster asked.

Frenzy looked Hamster as dead in the eye as one can under such circumstances. "I want to die knowing I have made love to you. Try to *seduce* me to *death* before we hit!" he suggested.

"I'm all *yours*!" Candy cried.

"The Nationals are running to where they think we're going to violently *invade*!" Frenzy said.

Candy was angry. "Don't expect *friendly*! Bertha *strafed* them, remember—at *your* request! They probably have a pot of boiling *water* waiting for us!"

"Better than I'd hoped—a *hot* tub!" Frenzy said. "But I didn't say strafe the *Nationals*! I said 'kill a few *snakes*!'"

"I'll not be gettin' in no hot tub with the likes o' *that* goat—you can bet on *that*! Lord knows—'e smells like 'e needs ta *boil* for a week—all by *himself* though!" Bertha protested.

Suddenly, Bertha pretended she was a commercial airline pilot. "Don't worry, yer Majesty! We're about to land near a resplendent oasis on a romantic desert isle! You may experience slight turbulence on the approach to the runway. Please fasten

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her *seat* belt—!" Bertha shouted as the biplane descended like a boulder.

Hamster screamed, "We're going to be *killed*! Put your *hands* over my *eyes*, Blankface. A queen should *never* see *violence* and *suffering* you know! I must return to my people *unscathed*—both *mentally* and *physically*!"

Tessy dropped low—skipped along the desert's surface—and made a most ungraceful landing near the oasis—like a golf ball plowing into a sand trap.

Chattering Tirranian Nationals, spears in hand immediately surrounded them.

Hamster was distressed. "What'll we *do*?" she cried.

"Anyone speak *Tirranian*?" Frenzy asked.

Hamster surprised him. "Of *course*! Every queen worth her salt speaks Tirranian, but what will I *say*. My Royal Orator has not had a circumstance to *prepare* me!"

A spear struck Tessy with a menacing thud. Its long shaft slowly stopped vibrating.

"Ask if they're *angry*!" Frenzy said, with a dash of sarcasm.

As seems to be the *custom* everywhere when a *tourist* speaks a *foreign* language to the locals—Hamster *yelled* at the massive crowd of Tirranians. "*FERO FEROSORRO*—?"

Frenzy thought he was seeing somebody left over from the slaves of ancient Rome, as a tall—well-feathered male yelled back, "*FEROSORRO! FEROSORRO*—!"

That assured Hamster. "They're *angry*!" she said.

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A black *calf-like* gargoyle circled in a twisting motion overhead. "The angry old chieftain *lusted* after the tender young *Queen* of Hamster!" it made Frenzy exclaim.

Hamster's voice pierced the oasis jungle. "*Abstain* from you're *base* vernacular, Blankface—or I shall have your tongue *detached*!" she yelled.

"Ask if they have a legend about a redheaded queen coming from the sky to rule *over* them!" Frenzy yelled back.

Hamster yelled at the chief, "URALDI SPIAS ROJANDO SPORALDI REGALDI?"

The chieftain's answer was swift. He shouted, "*NO*—!"

Another barbarous spear pierced Tessy's fragile cloth covering.

Hamster interpreted what the National had said. "*No*!"

Ramrock had slept through the wacky landing, but the new noises woke him. He sat up, stretched himself and took in the crowd of Tirranian Nationals.

The chieftain pointed at *Ramrock*. Frenzy noticed the chieftain's face was frozen in *reverence*. The chief turned to the Nationals and yelled out frantically, "*BOKANDO! BOKANDO!*"

The Tirranian Nationals fell to their *knees* before *Ramrock*.

Bertha took interest. "W'at *is* it—?" she pondered aloud.

Another gargoyle sped past. "The old *oasis* chieftain lusted after the queen's *billy* goat!" it made Frenzy shout.

"You're lucky the chief didn't *understand* that!" Hamster said.

"Ask what all the *folderol* is about!" Frenzy said.

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"GOROPIRA AERANDO SPIRITANDO GITOO-TOO
DESCENDANDITO—?" she screamed. Her shrill voice had run
the chief through. He blinked. Frenzy could tell that was *not*
good.

"JIA-DANDO SPIRITANDO GITOO-TOO EN
GRACIASO MEDIADA SAHIB, MEDIADA GITOO-TOO-
TOO ESPIRITANDO ROMANO-GRECO PAN
DESCENDANDITO—!" the chief screamed. That made
Frenzy's head hurt.

"He says they have a legend of the descent of *Pan*, the
man-goat Greek god of *shepherds*. They're sure Ramrock *is* Pan.
Therefore, they must do *anything* he *wants*—" Candy said.

"Are *they* in for it!" Bertha sighed.

A brown-striped, orange snake gargoyle directed itself
straight at Frenzy. "The old hairy Greek consort-goat sodomized
all of the Tirranian Nationals!" it made him scream.

"That's *disgusting*—but I *like* it!" Candy cried.

"Smile and give the chieftain Ramrock's *leash*!" Frenzy
whispered.

She smiled and offered the leash to the chief. He took it
and bowed three times.

Ramrock must have smelled monkey in the nearby
jungle—his eyes lit up. Soon he could stand it no longer. He
broke away from the chief and made a mad dash into the dense
palm trees.

The chief ordered numerous warriors to follow him,
apparently to make sure any desire—Pan—may have, be fulfilled

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immediately—lest his Godliness cast great devastation upon them all.

The three followed the Tirranian Nationals across the sand to the oasis.

"I think I hear *drums*!" Bertha said.

"*Sounds* like drums!" Frenzy concurred. "Would your Highness introduce herself to the chief and ask if, indeed, those *are* jungle drums we hear? Oh—and ask if they have a good *motel*!"

"ESTANDDANDIDI RIALTO VI HAMSTER! B-O-O-M—B-O-O-M VERSTANDO?" Hamster yelled.

The chieftain bowed deeply three times before Hamster, straightened himself, and yelled back, "*DESTANDO, RIALTO*!"

Hamster translated. "He says they're *drums*!"

"Did you ask about the *motel*?"

"No, of *course* not—!" Hamster exploded.

"Ask that feathered chief if he's seen Dolly *Freelace* and the two men in red PJs!" Frenzy said. "She may be stark *naked*—even being *molested*—we must *save* her! And be sure to ask about the *motel* this time!"

A nasty red, devil gargoyle flashed overhead. "The Greek-god-goat insists on oral *sex* from the feathered *chieftain*—!" it made Frenzy proclaim.

"That's *crude*—! Really *primitive*—!" Hamster screamed.

"You can imagine what'll happen if the chief *does*—then finds out Ramrock's *not* a real *God*!" Frenzy speculated.

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Hamster yelled at the chief, "DOLLY FREELACE?
ENCANDATA VI GLIT-GLIT?"

The chief yelled back, "*GLIT-GLIT*?"

"*GLIT-GLIT*!" Hamster screamed back at him.

Frenzy was curious. "What does that mean, *GLIT-GLIT*,
some kind of *motel*?"

"The chief wants to be sure he knows what I'm calling
Freelace!" Hamster explained.

"She's not a *GLIT-GLIT*! She's a famous international
fashion model tell him!" Frenzy said.

Hamster scolded Frenzy. "*GLIT-GLIT* is *GLIT-GLIT*!
THERE IS NO TRANSLATION INTO THE QUEEN'S
ENGLISH FOR IT!" she screamed. And *fashion model* means
nothing to the *chief*!"

"*Okay*—! *Okay*—! Has the chief seen *Dolly*—or *not*?"
Frenzy asked.

She yelled the question at the chief.

He yelled the answer back.

"He says *GLIT-GLIT* and two guys in bright-red PJs
were here three days ago.

"He says his sister-in-law may be able to help locate
Freelace—she's a *sorceress*!"

"*My word*! A real *witch*! She may put a *hex* on us!"
Bertha asserted.

"She's probably just a nice little old lady under a feather
hat!" Frenzy said.

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The chief took them down a narrow trail—through squawking, brilliantly-plumed birds and a patch of palm trees—to an eerie grass hut. Lazy smoke oozed from a hole in its roof.

They went inside.

A sorceress wearing a black feather hat sat at a small round table near the center of the hut.

Behind the sorceress a large, blackened pot hung over hot embers that reflected light onto a sleeping black cat near the wall. Small bubbles broke through the pot's frothy liquid surface giving off a ghastly odor.

"She seems ta be in a *trance* o' some kind! *I'd* be in one, too, if I 'ad ta smell *that* concoction all the time!" Bertha said.

The chief moved his fingers across his lips.

Hamster held up her hand. "He wants us to be *quiet!*" she said, quickly.

The chief motioned them to sit down on the wooden benches surrounding the table—by *thrusting* his *spear* into the *table*.

Bertha saw the crystal ball the sorceress was gazing into. "I 'avn't seen one o' *them* since I was in *London* last!" Bertha sighed.

"*KIRANGO—!*" the chief exploded.

Hamster translated. "He really *does* want us to be quiet!"

"*Sh—!* The witch's *sayin'* somethin'!" Bertha said.

The enchantress carefully rubbed the crystal ball with her hands; let out an incredible sound. "*Estranganos—!*" she moaned.

Hamster interpreted. "She said, '*strangers!*'"

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"I thought trances were *quiet* affairs!" Bertha said, softly.

The chief yelled again, "KIRANGO—!"

"He says to be *quiet*!" Hamster said.

"There's your *answer*!" Frenzy said.

The sorceress shoved the chief away and frantically motioned for Frenzy to come closer to the table.

"What does she want *me* to do?" Frenzy asked Hamster.

"I think she *likes* you!" Hamster said.

"Ask her where *Freelace* is!" Frenzy said.

Hamster and the sorceress exchanged words. Finally, the sorceress looked furtively into her crystal ball and started mumbling.

"She's calling up *spirits*," Hamster explained.

"Some witch *she* is! Better get her a *broom*!" Bertha suggested.

The sorceress continued to mumble.

"She says she sees the waxing of a shallow moon in a black-on-black sky!" Hamster translated. "By the light of the moon, she sees a *shoe*—!"

Frenzy had been preoccupied with undressing Hamster with his eyes. "A *shoe*?" he repeated.

"What *kind* o' shoe?" Bertha asked.

"She says it's a *GLIT-GLIT* shoe!" Hamster said.

"Ask her where it *is*!" Frenzy said, very interested.

"She says she can't tell where it is, because she's getting another vision!"

"What *vision*?" Bertha asked.

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"That Tessy has *sand* in her *carburetor*!" Hamster translated.

"My *word*, maybe she *is* a bloody witch!" Bertha cried, rushing out of the hut to check on Tessy.

"Ask her how we find *Dolly*!" Frenzy said.

Hamster asked. "She says we must go south toward the waxing moon by day—follow the black-on-black sky by night—!"

"Where's *Ramrock*?" Frenzy asked.

Ramrock's name set Hamster off. "Oh, *my*! Where *is* my Royal *Consort*?" she cried.

Then they saw seventeen *naked* Tirranian Nationals run past the hut door at full speed. Ramrock was in hot pursuit of them—with three monkeys on his back and a lady's *shoe* in his mouth.

Bertha dashed into the hut wearing a pith helmet atop her flight cap looking like she was about to head up a jungle safari. "Tessy's pantin' like a *racehorse* at the *startin'* gate! I think she wants us to take 'er *up*—!"

Hamster hastily apologized to the chieftain for not being able to stay longer.

The chieftain thoughtfully assembled a mighty army of at least seven hundred *thousand* Tirranian Nationals—in purple-feathered class *Z* uniforms—for the *bon voyage* send-off ceremony.

They were a handsome people, the Nationals. Each proud warrior held a torch of pitch pine high in each hand. When every torch was ablaze for the procession to Tessy, the

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assemblage resembled three *defrocked* monkeys on a *goat*, followed by a *forest* fire.

When all were aboard Tessy that were going aboard, Bertha gave her some throttle.

Her propeller stirred up a sand storm of massive proportions, which blew out most of the National's torches.

The chief was disturbed. He kept shaking his fist. "*FEROSORRO! FEROSORRO—!*" he yelled.

Bertha gave Tessy full throttle and looked back at the chief. "I think the chief's a might *upset!*"

Tessy rose slowly from the desert floor.

While Frenzy was waving good-bye to the chief, a gargoyle paid him a visit. "The saber-toothed tiger *sodomized* the naked Tirranian *chieftain—!*" it made him scream.

Hamster translated the words, before she thought about what she was saying.

The chief was not happy. Hundreds of spears filled the air around them.

"What does Ramrock have in his *mouth?*" Hamster cried.

Spears or no, Frenzy wanted Hamster to rub warm oil on his back and belly button.

Frenzy pried loose a *shoe* from between Ramrock's *teeth*.

Hamster was excited. "It's a light-blue, satin, high heel *shoe!*" she squealed.

Frenzy inspected it thoroughly. He found a monogram inside.

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Hamster saw it too. "The initials—*D.F.*—! Dolly *Freelace*—!" she screamed. "We're on Freelace's *trail*! We'll *save* her and get *married*—!"

"I'll bet that witch *knew* where the bloody shoe was all the *time*!" Bertha said under her breath.

Touching Dolly's shoe made Frenzy feel she really existed, that he was almost on her tail so-to-speak. *If I don't find a sex partner before I find her—she'll do nicely*, he thought.

"That's *Dolly's* all right!" he agreed.

"I wonder where her *other* shoe is?" Hamster asked, as Bertha leveled Tessy out in flight.

"Shouldn't we go back down and see if we can find *Freelace*?" Bertha asked.

"The witch was right about Tessy having sand in her carburetor, wasn't she?" Frenzy asked.

"You have a *point*!" Bertha reasoned.

"We must go south toward the waxing *moon* by *day*—follow the *black-on-black* sky by *night*—!" Bertha and Frenzy said, together.

They had a good laugh while they watched Ramrock finish eating Dolly's shoe.

New Zania

Chapter 7

Okay—where am I? Frenzy wondered, finding himself in a *strange* neighborhood, in a *strange* country.

From his secret perspective, he saw people dashing about doing things he didn't even think *possible*.

He disliked strange countries.

The country, *New Zania*, as he soon heard someone call it in broken English, was within biplane *striking* distance of the Southern Tirranian *Islands*.

As he was to learn, New Zania held the dubious title of being the Most *Disorganized* Country in the Southern Hemisphere.

The New Zanians were *unisexual* to such a great extent that they made *no* grammatical distinction between the *he's* and the *she's*. All sexes were referred to as *Its*.

The only thing organized about the New Zanians was that—to the last It, It, and It-child—they wore *bright-red*, llama-wool, itchy, military-*pajama* uniforms. The most notable quality

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of which was the uniform's three, matching, bright-red stripes down the *inside* of each leg.

New Zania was not a new country. Since sometime in 1317—the year they adopted *red* as their national color—a ceremony has always been held each sunrise, during which the New Zanians have tried—always *unsuccessfully*—to contrast their solid *red* flag with the bright-*orange* rays of the early morning *sun*.

Each morning, formless, erratic, haphazard, wandering, unplanned, straggly ranks, each, more or less four thousand New Zanians long—in as many disarranged, meaningless, random files of people as the rapidly increasing population would permit—have stood in immortal time's morning light, in *short*, *medium*, and *tall* tallness.

Moreover, since 1317, a trombone-like instrument has sounded each morning. The national *anthem* has been played on a *xylophone*, and a national *bird*—a red Bantam-like *hen*—has been *sacrificed* on an altar made of imported giant redwood bark in front of a red, granite monolith which has become symbolic of *Dolly Freelace* herself.

The national anthem whistle contest has always immediately followed. The winner has always received the sacrificed *chicken*.

The great—about one hundred yard long, roughly three-hundred yard high, approximately fifty-yard deep, mostly red, unsymmetrical, gigantic, granite monolith was almost smooth of surface. It had no elaborately sculptured relief of *Dolly* on its

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giant face—perhaps nicely portrayed, undraped, holding a pair of pliers between Its teeth for the populace to *worship* with religious fervor.

No, in fact, it didn't even have a slight imprint to serve as a guide to its *lack* of appearance, as apparently not even the *Premier* of New Zania Itself knew what It. Dolly Freelace *looked* like.

The country's *rapid population growth* and the *pajamas* were most likely synonymous.

It was not much of a deductive leap for Frenzy to put the *bright-red pajamas* and the abduction of *Dolly* together. Her abductors had been wearing *bright-red* PJs.

Following each ceremony, all inhabitants have always made mad dashes. Where they have mad dashed *to* has never been openly spoken of.

As Frenzy was also to learn, a more or less complete—Usually Top Secret—archive—sponsored by the Council of Attorneys for New Zania—was filled with lugubrious accounts. Some of these accounts indicated that *Johnny Jonestenienien*, for example, might *not* actually *be* the *son* of *Jacob Jonestenienien*. Because, on a certain morning, *Jacob Jonestenienien* was recorded by a person or persons unknown, to have slipped *away* from said ceremonies—with Janet *Jallerightston*, who—by vested interest—was not the actual *wife* of *Jacob Jonestenienien*. Were she, her name would have been Janet *Jonestenienien* instead of Janet *Jallerightston*. Unless, she was a member of the dreaded *Matriarch Party*, in which case her name would have been Janet Jallerightston and Jacob *Jonestenienien's* name would

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have also been either *Jacob* Jallerightston or *Janet* Jallerightston—whether their *literal* relationship was *promiscuous* or *not*.

Moreover, Frenzy learned that there was a happening going on at the New Zania National Headquarters. The Premier of New Zania was addressing the National Bureaucratic Compendium of the People there.

Standing before the three-paragraph Compendium—his PJ flap to a crowd of over seventy-seven million—the Premier boomed out, "On my *right* is our honored New Zanian *Army*! On my *left* is our honored New Zanian *Navy*! *Above* me, our honored New Zanian *Air Force*—and—on my *mind*—! *Worry*—"

Disconcertion swept through the bright-red-clad mob behind the Premier.

Standing in the middle of the huge mob, Janet Jallerightston scratched Its front unmentionable.

"*Citizens*—we have a *grave* and *dangerous* enemy," the Premier continued. "Our *spies* have learned—that at this very moment—four *espionage* agents who we shall refer to as the *Maiden* Hunters are searching—diligently trying to *snatch* our national symbol—the *love* of our lifestyle—the very *trademark* of our existence—*Dolly Freelace*—!"

Jacob Jonestenienien slid Its hand into the front pocket of Janet Jallerightston's *pajama* bottoms.

"Citizens, I must say to you *again*, as I do faithfully at *every* sunrise ceremony—let not the human *hand* touch the

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essence of our sacred national symbol—lest we *perish* from the earth—!" the Premier cried.

Janet Jallerightston slid Its *hand* into Jacob Jonestenienien's front bright-red pajama *pocket*.

"*Citizens*—since 1317—you have—without *recorded* complaint, voted for the *Matriarch Party*—*regardless* of what party you were attendant at, at the time. That—my fellow citizens—is party *support*—!" the Premier raved.

Mounting *disharmony* swept through the crowd. *Booing* was rampant.

"The fact that the elected Premier has always been a *male* It—has not *weakened* that support!" The Premier waited for thunderous applause—*none* came. Before he continued, he straightened the part of his red tie that disappeared into his red PJs. "*Citizens*—today I ask for *another* kind of support! I ask you to join me in my *delusion* to use the *entire* strength of our *armed forces*—the most *mighty* forces in the *world*—to stamp out our deadly *enemies*, the *Maiden Hunters*—!"

Hidden from view from the speaker by the mass of people about It, Janet Jallerightston *knelt* down quietly in the dust, *facing* the front of Jacob Jonestenienien's PJ *bottoms*.

The Premier cried out, "They are *crafty*! One is disguised as a *goat*. One as a clown-*pilot*. One calls Itself the Queen of *Hamster*, and the fourth is trying to reach an *ejaculation*—so—be *careful*!"

The obvious strain in Jacob Jonestenienien's *facial* muscles, as the Premier spoke on, was *evidence* to all who might

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be *spying*—of It. Jacob Jonestenienien's real *sincerity* to the Matriarch *Party*.

"They were last seen leaving a northern part of the Southern Tirranian Island—in a *secret* yellow *warplane* of regular biplane construction. We must *find* them and launch devastating *attacks* against them!" the Premier urged.

Jacob Jonestenienien's *eyes* became *glassy*, then *closed*—which was taken as yet another *sign* by Matriarch *spies*, who from their perch could only see Jacob's head and shoulders—of his deep *devotion* to the Matriarch Party's *cause*.

Had they seen his *tightly-curved* toes they may have suspected what was *really* going on between It and Janet.

The following Wednesday was the Six-Hundred and Eightieth Anniversary of the Matriarch Party. For this very special occasion, the Premier Itself ordered Its bureaucratic *government* to order the bureaucratic *air* force to hold a special bureaucratic *demonstration* for The People.

There were more biplanes buzzing above the capital buildings than grasshoppers—seventeen *million* to be accurate—almost enough to obscure the light of the sun. Each biplane was painted bright red; on one side was a *facsimile* of the solid bright-red *flag* of New Zania; on the other side, the completely *blank*, bright-red insignia of *It. Dolly Freelace*.

The biplane pilots' *lack* of *coordination* skills was amazing. Pandemonium broke loose in the skies. In the New Zanian *reverse* vernacular, the biplane pilots *increased* their mid-

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air biplane collisions from *five* to *three* head-on crashes per minute.

The Premier became more emotional. His voice became high-pitched. "A *splendid* performance!" he cried.

As he spoke, a pair of biplanes crashed and burned just in front of him.

He put his lips closer to the microphone. "*Heroes—all!*" he sighed.

A distraught *wife* ran, screaming, to the podium where the Premier was.

"My *husband's* been *killed*—!" she screamed.

"There are *heroine* buttons enough for *all!*" the Premier said, in apparent consolation.

His face beamed proudly as he, *Itself*, handed the wife one to pin to *Its* bright-red PJs.

The smell of *food* filled the air. There was freshly-smoked squid, shark, kipper, herring, eel, fish eggs, imported crawdads, fried eggs, boiled eggs, coddled eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, stuffed eggs, deviled eggs, shirred eggs, omelets, soufflés, and boiled salamander with onions and garlic.

The biplanes continued to fly in delightful, bright red, *non-formation* collision patterns.

Every three minutes or so the Premier again cried, "*Heroes all!*"

According to the agenda, a *former* President of New Zania was also scheduled to speak—but no one could remember if there ever *had* really *been* a President of New Zania.

Chaos continued to reign supreme in the skies.

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Leaflets were handed out to The People indicating that authentic *engravings* of all historic Helter-Skelter Aces and their flying records were on display in the nearby National Hall of Helter-Skelter Aces—sponsored by the *Undertaker* Society for the Prevention of Noxious *Vapors*.

Hubbub was peeked. Bright-red biplanes were *crashing* everywhere.

Repeatedly the Premier issued his loud approval as he washed down his squid sandwich with imported, fermented potato juice. "*Heroes all!*" he passionately cried over the microphone.

He staggered slightly. One of his aides steadied him. He bragged to the aide, "What you see *above* you, colonel—is the *might* of the New Zania Air Force! With its great *strength* we will *attack* them—when they *least* expect us!" he said, with conviction.

"What about our *Army* and *Navy* your Premiership?" the aide ventured.

"Yes—!" The Premier refilled his goblet with fermented potato juice. "We must try not to forget about *them*. By the way, colonel, my spies tell me two of your men *captured* It. Dolly Freelace! Congratulations on your fine work! But your men should have brought It to me right away!" the Premier reprimanded.

"What are you going to do with It? It's so precious to The People—an enshrined *angel*! A princess in Its own time, your Premiership!" the aide said.

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"I'm going to have *sex* with it, you idiot! What do you *think* I'm going to do with the sexiest It in the world?"

The colonel coughed.

"I was taught, since childhood, that—It. Freelace—took vows of *celibacy* in the Monastery of St. Thomas—but you can be sure, your Premiership, that your secret is *safe* with *me*—! Your fierce *wife* will never learn from *my* lips you have become a, shall I say—a *connoisseur* of our celebrated It Lady!"

The Premier cut him off. "It will be *best* for you that way, colonel! I have noticed your great *skills*—perhaps they could be employed in the capacity as—shall we say—a biplane *pilot*!" the Premier said sarcastically, as they watched another pair of biplanes crash and burn.

"I understand—*exactly*, Premier. It. Dolly Freelace will be brought to you as soon as It is properly prepared to be in your presence!"

"And when might *that* be?"

"Within the week, your Premiership...that is if—!"

"If *what*—?"

"If *they* don't find It *first*—!"

"They'll never even get *close* to It. Freelace. We will *attack* them at *sunrise*, during the ceremonies of 17 August—my cat's *birthday*! On that great day, here at home our Its and Its will be revering the Monolith of Dolly Freelace—while somewhere in the dangerous Southern Tirranian Islands, our brave It heroes will be launching an all-out, Itly battle *against* them!" the Premier boomed.

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A gargoyle swished by. The old consort goat had sex with the Premier of New Zania, Frenzy thought.

The Island

Chapter 8

TESSY WAS banked slightly to the left and apparently flying herself.

With her left hand, Bertha clung perilously to whatever she could steady herself with as she worked on Tessy's lower right wing with her right hand.

"*And* me a *wrench*—! Somebody 'and me a bloody *wrench*—" she wailed.

"There aren't any *bloody* ones! Will just *any* do?" Candy cried.

"The *monkey* wrench!" Bertha screamed over the sound of the engine.

Ramrock's eyes lit up.

Candy hugged him and stroked his hair. "You have *your* three little monkey friends—you don't need a monkey *wrench*—too, baby!"

A pale-yellow, rhino-faced gargoyle flew by. "The old hairy *consort* goat had sex with three captive *monkeys* on a *biplane*!" it made Frenzy shout.

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Candy ignored the remark, handed Bertha the wrench.

Bertha continued her work. "Now 'and me a *pontoon*!"

"Don't just *sit* there—'and Bertha a *pontoon*!" Candy yelled at Frenzy.

The gargoyle made another pass above them. "The ugly old *sex-goat sodomized* the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made Frenzy cry out.

Candy smiled, handed Bertha the pontoon.

Bertha still was not finished. She reached out her hand. "Now—the *bolts*!" she cried.

Candy exploded with enthusiasm. "It's *magnificent*—!" she cried.

"Don't get all choked up over a few bloody *bolts*—jes' 'and 'em ta me!" Bertha yelled.

"I'm not excited about the bolts—it's the *islands*—down *there*! It's an *atoll*! Look at all those beautiful *islands*, in a *circle*-like! It's a pure tropical *paradise*—swaying *palm* trees and white *sands*. I shall have my *kingdom* sent down, *immediately* upon *landing*—*minus* the *king* of course! He would *never* understand my close relationships with *others*! We must land at *once*!" Hamster cried.

"Let's put her down!" Frenzy said.

"Let's put 'er *down* 'e says, like 'e's been doin' the bloody *work* here on these *pontoons*! Give me the bloody *bolts* I say—! We won't be landin' *no* where without *pontoons* bolted on *correctly*!" Bertha cried.

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Bertha finished installing the pontoons to her satisfaction, got back into the cockpit, and let Tessy glide in a vulture-like circle above the islands.

The bright sun sparkled off the ocean.

Hamster saw the monkeys run to different parts of the biplane. "What's gotten into the *monkeys*?" she cried.

"What *about* 'em?" Bertha said.

"One's on the *tail*, one's on each *wing-tip*!" Hamster said.

Bertha was not surprised. "Where'd *you* be if a goat 'ad 'ad its way with ya for as many hours?"

Candy smiled.

"Look! There's something *moving* on the *beach*! It looks like a *gorilla*!" Candy cried.

A gargoyle made a power dive at Frenzy. "The old *cavewoman* molested the fat *gorilla*!" it made him exclaim.

Candy ignored Frenzy and continued. "Look, lines and lines of *rocks* on the *beach*!"

Frenzy didn't think they looked like rocks. "They look more like *heads* to me!" he said.

"*Heads*?" Candy cried.

"Heads! Heads of *natives*!" Frenzy said.

Then Hamster saw the gorilla. "*Look!* A gorilla is stopping over each *one*! What do you think it's *doing*?" she asked.

"Perhaps it's *urinating* on each, in turn?" Frenzy asked.

"Oh—it is *not*—! You made that *up*! Those aren't *heads*!" Hamster cried.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

As Tessy's pontoons touched the waters of the lagoon, it appeared Frenzy was right. Each head, in turn, held its mouth open for the gorilla to squat over.

Hamster didn't want to believe what she was seeing. "That's *ghastly*! A queen should not be subjected to such *disgustful* sights! I may even become mentally *disturbed*! Why are the Nationals buried in *sand* up to their *necks*?" she cried.

"That looks like some kind o' *fur* under their *ears*, too!" Bertha observed.

The gargoyle passed over Frenzy again. "The old *mongoose* had sex with furry-eared *native-heads*!" it made him shout.

"*Nationals*!" Hamster corrected.

Tessy slowed, her pontoon spray subsided and then she finally came to a stop on the lagoon's surface.

The three monkeys instantly dove into the water and scampered to the safety of the beach.

The gargoyle whizzed by again. "The *caveman* lusted after the *chimpanzee*!" it made Frenzy cry out.

Hamster squealed, "Look! A bird of *paradise*!" as she dipped her bare toes into the warm, clear, shallow water.

"The primitive *mouse* had sex with the imported bird of *paradise*!" the gargoyle made Frenzy exclaim.

"Quit! You're driving me *nuts*! I need my Royal *Physician*!" Hamster yelled at Frenzy.

"The mean *cave* bear *fondled* the imported bird of *paradise*!" the gargoyle made him exclaim.

"*Stop*—!" Hamster screamed at Frenzy.

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"It's the *gargoyles*—it's not *me*!" he said.

"*Catch!*" Bertha said. She tossed Hamster a flowery Bikini bathing suit.

She tossed Frenzy one, too.

Bertha laughed. "And *you*, Mr. Ramrock, will 'ave to go ashore *naked!*"

Ramrock's eyes lit up.

Bertha glanced at Hamster and became alarmed. "Ya can't jes' change clothes on the wing o' the plane like *that*, yer Majesty, it's *immoral!*"

"Close your *eyes*, then!" *Candy* cried.

Ramrock's *eyes* lit up.

Eyes in the heads on the *beach* lit up.

A white gargoyle silently glided by. *Its* eyes lit up. "A thousand *natives* molested the *nude* Queen of *Hamster* with their *eyes!*" it made Frenzy shout.

"*Nationals!*" she screamed. "A thousand—*Nationals.*" Candy corrected him, as she slipped into the Bikini.

Bertha anchored Tessy. They all went ashore.

Candy's bare feet made prints in the white sand. "I *told* you this was *paradise!* Look *around!*"

Bertha agreed. "A *dreamland!*" she said, picking up a handful of sand.

Candy and Frenzy bantered. Frenzy started it. "*Fairyland!*" he said.

"*Wonderland!*" she cried.

"Land of *milk* and *honeys!*" Frenzy said.

"A daydream!"

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"These natives don't look like the ones we saw on the *other* island! Look at their short, curly, black hair and blue eyes!" Frenzy observed.

Bertha had noticed something unusual, too. "And fur coats in this sufferin' *heat*!" she cried.

Being buried up to their necks, they may or may *not* have coats on, Frenzy decided. "Maybe they're just wearing fur *neckties*!" he suggested.

Hamster looked at Bertha. "Speaking of clothes, why don't *you* change? You look like one of my Royal Court Jesters in a *clown* suit!"

Bertha's honor was suddenly at stake. "This ain't no *clown* suit! 'Tis a *fighter* pilot's uniform! An' ya never know when I might be *needin'* it, either!"

Frenzy wanted to get on with it. Where was *Dolly*? Had they landed on the right *island* to pick up her trail? "So—*speak* to these *natives*! Ask why they're buried to their necks in *sand*!"

"Ask 'em why they let that *gorilla* or whatever 'tis, do whatever it's *doing*!" Bertha added.

"They offend my royal *nose*! I won't ask them *anything*!" Hamster cried.

"I don't smell *anything*!" Frenzy said.

"Jes' stand *off* a bit!" Bertha advised Hamster. "It's just *musk*!"

Hearing the word *musk*, Hamster's eyes lit up. She walked to the water's edge, some twenty feet from the nearest National. "*OL-HANGO*—!" she yelled.

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Not a single National answered. However, they all kept their eyes trained on her body.

"Maybe you need to stand a little *closer* to them!" Frenzy suggested.

Hamster took a deep breath, walked to within ten feet of the nearest National, and yelled again, "*OL-HANGO—!*"

The Nationals only responded with non-blinking stares.

"*Closer!*" Frenzy said.

She moved to within three feet of the nearest National and yelled a third time.

They still gave no answer.

"*Closer!*" Frenzy urged.

She stood astraddle the first native's head—looked down the two long rows of serious faces in front of her—and yelled as loud as she could, "*OL-HANGO—!*"

All of the Nationals raised their faces toward the sky; and then opened their mouths.

She was *shocked*. She jumped back. "*Oh—! You filthy—*" she screamed.

"There, *there!* We must remember we are *guests* in a foreign *land*. We must respect their *customs!*" Frenzy admonished.

"But some of them might be—*women!*" she cried.

Bertha interrupted. "Now, where do you suppose *Ramrock* went?"

A dark-blue, snake-faced gargoyle dove at Frenzy. "The old *consort* goat lusted after fresh *monkey* meat in the *jungle!*" Frenzy cried out.

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"*Fresh!* 'Tis w'at *you* are, *Doctor Watson Blankface!*"

Bertha cried.

"Ramrock is probably making *friends!*" Hamster said, not taking her eyes off the natives.

Frenzy was not having good luck finding a sex partner. He would have to make love to Candy, or find Dolly and hope she felt a debt of gratitude toward him.

"So, ask these natives if they've seen Dolly Freelace!" he said, to Candy.

She exploded. "Ask them *yourself!* I can't get *through* to them—!"

Frenzy had a suggestion. "If you'd do what they *want*—you could!"

"*You—!* *You—*you think like an *animal!*" Hamster yelled at him.

Suddenly a *glow* came to her cheeks. She looked down the rows of smiling faces. "Maybe you're *right*—maybe I *should* do what they want! The thing *is*—I don't have that much *urine* in me, right now!" *Candy* sighed.

"Have a glass of *champagne* first!" Frenzy said, joking. He knew there probably was no champagne within a thousand miles in any direction.

The Nationals broke into hysterical laughter. They threw sand high into the air with their suddenly freed hands and threw handfuls at each *other* as they burst up from their sand holes, in their fur coats—screaming triumphant cheers.

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Suddenly, the National whose head she was straddling cried out in English, "*Great performance, señora!* Sorry, we don't have *champagne*—!"

That shook Hamster considerably. She gained her composure quickly. "You speak *English!* That's *wonderful!*" she cried. "Why *do* you speak English?"

The National brushed sand from his fur as he spoke. "We only speak *little* English. *Missionary* come to island many years *before* now!" he said, teach us little English and many things.

Candy was impressed. "Such beautiful fur coats, but aren't they *hot?*"

"*Yes! Very hot!* Is why we bury into *sand!* We *always* wear them! It is custom since *missionary!*"

Frenzy whispered to Candy. "Ask about the *gorilla!*"

Hamster railed at Frenzy. "*Oh—! You obscene—! You vulgar—!*"

Then, Candy turned back to the National. "So, why *do* you let the gorilla *urinate* in your *mouths?*"

"Oh, she not *urinate*, señora! Is *game* we play—it makes her *happy!* On island—we all *men!* Missionary teach us many, many *things!*"

That probably narrowed my chances of having sex with Candy, Frenzy thought.

Candy looked the National's bronze skin over. "Who *was* this missionary?" she asked.

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The National continued to brush sand from his fur. "Who *knows*? She said she was *movie* star. She always wear fur coat—nothing more. She like this game—very much!"

Candy sensually helped him brush the fur off the front of his coat. "She liked to watch you play this game with the *gorilla*?" Candy asked.

"Oh, *no*, señorita! Play with—*her*! We get gorilla—much *later*!"

Frenzy saw Candy's lips become thin.

"Get the smile off your *face*! Ask about *Dolly*—!" Frenzy said.

"*You* speak English! *You* ask!" "I-must-learn-play-game-with-Nationals!" she cried.

"Of *course*! Too bad you don't have a fur *coat*!" Frenzy suggested.

"*WE GET YOU FUR COAT*—!" the Nationals yelled in unison, sensually brushing sand from the front of their fur coats.

A terrible looking, gray gargoyle passed over. "The old fur-coated *Nationals* took turns sexually *eating* the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made Frenzy scream.

Frenzy had made his bid to have sex with Candy—*first*. He'd done all the *groundwork*. He'd even asked her to *marry* him. He looked rejected.

Seeing he had a problem, Bertha motioned him to follow her. "We might jes' as well look for *Ramrock*!" she said.

Bertha finally nudged Frenzy up the beach, toward the swaying coconut palms, imported birds of paradise, monkeys, bananas, breadfruits and giant ferns.

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She looked out at the brilliant sunset over the magnificent tropical coral islands. "Takes me *breath* away, it does!" she sighed.

The gargoyle came by again. "The old *fur*-coated Nationals took turns *sensually* eating the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made Frenzy shout.

Bertha couldn't see the gargoyle, so she naturally thought Frenzy had lost his mind. She tried to help. "Can't get Candy out o' your *brain*, *can* ya, lad? Maybe ya've tak'in a *fancy* to 'er!"

Frenzy pretended he didn't even *like* Candy, much less want to passionately *lick* her body all *over*. "Not *likely*—! She's nutty as a *fruitcake*—" he said.

Then it happened—Frenzy saw what looked like millions of *birds* flying in from the ocean. He pointed toward what he was looking at. "What's *that*?"

Bertha looked hard toward where he was pointing. "W'at's *w'at*?" Her eyes were trying to follow his extended finger.

Then she saw it, too. "Oh—! My *God*—! It *can't* be—! 'Tis *warplanes*! There mus' be *millions* of 'em! *Bright-red biplanes*, they are! Comin' right in from the *settin'* sun. Tricky devils, *they* are!"

Frenzy noted some were *not* so tricky. "Except those that're going *toward* the setting sun!" he said.

"Bunches of them are going *against* the rest of the *crowd*!" Bertha exclaimed.

Frenzy couldn't think of a *battle* plan right off. "*You're* a war heroine—what do we do *now*?"

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"Let's *dig in* on this beach and *wait*—! As soon as we find out who they're gunnin' for, we'll lay the best mice of plans or men!" she said, with great excitement in her voice.

Frenzy already knew who they were gunning for—*them*. He knew, too, from their color, that they were New *Zanian* biplanes. But, something inside him said he should act *surprised*.

Digging in the sand was easy. Frenzy and Bertha buried themselves to their necks—in seconds.

"Don't look now, lad, but the *Nationals* are also dug in! Right up ta their bloody *necks*," Bertha said.

That thought didn't put Frenzy at ease. "For a different *reason*—*sex*! I'll *bet* they're—" Frenzy said, not looking to see what Candy and the Nationals were doing.

The gargoyle returned. "The old fur-coated *Nationals* took turns sexually eating the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made Frenzy scream.

"Ya really '*ave* it *bad* for 'er, ya '*ave*! Maybe ya should see a good *psychiatrist*!" Bertha suggested.

"Will you *look* at her—? Going from one native's head to the next, *squatting*—in that preposterous fur coat! She's not wearing even a thread *under* it! Look at her—she's *loving* it!" Frenzy cried.

"Don't get yourself worked into a *Frenzy*! She's just learning how to play their silly *game*, that's all!"

Then, suddenly, the earth *shook* from the thunderous roar of the incoming *biplanes*.

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Bertha became excited. "*Warplanes*—almos' on *top* o' us! They've blocked out the whole *sunset*, they 'ave! Nothin' but propellers an' double wings as far as the eye can *see*!"

"CANDY WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS IF SOMEBODY DON'T SAVE HER!" Frenzy yelled at the top of his lungs.

"WE'LL JUST 'AVE TO *WAIT*—FOR NOW! Bertha yelled back against the roar of biplanes.

"I GOT HER *INTO* THIS MESS! IT'S UP TO ME TO *RESCUE* HER—" Frenzy yelled.

Bertha was not about to let him.

"*SAVING* PEOPLE IS—*MY* BUSINESS! DON'T WORRY ABOUT 'ER—LET 'ER SEW 'ER WILD *O'S*!" Bertha yelled, in her delightful accent.

Frenzy watched Candy a moment longer.

Suddenly, for *him*, it was as if the roar of the millions of biplanes had *stopped*.

Then, as suddenly, he saw Candy standing over a native's head. Her fur coat was lying on the sand by her feet. She was naked. Her skin was soaked with suntan oil. It dripped from her patch of red hairs into the black hair of the native's head. That excited Frenzy. He wanted her body.

The roar of biplanes suddenly reminded him of their approaching doom.

He looked up. Wave after uncoordinated wave of New Zanian Air Force biplanes were flying over.

As the New Zania Air Force started its bomb run for real, Candy had just finished slowly leapfrogging the tongues of the

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first row of Nationals, and she was almost finished with the *second* row.

Frenzy saw the first bomb leave the bright-red leader biplane.

Bertha shouted over the deafening noise. "WE'RE ABOUT TA FIND OUT WHAT THOSE BRIGHT-RED DEVILS ARE UP TO! HERE COMES THE FIRST *BOMB*!"

They watched as the, presumably deadly, device tumbled perilously down toward their position. At about a hundred feet above the beach, it exploded with a force equal to about a teaspoonful of TNT.

Bertha was excited. "IT'S AN *ALTITUDE-TRIGGERED* BOMB! PROBABLY THE LATEST THING OUT IN THESE PARTS—!"

Frenzy was curious. "WHAT'S ALL THAT *WHITE* STUFF?"

"*PROPAGANDA*! IT'S A PROPAGANDA BOMB—IT'S *LEAFLETS*—!" she screamed.

They waited as several pages fluttered down to their position. Frenzy picked one up from the sand and read it aloud:

ATTENTION MAIDEN HUNTERS—WE KNOW YOU ARE DOWN THERE, SOMEPLACE—AS SOMEPLACE IS THE ONLY WHERE YOU COULD BE AT THIS TIME—UNLESS YOU ARE NOWHERE—IF SO—IGNORE THIS MESSAGE—THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING—KEEP AWAY FROM DOLLY FREELACE OR DIE—THERE WILL BE NO MOUND TALKS THIS YEAR—WE DECLARED WAR AGAINST YOU DAY BEFORE

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YESTERDAY—YOUR SPIES HAVE TOLD YOU—WE KNOW BECAUSE OUR SPIES TOLD US THE SAME THING—IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO CONSTRUCT A DEFENSE UMBRELLA OVER YOUR COUNTRY—WE HAVE SO MANY BOMBS AND BIPLANES SOME WILL GET THROUGH ANYWAY—SO GIVE YOURSELVES UP AND NONE OF YOUR—BEACH-HEADS—WILL BE LOST—WE KNOW YOU ARE CRAFTY—WE KNOW YOU ARE DISGUISED AS—A GOAT—A CLOWN—A QUEEN OF HAMSTER—AND A HOPEFUL EJACULATOR—WAIT!—THERE MUST ONLY BE FOUR OF YOU!—SURRENDER AND NOTHING WORSE WILL EVER HAPPEN TO YOU—SIGNED—THE PREMIER OF NEW ZANIA

A livid gargoyle attacked Frenzy. "THE DUCK-BILLED DINOSAUR HAD SEX WITH THE ENTIRE NEW ZANIAN AIR FORCE—!" it made him shout.

Bertha took the message from his hand, read it again. "MY WORD, 'TIS OUR *BLOOD* THEIR AFTER—!"

Frenzy looked up just in time to see Candy's bare feet running into their war zone. She was excited. "WHAT'S GOING *ON*?" she cried.

Frenzy filled her in. "IT'S SOME LOONY-TUNE COUNTRY THAT DOESN'T WANT US TO SAVE *DOLLY*! THEY'VE DECLARED WAR ON US AND ARE GOING TO BOMB US RIGHT NOW IF WE DON'T SURRENDER—BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE A *DEFENSE UMBRELLA* OVER OUR *COUNTRY*!"

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Bertha was clearly angry. "THAT'S ALL I CAN *TAKE*! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY 'AVE ME *OUTNUMBERED* MILLIONS TO ONE, BUT I 'AVE *STAMINA* AND *ORGANIZATION*! THEY'RE FLYIN' IN CIRCLES, TRIANGLES, SQUARES, UPSIDE DOWN, AND BACKWARDS—I'M TAKING TESSY *UP—NOW—!*"

"*NO, NO—!* YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE *ALONE—* THEY'LL *KILL* YOU! PLEASE *DON'T—!*" Candy begged.

Bertha yelled over her shoulder as she ran for Tessy. "I *MUST—!* STAND BY YOUR *MEN*, CANDY! THEY *NEED* YOU IN ONE *PIECE—!*"

Piece—that sounds good, Frenzy thought.

Candy turned to him. "OKAY, *FOXFACE—HELP* ME DIG A *DOGHOLE—!*" she cried.

"IT'S *FOXHOLE—DOGFACE!*" Frenzy yelled.

"START *DIGGING* THEN—*DOGFACE!*"

"CAN'T YOU SEE—I'M BURIED UP TO MY *NECK* IN *SAND—?*" he cried.

Her eyes lit up. She put her *knees* on either side of his *head* and caressed his *face* with her soft, naked, undulating *body*.

He closed his eyes. Before the first heavy siege of bombing began—he heard Tessy's guns blasting somewhere above them.

Some New Zania Air Force biplanes crashed nearby. Wave after wave dropped *real* bombs onto the beach. *Great stuff for a New Zanian newspaper headline*, Frenzy thought, *New Zanian Air Force Destroys Maiden Hunter's Beachheads! Or*

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will they say Beachhunters Destroy Maidenheads? Am I at war, or at sex?

Candy was wildly forcing Frenzy's mouth against her naked body as she ran her fingers through his hair. Within seconds, she reached a violent orgasm, then another, and another. He felt her body heave with shuddering excitement each time. Finally, he laid her back onto the sand, completely spent and exhausted.

"Did you *ejaculate*?" she asked.

Frenzy brushed sand from his eyes. "Are you *serious*? *How*? I'm buried up to my *neck*!"

"Just thought I'd *ask*!"

Darkness had finally spread across the islands.

Frenzy heard Tessy splash-land in the lagoon.

Soon—Bertha was running up the beach toward them.

Candy jumped up, ran to her.

Candy was ecstatic. "You were *wonderful*—! You and Tessy drove off *millions* of planes—*single-handedly*!" Candy cried.

"I know it *looked* that way, but the New Zanians '*ad ta leave*! They couldn't keep their bloomin' *candles* lit!" Bertha cried, wiping tears of laughter from one eye.

"*Candles*—? What *candles*?" Candy asked, tightening her fur coat around herself against the cool evening air.

Frenzy dug his way out of the sand, joined them. In the dim light, he could just make out Bertha's slightly separated, crooked teeth. She was having trouble keeping a *straight* face as

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she answered. "The little *candles* they put on their bloody biplane *wings*—so they could see in the *dark*—" she cried.

She laughed so hard tears came again. She pulled a stubby candle from her pocket and lit it with a match. "I found this one on the *beach*!" she was barely able to say.

Candy laughed and gave her a hug. "The New Zanians must be *crazy*!" Candy cried. Then, her eye caught something laying on the sand. "*Look*—! It's Freelace's other high heel *shoe*—! Freelace has *been* here—"

The Mountain

Chapter 9

HIGH ABOVE the white, jagged terrain, Tessy puffed and groaned through the thin, crisp, morning air. She shivered, as weak sunlight reflected from the heavy ice on her wings.

Ramrock's nose was frost-nipped. His eyes watered. His nostrils spewed great expulsions of white steam. The tips of his long horns were frosted. Even with three new monkeys under his blanket, he obviously felt the piercing cold.

Hamster was miserable. She wrapped her blanket tightly around herself and complained bitterly.

"The cold cuts deep into my royal *bones!*" she cried.

Frenzy adjusted his parka collar. A grotesque, liver-colored, frostbitten, salamander-shaped gargoyle appeared out of nowhere. "The *duck-billed* dinosaur *lusted* after the *hoar* frosted brass *monkey!*" it made Frenzy exclaim as it caught fire and disappeared in a ball of smoke.

Bertha had on six layers of red flannel underwear over her flight suit. With her flaps pulled down over her ears, she resembled a giant strawberry, topped with dripping chocolate.

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She was extremely delighted. "Look down *there*, lads! Ever see a more glorious *sight*? 'Tis a grandeur you'll probably *never* see again! Snow-clad peaks as fer as the eye can *see*!" Bertha expostulated.

Frenzy began to banter with Candy—hoping she'd join him. "*Un-warmed*!" he yelled.

"*Majestic alpine*—!" she screamed.

"*Winter bound*!" he cried.

"Skyscraping ice *stalagmites*!"

"Well digger Mountains!"

"Splendid *precipices*!"

"Witch's Buttes!"

"Jack Frost *statuary*!"

"Frost-fettered!"

"Altitudinous pinnacles!"

"Siberian!"

Suddenly, Candy's eyes grew large. "Look down *there*! There's a giant *footprint* in the *snow*!" she screeched.

"My word! 'Tis as *long* an' wide as a *cricket* field!" Bertha cried.

Candy became excited. "It has *three* toes!"

"It needs a *pedicure*!" Frenzy observed.

Candy became furious. "It does *not*! It was probably made by Bigfoot the Snow Thudder!" she cried. "Who's going to *pedicure him*?"

A pink gargoyle dashed above Frenzy. "*Bigfoot* the Snow Thudder had *sex* with a tiny *snowwoman*!" it made Frenzy shout.

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"It's *terrifying*! I'm glad we're up *here*! And, *look*! A *lake*—!" Hamster cried.

Bertha was so excited; Frenzy thought one of her leather cap straps might snap. As the details of the lake became clear, she became even more thrilled. "'Tis bloody *red*, 'tis! I never 'ave seen anythin' *like* it in all my *days*!"

Candy made her arms into a circle. "*Huge*!" she cried.

Bertha took a careful look at it. "Must be solid *ice*!"

Suddenly, without even a cough or whimper—Tessy's engine *died*. She started into a steep *dive*.

Candy's scream pierced the air. "We'll be *killed*—!"

Killed is such a fatal word, Frenzy thought. He didn't like it at all so he restated it. "*Debauched*!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"We'll be *okay*!" Bertha cried, with no certainty in her voice whatsoever.

Hamster was almost hysterical. "We'll be *mutilated* by wild *animals*, probably!" she screeched. "Ripped *apart* into bloody *shreds*!"

A pale-yellow gargoyle swept by. "The smelly *polar* bear *licked* the Queen of *Hamster* all over her *naked* body!" it made Frenzy cry out.

Hamster turned on Frenzy with a passion. "*Oh*—! You *monstrous*—I can't think of a name *bad* enough for you! You unrefined *ruffian*! You've undignified my royal *birth*!"

Bertha saved Frenzy from answering. "I'm puttin' Tessy into a *vulture* glide—! We'll be all right, now!"

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Hamster was not satisfied. "Says—you! We were almost *killed* the last time you *crash-landed* this crate!" she screamed, looking down at the lake.

"*Careful*, yer Majesty—Tessy 'as keen *ears*, she 'as!" Then Bertha got a good look at the lake. "'Tis not yer *ordinary* lake down there, laddies! 'Tis the top o' a *volcano*! That's why 'tis so bloody *red*!"

Hamster screamed. "My *God*! There's *steam* coming off it! We'll be *cooked*—like *lobsters*! We can't land *there*!"

"We 'ave no *choice* yer Majesty! Tessy 'as *pontoons* on 'er now! She 'as ta land on *water*, ya know! And don't forget—the *Thudder's* down there somewhere—or whatever 'tis that made that giant *footprint*! Tessy needs a nice scaldin' bath, anyway, *she* does! She's got too much ice on 'er bloody wings!"

Hamster was not happy about landing on the lake. "We'll be boiled *alive*! We're landing in a *volcano*!" she screamed.

Frenzy drew his face tight and made his eyes into thin slits with his fingers. "The *devil's* waiting down there! See his *eyes* on the bottom of the *lake*?" he joked.

Tessy dropped rapidly toward the dreaded red water below.

Hamster became very upset. "Oh, *God*—not Satan's *home*—!"

Tessy dropped faster and faster.

A bloody-eyed vulture-faced gargoyle swung by. "The *devil* had sex with the Queen of *Hamster* in the fiery *volcano*!" it made Frenzy exclaim. Frenzy tried to grab the gargoyle.

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"No—! You made that *up*—! Say you made that *up*—!"
Hamster screamed at Frenzy.

They were falling—then—suddenly—they were *safe*!
Frenzy looked at Bertha in amazement, she'd somehow set Tessy down *gently* on the steamy water.

Bertha was excited. "*Look! Natives! They're swimmin' in the lake!*"

Hamster corrected her. "*White Nationals!*"

They were a bit darker than *white* Nationals usually were, so Frenzy pointed that out. "*Light-Cocoa, maybe!*" he suggested.

Hamster cried out, "*They're all wearing Bikini's!*"

A snow-white lizard-faced gargoyle buzzed Frenzy. "*The crass goat-beast lusted after the Lost Bikini Tribe of the Southern Tirranian Islands!*" it made him exclaim.

Hamster made another observation. "*They're all women!*"

That made Frenzy sit up and take a better look. His desires *leapfrogged*—so to speak. "*Contact the Royal Physician! She'll love my progress! Tell her I'm having a prolonged phallic extension with a high probability for an ejaculation!*"

Candy looked at Frenzy, then at the native girls. Then she yelled, "*Close your eyes everybody—I'm taking off my Bikini!*"

She took it off, and so did all of the native girls take *theirs* off.

Candy threw her Bikini into the water.

The native girls threw theirs into the water, too.

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"My *word!*" Bertha cried.

Ramrock's eyes lit up.

His three monkey-friends quickly escaped overboard to safety.

The gargoyle returned. "The old white *Man*-god from the *sky* had sex with the entire Lost *Bikini* Tribe of the Southern Tirranian Islands!" it made Frenzy shout.

Hamster took exception to what the girls had done. "Did you see *that*? It's *disgusting!* They took their *Bikini's* off! They offend my royal *eyes!*"

Bertha became excited. "They're swimmin' out ta *meet* us!"

Frenzy was standing on Tessy's tail. He was elated. He shouted, "I must shed my *Bikini* and *welcome* them—!"

Hamster became radical with him. "You *shan't*—! I hereby adopt the *entire* Lost *Bikini* Tribe of the Southern Tirranian Islands—as *Ladies* of the Court of *Hamster!* They're off *limits* to you—*Lustface*—!"

Frenzy reminded her who he was *not*. "Blankface—*remember?* Frenzy *T. Blankface!*"

"What does the '*T*' stand for?" Hamster demanded.

"*The,*" Frenzy said, without expression.

Frenzy slid out of his flowery *Bikini* trunks. "I must ask these native women if they know where I can find *Dolly*—!" It was the best excuse he could think of. He immediately jumped from Tessy's tail into the warm water.

"If you so much as *touch* one of my *girls*—you're *tower* meat!" Hamster cried.

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Frenzy put his head under the warm water, tried to see the bottom of the lake. All he could see was a solid red glow and tiny bubbles rising up through the water.

He swam toward the Nationals. They surrounded him, but stayed back at arm's length—clearly curious.

Hamster screamed at him. "Don't *touch!* Not even *one* of the *hairs* on their *bodies!*"

The Nationals surprised him—they repeated what Hamster had screamed. "Don't *touch!* Not even one of the *hairs* on their *bodies!*"

Bertha peeled off six layers of flannel.

Candy stroked Ramrock's hair. Ramrock's eyes lit up and Candy's did, too. Frenzy was not sure what that meant.

Frenzy decided to put some distance between him and Tessy the biplane—and Candy and Ramrock—so he started swimming toward the sandy, red shore.

The Nationals followed him.

Bertha, still in her flight suit, dropped a small, inflated raft off Tessy's wing into the water, climbed into it, began paddling toward Frenzy and the Nationals.

A gargoyle flew by. "The hairy old *consort* goat had *sex* with the Queen of *Hamster* in a *biplane!*" it made Frenzy exclaim.

Frenzy walked out of the water onto the red sandy beach and let his naked buns catch some rays. He looked around.

Multicolored glass walls with sparkling caves at their bases climbed from the beaches toward the sky. A wide strip of red sand ran all around the lake.

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The temperature was perfect. He sat on the beach sand; naked Nationals sat all around him. He studied each National in detail for a moment. *They're all beautiful—and sexy*, he thought.

They watched Bertha land her raft, trudge up the beach. "Have the girls seen the Dolly Freelace you're lookin' for?" she asked.

In unison, the Nationals repeated what Bertha had said. "Have the girls seen the Dolly Freelace you're lookin' for?"

A purple, toilet-faced gargoyle flew past. "The hairy old consort goat had *sex* with the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made Frenzy cry out.

The Nationals echoed him. "The hairy old consort goat had *sex* with the Queen of *Hamster*!"

Bertha was surprised. "My word! They repeated everything we *said*!"

"My word! They repeated everything we *said*!" the Nationals repeated.

Frenzy turned to the one nearest him. "Have you seen a beautiful blonde lady with two badly-dressed red *men*?" he asked.

The Nationals repeated everything he said, but obviously didn't understand any of it, which he quickly discovered was very consistent with his being *sexually* in pursuit of a *maiden*.

He picked up a pointed rock, drew a likeness of Dolly in the sand, pointed at it, then at his own eye.

The Nationals each picked up a pointed rock from the beach, drew a likeness of Dolly in the sand and each pointed first at her drawing, then at her own eye.

Bertha and Frenzy looked at each other.

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Frenzy didn't think Bertha was used to seeing so much bare skin exposed at one time. She seemed a bit embarrassed.

"I'm goin' to 'ave a look 'round!" she said, as she started down the beach.

"I'm goin' to 'ave a look 'round!" The girls repeated every phoneme of Bertha's British accent, exactly as she'd said it.

Frenzy was amazed and *delighted* they could do that. A game occurred to him the girls and he might play. He began in a quiet voice so as not to attract Candy-Hamster's attention. "You can do whatever you *want* to me!" he said.

They repeated what he'd said, word for delightful word. "You can do whatever you *want* to me!" they said.

Frenzy smiled and slowly put his forefinger into his mouth. They each smiled and put their forefinger into their mouth.

Frenzy closed his lips around his finger then sucked on it a little as he slowly eased it back out of his mouth.

They copied. His plan of *sexually* pursuing a *maiden* was *working*!

He smiled at the girl nearest him and opened his mouth. She parted her lovely lips.

The rest paired off and parted their lips for each other.

They like this game, he thought.

Frenzy continued with the girl nearest him. He slowly moved his finger between her lips.

Each pair did the same.

She closed her lips around his finger and he slowly eased it out of her soft, warm mouth.

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The pairs copied.

Then Frenzy lay on his side, facing her, his lips near her delightful, glistening, black, pubic hairs.

He positioned her hand with her finger pointing away from her body—in front of her muff.

The pair copied.

Likewise, he placed his extended finger in front of her then slowly took *her* finger into *his* mouth, showing her how.

She moved her lips toward his finger.

He replaced his finger with his steel-like, throbbing *penis*.

It was working like a charm. In a matter of minutes, I'll have an ejaculation—exactly in accordance with Dr. Handleheimer's prescription, he thought.

Suddenly—from a short distance away, he heard the most unnerving *shriek*!

Then he saw *Hamster* storming down the beach toward them, screaming at the top of her beautiful, nude lungs. "You base *pervert*! Leave my Royal Ladies *alone*—!"

"You base *pervert*! Leave my Royal Ladies *alone*—!" the Nationals echoed.

"Game's *over*!" Frenzy cried. "You've caused me to undergo a total phallic *meltdown*!" he yelled at Hamster.

The Nationals continued echoing everything that was said.

"I *know* what you were *doing*! You were about to teach these *innocent*, young *lambs*, to *suck* your—*lily*—!" she

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screamed. "I'll have you *flogged*, as soon as my *kingdom* arrives—!"

"Speaking of *sex*—why was Tessy, the biplane, *rocking*! Don't tell me you and *Ramrock*—! You thought I was to *busy* to *notice*—*didn't* you?"

Hamster took a defensive posture. "That's *different*, I'm the Queen of *Hamster*! *Ramrock*'s my *consort*! That's what a *queen* and her *consort* are *supposed* to do!"

That made sense to Frenzy, but the black and green gargoyle flying by would not let it rest there. "The old goat-*beast* got a *header* from the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made him exclaim.

She changed the subject. "Where's *Bertha*?"

"She went for a *walk*!" he said.

Then he changed the subject. "Can you *talk* to these *natives*?"

"I'm *busy*—*dogface*!" she yelled back.

Then she yelled at the National that Frenzy was laying on the sand with. "*ESTANDDANDIDI RIALTO VI HAMSTER! VERSTANDO?*"

Frenzy was about to object to the interview when, to his surprise, the National girl he was with yelled back at her. "*DESTANDO, RIALTO*—!"

"They speak *Tirranian*! Isn't it *wonderful*?" Hamster cried.

"That's *great*! Now tell them to stop *echoing* everything we *say*! It's driving me *nuts*! And while you're *at* it, ask if *Dolly*'s been in the neighborhood with her two *red-PJ'd*—*snatchers*!" Frenzy suggested.

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"Since you've been such a bad boy, you'll have to say '*please* speak to them!'" Hamster insisted.

Frenzy sat up. "Please speak to them," he said, right into her red pubic hair.

"That's *better*!" Hamster said.

Hamster chatted with the Nationals a minute then said, "They say they weren't *echoing*!"

"Sounded like *echoing* to me!" Frenzy insisted.

Frenzy watched Hamster's delightful lungs undulate with each word as she spoke to the Nationals. "*NO SWOGANDO! ENCONTANDANDATA VI GLIT-GLIT!*"

Hamster had hit on a buzzword they understood. The nationals jumped to their feet, jumped up and down—screamed in unison, "*GLIT-GLIT! GLIT-GLIT!*"

One of the girls ran to a nearby cave that disappeared inside the glass wall, then she quickly returned wearing a beautiful, light-blue, satin gown. A drum hung from a strap around her neck. She beat out a rhythm on it.

An answer echoed back through the islands.

Bertha shuffled her ancient body down the beach to where they were. "W'at's all the bloody *noise* about?"

Hamster knew the language of the drums. She listened carefully. "The girls have let the *rest* of Southern Tirrania know we're *here*!"

"What about *Dolly*—she *been* here—?" Frenzy asked, over the drumbeats.

Hamster asked his National girlfriend then said to him, "*Yes!* Freelace was here with two men in red *PJs*!"

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"We must *find* her—*immediately!*" Frenzy said. "She might be being *beaten* and *debauched* by those fiends!"

Hamster listened to the drums a moment longer. "Now hear *this!*" she cried. "I can't believe it—there's a message from the Royal *Physician!* *Listen—!*"

Bertha broke in. "*Well?* Don't leave us in blasted *suspense—*w'at does it *say?*"

Hamster translated slowly and loudly. "FRENZY BLANKFACE MUST HAVE ALL THE SEX HE CAN OBTAIN FROM ANY SOURCE HE CAN GET IT! STOP. BILL TO FOLLOW. STOP—DR. ERICA C. HANDLEHEIMER!"

The *eyes* of the Lost Bikini Tribe lit up.

Frenzy's eyes lit up.

Hamster instantly became upset. "Oh—*no* you don't—Frenzy Blankface—!" she screamed.

Frenzy consoled her royal morality. "We're just obeying our *instincts*, and ending my sexual search for a *maiden!*"

"*No—! No—!* These are *Ladies* of my Royal *Court*, not *snipes* for your sexual *pleasure—!*" Hamster screamed. "I won't *permit* it!"

"Then—*you—*have sex with me!" Frenzy cried. "*Somebody—*have sex with me—*please?*"

"We're not orgiastic *paramours* for your sexual *pleasure!*" Hamster screamed.

Her plea for morality was to no avail—the Nationals had learned from the mysterious, sacred drums that Frenzy *must* have

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all the sex he could obtain. There was no stopping them. Bound by custom—they sexually attacked him in unison.

Bertha saw the orgy's rapid progression. "My *word!*" she gasped. "Better close your royal *eyes*, yer Majesty!"

But Hamster had other plans. "Close my eyes—my *foot!*" she cried.

She came running at Frenzy, tackled him to the ground. Then she beat on him until he rolled himself over and faced the ground for protection. Then she sat on his bare rump. *Strange action for a queen*, he thought.

Ramrock, dripping wet and fresh from his bath in the lake, shook himself off, walked up to the proceedings; took one look—his eyes lit up.

Hamster knew immediately what he was going to do, but she was not *about* to let Frenzy get to his *feet*—so she could get to *hers* and *stop* Ramrock. "Oh—! My God, no—! No—! *Ramrock!* You're *mine!* You ungrateful goat—come *back* here!" she screamed, still sitting on Frenzy's bare skin.

The Southern Tirranian Bikini Nationals screamed in unison and literally took Ramrock to their bosoms. "*PAN!*" they screamed. "*PAN!*"

Bertha knew what they were letting themselves in for and shared her philosophy. "Sometimes people just don't get the *drumbeat* quite *right!*"

A blue-green serpent-faced gargoyle dashed past. "The crass consort *goat-beast sodomized* the entire Lost Bikini Tribe of the Southern Tirranian Islands!" it made Frenzy scream.

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A *shadow* suddenly covered the ground. Instinctively, they all looked up.

"*Almighty God*—! There must be a *billion* snowballs coming down *on* us—!" Bertha cried out in amazement.

She was right. The lake, beach, Tessy, everywhere, was being plastered with *snowballs*.

Hamster was furious. "I've just been struck on my royal *buttock* by a *snowball*!" she cried.

Bertha didn't hesitate to take action. Her military training came to the fore. She stretched out her arm, pointed. "*Look*—along the glass *rim*—New *Zanians*—with snowball *mortars*! 'Tis the bloody New Zanian *Army* this time!"

The Premier didn't forget about his army after all! Frenzy thought.

Hamster was curious. "How can you *tell*?" she asked Bertha.

Bertha expanded her chest like a general. "They're wearin' *bright-red pajamas* an' they don't 'ave any bloody *planes*, or *ships*—!"

Bertha stepped into her raft with a general's poise. "'Tis *war* right enough! I'm takin' Tessy *up*! We'll clean *out* the bloody beggars, we will!"

She stood on her raft, yanked down on Tessy's propeller. Tessy belched smoke, came alive, and almost ran over Bertha before she could scramble up the wing and get aboard.

The siege of snowballs was deadly. Each exploded on impact. They flooded the flyways, reduced visibility to zero. Tessy somehow rose high above them.

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Bertha flew Tessy around and around the rim of the volcano, laying waste the enemy with the *R-A-T-A-T-A-T-T-A-T* of her guns.

"We need *anti-snowball-snowballs!*" Hamster screamed.

They watched as Bertha put Tessy into the thickest of the battle.

"More for *defense*—less for *Christmas!*" Hamster screamed. We need snowball *silos*; early warning snowball *detection* systems—*multi-snowball* snowballs—snow *bombs*—*biplane-to-ground* snowballs! We *need* them—*now!* The road to *peace* is *war*—!"

Suddenly, the deadly battle was over. The snowball-mortars were *silenced*. The New Zanians *abandoned* their positions, retreated on skis down the steep, icy, mountain slopes.

Frenzy could tell that something was *wrong* about their retreat then he saw what it was. "The New Zanians are riding their *skis* down those steep slopes—*backwards!*" he said.

Bertha landed Tessy on the lake, rafted ashore.

Ramrock and the Nationals were exhausted, asleep in heaps, snowballs melting on their naked bodies.

Hamster sat on the shore, crying with joy.

Bertha sat down beside her. "What's the *matter*, Your Majesty?" she asked, softly.

"I've been *watching* you! You're so *brave!* You did it again, you wiped out the *entire* New Zanian Army—*single-handed*—!" Hamster sobbed.

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Bertha was not one to take credit where it was not due. "Twasn't *my* doin' that stopped 'em yer Majesty! They ran out o' *ammunition*!"

Hamster was not convinced. "*Impossible*—they were in *snow* up to their—*belly* buttons! They *could* have made snowballs from now to *eternity*!"

Containing a fit of laughter, Bertha shyly looked down at her own boots. "I don't think they knew *how*!"

"Not *how*? Then *where*—" Hamster began.

"I saw snowball *tenders* on the *rim* yer Majesty!"

"*So*?"

Bertha smiled, then tears of laughter started down her cheeks. "Ya see—those crazy New Zanians—*imported*—about a *billion* snowballs for the *battle* against us!"

Candy laughed.

Frenzy rolled over, wiped a damp snowball from his rump and got to his feet. A gargoyle fluttered past. "The *devil* molested the Queen of *Hamster*!" it made him exclaim.

Hamster cried out. "Look at *Ramrock*! He looks like he's *dead*!"

"He's probably just *exhausted* from his *orgy*! He'll always be *Ramrock*—a simple, *horny* goat," Frenzy said.

Bertha's sudden action surprised Frenzy. She peeled her clothes off. Somehow, he didn't think she ever took them off. He didn't even think they *would* come off.

"Everybody *up*—!" Bertha cried, as she made for the water. "Time for a *dip*!"

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She moves fast for an older gal, Frenzy thought, as he jogged after her. The gargoyle had returned. "The duck-billed *dinosaur* lusted after the naked, plump *pilot-warrior*!" it made Frenzy scream.

Bertha didn't seem to mind.

Soon, everyone, including Ramrock, was swimming nude in the warm lake.

"Not even a billion *snowballs* could cool *this* lake off!" Bertha said.

"Not with the *devil* sitting on the bottom!" Frenzy teased.

Bertha ignored his remark, turned to Hamster. "Please ask the girls about the giant *footprint* in the *snow*!"

Hamster asked them then paraphrased the translation. "The *girls* made the footprint—to ward off *evil spirits*!"

Bertha looked first at Frenzy, then at Ramrock. "It obviously doesn't *work* very well!" she said, with a chuckle in her voice.

Frenzy saw a far-off look in Hamster's eyes. "I wonder how Freelace is making out?" she said.

"Making *out*—indeed!" Frenzy said. "We must *find* her before it's too *late*! *Before* she's forced to make out at *all*! We know she's lost both *shoes*! I noticed that the *drummer-girl* is wearing her *dress*. Dolly must be running around in only her *slip* by now!" he said, then did a lazy backstroke through the luxurious water.

"She might be down to her *panties*—for all *you* care!" Hamster cried. "Look at you—kicked back in the sun—with all these beauties!"

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"I'm the one who persuaded *you* to come *looking* for her, *remember?*" Frenzy reminded her.

"Yes you *did*! And—look at me *now*! My *king* will *never* understand!" she cried.

"Just put on a *Bikini* and don't bother to *tell* him!" he suggested.

"He's been a very *good* king!" Hamster said. "I must tell him the *truth*!"

"So, *tell* 'im!" Frenzy said.

Bertha rubbed her eyes. "My *word*! Poor Dolly *Freelance*, or whatever 'er bloody name is—out there somewhere with a couple of who knows *what*! W'at do ya think they really *want* with 'er, anyway?"

Frenzy couldn't resist her question as he slipped into his *Bikini* trunks. "*Sex*—" he said. "*Sex—pure and simple!*"

"Ya think they captured her ta make a *trollop* out o' 'er, then?" Bertha asked.

"I'll have to give *that* one some thought!" Frenzy said.

The Mainland

Chapter 10

THEY WERE flying about a thousand feet above the ocean.

The morning was warm and clear.

Bertha was reading her map. "'Tis a *mess* down below, 'tis! The blasted shoreline twists an' turns like a bloody *snake*!"

Candy looked over the side of Tessy. "Can't you tell where we *are*?" she asked Bertha.

Bertha recalled the witch's message. "The witch said ta go *south* toward the waxin' *moon* by *day*, follow the *black-on-black* sky by *night*! I think we *did* that, *didn't* we—an' look where it got us to?"

A gray, black-striped, cow-headed gargoyle buzzed Frenzy. "The saber-toothed *tiger* had sex with the crazy *witch*!" it made him say.

Candy pressed on. "*Now*—where to?"

Bertha shrugged her shoulders. "Well—we're *lost*!"

Candy was angry. "I'm *tired* and I need to go to the *bathroom*! Give me that *map*!"

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She took it from Bertha's outstretched hand, looked at it sternly, then at the coastline below. "It's pretty obvious to *me*! We're coming to Turtle Bay! Says here it's part of the Southern Tirranian *Mainland*! Let's *land* this thing—!" she cried.

"Here we *go*—!" Bertha said.

Frenzy thought a minute. "*Wait*—! How do we know that's the right place to *land*?"

Bertha was tired. "We *don't*—but it looks like a *grand* place to sit Tessy down! Maybe the *bright-red pajama* chaps landed there, too—! Then again, maybe they *didn't*."

"We don't know what kind of transportation they took after they got to Southern Tirrania! Maybe we should fly to the *capital* and check around *there*, first!" Frenzy suggested.

Bertha echoed him. "Maybe we should fly to the *capital* and check around *there*, first, 'e says! I'm for *landin'*—gettin' some *rest*—then if it doesn't look like Dolly Freelace country—*then* head for the capital!"

"Ok—! *Land*—!" Frenzy said.

Bertha carefully landed Tessy in the bay and killed her engine. Then Bertha spread her arms out to the view, cried out, "Isn't that just *grand*, now?"

Frenzy looked around, became interested. "It's a tropical *rainforest*! Dolly might *be* here somewhere, according to the newspaper we read in Handleheimer's waiting room—they took Dolly to a tropical *rainforest*!"

Candy looked surprised. "I don't *believe* it!"

Frenzy looked at her. "You don't believe Freelace's in a tropical *rainforest*?" he asked.

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"Not *that*! I don't believe what I'm *seeing*—! *Look*! A white *church*! With a *steeple*—!" Candy cried, pointing.

An elephant-headed gargoyle dived right for Frenzy. "The ancient *cave* mouse lusted after a tiny knothole in the white *church*!" it made him exclaim.

Maybe Candy and I could find a place to do it—hidden by the rainforest jungle. She could definitely qualify as a sexual maiden pursued. We are already naked. If I can get her in the mood—maybe she'll go all the way. If only I had a bottle of fine French champagne to entice her with, Frenzy thought.

He watched Candy-Hamster slide her naked body into the shallow water of the lagoon.

Tiny waves slapped gently against her well-rounded buttocks. Her voice was coy. "*Look*! The Nationals are dressed in *WASP* costumes! Aren't they *adorable*?" she sighed.

Bertha was concerned. "Cute, but—I 'ope they don't mind bare *skin*! I'm glad *I'm* dressed, *that's* for sure! They look too *straight-laced* ta me!"

Candy looked at their costumes carefully. "Their *WASP* costumes aren't straight-laced exactly!"

"It's the white church 'at bothers *me*! W'at would natives in *WASP* costumes be 'avin' a church like *that* for?" Bertha asked.

Frenzy propped his back against a strut and aimed his bare toes at the sky. That's when he saw the green polka dotted gargoyle coming straight down toward him. "The *devil* lusted after the *WASP*-natives inside the white *church*!" it made him cry out.

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"*Nationals!* How often must I *tell* you—treat them with *respect!* They're Southern Tirranian *Nationals*—of some kind!" Candy cried.

Frenzy watched Candy's breasts undulate with her slow stride as she walked through the water alongside Tessy toward the shore.

Waves slapped against the biplane. Bertha let Tessy float close to the beach before she dropped anchor.

The WASP-costumed people gathered on the shore where Tessy would ease her pontoon tips onto the sand. They began singing.

Is it that I've been watching Candy's shapely body—or am I just extremely horny? Frenzy thought. Either way, he was embarrassed, part of his body had become rigid and he had no place to hide it.

The song the natives were singing somehow contrasted with his circumstance. Their song was too familiar. "*Abide with...in English, yet!*" Frenzy said.

"Glory *be*—!" Bertha cried out.

Candy noticed their almost African-like faces and tall, thin bodies. "They've tried to paint their black skins—*white!*" she cried.

The native's presence made Candy sexually excited. Her nipples stood out. Frenzy noticed she was flushed and that her breath came rapidly.

"They 'ave *'ymnals!*" Bertha said.

When Tessy's pontoons struck the beach, the singing *stopped* abruptly.

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A very tall male National, in full WASP regalia, stepped forward. He looked them up and down. In Frenzy's case, he looked him down and up then glanced at Ramrock.

The National stood straight, body stiff.

"What *religion* are you?" he demanded.

Frenzy thought that to be a strange question.

Bertha thought the National was referring to *Ramrock's* religion. She had no time for the WASP leader. "E's a *goat*! W'at's the bloody difference *w'at* religion 'e is?" she demanded.

The WASP leader became indignant, gestured with a sweeping motion of his hand as he spoke. "I shall inspect your *passports—immediately—!*" he stated with authority.

Bertha came verbally undone. "Go *on*, now! We 'ave no bloody *passports!*"

The National knew he had them dead to rights. "In *that* case each of you won't mind telling us your *religion!*"

"Better *tell!* He may be a *witch* doctor disguised as a *WASP—!*" Frenzy said.

Hamster quickly introduced herself. "I'm the Queen of '*Amster—!*'"

In her presence, the leader's voice became soft and pleasant, even trembled a little as he spoke to her nakedness. "Very well, by definition, you *must* be a *WASP—*like us! *You* may come ashore—but put on *clothes*. We are a very *starched* people!"

It was too easy. Frenzy suspected the National wanted her *body*.

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Hamster had not understood the inference of strictness in what the WASP leader had said. "Yes, I *see* you have starched costumes!"

Hamster walked onto the sand, stood naked beside the National. There were whispers among his congregation.

The leader was indignant. "Starched—*suits*!" he cried.

Hamster apologized. "Sorry—starched *suits* then!" she said.

The leader had trouble taking his eyes off her body, but finally, looked skeptically at the rest of them.

Frenzy was not about to take his eyes off Hamster's body. In his deprived-of-sex condition, the *longer* he *saw*—the *better* she *looked*.

Bertha made her bid to try to get on shore without a passport. "I *saw* a queen once!" she cried.

The national questioned her. "Did you *enjoy* the experience?"

"Oh, land sakes *yes*—! 'Twas a jolly time of it I 'ad *that* night! 'E looked for all the world like a *real* one!" she cried.

"Then you must be a *WASP* too, at *heart* at least—! Come *along*! You can come *ashore*!" he said.

Frenzy had had enough. He shouted, "Stop all this *WASP* nonsense—! We're here to find Dolly *Freelace*, the famous *fashion* model! She was abducted several days ago! She's in a rainforest somewhere. Two chaps in bright-red pajamas are holding her captive. No telling what they're *doing* to her right this *minute*! We're here to *save* her!" he said, firmly.

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The National ignored what Frenzy had said. His black eyes stared Frenzy down a little. "And—you, sir! Have you also seen a *queen*—and *enjoyed* the experience?"

Frenzy saw the gargoyle coming. "The ancient cave bear *seduced* the WASP leader in the left *ear*!" it made Frenzy shout.

The leader's white cream covered face went beet red. "You are hereby *expunged* from *Southern Tirranian* culture—*forever*! You may never even set *foot* on our *land*!" he yelled.

"I suppose that means I can't go to your church *socials* either—!" Frenzy shouted.

"That is *correct*! You are obviously too *vulgar*!"

Candy studied the muscles of the National's moral arm as she egged him on to Frenzy. "Give it to him but *good*—!" she cried, speaking to the National.

Frenzy suspected she was testing him, pitting him against the leader.

The National became serious. Serious natives made Frenzy nervous.

"You must leave at *once*—!" the leader shouted at Frenzy.

Frenzy thought he would try to get Ramrock some shore leave. "How about the *goat*—*Ramrock*?" Frenzy asked the leader.

"Yes—he may come ashore! A *goat* is like the Lamb of *God*—saintly of *heart*!" he cried.

Bertha coughed. Her voice came out soft, "My *word*! Is *'e* in for a surprise!"

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Candy approached the leader with her take-me-I'm-yours voice. "If Doctor Blankface will do *penitence* and if I will behave as *you* prefer, will you reconsider letting him come *ashore*?" she asked.

Frenzy disliked the word *penitence*, but Candy was on his side it seemed.

The leader thought a moment, then presented his plan in Frenzy's naked presence. He held up his hymnbook in front of himself like a shield and began to speak. "You—Doctor—Blankface—must learn to *sing* all the *hymns* in this book. You must clean *out* the *church* and *horse* stables after every *Sunday* service. You must *work* the rest of the *week* for *me*. You must *never* speak a vulgar word again. You must *never* attend a *church* service. You must declare you are *not* of Anglo-Saxon *origin* whenever asked. You must *never* describe any of your *ancestors* that came over on *any* flower. You must *donate* all your wealth to the *church*, and you must *never*, but *never* wear a WASP suit—!"

"*Whoa*—!" Frenzy yelled.

The National's black eyes had drifted in Hamster's direction during his dissertation. They quickly focused on Frenzy again. The National's voice became stronger. "I beg your *pardon*—?" he screamed.

The gargoyle was still lingering nearby. "The horny old *toad* had sex with a *bullfrog* on the WASP church *altar* cloth!" it made Frenzy say.

The reverend-chief turned so red his blue blood almost showed through the white cream above his starched collar. He

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was a twitching mass. He rattled both fists at Frenzy. "*You—! You—*" he gasped.

Unexpected help for Frenzy arrived suddenly from an unforeseen source.

"*Everybody—lookout—!* It's the New Zanian Navy! It's attackin' with *water* cannon from the *bay—!*" Bertha shouted.

Everyone all looked out to sea. Gigantic *arcs* of *water* from water cannons shot high above them—from maybe four million *crisscrossed* New Zanian *ships* that blocked the entrance to the tiny bay.

Water damage to the beach area from the water cannons was heavy. Trees were drenched. A lot of water coursed through the sand, making ditches. Some water cascaded straight down into the sand, leaving deep potholes.

The water threatened to wash away the WASP church.

The leader became very upset. "What's *happening—?*"

Bertha saw her opportunity. "'Tis the New Zanian Navy, yer Waspness! They want to *stop* us from *savin'* Dolly Freelage! By the way—have *you* seen her? She's a famous international model! Two men in bright-red pajamas *abducted* her! They may have come *this* way! She may have only been wearing a *slip* by the time you would have seen her!"

The chief became *terrified*—apparently because of the *destruction* around him. His voice had lost its authority.

Frenzy could see the chief was trying to concentrate on what Bertha was saying. *A conflicting thought must have entered the chief's mind*, Frenzy thought.

The chief screamed out, "*What—?*"

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Bertha repeated. "Dolly *Freelace*—!"

It became instantly clear that the chief had more of a *moral* conflict than a *fear* of the church's *destruction*. He rubbed his fingers against his clerical collar. "*Maybe*—!" he whimpered, clearly embarrassed.

Bertha instinctively knew she had him in a tight spot. "I jus' might be able ta *save* yer *church* for a bit o' *information*, your Waspness—!" she yelled.

The National chief became very nervous. "*Okay, Okay!* But *please*—don't breathe this to a *soul*!" he said, as he pulled a nylon stocking from his pocket. "This belonged to Dolly *Freelace*! Two men in bright-red *pajamas* forced her to take it off—at *gunpoint*—in front of our very *eyes*! It was *horrible*!" he insisted.

Bertha pressed on. "Yer secret's safe with *us*, an' I'll try ta save yer *church*. But, there *are* a couple o' things I want ta hear from you, *first*!" she demanded.

"*Yes! Yes*—!" he cried, definitely begging.

"You will *forgive* Doctor Blankface—?" she asked.

The leader's eyes danced from water arc to water arc, then settled back on Bertha's glare. "Okay. He's forgiven, *forever*—! Just save the *church*—!" he cried.

Then she verbally pushed his face into his own words. "An'—e's, as o' this *moment*, a *full* member o' the WASP church?" she asked.

The leader ground his teeth. "*Yes*—! A *full* member—!" he groaned.

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Thousands of enemy water arcs were threatening, but she still had more to say. "An' 'e can come ashore *anytime* 'e *wants*, an' stay as *long* as 'e *pleases*?" she asked.

"Yes, yes—! Just save our *church*—*anything* you *say*—!" he pleaded.

Frenzy jumped off Tessy's wing with a smile on his otherwise blank face and waded ashore, started rubbing Candy's bare back, right between her shoulder blades. He could tell she liked it.

She made a pass at his nakedness.

Frenzy was sure he loved her.

Bertha smiled—then ran to Tessy, gave Tessy's propeller a flip—was soon *flying* under the giant *water* arcs that shot high above the scrambled, bright red New Zanian ships.

Frenzy grabbed Candy's hand. They ran for the cover of the tropical rainforest, stood at its edge a moment and watched Bertha put Tessy into action against the New Zanian Navy. He kissed Candy's back as Tessy's guns began blasting away overhead—*R-A-T-A-T-A-T-T-A-T—!*

"The angry *sea* devil *sodomized* the WASP *leader*!" a gargoye made Frenzy shout.

Hamster scolded him. "How's a queen to understand proper *linguistics* with your vulgar speech to listen to?"

He held her against him. She smiled. He felt a little guilty about rushing her, but he *had* proposed marriage earlier.

"Speaking of *vulgarity*, where *is* Ramrock?" Frenzy asked.

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"He's probably making *friends* in the *forest*! Look at *Bertha*! Isn't she *magnificent*?" Candy cried, looking up.

She's Candy again, he thought. He began fondling her body.

"The old *pilot-warrior* frightened the entire New Zanian Navy!" he whispered, as he kissed her neck. *My God—I'm losing it—I just mimicked a nonexistent gargoyle*, he thought.

Candy suddenly lost *interest* in his *advances*. He thought about *begging* her to make love to him *immediately*, but he could tell she was being *distracted* by something then he saw her eyes scan the sky; then she cried out, "*Look—! Bertha's banking left and right through the water arcs! If she flies into one—she's dead! She's diving toward the millions of ships! She'll be killed for sure—!*" she screamed.

"Bertha will *detonate—!*" he said.

Candy jumped in quickly. "She'll fly into a *rage!*"

"She'll go off *un-cocked!*" he said.

"She'll fly off the *handle!*"

"She'll discharge!"

"She'll go into a *tailspin!*"

"She'll spew out all *over!*"

"She's doing *fine!*" Candy cried.

Suddenly, Bertha's battle was *over*. One-by-one each water arc reduced to just a trickle. One-by-one each—of the four million some odd New Zanian ships—*listed* to one side—*filled* with bay *water*—and *sank!*

Bertha landed Tessy safely on the empty bay, came ashore.

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Candy broke free of Frenzy, ran the short distance to Bertha and gave her another heroine's welcome. "You're *wonderful*—! You've *saved* us *again*!"

As before, Bertha denied it. "'Twasn't *me*, yer Highness!" she insisted.

"You *fired* at them! They *sank*!" Hamster cried.

Bertha was almost bashful. "They ran out o' *ammunition*!" she cried then laughed.

"You're *kidding*! They were sitting in the *bay* using *water* cannons! How could they run out of *ammunition*—with a whole *bay* full of *water*?" Hamster asked.

Bertha adjusted her flight goggles. "I figured it out. I don't think they ever *thought* of using *bay* water. Anyway, apparently before they left New Zania they filled the *bottoms* of their *ships* with *water* so they wouldn't tip *over*. Then they used the water in the bottom of their ships for their *water* cannons. When they had used up most of the water, their ships tipped *over* and *sank*!" Tears of laughter ran down her clown-like face.

A cruising gargoyle made Frenzy call out, "The ancient *sea* devil *ate* the entire New Zanian *Navy*!"

Candy reacted. "That's *gross*—!" she screamed, starting for the white church.

Bertha called after her. "Where ya *off* ta?"

Candy cried back, "I've decided to become a WASP-*lay* sister! I think it'll be *fun*!"

A peach-colored, monkey-faced gargoyle flew past. "The old WASP leader had *sex* with the tender young *lay* sister queen—seventeen times a *day*!" it forced Frenzy to exclaim.

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Just then, Bertha remembered the *goat*. "What about *Ramrock*?"

"What about *Dolly*! We need to *save* her—before it's too *late*—" Frenzy screamed.

Bertha looked at him. "You heard the leader, or reverend, or whatever 'e is, this was Dolly Freelace's *nylon*. The chaps made her take it off in front o' the entire WASP *congregation*!" Bertha said, producing it for Frenzy's inspection.

He touched it. It had an *exciting* effect on him.

Hamster had stopped walking toward the church, called from a short distance away, "Into the depths of the tropical *rainforest* we must *go* in search of *Freelace*—to release her from the bondage of *slavery*! And, alas, my nude body's not the proper royal *attire* for such an occasion!" she said, philosophically.

Frenzy didn't agree. "The *Queen of 'Amster* was *born* naked! *Stay* that way—I'll be right *with* you!" he called to her.

Bertha had had enough of their nakedness. She scrambled onto Tessy, brought back a packsack filled with numerous garments, including Bikini's and sandals for Candy and Frenzy.

They put them on, started into the tropical rainforest.

Frenzy looked back; saw the WASPs racing toward their saved church, and then The Maiden Hunters, including Ramrock, started trekking on up the trail.

New Mania

Chapter 11

THEN FRENZY'S hallucinatory dream let him explore another vastness. He was invisible, in yet another country. Everywhere, it smelled like *aftershave* lotion.

He struggled to keep his mind focused on saving Dolly Freelace, but he couldn't blank out the visions that the strange new country surrounding him—*New Mania*—was evoking.

There was a meaningful connection between New Mania and the Maiden Hunter's trying to save Dolly—New Mania was well within biplane *striking* distance of the Southern Tirranian Mainland.

The inhabitants of the region thought of it as the most organized country in the Southern Hemisphere.

After Frenzy learned his way around, he went, unseen, to its only library and read some of its history.

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He learned that, in 1713, the few newly rich fathers-of-their-country-to-be, having discovered foreign aid, had undertaken vigorous studies of the ancient governments of Egypt, Sumer, Assyria, Persia, and Macedonia. Moreover, they'd studied the histories of the city-states, Athens, Corinth, and Sparta. They'd studied self-law, self-government, no government, some government, a little government, bad government, monarchy, aristocracy, select-few government and democracy.

Having power to make changes, the New Manian fathers had quickly *liberated* New Mania—formed the *Patriarch Party*—and established a *pseudo*-organized bureaucracy that didn't resemble *any* historic government whatsoever.

Later, to parrot their orderly benefactor, they'd selected the 7-millimeter *blueberry* as their national *fruit*. They'd chosen blue—standardized by the fluorescence of *yangonin*—as their national *color*. For their national *bird*, they'd selected the 21-centimeter, beak-tip-to-tail-tip *bluebird of paradise*. For their national *anthem*, *Seventeen Blue Molecules Forever*.

They also had decided that, as part of Patriarch Party regimen, in the future every New Manian *regardless* of *genitalia* would be given the title, *Mr.*, and could only be referred to in communications that identified *Him* using pronouns derived from *He*, *Him*, *His* or *Himself*.

Frenzy carefully watched the New Manians in action. At exactly 0400 hours—four o'clock in the morning—every New Manian

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passed under a platinum-coated rod that was positioned exactly 117 centimeters above the ground. If the top of *His* head didn't touch the rod, He knew He'd forgotten to put on His blue silk slippers—as that could be the *only* rational reason for being *short*. There *was* no acceptable reason for being *tall*.

New Manians were *never* homegrown. They were always born *elsewhere* and *imported* as needed—after they reached the required number of centimeters, of course. If for any reason they grew *after* that, the Patriarch Party *deported* them immediately.

Following the height test, they stepped onto scales. They were required to weigh-in at exactly 68,100 grams.

By 0700 hours, seven o'clock in the morning, all seventy-seven million—if one *died*, the Patriarch Party replaced Him *immediately* with a new import—stood at rigid attention in ranks, exactly four thousand long—and in files each of which contained exactly 19,250 New Manians.

A shrill—19,777-hertz—siren sounded for exactly 119 milliseconds. The official national anthem musician played the national anthem on a standard, platinum-coated, electronic bugle. A special military guard hoisted a silk flag—with the 21-centimeter bluebird of paradise embossed on it—up a platinum-coated flagpole in front of the entire *blue-silk-pajama'd* populace.

Mr. President of New Mania didn't actually reside in New Mania, but rather, spoke to the populace from the Trapezoidal Room of the Blue House—whatever country *that* was in.

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For exactly seventeen minutes, dressed in a blue velvet tuxedo, He'd addressed the enormous New Manian assemblage over the largest one-way satellite-stereo-television system in the world. The system was a gift—along with the giant generator, which provided electricity for it—that His country had long since given to the New Manian people.

Mr. President's real government back *home* had assigned Mr. President's Commander de Camp, Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta to actually live *in* New Mania and to maintain the New Manian Army, Navy, Air Force—and the *generator*.

Seventeen bumpy aides surrounded Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta at all times. In order to conform to directives, they changed His white and gold uniform every *seventeen* seconds. Mr. President's *real* government didn't permit the colonel to appear in public looking like the grease monkey He actually *was*. The reason His uniform became soiled was that He—personally—maintained the generator.

During the, prerecorded, Mr. Presidential Address, Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta stood at attention directly behind the huge podium on the great stage that overlooked the populace. Eight of His seventeen blue pajama-clad bumpy aides stood on each side of him. The remaining bumpy stood directly in front of Him, *facing* Him.

At *first*, Frenzy thought that last action was to maintain proper symmetry.

Half of the New Manians, the *bumpies*, portended *two* bumps on their chests—required to be size C cup or larger—and were placed in alternate positions from *non-bumpies* in the ranks

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and files, apparently to maintain aesthetic order when files were being reviewed by Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta or His staff.

Rumor was that one morning the previous year, that arrangement had not worked as intended. All were at rigid attention awaiting the Mr. Presidential video message, when a five-X rated film somehow had replaced Mr. President's prerecorded speech on all 770,000-satellite TV screens that faced the sectioned, rigid-attention populace.

The New Manians came to more *rigid* attention than anticipated. Within weeks, the Patriarch Party had to export seventeen million *pregnant* bumpies for weighing-in above the allowable limit.

This morning things are going smoothly, Frenzy thought.

Under a spectacular New Manian sky of falling, blue paratroopers, Mr. President telecast a special message. "Fellow *citizens*, we have come a long way *together* in controlling *irregularity*! *Today*, we have *another*—just as *meaningful*—task before us—!"

As He spoke, blue pajama'd paratroopers made straight-line drops—from biplane to ground—above the New Manian capital.

The video recording of the Presidential speech played on. "Our information sources indicate a wave of activity in your—*our*—geographical area!"

Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta's bumpy aides changed His uniform every *seventeen* seconds, which, of course, made Him *naked* every seventeen seconds.

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Mr. President's TV propaganda bellowed on. "We now know what activities these are. Our non-friends, the New Zanians, have *unsuccessfully* attacked a group called the Maiden Hunters! These Maiden Hunters are trying to find Dolly Freelace, the world's best-known international—hook—international *fashion* model! I want to *personally* interview Dolly Freelace—therefore, Dolly Freelace *must* be *found*!"

He is finally getting to the point! Frenzy thought.

Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta's *bumpy* aide-de-front apparently had hungered for years for the colonel's seventeen-second-flash nude body. He evidently could stand it no longer. Shielded from the audience by the podium, He quickly kneeled in front of the colonel.

High above, the paratroopers wore special, lead-soled slippers and *no* parachutes, so their plunges to the ground would be *fast, orderly*—and *exactly* straight.

There seemed no end to Mr. President's lengthy speech. "Our sources indicate they have been set upon by New Zania in order to stop them from locating Dolly Freelace in the rainforests of Southern Tirrania! At this very moment these Maiden Hunters are trekking—nearly nude—I might add—in the sacred rainforests near Turtle Bay!"

Above, paratroopers made parallel streaks, like giant blueberry raindrops, as they jumped *off* biplane wings and *splashed* to earth amidst the wild *applause* of the masses.

Mr. President's message drawled on. "We have a *double* mission! First, we must locate the Maiden Hunters and make them *talk*—we must make them tell us where Dolly *Freelace*

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is—before the New *Zanians* tell us!" The crowd applauded wildly.

"*Secondly*, we must *attack* the New Zanians with our mighty forces to keep them from making the Maiden Hunters *talk*—before—we—make them talk! I have made sure the New Mania Air Force has seventeen million of the finest blue *biplanes* money can buy! I have made sure the New Mania Navy has millions of shiny blue *ships*! I have seen to it the New Mania Army is fully stocked with blue *fighting* equipment!"

To the crowd's delight, some of the paratroopers *splattered* as red *blotches* on the blue cobblestone streets and blue-tiled roofs of nearby houses.

"I leave just one small task for the systematized, well-ordered, methodical, tranquilized, pacified among you—! *Fight—kill—destroy—demolish—interrogate—!*"

The New Manian national anthem replaced Mr. President's voice on the TV screens. He waved, and then signed off.

Frenzy could tell that no one but himself and Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta's aide-de-front understood why Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta *smiled* every seventeen seconds.

The Jungle

Chapter 12

THE MAIDEN Hunters trekked deeper into the rainforest. The going was slow, so they started bantering about the jungle around them.

"*Complex!*" Candy cried.

"*Complicated!*" Bertha said.

"*Simple!*" Frenzy added.

"Multifarious!"

"Ordinary!"

"Ramified!"

"Commonplace!"

"Confused!"

"Intricate!"

"Natural!"

"Mixed up!"

"Tangled!"

"Unpretentious!"

"Snarled!"

"Un-labyrinthine!"

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"Meandering!"

"Candid!"

"Devious!"

"Inextricable!"

Suddenly, Ramrock dashed toward them with something in his *mouth*. Candy caught him and took it away from him.

"Will you look at *this*? It's Freelace's other *nylon*! I wonder how *Ramrock* got it!" Candy cried.

"We're on the right *trail*! Maybe she's closer than we *thought*!" Frenzy said.

Candy expressed a notion. "It's not just *her* we have to worry about! Don't forget those *red-PJ'd* chaps! They won't give her up without a *fight*!"

"From what we've seen of the red PJ'd boys—the New *Zanians*—so far, I think the *most* they can do is throw a pail of *water* at us!" Frenzy said.

Bertha laughed. Then she saw someone up ahead. "My word! 'E's *undressed*, 'e is! Who *ever* the bloke *is*!" she cried.

Without warning, violent, white hot, incandescent light completely engulfed them all. Its powerful force permeated their bodies.

Frenzy thought it was actually a rather pleasant feeling compared with the way it looked at first. *It's as if we have all died and become translucent and maybe we've been hypnotized*, he thought. For no apparent reason Candy-Hamster and Bertha suddenly knew the names of *bones*, just as well as Frenzy—a *medical* doctor—did.

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"My *Lo'd*, your Majesty, ya've turned a screamin' *white*, ya 'ave! I can see every *bone* in yer *body*!"

"We can see every bone in *every* body. Her Majesty has a *superb* skeleton—don't you think so, Bertha? Look at her symphysis *pubis*!" Frenzy said, with great pleasure.

Hamster took mock offense. "You *would* look at my *pubis*! My royal *pubis* is *exposed*! What a terrible *scandal* for my *kingdom*! What will they think of me if this gets *out*?"

Frenzy put his finger bones on her symphysis *pubis*. Though he couldn't see it, he felt soft pubic hair under her Bikini. His *phalanges* curved about her *pubis*. She *closed* her *phalanges* around his *semilunar* and gently removed his *metacarpus* from her *pubis*.

Bertha's voice was softer than usual. "My *word*!"

Candy's eye sockets turned toward Frenzy. She made a general announcement. "Look—Blankface has a half inch *coccyx*!" she cried.

Frenzy defended his *phallus*. "Careful—that's my *tail* bone you're looking at not my *sex* organ. Human *sex* organs don't have *bones*!"

"My *word*! It's like we've all turned into *x-rays* o' *ourselves*!" Bertha cried.

Candy found Frenzy's skull comical, began to tease him. "Blankface, you definitely need a frontal *lobotomy*! Look at the frontal *plate* in his *cranium*, Bertha!"

"My *word*!" Bertha said.

Frenzy looked into Candy's body. Her chest interested him. "Your thoracic *cage* isn't as developed as I'd imagined!

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Now look at *Ramrock* here. *He* has a *terrific* thoracic cage!" Frenzy teased.

Candy became excited and her eye sockets went right for Ramrock's *gonads*. "And, look at his huge *sacrum*! *Mine*—all *mine*—" she cried.

Ramrock casually turned the two gaping holes in his skull toward her.

Frenzy looked closely at him. "What do you *mean*? Ramrock has *great* eye sockets!"

Bertha was worried. "My *word*! We're *glowin'*, like bloody *fireflies*!"

Frenzy made a psychological observation. "We have glowing *personalities*!"

Suddenly, they saw a strange, *new* mandible among them. Frenzy wanted to be sure that it was strange. He counted eye sockets. *Definitely strange*. He saw *ten* eye sockets—instead of the *eight* that had been there previously.

The new *mandible* was obviously human. It had a grating voice and Frenzy didn't like it. Its teeth moved up and down as it spoke. "Not *really*!" it said.

"Not really *what*?" Frenzy asked.

"Not really glowing *personalities*!" the mandible uttered. "There's *another* explanation!"

Bertha recognized him. "'Tis the man I saw without any *clothes* on!"

Candy was curious. "How can you *tell*?"

"I would see the *buttons* on the front o' 'is *pants* if 'e 'ad any pants *on*, *wouldn't* I?" she reasoned.

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The strange voice verified Bertha's observation. He congratulated her, offered her his hand. "The lady's quite right!" he said, extending his *ulna* to her. She took it. Their *phalanges* briefly intertwined.

Candy became worried. "Who *are* you?"

The strange voice answered immediately. "I'm Dr. F. R. *Maelstrom*! My friends call me *Red*!" he said, proudly.

Bertha began to interrogate him. "W'at does the *F. R.* stand for?"

The new mandible didn't hesitate. "Fiery Red!" he said, proudly.

Frenzy put the parts together aloud, "Dr. Fiery Red Maelstrom!"

"Yes—you know how *names* sometimes fit an *occupation*!"

Candy looked him right in the eye sockets. "*You're* responsible for all this *glare*, this *x-ray* stuff—this intense *heat*?" she demanded.

The stranger answered proudly, rubbing his *occipital*. "Yes! Yes! I'm the Father of the *Atom*!"

Bertha jumped, visibly. "My *word*! That makes ya—an atomic *scientist* o' some kind!"

"I suppose you could say that!" he said, proudly.

Bertha nodded her *cranium* toward Candy. "This is the Queen o' '*Amster*!"

The Father of the Atom kissed Candy's *astragalus* with his teeth. "*Delighted*!" he said, proudly.

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He'd earned the wrath of an approaching yellow gargoyle. "The long-tongued *sloth* molested the Father of the *Atom*!" it made Frenzy scream.

The Father of the Atom directed his eye sockets at Frenzy as he spoke. "I don't believe we've *met*!" he said, proudly.

Bertha did the honors, looking first at Frenzy, then Ramrock. "'Tis *Frenzy Blankface*, an' *Ramrock*, Consort to the Court o' '*Amster*!'"

In the middle of it all, Candy cried out a banter challenge. "*Nucleons*—!"

Frenzy took it up. "*Quantum theory*!"

"*Big-Bang*!" Candy cried.

"*Not, gang bang*!" Frenzy yelled.

"*Fissionable material*!"

"*Virgin Adam*!"

"*Ancient atom*!"

"The Father of the Atom, the Nuclear Sun, and the Holey Ghosts!" Frenzy cried.

"*Balls of fire*!" Candy screamed.

"That, *too*!" Frenzy cried out, glancing down at his lower self.

The skeleton of the Father of the Atom explained what they were experiencing. "The immediate radiation is subsiding! We're standing near the center of an exploding atomic *bomb* as you may have already *guessed*!" he said, proudly.

He will be subsiding if he doesn't knock it off! Frenzy thought.

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Candy let the skeleton of the Father of the Atom have a blast of her delightful sarcasm. "Look out—*there!* You can see the tropical *rainforest* bursting into *flames!* Isn't it *wonderful?*" she cried with mock joy.

"That's just the prompt *radiation* and *heat* waves, your Majesty! The *real* show's yet to come—atomic *winds!*" the skeleton of the Father of the Atom continued, with pride in his voice.

Frenzy lavished in it. "*Crispy* natives!"

Bertha expressed Frenzy's sentiments exactly. "Poor Dolly *Freelace*—!"

Frenzy couldn't resist. "Her *shadow* forever cast onto a nearby *boulder* by intense *radiation*, like at *Hiroshima!*"

Candy added just the right touch. "Like a *fossil!*"

Frenzy looked the skeleton of the stranger in the eye sockets as the gargoyle made another pass. "The ugly, old *vulture* sucked on the Father of the Atom's *coccyx!*" Frenzy said.

Candy smiled cynically then reached a new height in sarcasm. "Oh, *look!* The atomic *winds* have arrived! They're *flattening* the entire—*blackened*—*smoldering*—tropical *rainforest!* How *marvelous!* A new *environment!*" she blasted.

Another gargoyle, a gray-worm-faced one, buzzed the air. "The ghost of the gray-bearded *howler* monkey *sodomized* the Father of the Atom's *skeleton!*" Frenzy shouted.

Ramrock's eyes lit up.

Candy cried out. "*No*, Ramrock! No howler monkeys for you! You're frightfully *irradiated*—maybe even *sterile!*" she cried, with horror.

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The x-ray shower suddenly ended.

"We can see our bloody *skins* again!" Bertha cried.

Candy's sarcasm was still strong. "*Look!* The atomic *fire* has rolled out *away* from us, onto the *sea*—like an *inferno* from a blazing *sun!* It's made the *sea* boil and the *islands* burst into *flame!*" she cried.

There was awe in the Father of the Atom's voice as he spoke with authority. "The islands will be *leveled!* There won't be so much as a shred of *land*, *vegetation*, or *animal* life above the *waterline* when it's over!" he said, proudly.

"*You'll* be leveled if you don't let us get *out* of here so we can save *Dolly!*" Frenzy yelled at him.

The Father of the Atom ignored him.

Then, Frenzy detected a subversive quality in Candy's attitude as she began to turn *against* the Father of the Atom. "Red's a *marvel* of our *time!* Don't you *think* so, Blankface?" she said, sarcastically.

Frenzy was glad to see the gargoyle return. "The *boa* constrictor lusted after the *naked* Father of the *Atom!*" he exclaimed.

Suddenly—a shrill *voice* screamed from somewhere nearby. "*CUT! CUT! THAT'S PERFECT—PRINT IT—!*"

The disaster instantly disappeared. The calm sea, beautiful islands, and tropical rainforest reappeared—exactly as they'd been before the atomic disaster.

They all were amazed, except for the Father of the Atom, of course.

Candy caught her breath. "What *happened?*" she cried.

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The Father of the Atom explained proudly, "Visual *effects*! We are making a *movie*! You happened along at exactly the right moment—so we shot you *in* it, too!"

Bertha was relieved. "Ya mean we're not *radiated* or nothin' like that?"

"No, not at all! It was all done with *mirrors* and a few *lights*!" the Father of the Atom said, proudly.

"W'at about *seein'* our *skeletons* an' feelin' the *heat*?" Bertha asked.

"Million candlepower *lamps*!" the Father of the Atom explained proudly.

Frenzy wanted the Maiden Hunters to be on their way. A shiny, blue gargoyle zipped by. "The old *boa* constrictor *hugged* the Father of the Atom!" it made Frenzy shout.

Candy was disappointed with the Father of the Atom. "So, you're not *really* Dr. Fiery Red Maelstrom, Father of the Atom!" she cried.

"Oh, yes, I'm *he* all right! I am what we in the business call an actor-*advisor*! I make sure the *scenes* are all *realistic*!" he explained proudly.

Candy's voice returned to normal. "So—you actually *can* split atoms and such!"

"Yes, yes! I do it daily! In a laboratory, of course!" he said, proudly.

"Of *course*!" Frenzy said.

Frenzy moved behind Candy as she spoke. "Does an atomic explosion *really* make all that stuff—light—radiation—winds—in the *real* world?" he asked.

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"Exactly as you saw! Except, of course, we would all have been *atomized* in the real world!" The Father of the Atom said. He laughed. "And I'm working on *that*!"

"My word!" Bertha said.

Hamster cried out. "From *dust* to royal *dust*—!"

"From atoms to *atoms*, I always say, your Majesty!" the Father of the Atom said, proudly.

Frenzy whispered to Candy. "Let's get *out* of here—unless you're going to stop sexually *toying* with me and *really* have sex with me—*here* and *now*!"

"My word!" Bertha said.

Candy had an idea. "*Wait! I'm* not going to let him get away with what he did to us!"

"Do your thing, then let's get *out* of here! The *light* show's *over*!" Frenzy said.

"It's not over—*yet*!" Candy whispered.

She turned her sarcasm toward the Father of the Atom. "Doesn't it *bother* you that you've helped create the Giant *Crematorium* from the Sky?"

His voice was still proud. "Sometimes I think about it—but I get over it when my *paycheck* comes!" he said, proudly.

Frenzy could tell Candy was up to something big.

She made *goo-goo* eyes at the Father of the Atom and her voice took on a *take-me-I'm-yours* tone. "*Comes?*" she cooed.

The Father of the Atom's eyes lit up.

Candy's eyes lit up. "You poor *darling*, you must be sexually *stressed* something *awful*!" she sighed.

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"E's still bloody *naked*, your Majesty! Should I put me 'ands over yer delicate *eyes*?" Bertha asked.

"No, I saw his *coccyx*! It's *wonderful*!" Candy cried.

She took the Father of the Atom's hand and led him behind a nearby bush.

Bertha adjusted her flight goggles. "My *word*, w'at's this world *comin'* to?"

A black, snake-headed gargoyle was sitting in a nearby tree. "The old *anaconda* helped the nude Queen o' 'Amster have sex with the naked Father of the *Atom*!" it made Frenzy cry out.

Bertha looked around. "Where's the rest o' the bloody *film crew*?" she demanded.

While the despicable Father of the Atom was getting laid behind a bush, Frenzy, whose future sex life *depended* on getting laid, was stuck listening to Bertha. *It just isn't fair*, he thought. "They've been eaten by *jaguars*!" he suggested.

"*Really*? Now ya wouldn't try ta fool a tough ol' pilot like *me*, would ya? Are there really *jaguars* out in the middle o' this rainforest?"

Frenzy took a hammock from Bertha's supply pack, tied it to a couple of trees, stretched out in it and closed his eyes then he made his voice sound sincere. "*Real ones*!" he said.

"An' me standin' here with this tasty *goat*! *Jaguars* bein' all *around*!" she said, taking a machete from her pack.

Frenzy rolled over, faced away from her. "The Father of the Atom and the Queen of 'Amster'll *probably* come back!" he said.

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"*Probably*, 'e says!" She looked into the surrounding moss covered trees. There were disquieting sounds. She saw a spider monkey hanging by its tail from a branch in front of her.

"Doctor Blankface—are you *asleep*? There's a *monkey* out there!" she said, half delighted.

Ramrock's *eyes* lit up. Like a *shot*, he dashed into the tropical rainforest.

"Oh, *my*! Now even *Ramrock's* gone! Doctor Blankface—you *asleep*?" Bertha inquired, softly.

The gargoyle made Frenzy whisper, "The crass Court o' 'Amster goat had *sex* with the old *spider* monkey!"

Hundreds of beady *eyes* glared out from the edge of the deep forest.

Bertha's voice was still soft. "There's a line o' *eyes* starin' at us, Doctor Blankface!"

The gargoyle was not satisfied. "The old *howler* monkey sexually aroused the nineteen-nippled possum!" it made Frenzy exclaim.

"Doctor *Blankface*! There are *thousands* o' giant flyin' brown *bugs* comin' at us!"

The gargoyle was not finished. "The giant *water* bug eater will eat its *fill*!" it made Frenzy shout.

Finally, Candy emerged from behind the bush—with the naked Father of the Atom in tow. "I have the most *interesting* news! Red tells me jaguars hunt *people*!"

Bertha's voice firmed up. "*Well*! That makes it a piece o' *cake*, *doesn't* it now? All we 'ave ta do's find a *jaguar*, an' it'll

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take us straight on ta Dolly *Freelace*!" she cried. "I'm *sure* it would *love* ta eat *her*!"

Frenzy rolled over in the hammock. "Or at least *lick* her a lot. If it doesn't eat *us*—*first*!" he said.

Candy was bold. "I've already just *been* eaten thank you very much!"

"Which *reminds* me! *Red*, don't just *stand* there with a limp *sausage*—put some *clothes* on! You offend my royal *presence*!" Hamster said.

"Instantly, your Majesty!" The Father of the Atom responded, disappearing behind the same bush where he and Candy had had their tryst.

Suddenly—they heard horrible *growls* and the Father of the Atom's *screams* of *terror*. What was happening was apparent—then silence. Frenzy knew it was all over for the old masher of atoms. He stretched himself and mimicked a gargoyle, "The hungry *jaguar* must have *split* the Father of the *Atom*!"

"*I'll* say! 'Tis a wonder *you* weren't eaten *again* in the same *place*, yer Majesty!" Bertha cried.

Without emotion, Hamster started up the trail. "Let's us *Maiden* Hunters continue on—to rescue Dolly!" she cried.

Bertha was concerned about Ramrock. "Where's that pesky *goat*! 'E'll make tasty *dessert* for that *jaguar* if we don't find 'im *quick*!"

Hamster cried out. "*Ramrock*! *Darling*, come to your *Queen*—!"

Frenzy heard the jaguar munching on what was left of the Father of the Atom. They still had a little time before the

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jaguar would get around to *them*. Frenzy called to Hamster.
"You got to *do* what you got to *do*!"

Candy understood what he meant. "But, I don't have *on* any panties—only this *Bikini*!" she protested.

"Same *thing*!" Frenzy said.

"You mean take *off* my *Bikini* and hold it *up*?"

"Precisely!"

Hamster did, and *then* cried out a warning! "Close your *eyes*, everyone!"

She held up her *Bikini* bottom for Ramrock to see.

"Now, remember, there must be no *scandal* in my *kingdom*!" she cried.

Nevertheless, Frenzy could tell she *liked* putting on her little show.

The gargoyle whipped by. "The old crass *billy* goat *licked* the Queen o' 'Amster's *sacrum*!" it made Frenzy shout.

"*Ramrock—come* with your *Queen*—!" Hamster cried.

He finally *came*.

Frenzy packed up the hammock and they continued up the trail. *How could I be more repulsive than a goat? Maybe it's just bad timing*, he thought.

Bertha suddenly became excited. "My, *Lo'd! Listen! Biplanes! Millions* of 'em! Run fer yer *lives*, everybody! Run fer yer *lives*—!" she screamed.

They all ran for their lives.

Then they saw *leaflets* dropping into the rainforest from *millions* of shiny, *blue* biplanes.

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Frenzy grabbed a leaflet on the run; read it aloud as they ran, "MAIDEN HUNTERS! WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU ARE AFTER DOLLY FREELACE. STOP. WE KNOW YOU HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY THE MILITARY FORCES OF MIGHTY NEW ZANIA. STOP. WE KNOW YOU KNOW NEW ZANIA KNOWS YOU KNOW WHERE DOLLY FREELACE IS. STOP. TELL US AT ONCE. STOP. IF YOU DON'T TELL US IN THE TIME IT TAKES A SHADOW TO CROSS A POSSUM'S TAIL WE WILL DROP REGULAR BOMBS ON YOU. STOP. IF YOU DO NOT TELL US IN THE TIME IT TAKES THE SAME SHADOW TO CROSS A BOA CONSTRICTOR'S BACK WE WILL DROP A SECRET WEAPON ON YOU. STOP. IN THE MEANTIME YOU AND THE NEW ZANIANS WILL BE UNDER FULL ATTACK AND HOUSE ARREST. STOP. MAYBE YOU WILL EVEN BE CAPTURED AND TORTURED. STOP.

THE DUKE OF WELDONHAM, NEW MANIAN
AIR FORCE, COMMANDING."

They didn't stop running.

Bertha made an observation. "Can't tell much about *shadows* in this dim *rainforest*! An' who wants ta watch a bloody *possum's* tail, anyway?"

Candy cried out. "*Look!* Blue *paratroopers!*"

"The paratroopers make a grand straight-line dive ta the *ground*, they do! Ya can 'ear 'em *splat* as they 'it the forest *floor!*"
Bertha observed.

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Candy was excited. "I wish one would land in one *piece*! I *love* paratroopers! And, they're already in their *PJs* ready for *action*!"

Frenzy was jealous! A mouse-faced gargoyle flew by. "The giant *forest* rat *slurped* up the splattered paratrooper's *remains*!" it made Frenzy scream.

Candy-Hamster's bright Bikini bottom fluttered in her hand as she ran. "Frenzy—you disgusting *slime*—!" she yelled.

Bertha studied the paratroopers. "'Tis no bloody *wonder* those New Manians *land* like *cow* pies, they aren't wearin' any bloody *parachutes*!"

Candy was breathing hard, from observing the *paratroopers*.

They all stopped to rest.

Candy spoke softly. "*Listen*! There's so *many* of them coming down through the trees, it sounds like *rain*!"

They all caught their breath, ran some more.

Bertha called out, "*Look* at *that*! The New Manians are droppin' blue *water* balloons by the *millions*! An' every balloon 'as a bloody *number* written on its *side*!"

"We'll be *killed*! We'll be *drowned*!" Candy yelled.

Frenzy made another guess, "*Rubberized*!"

Bertha pointed left, to a spot on the forest floor. "Not if we don't go over *there*, we won't! The New Manian Air Force is so *organized* they 'ave all their planes in a perfectly *straight* line—to a *fault*! They drop each bomb in *exactly* the same *place*!" She laughed.

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"Must be the *regular* bombs they mentioned in the *leaflet*!" Candy suggested.

Bertha complained bitterly. "An' *me* without *Tessy* in the middle o' *war*! 'Tis bloody *unfair*, 'tis!"

Frenzy dropped back a little, watched Candy's bare tush bump along as she ran.

Candy wondered about the possum's *tail* bit. "How long does it take a *shadow* to cross a possum's *tail*?"

"*Pause um oment*!" Frenzy said, then laughed.

"You *cretin*! How can you think *up* such *garbage*?" Hamster cried.

Bertha was panting hard from running. "My *word*!" she said.

Then Hamster cried out as if in pain. "What's that terrible *smell*?"

Bertha watched the biplanes rain more bombs for a moment. "I think it's comin' from the New Manian *bombs*! Smells like *skunk* pee! Must be their secret *weapon*!"

"It offends my royal *nose*!" Hamster lamented.

The gargoyle was not about to give up. "The old *jaguar* ate the Duke of *Weldonham*!" it made Frenzy exclaim.

Hamster was amused. "There *is* no Duke of *Weldonham*! I'd *know* him if their *were*!"

Bertha was curious. "Why do you suppose the New Manians said there *was*, if there *isn't*?"

"My king's father's the Duke of *Hamster*. Maybe they thought I'd *talk*, if they used a *duke* on me!"

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Bertha took her leather flight cap off, put it over her *mouth*. "My word! There must be *millions* o' *skunk* pee bombs comin' down! I can't *breathe*!"

Candy laughed. "And, *look*! They're still dropping each one in the same *place*! We'll be out of *range* soon, if we keep running!"

The gargoyle was at it again. "The great *tit* bird offered itself to the New Manian *Air Force*!" it made Frenzy scream.

They ran a few more minutes then stopped to rest.

Frenzy lay down beside Hamster, hoping she was *Candy*, whispered in her ear, "*Bertha* might want to take Ramrock for a *walk*!"

"Don't be *absurd*! I can't make love out in the *open* like this!" Hamster cried. "Besides, we're not *married*!"

"What about the Father of the *Atom*?" Frenzy asked.

"That was behind a *bush*!" Hamster said.

"*Oh*!"

I need a bush, Frenzy thought, looked around for one, but didn't see any.

He and Hamster closed their eyes, dozed off a few minutes in the humid air then, refreshed, they stretched and everyone trekked on down the trail.

Suddenly, they came upon a wide, roaring *river*.

"We can't cross *that*!" Bertha said, confidently.

Hamster was delighted. "At *last*! I'm going to take a *bath*—! Close your *eyes*, everyone!"

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"Right!" Frenzy said, then laughed. She's already Bikini bottomless. What difference will closing one's eyes make? he thought.

After she was feeling secure and enjoying herself in an eddy by the sandy river's edge, a gargoyle made Frenzy say, "The lecherous *crocodile* ate the Queen o' 'Amster!"

Hamster continued bathing. "I don't see any *crocodiles*!"

The gargoyle insisted. "The sadistic *piranha* ate the Queen o' 'Amster!" it made Frenzy cry out.

Hamster *clawed* the bank—*jumped* out of the water naked, screaming! "You *spoiled* my royal *bath*! I'll have you *flogged* when my *kingdom* arrives!"

Her standing there, dripping wet, sexually aroused Frenzy. He most wanted her body. He watched her slowly slip into her Bikini, went to her, put his hands on her shoulders, kissed her lips. "I'm *sorry*!" he said. Her Bikini felt wet under his hand.

"It's *Okay*!" Candy pouted.

Frenzy looked into her eyes, begged. "*Let's—Okay?*"

"*Okay*!" Candy whispered.

They looked at Bertha and Ramrock. They were napping.

Candy slipped back out of her Bikini bottom, sat on it.

Frenzy slipped out of his, sat next to her.

The sand was soft beneath their feet.

Frenzy kissed her neck then put his hand on her pubic hairs. She lay back and let him play. His phallus sprang forth.

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She fondled it. He stroked her breasts then removed her Bikini top. *This is going to be it*, he thought.

Then, they heard Bertha *cough*.

"My *word!*" Bertha cried, surprised at seeing the two of them entangled.

Bertha closed her eyes while Hamster and Frenzy slipped into their Bikinis.

"We might save Dolly *yet* today!" Frenzy said, trying to make light of the situation.

They trekked on down the trail. It led them to the bank of another river. They followed the river's contour, climbed boulders, crossed white, sandy beaches, skirted around small, inland waterways then came to a clearing.

Candy looked up at the sky. "*Vultures—!*" she cried.

Bertha and Frenzy looked up, too. "Must be a *hundred* of 'em!" Bertha cried.

Candy watched the vultures closely. "I wonder what they're doing circling overhead like that!"

"Waiting for *lunch!*" Frenzy joked.

Then, Bertha saw something on down the trail. "Would ya look at *that—?* An old man in a white *robe*—an' a white '*ood* over 'is 'ead!"

Candy watched him a few seconds. "He must be working in his *garden!* I wonder what the *tool* is he's using!"

Frenzy saw what it was. His voice came thin. "It's a *scythe!*"

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"W'at *ever* 'tis—'e's cuttin' somethin' *down* with it!"
Bertha chimed.

Frenzy saw that the old man was a *specter*. Frenzy felt *dread* as they walked up to the ancient man.

They watched him work for a while, and then Hamster said, "Kind *sir*? I'm the Queen of *Hamster*!"

The ancient man's long white robe was like a ghost against the dark river's background. "I *know* who you *are*!" he said, as he continued his work.

Hamster tried to introduce Frenzy. "This is Frenzy *Blankface*!"

The specter didn't show his face as he spoke. The shadow of his large, white hood hid it from their view. "I *know* who he *is*!" the specter said.

Candy made another attempt. "This is *Bertha*!"

The specter's voice sounded as if it was coming from a *grave*. "I *know* who she is!" he said and continued his work.

Hamster was not about to give up. "And! *This* is *Ramrock*!"

The man in white didn't slow down his movements. "I know—he's Consort to the Court of Hamster!"

Hamster was shocked. "How can you know all *that*? Who *are* you?"

"You will learn when the *thyme* comes!"

Frenzy felt the man in white was toying with them. When the thyme comes? We need to save Dolly. We have no thyme to play with, Frenzy thought.

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Bertha looked like she was talking to a ghost. "How do you *spell* it?" she asked the specter.

Candy answered for him. "*T-H-Y-M-E!* It's pronounced the same as the *time*—as in *clock* time—! Thyme's a *plant*. He's *raising* it in his *garden!*"

Frenzy felt the specter had put a spell on him. He tried to force himself to go on down the trail, couldn't. I don't have enough thyme for such nonsense, he thought. I have things to do—meaningful sexual intercourse to engage in, for instance.

Bertha was direct with the specter. "What ya doin' with the *scythe?*"

"*Shortening thyme!*" the specter answered.

Candy looked at the crude tool in his hand. "With a *scythe?*"

"*A sweep in thyme!*" the specter said.

Frenzy was somehow offended by the specter's cutting the little plants. "That kills *thyme!*" Frenzy said.

It was fun—like bantering. They all went along with the specter.

Frenzy was sure it would only last a few minutes, and then they could continue their search for *Dolly*, like God *intended*.

"W'at 'appens when ya've shortened *all* the *thyme?*" Bertha asked.

"The end of thyme!" the specter said.

Ramrock wandered into the specter's thyme patch and started munching.

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"What's that *goat* doing on my *thyme* piece?" the specter demanded.

"*Eating* thyme!" Frenzy suggested. "Soon, he'll be *passing* thyme."

Hamster spoke. "What do you do with *your* thyme?"

"I take my thyme!" the specter said.

Frenzy had had more than enough. He moved behind Hamster, put his hands on her hips.

Candy popped a question to the specter. "What about your *sex* life?"

"Just in the nick of thyme!" the specter said.

"How do ya '*arvest* the stuff?" Bertha asked.

"Beat thyme!" the specter said.

Candy looked around. "What do you *call* this place?"

"The Thyme Zone!"

Candy went on. "You *sell* time?"

"I did a *thyme* study. I studied a *long* thyme and a *short* thyme. I do not sell thyme *short* anymore. I get good money for long *thyme*. It depends on what *thyme* it is!"

Bertha was enjoying it. "Must be really great *thyme* this year!"

"A lot of the thyme—it is bad thyme! There is no perfect *thyme*!" the white specter said.

Bertha glanced up at the vultures circling overhead. "'Tis a *grim* thyme! Are ya the bloody Grim *Reaper* by any chance?"

"Yes," the specter said, simply.

"No *wonder* so many bloody vultures 'ang around above this place!" Bertha cried.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"I AM THE THYMEKEEPER OF MAN!" the specter said, in a God-like voice.

Frenzy slid his hands under Candy's firm breasts.

Candy's voice trembled with emotion as she answered the specter. "Looks like you'd finally *kill* all the *thyme*!" she said.

Frenzy thought the specter was going to go on without end.

"I have lots of thyme!" the specter said.

Candy was breathing hard. "Death comes *soon*!" she sighed.

"*Flies* on a *stiff*!" Frenzy said, putting Candy's hand on his rigid phallus.

"Thyme flies!" the specter said.

Frenzy wanted Candy badly.

"Don't ya feel bad about killin' *thyme*?" Bertha asked the specter.

"Yes, now I have thyme on my hands!" the old one said.

"Don't you ever take a *break*?" Candy asked.

Frenzy thought that was a great question.

It was only fodder for the old man's brain. "Occasionally I walk through the Corridors of Thyme!" he said.

"Ow long 'ave ya been doin' *thyme*?" Bertha asked.

"Since the beginning of *thyme*!" the specter replied solemnly.

Candy gently removed Frenzy's hands from her breasts, led him on down the trail along the river.

Bertha and Ramrock followed.

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.

Frenzy felt like he'd been in a trance. He looked back.
The specter was still swinging his scythe.

"How did you know he was finished *talking*?" Frenzy
asked Candy.

"He didn't have much thyme *left*!" Candy said, and then
laughed.

The Sea

Chapter 13

STILL HAVING drug-induced hallucinatory dreams, Frenzy dreamed he woke near a sea. He rubbed his eyes, looked out toward the horizon.

Thin layers of low-lying fog scarcely veiled the ocean waves that stretched out over the sea in front of him like a Scottish folk tale.

He threw a tiny rock into the thin vapor where masses of fog bunched and pushed other masses in the almost deathly stillness of the morning.

The sun's golden rays were brilliant as they tried to break through the mist and catch wave tops.

Light splashed in crazy patterns across the water and reflected onto jungle plants.

High above the fog some grayish-black *thunderheads* slowly climbed and spread as if they had always done so.

As he lay still, he heard gentle water lapping its way all along the white, sandy beach, somewhere beyond his bare toes.

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.

He heard the high screech of seagulls as they flew past looking for food. One flew directly over him, so close he could see the feathers in its wing.

Jungle was all around him. He smelled the dampness of the giant trees and plants that hung over and concealed the Maiden Hunters' rugged little campsite. It was the land of the jaguar and the snake. Strange birds and small animals cried out from the surrounding, obscure rainforest.

He'd awakened in a sexually aroused state of body and mind. *Given the opportunity, I would even have sex with a jaguar*, he thought.

A large beam of morning sun was slowly creeping along the ground toward where he sat on his sleeping blanket, his head resting against a tree.

Bertha's lop-sided tent—that she'd pitched between a couple of trees the night before for her and Ramrock to sleep in—hung in the morning shadows like a huge, gray tweed bath towel.

Candy lay sleeping a few feet from Frenzy—wearing only her Bikini.

He wondered if she thought she was the Queen of *Hamster* or if she thought she was *Candy* when she was *asleep*.

He picked up a tiny twig, tossed it on her bare back.

She let out a screech, leaped up off her blanket. "Where's the *snake*—?" she screamed, clutching her breasts.

"I tossed a little *twig*—!" he whispered.

She rubbed her eyes. "Why did you wake me *up*? I'm a *queen*! I need my royal *beauty* sleep!"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

There—he had the answer to his earlier question—she'd awakened as the Queen of *Hamster*! Moreover, she was *cranky*. *Bad luck*, he thought.

He liked her eyes when she was angry. He liked her breasts when she was angry. He disliked her nose when she was angry. It wrinkled and flared.

"Because you would still be *asleep*, if I *hadn't*!"

Before he had a chance to lay his hand on her fair shoulder, she jumped up, began running toward the sea like a wild animal.

He ran after her.

"I wish I were in my *kingdom*—fast *asleep*—" she screamed.

"*Sh-h*—! You'll wake up the whole *camp*," he whispered.

She stood on the sand, caught some seawater in her cupped hands, closed her eyes and splashed it on her face.

He tugged on an end of the string that held her Bikini top up.

She didn't object. Maybe she's changed to her Candy personality, he thought.

Her top fell into the water, quickly washed upon the sandy beach.

He smiled. "The *sun* will make you *feel* better!" he said, trying to cheer her up.

Candy looked him up and down. Her *eyes* lit up. "*Touch* me then—find *out* for *yourself* how I feel!" she teased.

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.

He was not sure if she was serious, so he carefully, gently caressed her breasts. "You feel *sexy*!" he whispered.

She slipped out of her Bikini bottoms, ran into the water. He slipped out of his, followed her. They splashed water on each other. She wrapped her arms around his bare chest, kissed him. He ran his wet fingers through her soft hair. She gave him a sensuous embrace.

"You know *what*?" she sighed.

He pulled her body against him. "*No—what?*"

"I think I *love* you!"

He kissed her neck. "I think I love you, *too*!"

Then, she stepped back a little. "You really *do* want to marry me—*right*?"

"A *lot*!" he said, moving his hands to her thighs.

She smiled. Her voice was soft in his ear. "We can't make love in *salt* water—!"

"Why *not*?"

She embraced his face with her hands. "It's just not *good*! I read it somewhere. It washes all the something *out* of me!"

Suddenly, it began to *rain*—hard! He saw fast-moving, black clouds passing overhead. A light breeze came up.

He ignored the weather, softly kissed her nipples. She leaned her head back. Thunder pealed around them. Sharp flashes of lightning lit up her breasts. She wrapped her arms tightly around his chest. He picked her up in his arms the way a groom might a bride. The rain was pouring down in sheets. It rinsed the sticky salt and seaweed from their glistening bodies.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

He carried her to his sleeping blanket, found it was soaking wet, carefully lowered her buttocks onto it, anyway.

"It's *cold*!" she complained, softly.

He kneeled, kissed her mouth. "That make it *warmer*?"

"*Much* better!" she sighed.

He looked into her eyes. "I *need* you, you know!"

"I know—I can *feel* it!" she said, through the heavy rain.

He lay down beside her, pushed her long, wet, red hair from her eyes, gently pulled her closer. He put his fingers on her pubic hair, felt what he was searching for—her clitoral hood.

He saw her skin was flushed. Her nipples were warm and firm. He could tell she was happy.

"Your hand feels *warm*!" she sighed, rubbing his chest.

She kissed his mouth. He nuzzled her breasts with his nose, ran his tongue around her nipples. Her muscles tightened, breasts became firmer, nipples extended as he licked her wet lips. Heavy sheets of rain pounded his back like the fists of a jealous lover. Lightning reflected from their bodies. He saw her mangled, wet, cardinal-red hair glistening in the rain. He kissed her damp face, gently brought it to his. She kissed his chest, then, slowly, her mouth continued on down his drenched stomach. His heart pounded like a stallion about to mount a filly. Her mouth felt warm and wet as she caressed his body with her hands, kissed his phallus. It was screaming for her. With the palms of his hands, he gently brought her kisses back to his mouth. She lay back. He carefully moved his body over hers, his rigid member about to enter—

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.

Suddenly—not three *feet* from them—a tree *exploded* into *flames*!

They *jumped* to their *feet*!

It looked to Frenzy like hell had broken loose from its earthly bindings.

Little fires struck trees all around them—but were quickly extinguished by the drenching rain—then quickly replaced by new fires.

Then he noticed the little *fires* were on the tips of *arrows*! *Are Indians attacking?* he wondered.

Bertha stuck her head out of her tent. "My *word*!" she cried.

They all looked toward the sea. It was like the Fourth of July.

Coming up out of the fog, millions upon millions of flaming arrows made beautiful, great arcs through the rain, stuck into millions of trees around them, burned a few seconds—then, the torrid tropical downpour quickly snuffed out their tiny flames.

Bertha's voice rattled the soggy morning air. "'Tis the bloody New Manian *Navy*, 'tis! Look at their ruddy blue *sailboats* with their blasted blue *sails*—all sittin' in nice *rows*, they are—tryin' ta burn us ta death with flamin' *arrows*—! They figured out a good *strategy*, too, they did! Much better than their blasted *Air Force*—mind ya! If it wasn't for the *rain*, 'twould be a 'ot time we'd be 'avin' right now! Crispy *critters* we'd be, mind ya!" she cried.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

Then—as if *Moses* himself were conducting events with the help of *God*—the winds grew fiercer, blowing some of the fog out to sea.

Within minutes, it whipped the sea into a furious rage. The morning sunlight turned the great whitecaps into foaming, golden *teeth*, hundreds of feet high—that seemed delighted in swallowing up the New Manians, sailboats and all.

The storm was so fierce, even Bertha pulled her head back inside her tent.

Candy and Frenzy wrapped their arms around a tree and braced themselves.

Frenzy was mesmerized. He couldn't take his eyes off the savage sea.

Soon there was nothing left to be seen struggling in its violent waves. There were no more flaming arrows—no more blue *sailboats* for flaming arrows to zing into the air *from*. The tumultuous sea had *swallowed* everything up. The ferocious, giant abyss had consumed the whole New Manian *Navy*!

Suddenly, as if by wizardry, the waters *calmed*.

Ramrock had slept through it all. They woke him, broke camp, and started on down the trail.

The Captain

Chapter 14

FRENZY TRIED, unsuccessfully, to adjust his eyes to the grandeur of the blasting, blaring, hot, miserable, disgusting, morose, despicable—sometimes-delightful—morning sun as the Maiden Hunters trekked on up the trail to find Dolly Freelace and *save* her.

Candy noticed *smoke* rising above the trees up ahead. "Maybe it's a *house*—!" she cried with delight.

They rounded a turn in the trail, saw smoke oozing from the chimney of a weather-beaten, old ship from which the bottom had been cut. The top had been built over—forming a shop for selling souvenirs, Frenzy guessed.

A broken mast in the shop's center tried to point its decayed crow's nest skyward. Frenzy disliked the broken mast immediately.

"We haven't had a decent *meal* since we left *Tessy*!" Candy cried. "Dolly, or *no* Dolly—I'm going to have a shrimp *cocktail* in this *ship*-thing!"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

The shop had something going for it from an architectural point of view. It had character. Years of use showed in its chipped, blue painted hull. *It looks like it's been in one of the naval battles of Hispaniola—and lost*, Frenzy thought.

Netting and sea floats lay about mingled with the smell of dead fish.

The shop appeared to Frenzy to be an extension of the twisted wharf that ran out from it. The wharf ran on down the beach, out into the ocean a ways. Boats of various colors were tied to it, some with sails; some were large with foreign flags flying.

Is Dolly inside that shop? Frenzy wondered.

They went nearer to it.

The air smells more like a cross between a fish market and a Belatian brothel rub-off-scent card, Frenzy thought.

The entrance to the shop was shaped like a fish's mouth.

Frenzy hoped it was not a sleeping *gargoyle* in disguise. He'd never seen a sleeping gargoyle, but he instinctively disliked the idea. He'd seen a *fish* gargoyle. It had not been fun. *What will happen if we wake it? What nightmare of verbiage would a giant gargoyle like that make me proclaim? It might make me scream two hundred and fifty thousand slang words in ten seconds*, he thought.

The shop turned out *not* to be a gargoyle *or* a Belatian brothel.

Blast! A Belatian brothel would be great, Frenzy thought.

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.

A small gargoyle was about though—a rat-headed one of pink persuasion. It made a swooping pass above Frenzy's head. "The ancient *python* slithered through the gull-spotted shop and *did-in* all its *inhabitants*!" it made Frenzy scream.

"My *word*—!" Bertha cried, alarmed, not referring to Frenzy. She'd *seen* something.

Frenzy looked about to see what had caught her attention—saw the old man.

From the look of the man's clothes and his long, white whiskers—he was an old, salty, seadog *captain*. He had *wrinkles*—that was obviously why he was *old*. His beat-up, dusty captain's cap had a layer of *salt* on the brim—that would account for why he was *salty*. *Why was he a seadog?* Frenzy wondered.

The old captain was wearing a sleeveless T-shirt and was sitting in the sun near the ship hull's entrance in an ancient-looking armchair that had carved lion heads protruding from it.

He was puffing on a carved, Chinese dragon pipe—the bowl was a dragon's head, the stem was its tail. Over time, smoke from his pipe had given a yellowish cast to his beard.

He was petting a black, furry, mongrel dog that lay between his feet.

Frenzy could tell it was a mongrel, it didn't have a collar and something had severely chewed one of its ears. *The chewed ear's a dead giveaway for a mongrel*, he thought.

Frenzy stopped in front of the old captain, looked at him a moment. "You *retired* from some *navy*?" Frenzy inquired.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

As the captain slowly raised his head, the brim of his old captain's dark blue, gold-trimmed cap came up, as did his whiskers. He leveled his keen, black Spanish eyes and long, thin, leathery, El Greco nose at Frenzy. "And what business might *that* be of *yours*, mate?" he growled in English, as he took his pipe from his mouth.

"You look like you haven't set *foot* on a ship for *thirty years*!" Frenzy commented.

"I set foot on *that* one over *there*, anytime I take a *mind*!" the old captain said, pointing a wrinkled finger toward a long, three-masted schooner riding high on the calm bay.

"Let me *guess*! You go out, sit in your *rocking* chair on her *bridge*—and watch the *sun* set!"

"I take her clear to *Haiti* and back—at least *twice a year*!" the old captain squeaked.

Frenzy looked him right in the eye. "With what *crew*—?"

"With my *friends*, *that's* who, if it's any o' *your* business!"

"I'll bet they're a *happy* lot!" Frenzy said, sarcastically.

The old captain stuck the pipe stem back in his mouth. "Come *inside*!" he said, with a devious laugh.

Bertha hesitated. "Ow do *I* know you don't 'ave a den o' *snakes* inside there, Captain Wrinkled Finger?"

"The name's—Captain *Lendricksonviner*—and I run a respectable *curio* shop, fer people like yer very *self*, ma'am! Come, come along *inside*!" he insisted, going in ahead of them.

"What's that ghastly *fish* smell?" Candy cried.

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"That's from a *tonic* I pour about the curio shop, gives tourists a sense of *reality*!" the captain said.

"Let me *guess*," Frenzy said. "*Belatian* tonic!"

"As a matter o' fact it *is*!" the captain answered. "How would ya know *that* now?"

"Just a *guess*!"

To their surprise, the old captain got to his feet without the help of his cane, jumped up and down like an *elf*, then led them inside.

The place smells better inside—it smells exactly like a Belatian brothel rub-off-scent card, Frenzy thought.

Ramrock's presence didn't change the odor much. He sniffed the air with obvious delight.

Frenzy couldn't see anyone. Where are the friends the captain mentioned?

Stacks of rare objects defied gravity as they tottered between leaning against the walls, and toppling over.

Frenzy noticed there were thousands of *buccaneer* curios.

"*Pirate's loot*!" Bertha suggested.

"Not that I *know* of!" the old captain countered. "Now, ya *understand*, I stock this shop with fine, rare treasures that I purchase from sea-going friends that just happen *by* from time ta time, them having traveled to far-away *lands* ya understand. Fine treasures they *are* that they bring, too. I don't *ask* where they *get* them!" he confessed.

"Like this solid gold *chalice*!" Candy suggested. "I suppose you didn't ask where *it* came from!"

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"Well, now, that might just be from a European *church*—but most everything else has no taint o' international law about it," the captain insisted, stroking his whiskers.

Frenzy was expecting sword-wielding swashbucklers from the back room to dash out and plunder them.

The captain went behind the solid oak bar, set a gallon jug up on it, then some glasses.

They all pulled up stools.

"Jamaican *rum*!" the captain said, as he poured.

"Just in case you haven't *heard*—," Candy said, "we're the *Maiden Hunters*!"

"I *guessed* as much!" the old captain laughed. "I hear tell the *New Manians*, the *New Zanians*, *naked native women*, spear-chucking *natives* interested in your *goat*—a *séance* witch—some *fur-coated natives* interested in the Queen of *Hamster*—*WASP* natives—a *reverend* who heard somebody wanted to get *married*—the Father of the Atom's *film crew*—and an old dude in a *white smock* carrying a *scythe*, are *all* looking for you folks!"

Frenzy was amazed, drank down his rum.

"Aye, I'm impressed you have such a *following*!" the captain said.

Candy and Bertha drank down their rum.

"So, since you know all *that*," Frenzy said, "where's Dolly *Freelace*—?"

"She lookin' for ya *too*, mate?" the captain asked, taking a sip of his rum.

"*No*, we're looking for *her*! Listen! We're the *Maiden Hunters*! We're looking for *her*—she's *maiden*!" Frenzy insisted.

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Candy cut in. "She *may* have come *this* way—maybe with nothing on but her *panties*! You would surely have *recognized* her. She was probably with a couple of dudes in red *PJs*!"

"New *Zanians*, probably," the captain said. "*Red's* their favorite color."

"*Exactly*," Frenzy said, pouring himself some more rum.

Frenzy was beginning to feel the effects of the rum—so were the captain and the ladies.

"You say the New *Zanians* seized this Dolly Freelace and came into *these* parts, did they now?" the captain asked.

"That they *did*—I mean—yes," Frenzy said, "they *abducted* her and brought her to *Southern Tirrania*. We've been hot on her tail ever since! We're going to *save* her!"

"And you tracked her to *this* neck o' the forest?" the captain asked.

"Yes," Candy assured him.

"It's only my guess, mind ya now!" the captain said, scratching his ear.

"Yes?" Bertha chimed.

Frenzy could tell Bertha had an *eye* for the captain.

"My guess is, they took her ta the stone *mansion*!" he said.

"Where's *that*?" Bertha asked.

The captain took another swig of rum. "In the deepest part o' the *rainforest*. Not even a *vulture* will go near it!"

"My *word*!" Bertha gasped, taking another sip of rum.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"It's *been* there for centuries. Some say it was built by a small group of Moors...during the eighth century...following their occupation of *Spain*!" the captain explained.

"My word," Bertha said.

The captain went on. "Legend has it that more than a *thousand* people have been *murdered*—many in their *sleep* over the years—in *that* very stone mansion!"

"Who'd *do* such a thing?" Bertha asked.

"Nowadays the *New Zanians* would, I suppose! The Premiers of New Zania have owned it for over a hundred years. The New Zanian Premier has *parties* in it now and then, the word *is*," the captain said.

"Maybe they're partying with *Dolly* right *now*!" Frenzy cried. "Listen, I'll make you a *deal*, I'll buy you all the *rum* you can *drink*, if you'll take us to that stone *mansion*!"

The captain thought a moment. Frenzy caught the gleam in the captain's eye as he glanced at the jug of rum. "But I don't *know* where it *is*, mate!" the captain said, simply.

"But you know more about where it is than *we* do—what do you *say*?" Frenzy urged.

"I need to *think* on it!" the captain said.

They heard *music*.

"Where's the *music* coming from?" Bertha asked.

"My sister plays the *sitar* while my daughter *dances* and shakes her *maracas*," the captain said.

"I'm the Queen of *Hamster*, you know. I'd like to see your sister *play* and watch your daughter *dance*! *Could* we, Captain Lendricksonviner?" Hamster cooed.

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.

"Well—*nobody* gets ta see my *sister*! She's a *fishwife*! She's so *ugly* we keep her in the back *room*; seldom have let her out since she was *born*! She'd scare off the *tourists* ya know!" The captain chuckled.

"But my *daughter* now, well that's a *different* story! She dances for the tourists. They put money in her—*pockets*—while she's dancing!" the captain said, taking another sip of rum.

Candy and Bertha were feeling no pain.

Frenzy couldn't remember where *Ramrock* had gone.

"Her name's—*Maria*!" the captain continued.

"Your *sister*?" Frenzy asked.

"No—my *daughter*!"

"How *old* is she?" Frenzy asked.

"Twenty-four!"

"*Does* she—!" Frenzy began, caught himself in mid-sentence. He was really feeling the rum.

"Does she *what*?" the captain asked.

"Does she like to—*cook*?" Frenzy asked.

"*Great* cook! She makes the *finest* Spanish dishes!"

The music coming from the back room got louder. Frenzy thought he recognized the style.

"*Flamenco*!" Bertha cried.

Then, the lovely *Maria* danced through a doorway into the center of the room. Her hand and body movements were most graceful and her beauty took Frenzy's breath away. Her black, Spanish eyes sparkled in the light from the shop's portholes each time she turned.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

She was a vision of loveliness, from the flower in her shiny black hair to her lovely chin—a chin that hesitated in Frenzy's direction a fraction of a second too long before making each turn with the music. Frenzy noticed her full, protruding breasts and how her buttocks pressed tightly against her Spanish dress just above where it spun away from her body in free artistic expression—exposing her shapely, black, stocking-covered legs.

Instantly, Frenzy was sexually aroused. He craved her *body* immediately, but disliked her shoes immensely.

Frenzy glanced at Hamster. She was livid. It's only fair, after all the chances at my body I've given her—it's time Maria got her crack at me, Frenzy thought. He looked around for Bertha. She was gone. Probably looking for Ramrock, he thought.

Maria danced closer to Frenzy, reached out her hands for his. He reached out his hands to meet hers. She was dancing in his arms before he knew what had happened.

I like the captain's sister, even if she is a hag somewhere in the back room—she plays great sitar, Frenzy thought, as he kissed Maria on her cheek. Bright and smiling, she returned the kiss—kissed him on his lips.

Then Frenzy noticed that the captain had suddenly *disappeared*. *Maybe he's gone to look for Bertha*, he thought.

Frenzy took a doubloon from his pocket. *I wonder where that came from—maybe Bertha slipped it to me*, he thought. He dropped it into Maria's pocket. She smiled, her lips succulent red. She smelled like a perfumed goddess. *Oh well, there goes the splendid Belatian brothel aroma*, he thought.

DON LEWIS WIREMAN, SR.

She's obviously taken a bath within the past month. Maybe that's what excites me.

As they danced, his granite-like member pressed against her dress from time to time. Each time she felt it she got a funny look on her face.

Frenzy didn't see Candy anywhere. *Probably looking for Ramrock*, he thought.

Before Frenzy knew what was happening, Maria spun away from him—started to peel off her *clothes*. She slipped out of her *gloves*, out of her *dress*, out of her *under dress*, out of her *bra*, out of her *breast support*, out of her *top slip*, out of her *under slip*, out of her *under-that-slip slip*, out of her *garter belt*, out of her ugly black *shoes*, out of her long, black *stockings*, out of her black *panties*. In short, all she had left on her body was the *flower* above her *ear*—and a pair of *maracas*.

She tossed the maracas away—dragged Frenzy down to the floor. The music played on as she peeled off his tennies and Bikini shorts. *My search for a maiden is over—sexual conquest is about to be mine at last*, he thought. She was saying something in Spanish. *Her voice has a sexy quality to it*, he thought as she kissed him on his chest.

"Sí!" he said, in case what she'd said in Spanish required an answer.

She mumbled something as she kissed his bellybutton.

"Sí!" he said.

She murmured as she kissed his thighs.

"Sí!" he said.

She began going over his body with her *tongue*.

A SPOOF ON SEX AND OTHER THINGS

"Sí—sí—sí—!" he said. He was getting a *feel* for the language.

His hands explored every square centimeter of her body.

She *licked* her way—*all* the way down his *stomach*. He felt her doing something wonderful with her *mouth*. His heart was pounding. Being a doctor, he knew his blood pressure must be at least 197 over 99. He was on the *precipice* of an *orgasm*.

Then—Frenzy heard a loud *bleat*! He looked up. Ramrock's *beard* was inches from Frenzy's *nose*. The goat's eyes were staring down at his face.

Maria screamed, ran naked into the room from which she'd come. She just ran naked from the room in which she would have cum, if we had not been interrupted, Frenzy thought.

"Well, how *was* she?" Candy asked, sarcastically, glaring down at Frenzy's nakedness.

"I almost *know*!" Frenzy said, sarcastically, trying to figure out where Candy had appeared from so fast. "But thanks to *you* and *Ramrock*, I *don't*!"

"My *word*," Bertha cried, suddenly appearing, "w'at's this world *comin'* ta?"

"It isn't coming to *me*!" Frenzy said.

Frenzy suddenly realized the music had stopped.

"You'd better get some *clothes* on before Captain *Lendricksonviner* comes back, ya 'ad!" Bertha warned. "That was 'is *daughter* ya almost mated with!"

Candy helped Frenzy into his tennies, then his Bikini trunks.

"Thanks," Frenzy said.

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Candy ignored him. "Here comes the *captain*!" she said.

Frenzy was on his feet in a second, looked the captain straight in the eye as the captain came through the fish mouth portal. "So, *captain*, have you given any thought to my *proposition*?" Frenzy asked.

"Yes!" the captain blustered.

"I mean—about taking us to the stone *mansion*?" Frenzy added, quickly.

The captain was a little tipsy from the rum. He took another drink. "Yes—! We'll *all* go with you! I'll show you where I think it *is*!"

"Your daughter, *too*?" Bertha asked, surprised.

"Aye! I never set sail *without* 'er!" the captain roared.

"Set *sail*?" Frenzy asked.

"Aye! We can sail my *schooner* down the coast a bit! That'll make it faster getting you *Maiden* Hunters to your *Dolly*, mate! On *one* condition that is!" the captain drawled.

"What's *that*?" Frenzy asked.

"The way I see it, when all those other folks catch *up* with you, it's either going to be one hell of a *party*—or a hell of a *fight*! Either way, my daughter and I get to join in! Is it a deal?"

"It's a *deal*!" Frenzy said.

Just then, a swashbuckler-looking *crew* filed through the portal, filled the entire shop, about forty of them.

"These are my *friends*!" the captain said, slipping a flintlock pistol into his sash. "*They'll* be sailing with us too, mates!"

The Pubic War

Chapter 15

THEY WERE 'runnin' before the wind' as a sailor once said.

The schooner skimmed gracefully through the open water.

Where's Maria? Frenzy wondered.

He was just about to go looking for her when he heard the captain's booming voice.

"Can you imagine a finer day for sailing than *this*, mate?" the captain barked.

Frenzy tried, but couldn't. "It's the *finest* day I can imagine for sailing!" he said.

Frenzy liked sailing already and he'd only been on board half an hour.

"I suppose you're interested in the *ship*!" the captain said.

"Yes! Indeed, I *am*!"

Frenzy's *glands* told him he should be looking for *Maria*. He couldn't *hear* her *maracas*. He couldn't *smell* her *body*. He wanted to taste her *lips*, *caress* her.

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"That's the *main-skysail* mast," the captain explained, pointing up a tall pole that aimed skyward. "The one with the *flag* flying from it!"

The sun was in Frenzy's eyes. He couldn't see. "I *see*, he said." *It must be there if it's important, otherwise the ship wouldn't be sailing and creaking, yes?* he thought. He'd picked up a few terms from a course he'd taken in college that included some shipbuilding.

"I suppose she has a foreroyal-studding-sail boom," he said, looking around for Maria.

"Aye, that she *has*, mate!" the captain said.

"And a garboard strake, too."

"I don't *think* so," the captain said, taking a suck on his pipe.

"I think so," Frenzy said.

"And where might *that* be, mate?"

"It would be *planks* laid next to her *keel*."

The captain didn't answer, just took another puff on his pipe.

The air smelled of seawater and pipe smoke.

Frenzy could hear the spray against the bow; saw the sails were full to near bursting with wind. *We're moving right along*, he thought. When he looked around—the captain had *disappeared*. *Was it something I said?*

"Does it have a foreroyal *stud* boom?" a woman asked. Frenzy looked to see who had spoken. It was *Hamster*.

"Fore-topgallant-studding-sail boom!" Frenzy said.

"Royal *masts*!" Hamster cried.

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"*Poop* deck!"

"*Lazy Jack*!" she exclaimed.

"*Wind-lass*!"

"*King post*!" she said.

"*Whisker pole*!"

"*Flying jib guy*!"

"*Hawsehole*!" Frenzy said.

"*Tack bumpkin*!"

"*Limber hole*!" Frenzy shouted.

"*Limber boom*!" Hamster cried.

"*Baby boom*!"

"*Monkey rail*!" she cried.

"Don't say that in front of *Ramrock*!" Frenzy warned.

"He's horny enough *already*!" *Candy* agreed.

"Do you know this tub is *Bermuda*-rigged?" Frenzy asked.

"No, I thought it was *Marconi*-rigged!" She laughed.

One of the captain's friends looked up from working the rigging, eyed *Candy*

Candy eyed him back. "See you around *deck*!" she said, to Frenzy, moving in the direction of the captain's friend.

Then Frenzy heard the *shush-shush* sound of shaking gourds. *Maria*—, he thought. He migrated toward the shaking-gourd sounds.

Maria was on deck, dancing to the music of her ugly aunt's sitar. The ugly aunt was hiding in a nearby lifeboat. *Maria* had changed costume. She wore a black Spanish hat with white bangles that bounced on their strings as she shook her gourd

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maracas, a Spanish dress of bright red with black at the shoulders and hem; and tall white boots.

As she twirled to the music, Frenzy saw her bare *knees*. As she twirled more energetically, he saw her bare *thighs*, and when she put an extra step into her beat, he could espy her bare *behind* now and again. In short, she could appear nearly *naked* when she twirled. Maria was, clearly, sexually and emotionally excited. Her movements electrified Frenzy, both physically and intellectually as he slipped a doubloon into her pocket.

Her delightfully extended paps revealed to him that she was passionately *ready*. He could tell that she *lusted* for his *body*. She danced closer and closer, shaking her maracas as she *came*.

She was quickly in his arms, under his complete control—to do with as he chose.

Their warm, wet tongues mingled. She thrust her breasts against his chest. She forced her hips against his hips. He suddenly had a screaming erection—she loved it. Their breathing became short gasps. They caressed each other with their fingers, their tongues and their noses. He felt the brisk ocean breeze rush over his bare tush. He was about to make his first thrust into her warm, tender body. *My orgasm is inevitable this time*, he thought.

Just *then*, a sailor yelled from the crow's nest directly above them. "*Planes ho—! Planes ho—!*"

Frenzy and Maria were not about to let "*Planes ho—!*" stop them.

But as Frenzy started his first thrust—*suddenly*, he was *cold* and *wet*. Somebody had thrown a pail of cold *water* on

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them. *Do we look like a couple of common dogs in heat?* Frenzy wondered.

Unleveled by the soaking, Maria indignantly gathered her skirts about her knees, dashed from the deck.

"What's the *meaning* of this?" Frenzy demanded, trying to throw some ire into his voice.

"We're being *attacked* or something! I didn't want you to be *hurt*—!" Candy cried with great enthusiasm.

"*You* again!" Frenzy cried. "I was about *to*—!" Frenzy said.

"I *saw* what you were *about* to—" the Queen of *Hamster* cried. "And in the very *presence* of my actual Royal *Highness*!"

Frenzy looked up; saw why there was so much commotion.

In the *western* sky, millions of *red* biplanes were roaring in *their* direction.

In the *eastern* sky, millions of *blue* biplanes were *also* roaring in their direction, which meant the *blue* biplanes were also roaring towards the millions of *red* biplanes.

Bertha rushed up, the captain and Maria following closely behind.

"Tis goin' ta be a bloody *air* battle between the New *Zanians* and the New *Manians* if ya ask *me*," Bertha cried. "If only I 'ad *Tessy*, I'd—!"

"You'd be right in the *middle* of it—but it's not *your* war!" the captain said, calmly drawing on his pipe.

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"But what if they attack *us*?" she insisted. "You don't know what *we* know about *that*, captain. They dropped *leaflets* on us in the jungle and declared *war* on us!"

"Which are the New Manians and which the New Zanians?" the captain ask.

"The *blue* ones are the *New Manians*!" Bertha explained quickly. "They're closin' in from both directions like two swarms of *bees*!"

"*Relax*—! Pretend you're on a Mediterranean *cruise*!" Frenzy suggested.

"I *can't*!" Bertha cried. "*Look* at those dolts up there! Some of the red ones are flying *backwards*—!"

"And some of the red ones are flying upside *down*!" Frenzy added.

"Upside down *and* backwards at the *same* time—*some* of 'em are!" Bertha said. "Now, that's some *flyin'* with a *biplane*, if ya ask me! I 'ave *never* tried ta fly Tessy backwards and upside *down* at the same *time*—would be bad *gas* mileage anyway!"

"But look at the *blue* ones!" Hamster shouted. "They're in *formation*—three straight lines—as far as the eye can *see*—!"

"What do you suppose they're up to?" the captain asked.

"They're going to fight a *war*!" Bertha cried. "'Aven't ya been payin' *attention*?"

"What'll they stand to gain from a *war*?" the captain asked.

"The same as with all wars—a *reward*!" Bertha replied.

"And what might *that* be?" the captain asked.

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"Our *lives*—for *openers*—as the Americans say!" Bertha cried. "They've sworn ta do *away* with us, they 'ave—then the winner will get the *trophy*!"

"What *trophy*?" Frenzy asked.

"Why—Dolly *Freelace*, o' course! A *Trophy*, she *is* all right!" Bertha cried. "Nothin' *more*! Nothin' *less*!"

Frenzy looked up. The three blue leader-biplanes were engaging with three red biplanes that were flying *approximately* toward them—upside down and backwards.

The propeller came whizzing off one of the blue machines and chopped the *tail* off its red counterpart. The blue biplane made a perfectly straight spiral dive—right into the *ocean*.

Wheels, pieces of wing, broken pilots, broken struts, wire, pieces of engines, suitcases, link sausages, salamanders, parachutes, shoes, nylon stockings, candles, spare tires, rope, flags, leaflets, seats, pajamas, smoke, fire, banana peels, blankets, and goggles were falling down toward Frenzy and the others on the ship from the terrible aerial holocaust taking place high above.

"We'll be buried *alive*—!" Hamster screamed. "Whatever will my *king* say about *that*? *Me*—buried in aerial *garbage*! It's *unheard* of in *my* kingdom—!"

"Don't worry about it!" the captain drawled, slowly sucking on his pipe.

"What do you mean by *that*?" Bertha asked.

"See that northern-sludge comin' this *way*!" the captain said, in a slow, counseling voice.

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"You mean the big green *cloud* that's coming toward us faster than the biplane parts are falling down toward us—?" Candy yelled.

Without warning—the captain began barking orders. "Man the *fire* hoses—! Every man-jackleg o' ye—hose this tub down with *ocean* water from bow to stern—! Don't miss even the tiniest *spot*—!" the captain raged at the rugged crew.

The crew acted as if they'd been through it all before. Their hoses were shooting water everywhere within seconds.

"Hit the *deck*—!" the captain yelled, pulling a huge tarpaulin over everybody.

"What about *Maria*?" Frenzy protested.

"Maria and the goat are in the lifeboat with my sister. They'll be fine," the captain assured Frenzy, quietly. Then the captain yelled, "Cover your bodies and don't look at the *cloud*, whatever you do!"

Frenzy stuck his head between his legs and waited for a falling *biplane* to break his *skull*. He waited longer—still nothing fell. There was no sound of *anything* hitting the water or the ship. The deafening roar of biplanes had suddenly *stopped*. *The war must be over*, Frenzy thought. *But how—?* He knew millions of biplanes had been crashing into each other. He'd envisioned the entire ship in flames from falling biplanes—then sunk—without survivors.

"All *clear*!" the captain called out.

Frenzy thought he should be hearing harps or cracking coal. Instead—he heard music from the ugly aunt's sitar.

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He threw back the tarpaulin, crawled out on deck with the others, looked up. The green cloud was drifting off—disappearing across the water—in the opposite direction from the way the ship was moving. There was not a single biplane, or part, or pilot—or anything—to show there had ever been a struggle. "Ok, I give up—what *happened*?" he asked the captain.

"Well, you folks have your *hurricanes*—right?" the captain asked, drawing on his pipe.

"Sure—!" Bertha said. "But even a '*urricane* leaves *somethin'* ta remember it by! W'at could 'ave left *nothin'*—like *this*—?"

The captain slowly took another puff on his pipe. "When we have acid *rain* down here—we have acid *rain*," he drawled.

The Beach

Chapter 16

"Anchor off yonder *beach*—!" the captain ordered.

"Aye, captain—!" the helmsman answered, slowly bringing the schooner around.

The sun was dying over the rainforest like a ball of orange ice cream slipping into an exotic drink.

The schooner's sails glowed in the remaining sunlight.

The beach lay long and white, as if reaching out its great peninsula arms to greet them.

There was a lone *fire* on the beach. The captain ordered the anchor lowered about five hundred yards out from the fire and they got into small-inflated rafts for the ride to shore.

I hate shores. I can never tell whether I can get on them or not and if I do whether I'll be invited to stay, Frenzy thought. Cannibals sometimes inhabit shores—usually accompanied by some kind of poles stuck into the sand around a fire—with a human skull sitting on each pole—like marshmallows waiting to be roasted.

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"Down with *cannibals*—!" Bertha yelled, as if reading Frenzy's thoughts.

"Perhaps I shall be *eaten*—!" Candy squealed with pleasure.

"I seriously *doubt* it," Frenzy said. "At least not in the manner to which you have become *accustomed*!"

"Poor Dolly *Freelace*," Bertha lamented, "the next *clue* you might get, Doctor Watson Blankface, could be 'er *ankle bone*!"

"Aye," the captain agreed from his perch in another raft. "There are bloodthirsty cannibals hereabouts sometimes, but they don't stay. They just eat and mosey on. They apparently don't have a tribe that lives here year-round!"

Candy was sitting next to Frenzy. She let out a *scream* like a turpentine jaguar, grabbed him around the neck for safety, which caused the raft to lurch sideways.

"What's the *matter*, love?" Frenzy asked.

"Maybe there *are* cannibals!" she screeched. "*Listen*!"

Then Frenzy heard where the horribly-broken *arpeggio* was coming from—the raft behind theirs. It was not cannibals. It was the ugly sister's sitar music. *One cannot expect pure sound from beneath a tarpaulin*, he thought.

Frenzy looked at the fire on the beach that they were gradually approaching. People-shaped forms were moving around in the firelight—casting shadows on the sand.

"*Friend or foe*—!" Frenzy shouted at the top of his lungs. The forms looked naked to him from that distance. *Is one of them Dolly?* he wondered.

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Unless she's gotten hold of more apparel—she should be down to her *panties* by now.

Maybe it was the smell of smoke from the fire, or the sitar music, or the warmth of Candy's body through her Bikini, but Frenzy felt like he was about to enter into a Druid Fertility Rite. *That's good. Orgasms were frequent at such occasions*, he thought.

Finally, their little, inflated rafts bumped and skittered their billowy edges onto the water-covered sand. *We must look like an invasion of pirates*, Frenzy thought, jumped into the water, splashed through it toward the fire, felt his leg muscles strain as his toes dug into the cold, wet sand.

Except for the light from the fire and the full moon, *darkness* was upon the face of the land.

There were a dozen or so, lovely, naked, dancing women putting their bodies through seductive gyrations as they circled slowly around the fire. One was tapping on a drum hanging from her shoulder strap. The drum was a dead giveaway. Frenzy recognized it immediately. "It's the Lost *Bikini* Tribe from the mountain *lake*—" he shouted with fascination.

"It's the Lost *Bikini* Tribe from the mountain *lake*!" the girls echoed.

Candy had gotten the message, too. Frenzy heard her hotfooting it up the beach to try to *stop* him.

Frenzy knew he had to work quickly. He didn't waste time with words. He knew the girls spoke Tirranian and he didn't. He grabbed a couple of them by the arm, ran down the beach.

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The rest of the Bikini girls followed, Candy in hot pursuit.

Frenzy hoped the girls remembered Handleheimer's message—"FRENZY BLANKFACE MUST HAVE ALL THE SEX HE CAN OBTAIN FROM ANY SOURCE HE CAN GET IT! STOP. BILL TO FOLLOW."

"*Stop*—! I *know* who the *girls* are! Where are you *taking* them—?" Candy screamed, as she ran.

Frenzy glanced back over his shoulder at the small *horde* heading his way—Candy, the captain, Bertha, Maria, Ramrock, the ships crew, and the captain's ugly sister—still strumming her sitar under the tarpaulin—were all running after him and the girls, in the moonlight.

The beach ahead of them made a sharp turn. Frenzy and the girls dashed around it. When he thought they had a good lead on the horde and were somewhat *secluded*, he *stopped*—and lay down on the *sand*.

The girls had his Bikini trunks and tennies *off* in a second.

A second later he was smothered in the most delightful, sensuous mass of wonderful breasts, fuzzies, soft buns, and passionate kisses the existence of mankind had ever bestowed on one of its masculine gender.

Do I have time to have sex before Ramrock gets here? It will be close, he thought.

He didn't say a word, things just happened. The girls knew tricks he'd never even heard of. Their soft hands, their

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cheeks, their hips, their warm curves, their warm tongues, their tongues, their *tongues*—.

He knew he was *extremely* near having an *orgasm*! Every spermatozoon in his body was primed to start the *swimming* race. *It's great—my eyeballs even have a pulse*, he thought.

He felt tongues all over his body.

Their earthy bodies smelled great and their silence was music to his ears. Their bodies were resplendent in the moonlight. *The passion of their lips—the nectar of goddesses. But—one must have eaten a scrub pad for breakfast*, he thought. *Her tongue is as rough as sandpaper on my toes.*

Then he heard sitar music—coming nearer and nearer. *Not now—! Please—no sitar music now—! Give me just one more second*, his brain screamed.

The tonguing of his toes migrated to the sole of his foot, tickled, definitely not sensuous.

Frenzy opened his eyes. "*Ramrock—you—coitus interruptus* goat—!" he shouted, looking Ramrock dead in the eye as Ramrock licked Frenzy's toes one more time.

"*Ramrock—you—coitus interruptus* goat—!" the girls echoed, looking Ramrock dead in the eye.

"*Get him—!*" Candy cried.

Hands quickly separated the girls from Frenzy.

"*Get him—!*" the girls echoed.

Maria and Candy gazed with apparent pleasure at Frenzy's rigid member.

Frenzy tapped Ramrock on the nose with his bare foot.

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"You look as if you could use a dram," the captain said, handing Frenzy a bottle of rum.

Frenzy drank deeply from it, handed it back.

"*Well—?*" Candy asked.

"Well, *what?*" Frenzy asked.

"Did you finally *do* it this time—?" she blasted.

"Do *what?*"

"Score, get laid, copulate, couple, mate, have sexual intercourse, ball, screw, diddle, have an orgasm, fornicate, make love, maybe even procreate?" Candy yelled.

"Don't *yell*—the girls are repeating *everything!*" Frenzy said.

Candy told them in Tirranian to stop repeating everything.

"You have practically broken our *engagement!*" Candy cried. "Have sex with *me* right *here*, right *now!*" she yelled. "Or I'll never speak to you again."

"We can't have *sex* with all these *people* watching! It's not *traditional!*"

"You were having *sex* with one of the *girls* while the *rest* were watching!"

"I was having sex with *all* of them at the same *time*—that's *different!*"

"That's not different—that's an *orgy!*"

"And just what was it when *you* and those furry-coated natives were at it on the *beach?*" Frenzy asked.

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"I couldn't very well violate their *custom*, now *could* I? That wouldn't be *traditional*!" she said, gave him a kiss on the nose then walked on down the beach with Maria.

Frenzy slipped into his Bikini trunks and tennies, started jogging around a little.

The rest of the girls were out looking for seashells in the sand.

It was the first time Frenzy had actually looked at the seascape. He decided it was magnificent.

The moon hung over the waves as they rolled in and gently broke upon the sand. A whisper-thin cloud was passing over the moon. The peninsula they were on jutted a good mile out into the ocean from the mainland. High rainforest trees made a wavy silhouette above it.

"Keep that lusty goat out of the *rainforest*!" Frenzy yelled. "There may be *monkeys*—!" Then realized he didn't need to concern himself about Ramrock. Ramrock was busy *nuzzling* one of the *girls*.

As they rounded the turn in the beach, it became clear that the fire was burning itself out. Some ran ahead to correct the situation.

The captain and Bertha sauntered along the water's edge.

Candy and Maria ran lightly alongside Frenzy. That bothered him.

"Why are you two keeping me such close *company*?"

"I *like* you *much*," Maria cooed. "I want to get into your *pants* as they say in America—!"

"And I want to jump your *bones*!" Candy laughed.

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He was delighted. "What's the *catch*?"

"*No catch!* No *zipper* either!" Maria teased.

"That goes for *me*, too!" Candy said.

He put his hand on Maria's buttock.

She put her hand on his hand.

Candy put her hand on Frenzy's buttock.

One of the Lost Bikini girls put her hand on his other buttock.

Frenzy put his other hand on *her* buttock.

She put her other hand around his neck.

Maria put her other hand on the Lost Bikini girl's shoulder.

Candy put her other hand on Maria's shoulder.

The Lost Bikini girl moved Frenzy's hand to her muff.

Maria took her hand off Frenzy's hand and put it on his lily.

Frenzy took his hand off Maria's buttock and put it on her breast.

One of the guys from the film crew put a hand on each of Candy's breasts.

"Everyone lay down on the sand—*slowly!*" Candy instructed.

They did, without moving their hands.

Frenzy ended up on the bottom of the pile. For a moment, he was in heaven, lying there on his back.

Then he looked up into the moonlit *sky*—he saw dark *circles* hovering above them. "How did they *get* here?" he asked.

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Candy mumbled from her involvement with his belly button. "*Who?*"

"The Lost *Bikini* Tribe."

The distraction caused her to lose interest in his belly button. "What *difference* does it make?"

"*Look!*" he said, pointing toward the sky with his nose.

She saw hundreds of dark circles hanging above them in the moonlight. Pointing skyward, she screamed, "What *are* they—?" She broke free from the huddle.

Everybody looked up at the sky.

"Ask the girl how she *got* here," Frenzy said, to Candy.

Candy asked the girl in Tirranian.

"Hot *air* balloon!" Candy cried. "She said she came in a hot *air* balloon!"

"I can't believe it. Really?"

"*Yes!*" Candy cried. "Those circles are hot *air* balloons!"

"My *word!*" Bertha said.

"And *whose* hot air balloons *are* they?" Frenzy asked.

Candy asked the girl.

"New *Zanians!*" Candy said.

"So why don't they *attack?*" Bertha asked.

"Let me get this *straight,*" Frenzy said. "The *New Zanians* dropped off the Lost *Bikini* Tribe here on the *beach*, went back up, and hung around in their hot air balloons! *Why?*"

Candy asked the girl. "The girls think it's because they're lascivious *voyeurs!*" Candy cried, delighted.

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Candy slipped out of her Bikini—started running around the fire *naked*, gathering firewood. She heaped more and more wood on the fire. Her body glistened in the new brightness.

Frenzy looked at the circles above. They were getting *bigger*; the New Zanian hot air balloons were coming *down* to join the *party*.

"I've *done* it! Their coming!" Candy cried—still pretending to be seducing the fire for the benefit of the hot air ballooners.

Many of the dark circles became larger and larger until Frenzy could finally see the baskets underneath the balloons.

Something struck Bertha on the head.

"They're *attacking*, run for your *lives*—" Bertha warned.

Most of the campfire crowd instantly disappeared into the shadows.

"What *hit* you?" Frenzy asked Bertha.

Bertha picked a projectile up from the sand. "It's *sturdy*," she said.

"Let *me* have a look," Frenzy said, taking it from her.

It was slick. It was a plastic bag of something. Frenzy opened it up, smelled it. "Smoked *squid*!"

The fireside crowd returned from the shadows and gathered around the fire again.

A bundle hit the beach with a thud.

Bertha investigated. "Pots and pans!"

One of the hot air balloons touched-down on the beach.

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Candy ran to it, quickly returned to the fire with two people in *bright-red pajamas*. One was a guy and the other a doll.

"I'm It. Jacob Jonestenienien!" the guy said.

"And I'm It. Janet Jallerightston!" the doll said.

"We're sexless New *Zanians*!" It. Jacob said.

"You both seem as if I've know you from before," Frenzy said.

"That's quite *impossible*," It. Jacob said.

"Of *course*," Frenzy said.

"What brings you *here*?" Candy asked.

"We are survivors of the Great Pubic War!" It. Jacob declared. "Until the Great Pubic War, we were on assignment to search for and capture the *Maiden* Hunters. They were trying to snatch our national symbol—Dolly *Freelace*!"

"I bet you didn't find them," Maria said.

"*Correct*! We decided to join your party instead! But it doesn't matter anymore about the Maiden Hunters because our people and the New Manian people are *united* as a result of the great *tragedy*—the Great Pubic War!" It. Jacob explained.

"Do you know where Dolly Freelace is?" Frenzy asked as other hot air balloons were landing.

"It. Dolly *Freelace*—our national *symbol*?" It. Jacob asked.

"Why do you call her '*It*'?" Bertha asked.

"Oh, I understand how you foreigners must look at it," It. Jacob said. "I believe you would say '*Miss*', or '*Missed*'. Am I *correct*?"

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"Miss Freelace, she'd be called all right! I don't think she's been *missed*," Bertha said.

"It. Dolly Freelace is more than a national *symbol* to us. She is like our patron *saint*. We have been told she took her vows of celibacy in the Monastery of St. Thomas!" It. Janet said, happily.

"How interesting," Candy said, giving Frenzy a look of—what-did-I-tell-you?

"Do you know where she *is*?" Frenzy asked again.

"We are not looking for her anymore. We are—how do you say—*party* animals now!" It. Janet said.

"I see most of you girls are *naked*!" It. Jacob observed. "I *like* that in a woman!"

"Come with *me*, Jacob Jonestenienien! You need to make *love* again!" It. Janet said, taking him by the hand.

Before Frenzy had a chance to ask again about Dolly, the two lovers had madly dashed into the rainforest.

Around the campfire, New Zanians were unloading great amounts of shark, kipper, herring, eel, fish eggs, imported crawdads, fried eggs, boiled eggs, coddled eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, stuffed eggs, deviled eggs, shirred eggs, omelets, soufflés, and boiled salamander with onions and garlic—and, hundreds of crystal-clear gallon bottles of fermented potato juice—with handles.

Frenzy looked down the beach. Hot air balloons already covered much of it and more were landing. New Zanians, in couples, were madly dashing into the rainforest as soon as their baskets hit the ground.

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"Let's *eat*," Bertha said, as she dug in. "The *salamander* looks *delicious*!"

Frenzy was not hungry. He wanted to achieve an orgasm. The New Zanians know how to do it. Grab your woman and head for the bushes, he thought. Should I grab one and head for the bushes? Or—should I scour the beach for clues to Dolly's whereabouts? If I latch onto a New Zanian It, who resembles an American female—and drag her off into the bush—how will that go over? The New Zanians will probably put a torch to my rigid member.

Frenzy decided to look for the *captain*, found him sitting by the fire, eating a stuffed egg and nipping on rum.

Frenzy walked up to him. "So—where do you think *Dolly* is?"

The captain swallowed, took another swig of rum. "Oh—somewhere in this neck of the Tirranian rainforest, I suspect," he said. "From what I've *heard*, the stone mansion's in this part of the forest, mate. I think this is the best place for you to start looking."

Frenzy looked around for Candy, decided she'd melted into the crowd of New Zanians that were setting up camps on the beach. Their campfires dotted a long stretch of sand. New Zanian couples were coming out of the rainforest, meeting others going in. The Lost Bikini Tribe girls were visiting other camps.

Frenzy decided to socialize a bit, too. He opened a bottle of fermented potato juice, grabbed a hunk of smoked squid and ambled over to the next campfire, which the partygoers had surrounded with crates of food and supplies.

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Maria was in costume and dancing to the sitar music that was emanating from the shadows. When she saw Frenzy, she gave an extra *twirl* that left *nothing* to anyone's imagination.

Frenzy wanted information about Dolly. "Maria's quite a dancer," he said, to one of the New Zanian It's who was sitting by the fire watching her.

"Great *legs*!" the It replied, not looking at Frenzy.

"Great *hair*, too!" Frenzy suggested.

"That, *too*!" the It responded, not looking away from Maria.

"Pleasant *eyes*!" Frenzy said.

"Yes! Yes!" the It said, still not looking at Frenzy.

"Gracious *breasts*," Frenzy said.

"*Indeed*!" the It agreed.

Frenzy got to his feet and took Ramrock for a walk. They ended up in the rainforest. Frenzy didn't need the exercise—he was actually looking for the stone *mansion* where the captain thought they might be holding *Dolly*.

"Ramrock," Frenzy said. "We'll search until we find the stone mansion—even if it takes all *night*, Okay?"

Ramrock bobbed his head. Frenzy didn't know whether that was to answer his question, or because Ramrock had indigestion.

Frenzy kept to the trails as much as possible. He disliked snakes by *moonlight*—especially giant ones. He'd finished eating some smoked squid and was nursing a bottle of fermented potato juice as they trekked along. He was surprised there was so much room on the rainforest floor. He'd always thought it would be a

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tangled mess. He found it easy to see quite far ahead. *Now, if I were a New Zanian holding Dolly captive in a stone mansion, what would I do? Yes—if I were a New Zanian I'd make a great fire in the gigantic stone fireplace,* he thought. *It has to have one, does it not? Every stone mansion I have ever read about had a huge stone fireplace with a cozy fire burning in it. So where's the smoke? Ah, if I was a New Manian and I didn't want anyone to find me, I would probably build a fire. However, if I were a New Zanian—then I'd build at least two fires, one on the rug—* he thought. He kept searching, faithful Ramrock at his side. "Do you smell *smoke*, Ramrock?"

Ramrock bobbed his head.

What a con artist he is, Frenzy thought.

After while, Frenzy noticed something—it was getting darker. Where's the moon? It must be going down. If I were out searching, with Ramrock, and I and Dolly just happened to get together, and I just happened to reach an orgasm with her, I could marry Candy-Hamster later and all would be fine, yes? "Dolly—" he yelled into the rainforest, as he walked.

Dolly didn't answer.

Frenzy continued down the trail until it was so dark he couldn't see his hand at the end of his arm, found a suitable tree, curled up under it with Ramrock The Smelly next to him and went to sleep.

The Dance

Chapter 17

FRENZY WOKE to the deafening roar of *biplanes*. A beam of sunlight was shining through the trees—right into his eyes.

I dislike roaring biplanes and beams of sunlight in my eyes, he thought, yelled into the rainforest, "Down with biplanes and beams of sunlight in the eyes—!"

The beam turned off.

The biplanes didn't.

Something must have passed between the sun and me, he thought. *A biplane? The moon?*

The beam of light came back on.

Suddenly, he realized he didn't smell *Ramrock* and there were weird-sounding birds somewhere above in the trees. Then Ramrock showed up with a package of pickled herring between his teeth. *Is he really a fetch-goat in satyr's clothing?* Frenzy wondered, accepted the herring and patted Ramrock on the head. "What kind of a fetch-goat brings *herring* to a *Californian* for *breakfast*?"

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Ramrock opened his mouth, snorted. He'd obviously been to *camp* and back.

"*Thanks!* Did you see *Dolly* in your travels?"

Ramrock bobbed his head up and down, but Frenzy was not buying it.

"We'll *save* Dolly *today*—or my name isn't Dr. Frenzy T. *Blankface!*"

He got to his feet, grabbed the bottle of fermented potato juice and snacked on the dry herring as they went down the trail looking for clues to Dolly's whereabouts.

The roar of the biplanes became more intense.

There must be a million, but I can't tell what color they are through all the dense rainforest cover, he thought.

He lengthened his stride. Ramrock lengthened his.

Then Frenzy realized something *familiar* was happening. He'd heard sounds like it before. *It's the sound of giant raindrops whizzing down through the branches. The kind of raindrops that are not really raindrops,* he thought. He looked up. *There must be a thousand New Manian paratroopers dropping down on us. These are different from the last ones I saw. These are wearing parachutes!*

The airdrops hung some of the paratroopers up in trees by their blue parachute cords. Some were so *hung* they were hung up because of their *hung*-ness. Others were trying to get the ones down that were thusly hung.

One paratrooper—dangling in a nearby tree in usual New Manian garb—*blue* PJs—spotted them. "There's Mr. Dr. *Blankface* and Mr. *Ramrock!*" he yelled, pointing. "We are New

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Manians! We have been searching for you all *morning!* Are you all right?"

"Yes—we're all right!" Frenzy yelled back.

"Good! Our mission is to take you back to *camp* so you don't miss the *dancing!*" the New Manian called.

Frenzy increased his ambling stride to a full jog. *I need an orgasm, not several battalions of New Manians*, he thought. "I'm *busy!*—" he yelled. "Take an *anaconda* back with you *instead!*—" *How am I to save Dolly with a million blue paratroopers trying to rescue me?* he thought. It had not eluded his reasoning that Dolly may feel *grateful* to him for having saved her, and *show* how grateful she was by giving him enough of her skilled, passionate *affection* to eliminate his *orgasm* problem forever.

"Mr. Candy and Mr. Maria and Mr. Bertha and Mr. Captain are all *worried* about you!" the New Manian yelled from his precarious, dangling point of observation in the tree.

"Well, Mr. *Ramrock* isn't, and Mr. Doctor *Blankface* isn't either!" Frenzy yelled back.

"I'm sorry I cannot follow proper *protocol*—hanging in this tree—but I will do the best I can! I'm Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta, Commander de Camp of Mr. President's New Manian Forces, at your *service!*"

"I've heard of you!" Frenzy said.

"That's quite *impossible!*" the colonel insisted.

"If you *say* so," Frenzy said, "but you do a mean *striptease*, every seventeen seconds, I believe!"

"Help me *down* from here!" the colonel cried.

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"Why?—that tree matches your *pajamas*!"

"So we can go to the *dance* and, as you Americans say 'trip the light fantastic!'"

"We haven't said that in *years*! I have things to *do*—!"

"Yes, I *know*, you are trying to save Dolly *Freelace*! I wish I could tell you where she *is*!"

"But—you are supposed to find out where she is—from *me*. Isn't that so?"

The colonel was astounded. "How do you know *that*? It's Terribly Top Secret—*TTS*! I could be *shot* for even listening to you *say* that—Mr. President has not given me a *security* clearance! Oh, what am I saying—that is all *over* now! After the Great Pubic War yesterday, we are all at *peace*—you, us, the New Zanians, *everybody*—! It was the Great Pubic War, to end all Great Pubic Wars! Have no fear of us New Manians—we are just dropping in on your *party*—!"

"By the *millions*!"

"Yes, when all our replacements arrive, there will be *fourteen* million New Manians at your party to be exact—two per biplane!"

Frenzy stopped jogging, went back to where the colonel was hanging in the tree.

"Speaking of biplanes," Frenzy said. "I don't hear the roar of their *engines* anymore!"

"We had to let many of them *go*!" the colonel said.

"What do you mean, 'let many of them *go*'?"

"We have learned to jump *out* of them when they *cough*!"

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"Why so?"

"They crash and *burn* with us *in* them!" the colonel said, simply.

"Maybe they run out of *gas*!" Frenzy suggested.

"You know, that may be *it*—!" the colonel cried. "I will report that observation to the high *command*! On the other hand, why do we need a high *command* when we are never to have another Great Pubic War?"

"Let's go to the dance and forget about it, Okay?" Frenzy asked.

"You have a deal! Help me down from this tree! On second thought, *you* climb a tree and I'll get myself down!" the colonel said.

That didn't make any sense to Frenzy, so, since a New Manian was making the request—that is exactly what Frenzy did.

When Frenzy was up a tree, the colonel produced a whistle, blew it.

Within seconds, a battalion of *naked* bumpies formed columns and rows under the colonel's tree, and under Frenzy's, too.

"A fine *mattress*, what do you think?" the colonel yelled. "Watch *this*—!"

The colonel slipped out of his parachute trappings—blue pajamas and all—and swan dived onto the mass of waiting bumpies. They caught him with squeals of delight.

Frenzy dived into the wonderful mass and then they were all merrily on their way up the trail—followed by *thousands* of New Manians in blue pajamas.

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Each New Manian produced a standard platinum-coated electronic bugle and played it at *maximum* volume.

At first, Frenzy thought their bugles had caused an *earthquake*. Everyone was shaking. The rainforest *trees* were shaking. The rainforest *leaves* fell off the rainforest trees. Immediately, several *feet* of leaves quickly covered them.

Ramrock and Frenzy climbed up threw the leaves into the light again.

The electronic bugle band played on—and marched on through the mounting leaves.

The bumpies remained under the leaves.

Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta stood up, his head just rising above the leaves—and he smiled every seventeen seconds.

Ramrock and Frenzy split off from the group and set out on their own to save *Dolly*. *She has to be somewhere*, he thought.

Ramrock sniffed the air.

Candy had been right, Ramrock had a fine sense of smell and being a lascivious fetch-goat—he made an excellent Maiden Hunter. *Ramrock will root out Dolly as sure as a pig can root out a truffle*, he thought.

The sunlight began to fade, so they turned back toward the camps on the beach.

Frenzy stopped. "Dolly *Freelace*—?" he shouted.

Not even an echo answered back.

The two of them trekked on as resonant music drifted to them from the seaside party. They broke through the edge of the

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rainforest. There were thousands of campfires dotted up along the beach as far as the eye could see.

Above the roar of planes, he heard the ugly sister's sitar.

The sun had faded. The moon had replaced it.

Then Frenzy saw them—TV sets—*thousands* of them. Every camp had one—all pointing in the *same* direction. Each was showing the *tent* where the ugly sister was playing the sitar.

A closed, purple, velvet tent had been set up for the ugly sister. The TV camera was taking pictures of the outside of it.

Frenzy finally reached the camp, walked up to a campfire.

People in red pajamas and people in blue pajamas, by the *thousands*, were dancing together around the fires to the music.

They fight each other one day and dance together the next. People are magnificent creatures, Frenzy thought.

Fermented potato juice was flowing freely.

Frenzy picked up a couple of caviar *casse-croûtes* and some potato juice, sipped his potato juice as he jogged here and there around campfires, finally reached the Maiden Hunters' camp.

He saw Maria dancing around the fire to the sitar music. "Welcome *back*—!" she cried.

Frenzy gave her a big kiss.

Candy was still naked, lying on the sand by the fire.

Frenzy gave Candy a big kiss.

The captain, Bertha, and the friendly Lost Bikini Tribe girl were sitting around the fire.

Frenzy gave the girl a big kiss.

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"Looks like old *home* week!" Frenzy said.

The captain gave Bertha a kiss.

"My *word*!" Bertha said.

Candy jumped to her feet. "I know what!" she cried.

"What?" Frenzy asked.

"I'll make an *announcement*!"

"About *what*?" Frenzy asked.

"About *Dolly*!" Candy said.

"What *about* Dolly?" Frenzy asked.

"She's supposed to *be* in *this* neck of the rainforest, yes captain?"

The captain sucked lingeringly on his pipe. Smoke curled up. "Aye, she is that, lassie!"

"Well then, there must be *millions* of her friends gathered here—!" Candy cried.

Candy started running toward the ugly sister's tent—and the TV camera.

"Wait—!" Frenzy yelled, running after her.

Before he could stop her—she was on-camera in the *nude*, addressing the *multitude*.

"As all of you know—Frenzy Blankface—Mr. Doctor Frenzy Blankface to some of you—It. Doctor Frenzy Blankface to others—has organized a small group of us to save Dolly *Freelace*—!" Candy cried.

The crowd went wild. They applauded in a thunderous roar for miles down the beach. They obviously thought *they* were the small group Frenzy had organized. On the other hand, maybe they just liked to watch Candy speak.

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More hot air balloons were landing, others taking off as Candy articulated.

"So," Candy continued, "we need *you* to help *save* Dolly—!"

The crowd burst into ear-splitting applause.

Frenzy wondered, *what will happen if I have sex with their Virgin of St. Thomas, Dolly Freelace—and they find out about it?*

"Make *love*—not *war*—!" someone in the crowd yelled.

"*Amen*, brother—!" a familiar voice cried out from above.

Frenzy looked up. The WASP reverend—dressed to the teeth in a starched suit—descended to the party in a hot air balloon, like an angel from on high.

The reverend's basket touched the sand, and he, in all his magnificence, climbed over the side, down the rope ladder. "*Amen*, brother!" he repeated. "*I love* sitar music—bring on the *dancing* girls—!"

Twenty or so naked ladies from the nearest campfire obliged him.

"Where's your *congregation*?" Bertha asked.

"They're *comin*!' They're *comin*!" the reverend cried, as he disappeared into the dense humanity.

Frenzy thought Candy was going to give another impassioned speech about saving Dolly. As he watched, he noticed two things about Candy. She was *not* looking at the *camera*. She was looking *skyward*. Furthermore—her eyes were definitely lit *up*.

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Frenzy looked up, saw a *fantastic* sight—the *fur*-coated *Nationals* had arrived by hot air balloon.

Their feet had no sooner hit the sand than they ran to near the water's edge; started digging holes in the beach to bury themselves up to their necks in.

Candy abandoned her aspirations in front of the TV camera—ran *after* them.

Frenzy went back to the campfire.

"Ya really 'ave it *bad* for 'er!" Bertha said.

Frenzy didn't answer.

Maria was still dancing sensuously around the fire in her Spanish costume, to her ugly aunt's sitar music.

Frenzy sat down by one of the chaps that were wearing red PJs. "You like this party?" he asked.

The chap nodded, yes.

"What is it you *like* about it?"

"*Everything*—the feasts—the *orgies*—the fermented potato juice—the *naked dancing girls*—the hot air balloons—the international *love-making*—the *music*—the challenge to maybe save It. Dolly Freelage—!"

"And if you *save* her, what then?" Frenzy asked.

"I'm going to *worship* her, of course!" the It cried. "For the rest of my *life*! I'm going to kneel down before her and *bare* myself!"

"I think she'll *like* that," Frenzy said.

"Can you keep a *secret*?" the It asked.

"*Certainly*!" Frenzy said.

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"There is forming in my country, the Great Pubic *Rebellion!*"

"What's the Great Pubic Rebellion?" Frenzy asked.

"It will be the *overthrow* of the *Matriarch* Party in New Zania. We are going to replace the *Premier* with Dolly *Freelace*, and the *Matriarch* Party with a *Patriarch* Party! What do you think of that?" the It asked, sipping fermented potato juice.

"I see why you're keeping it *secret*," Frenzy said.

"Yes," the It said, making gestures with its hands, "if not kept *secret—chop-chop!*"

"But you don't know where Dolly *Freelace is!*" Frenzy said.

"But *we* will save her! By the way, why are *you* looking for Dolly—our Virgin of St. Thomas?"

"I'm going to rent her the Brooklyn Bridge," Frenzy said, with a straight face.

"And how are you going to do *that* if you don't know where she *is?*"

"I've requested an air-drop of *bloodhounds*," Frenzy said. He really hadn't, of course.

"That's *brilliant!*" the It said.

"Thank you, and how are *you* going to save her?" Frenzy asked.

"That is a matter for our Great Pubic Rebellion *Underground!*" the It said.

"I would have thought after the Great Pubic War you would want *peace* for awhile," Frenzy said.

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"The Great Pubic *War* was under the *External Affairs* Department budget. The Great Pubic *Rebellion* is under *Internal Affairs*!"

"I thought it was *secret*," Frenzy said.

"It *is*!" the It said. "Do not tell anyone!"

Frenzy watched the dancing. Some of the Its were doing dance steps he'd never seen before.

"You're *sure* you don't know where Dolly Freelace is?" Frenzy asked.

"I am here to have some R and R, as you Americans say. I need to rest up after the Great Pubic War yesterday. The *underground* will save It. Dolly Freelace—our next Premier—" he said, raising his fermented potato juice bottle in a salute.

I must have a chance to get alone with her—a chance to save her—before they do, Frenzy thought. *If I get lucky and make love to Dolly, it will be a good thing that only the underground knows Dolly will be replacing the Premier. Otherwise, I might be in serious trouble with the New Zanians later on. Maybe I will be, anyway. How many of these millions are in the underground? On the other hand, it might be okay, because it's a secret.* He looked out into the darkness. *How can I find the stone mansion where they're keeping Dolly prisoner? he wondered. I could do what Candy started to do before the fur-coated natives arrived and distracted her—organize a rescue gala*, he thought. *With millions of people looking for Dolly, how can they all miss? That's just the problem, they probably will find her, then I won't get a chance to save her, and she won't have any reason to feel grateful to me and help me reach an orgasm. I*

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must save her all by myself. Well—maybe I'll take Ramrock along as a sniff-goat—and watch him carefully, lest he take advantage of Dolly first!

He got to his feet, started into the rainforest, but then decided it was too dark to see anything and returned to camp.

Maybe my name really isn't Dr. Frenzy T. Blankface—I didn't save Dolly during the day like I promised Ramrock I would, he thought.

He put some wood on the fire, curled up and went to sleep.

The Big Party

Chapter 18

THE FIRST thing Frenzy noticed was his own *drenched* hair.

He tried to squeeze some of the saltwater out of his eyelids with his wet fingers and then looked around. "Where *am* I—?" he shouted. He felt his legs and feet were in water, looked down—he was standing in about three feet of *ocean* water.

Reflected light from millions of campfires made the water sparkle.

A myriad of hot air balloons sat on the sand.

Thousands more sat on the water and bobbed up and down because of the *wave* action. Additional thousands bobbed up and down because of *other* action.

Many kinds of raucous music filled the chaotic night.

Maria laughed. "You look like a drowned *rat*!" she teased, slowly wrapping her wet, naked body around him.

"How did I get *naked*? I thought I had a Bikini on!" Frenzy cried.

"In strange places, things *happen*!" she cooed, rubbing his back with the palms of her hands.

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"How did I get in the *ocean*?"

"I have *friends*!" she said, kissing his back muscles.

"Isn't this *romantic*?"

"Illusory!"

"What does that *mean*—*illusory*?"

She was driving him pleasantly crazy with her hands.

"Romantic!"

He kissed her passionately.

"That's what I *said*!"

"I *know*!"

"Why are you so *shy*?" she asked.

"I'm *not*!" he said, as he began playing with her pubic curls.

"You *are*! You take any of those men that sail with my father—*any* of them! They'd have had me *screwed*, *blued*, and *tattooed* by now—! What have *you* done? We *almost* got it on—one time! One *time*!" she cried.

"I count *two* times! *Sh-s-s*—! You'll wake a million *neighbors*!"

"I don't *care*! All I want is *you*—making *mad*, *passionate love* to me—to the *finish*! Like the raging *bull*—to the *finish*!" she cried, forcefully drawing him to her.

"You go for *bulls*—?" He was surprised—yet somehow glad.

She dropped to her knees in the water, began kissing his body. Her head disappeared underwater. He decided not to ask her to stop. *Maybe she can make me go all the way. I, Dr.*

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Frenzy T. Blankface, am finally going to have an orgasm—, he thought.

*Suddenly—*without warning—a powerful, blinding beam of *light* illuminated every inch of their *au natural* bodies.

"What's *that—?*" Maria screamed, coming up for air.

Frenzy examined the situation, recognized some of the characters. "It's Fiery Red Maelstrom's *film* crew, making a movie from a hot air balloon!"

"Of *us—*making *love—?*" Maria cried.

"It's their way of saying, hi!"

"Ya make a cute *couple*, ya do—on the *telly*, no less!" Bertha cried from the beach.

"We're news *already—!*" Maria screamed. "And I have no *maracas—!*"

"What you have are *substantial!*" Frenzy said.

They ran the short distance to Bertha with the light beam still following them then lost themselves in the crowd.

Seeing how much fun it was to be on TV—the partygoers formed *music* and *dance* contests all up and down the beach, to attract the *light* beam. The film crew obliged and spotted the light beam on couples doing the *cancan*, then on others doing the *funky chicken*, the *mambo*, the *habañera* and the *boogaloo*. Seeing themselves and their friends on all the tubes—the crowd went *wild*.

As soon as they'd landed in hot air balloons, Frenzy recognized seventeen, naked, Tirranian Nationals with spears in hand hop out and begin running as fast as they could—to put a lot

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of distance between themselves and *Ramrock*. Panting, they dashed down the beach—*barely* staying ahead of *Ramrock*.

Frenzy grabbed Maria's hand and started a Conga line.

Within minutes, the Conga line grew to *thousands*, then to *millions* of dancing, singing, naked people, weaving among campfires and hot air balloons, some—a little tipsy from the fermented potato juice—tripped and fell into campfires, others ran into balloon baskets.

Something caught Frenzy's eye. He looked up. There was another new arrival. It looked like a war—but wasn't.

Suddenly—hundreds of *skyrockets* made the sky look like a great lit-up, stained-glass window with the feather-hat *sorceress* riding a hot air balloon in the middle of it.

Ear-shattering bombs went off, cannon crackers fired, ladyfingers flickered, Roman candles spewed forth miracles, a giant serpent of many colors unfolded high above then rapidly descended, spitting *fire* onto the multitude—frightening twenty odd gargoyles out of a nearby tree. "The fiery-*serpent* had sex with the lascivious *beast-goat*!" they made Frenzy say.

The Conga line broke up as everyone ran to the *beach* to get a better view of the *sorceress*.

Her hot air balloon continued to slowly descend until it settled on the sand. Instantly, she dismounted from the basket—ran toward Frenzy.

Candy came charging at them. "You can't *have* him!" Candy cried, as she tackled Frenzy to the ground and piled on top of him.

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"You can't *have* him!" the lost Bikini girls echoed, piling on top of Candy and Frenzy.

"You can't *have* him!" Maria cried, jumping onto the pile.

"You can't *have* him!" Hamster cried. "My *king* will never understand *any* of this!"

Then Frenzy heard an unmistakably familiar voice. "KIRANGO—" the feathered chieftain screamed.

Suddenly, there was *silence* throughout the beach and rainforest.

Frenzy wriggled his head between somebody's legs so he could hear better.

"WUMMON—" the feathered chieftain screamed.

"Hamster! What's he *saying*—" Frenzy yelled.

"WOMAN—" Hamster interpreted.

"And—stop *yelling* at me! I'm right here on *top* of you!" Candy cried.

The *sorceress* turned on the chieftain with a fury, and what she said to him would probably forever leave blue streaks in the Tirranian *language*—*then* she set his *feathers* on *fire*.

The feathered chieftain, totally faced, put his hands to his ears—*ran* into the *ocean*!

The sorceress started a conversation with the captain, and the party went back to normal, with savage *music*, *dancing*, and *lovemaking*.

Frenzy was naked as a jaybird, with lovely, undressed women heaped on top of him, who were obviously prepared to protect his body from *unsolicited* molestation at any cost, *and*

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he'd already *proposed* to one of them. *How can I miss? An orgasm is imminent this time! I'll soon be the hunk of the Tirranian National Rainforest*, he thought.

"When are you going to let me make love to you?" he asked Candy.

"I seriously doubt we *can* in this sandwich position, but if you can figure out a way to get us un-stacked, *and* if you can *catch* me, you can *have* me!"

"*Fire—!*" Frenzy yelled. "*Fire—!*"

"*Fire—!*" the Bikini girls echoed. "*Fire—!*"

He felt the pile un-stacking. The Bikini girls got off the heap, too.

As soon as she could, Candy jumped up, started running. Frenzy took out after her like a lion chasing a Christian. She raced down the cool moonlit sand. *The event is on! The prize is my orgasm!* Frenzy thought, as he gained on her naked body with every stride. Her shoulders were well back and she held her head high. He caught her by the arm, brought her to a stop, turned her around and immediately began caressing her breasts.

"What are you *doing* to my royal *person*?" the Queen of Hamster cried. "I shall have you *neutered* when my *kingdom* arrives—!"

"But you *said—!*" Frenzy began.

"I said *what—?*" Hamster began. "That you could *trespass* on my *sovereignty*? That you could feel free to *touch* my royal private *parts*? That you could use a *queen* for your own *common, personal* needs—without proper *overtures*? That you could play Hera's *Zeus* without being a *God*? That you could

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make me crave your promiscuous, animal *body* beyond the time when *delirium* depleted my *faculties* until I had forgotten I was a *queen* and let you have your way with me *over and over and over* again? Is *that* what you *thought*?"

"*I thought—!*" Frenzy began again.

"You thought you could *circumnavigate* my majestic *peaks* and enter the rivulet of *paradise* without tasting the royal *nectar* of my honeyed *lips*?"

A thousand-voice chorus softly harmonized the words—
"*rivulet of paradise...honeyed lips...*"

"You thought you could *ravish* my *fragile* mantle of royal *softness* with your progressive, *concupiscence*?"

"*Progressive concupiscence...*" the immense choir sang, in unity.

"*Well—?*" she screamed into Frenzy's ear.

"*Yes—that about covers it!*"

"*Do it—!*" *Candy* cried, no longer in her *Queen of Hamster* mode, as she lustfully wrapped her naked legs tightly around his bare waist.

"You sure you can handle this straight up—without my burying myself up to my *neck* in *sand* for you?" he asked.

"I can *handle* it—now *do it—!*"

"Now *do it...*" the choir crooned.

She pulled him down on top of her into the shallow waves.

It was the way the *moonlight* struck her *buttocks* that brought the *welts* to Frenzy's attention. *They're perhaps purple or bluish, too dark to tell. Each looks about the size of a dime.*

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There are hundreds, he observed. He touched one. "Does that hurt?"

It *itches* where you're touching. "What is it?"

"I don't *know*. You have *welts* on your *buttocks*, each about the size of a dime!"

She started scratching them.

"Don't *scratch*!"

"They *itch*!" she cried.

He examined her further; saw that the welts covered the lower part of her back, her buttocks, insides her thighs, her vulva and the lower part of her stomach.

A huge, interested crowd formed a large circle around them.

"Someone bring a *torch*!" Frenzy requested.

Someone quickly provided one.

Frenzy examined her skin more closely. "It's definitely *not* lymphogranuloma *venereum*!"

"What's *that*?" Candy cried, alarmed.

"A *social* disease!"

"A *social* disease?" she cried.

He examined each area very closely. "It's *not* syphilitic *meningoencephalitis*!"

"*That's* a relief!" Bertha said.

"I don't think it's tropical *bubo*!" Frenzy said.

"You don't *think* it is?" Candy cried. "You're supposed to *know*—you're a *doctor*!"

Frenzy examined each welt carefully. "It doesn't look like morbus *Gallicus*!"

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"*That's* a relief!" Bertha sighed.

"What *is* it—?" Candy demanded.

"It's why movie star went *away*, señora!" one of the fur-coated Nationals volunteered. "Then we get *gorilla*! Gorilla *never* gets it!"

"Gets *what*—?" Candy screamed. "What *is* it?"

Before the National could answer, a dry voice from the edge of the crowd screeched, "*INIS MORBUS TIRraniUS*!"

It was the *sorceress*, carefully studying Candy's welts.

"She says it's Tirranian Cupid's disease!" Hamster interpreted.

Frenzy examined Hamster's pubic hair. "I see no evidence of locomotor *ataxia*!"

"At least the *sorceress* knows what it *is*!" Hamster cried.

If the sorceress knows what it is—she knows more than I do about it, Frenzy thought. "Ask her how to *cure* it!" Frenzy said.

"You're a *doctor*! Are you going to let a *sorceress* try to *cure* me—?" Hamster cried.

"I have no *choice*! I don't know what diseases there *are* in these tropics, her guess is *better* than *mine*!"

Hamster questioned the *sorceress*.

"She says it must be covered with a plaster made of *nux vomica*, *black henbane*, and *belladonna*—for *four* days!" Hamster cried.

"*No*—!" a New Zanian interjected. "Gently apply the essence of *salamander* and wait only *three* days—the *welts* will be all gone!"

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"No!" a New Manian cried. "She must drink *thirty-three* milliliters of the extract of *blueberry* root—and be cured in *two* and a *half* days—!"

"What is required, is *one* application of diluted broth of poison *bush*!" the reverend said, carefully observing Hamster's naked body. "She'll be cured in *one* day!"

"She already *has* a poison *bush*!" Frenzy said. "She needs an *antidote* to *counteract* it!"

"Don't just *examine* me, *do* something!" Hamster raged. "I could *never* be *received* by my *kingdom* in *this* condition!"

"Do what you can to cure her!" Frenzy said, to the sorceress.

"Wait—! You can't just walk off and *leave* me with this *sorceress* and all these *natives*!" Hamster cried.

"*Nationals*, Hamster, *Nationals*, not *natives*! I have no *intention* of *leaving*! *Au contraire*, Hamster, I'm going to *watch*! I must learn the medical practices in this part of the world! I think the sorceress's *plaster* of whatever-it-is will be a good start. If anything seriously goes wrong, I'll step in and take over *immediately*! Tell the sorceress we're *ready*!" Frenzy said, to Hamster.

Hamster reluctantly instructed the sorceress to proceed.

Somebody put a pot over one of the campfires to heat some water and the sorceress dropped ingredients into it. She made a thick plaster and Frenzy applied it to Hamster's vulva, then on up her stomach and back.

"It feels *hot*!" Hamster complained. "Are you sure it will *work*?"

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"I have no idea *what* it will do, I'm just an innocent *bystander*!" Frenzy said.

"If you want to *marry* me, it had better *work*!" Hamster threatened.

"In that case, I certainly hope it *does*!" Frenzy said.

Hamster began to *perspire* a great deal. "This plaster is getting *hotter*! Will you take a *look* and see what's *happening*?" she asked Frenzy.

Frenzy carefully removed some of the plaster from her *vulva* and examined her skin closely with the light from a torch.

The crowd watched carefully.

"*H-m-m*—!" Frenzy said, in his best doctor tone.

"*Well*—?" Hamster cried.

"*Good* news and *bad* news!" he said. "The *good* news is, the *welts* are *gone* already—the bad news is—so are all of your *pubic* hairs!"

The crowd went wild with applause. They carried the sorceress off on their shoulders as a heroine.

An untamed spirit suddenly took over the crowd. *Music*, *dancing* and *lovemaking* became even more frenzied than before.

Hamster jumped up, hurried into the water to wash off the hot plaster.

Mr. President of New Mania's Commander de Camp, Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta, had somehow ended up on *TV*—having his uniforms changed every *seventeen* seconds by bumpies in front of a flashing strobe light. "Is everyone having a good *time*—?" he cried.

The horde went crazy with shouts and cheers.

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"Let's save Dolly *Freelace*—!" the colonel cried.

The crowd went wild again.

Frenzy got behind *Ramrock*, Maria got behind Frenzy and they started a Conga line. Ramrock made a beeline for the rainforest—with millions joining his Conga line. He changed direction quickly, but still lost the spear-wielding Tirranian Nationals that he'd been chasing. He'd smelled a *monkey* in the jungle. He liked *monkeys* even more than he liked the *Nationals*. The partygoers in the Conga line sang, danced, and tried to keep up with Ramrock as he twisted his way through the rainforest.

A couple behind Maria and Frenzy broke away, disappeared into the bush.

"Where are *they* going?" Maria asked.

"To wage war against *hate*!" Frenzy answered.

Millions of tons of leaves still covered the forest floor.

"The stone *mansion* will *never* be found under all *this* stuff, mate!" the captain said, grabbing a handful of leaves.

The Conga line meandered throughout perhaps a thousand acres of rainforest, presumably looking for Dolly Freelace. Then Ramrock headed for the *beach* with his millions of followers. Finally, the Conga line broke up and everyone went back to the campfires.

Somebody turned off the TV station and the quiet, earthy rhythm of nature came rushing back into everyone's life. They felt the solitude of the ocean and saw the fullness of the moon. It was the wee hours of the morning. Gradually, sedateness fell over the human swarm like the blush of a virgin. The emotional

undercurrent of the millions of naked human bodies in one place was like a wild river rushing toward a waterfall.

Lying on his back by the campfire, Frenzy suddenly became aware of a single, irregular, pastel, iridescent *cloud* that was slowly, gracefully *descending* down upon them. He looked around, saw others watching it, too. As it came further down, they all began to hear a powerful *choir* singing devout religious music—in magnificent consonance within the cloud's glorious, wispy vapors—to the euphoric accompaniment of a resplendent *pipe* organ. The entirety conveyed a power, as if part of *heaven* was coming to earth in a liturgy for humankind—even so imposing that it might appease all past, present, and future Gods—forevermore.

As it came closer still, what appeared to be *angels* stood lightly suspended upon it, wearing wings, and holding hymnals.

"My *gracious*, they're not *really* angels!" Bertha cried. "They're the bloody WASP Nationals—! Look at their starched WASP wings!"

The cloud majestically hovered—about a hundred feet above the ocean, near the edge of the sand—and the WASP National Choir on it began singing another spiritual.

Then, one large piece of the corner of the cloud they were on suddenly gave *way*, and National's bodies casually, ignominiously *tumbled* down through the air towards the ocean—*screaming* as they fell.

It became apparent to Frenzy that the cloud and its occupants had been suspended by four, white, hot air balloons

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and one of the balloons had sprung a *leak* letting one corner of the platform the Nationals were standing on drop into the sea. Luckily—no one was hurt.

Seeing what was happening, many of the naked partygoers in the crowd jumped up, ran into the ocean, literally took the victims to their *bosoms*—and, singing and dancing as they *came*, slowly brought them to shore.

"You best get out of that drenched WASP suit and join the party, young lady!" one of the male-Its said, to one of the victims.

She did—and *they* did.

Uncivilized music replaced the angelic sounds the WASPS had been vocalizing and the party resumed dancing, singing, and lovemaking.

Frenzy found Ramrock and they wound their way through the erotic campfire dancers—into the shadowy rainforest.

The only light was from a few moonbeams that streamed down through holes in the rainforest canopy.

Within a few minutes, they were well inside the rainforest. Frenzy sat on a log, listened for strange sounds. All he heard were the sounds of night creatures and party animals. He walked deeper into the rainforest.

Somehow, Ramrock had gotten ahead of him.

Suddenly, Ramrock came *charging* back down the trail—with something in his *mouth*. Frenzy quickly grasped a piece of cloth that Ramrock had not quite chewed completely up and swallowed.

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The piece has Dolly Freelage's monogram—*D.F.*—on it!
It's part of her panties! She must be completely naked,
he realized, studied the monogram more closely.

Frenzy got an idea, waved the piece of cloth in front of Ramrock, then at the rainforest. It *worked!* Ramrock nodded his head up and down and started back up the trail like a bloodhound. Frenzy followed closely behind.

They came to a place where the trees were scarce. Frenzy walked into the opening. Straight ahead he saw a *wire* stretched between two trees, about head high, and then he noticed the *red PJ cap* hanging on the *wire*. "Ramrock—you old *beast-goat*—you've really *found* something—!"

Then, Frenzy saw what he'd been looking for: the top of a smoking *chimney* poking up out of the leaves. Excitement gripped him. *It must be the stone mansion where they're holding Dolly!* he thought.

Leaves masked the mansion's shape.

Frenzy made his way through the leaves then felt something *solid*. It felt like a rock wall. He jostled more leaves out of his way. It *was* a rock wall. After a few minutes, he located a *door*, tried the latch. It opened. He listened for sounds. Hearing none, he cautiously slipped inside, leaving Ramrock outside munching leaves.

The first thing he saw was a huge *fireplace*. Light from its fire was flickering shadows back and forth across the walls. He could hardly believe his eyes; he saw two New *Zanian* desperados sprawled out, *nude*. Both were face up on the floor, parts of their bright-red PJs strewn here and there around them.

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Then, he saw Dolly *Freelace* sitting *cross-legged* in the center of an enormous, round, bright-red *bed*, wearing nothing but her *sunglasses*, leisurely doing her nails.

"I'm here to *save* you!" he said, boldly.

His voice didn't startle her. She'd apparently heard him enter. "As you can *see*, I have already saved *myself*!" she said, in a French accent.

"Are they *dead*?" Frenzy asked, looking at the New Zanian desperados on the floor.

"*Perhaps*! Zer eez zee first time for *everyzing*!" she said, not lifting her eyes from her nails. "And who shall I tell myself eez *calling* on me?"

"Doctor Frenzy T. Blankface! At your service."

"Zen, *Doctor* Blankface, you should *know* whezer zay are *dead* or *no*!"

Frenzy quickly knelt, felt the pulse of the New Zanian nearest him. It was *strong*. He lifted the New Zanian's eyelid with his thumb. "It would seem they're in a *coma*! How did you *manage* it?"

"Zay began to *bore* me—so, I had *sex* wiz boz of zem! Zee f-ee-lzy *p-e-e-gs*!"

"I'll tie them up," he said, quickly.

"If you have nozing *better* to do, *tie zem up*, but zay won't be '*coming around*' as you Americans say, for several more *hours*! I have some experience een zeez matters!"

"You're *French*!" he said, tying up the New Zanians with parts of their PJs.

"Zat eez *correct*!"

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"You have the most magnificent *body* I have ever seen!"

"Exactly what *are* you doing een my *bedroom*?"

"I read about your *abduction* in the newspaper. I came from the States to *save* you!"

"What did you *ride*—zee *mule*? I have been here for two *days*!"

"I *must* save you!"

"I told you I am all ready *saved*! I saved *myself* not an *hour* ago!" she insisted.

"Not *exactly*! You see, the *Premier* of the country these clowns are *from*—New *Zania*—is intent on having *sex* with you! He'll do strange things to you if he finds out where you are and that you have put his men into comas!"

"He'll be *delighted*—! By zee way. Why are you *naked*?" she asked. "I am naked because zeez '*clowns*' as you say, took my *clozes* off at *gunpoint* at various places een our journey down here, but I am sitting here minding my own b-eez-ness, surrounded by zees naked *p-e-e-gs*, and *you* show up *naked*! What am I to *z-ee-nk*? Zen you say you are going to *save* me from a *Premier* who has paid a *fortune* to *me* to go *zroo* all zees *abduction* business! Eet eez all *play-acting*! Zat's how he gets his *kicks*! I make him pay very, very *well* for eet!"

"The *Premier* of New *Zania* is your *client*?" he asked, in disbelief, as he sat on the edge of her bed.

"*Yes*! We do zees every *year*! Unfortunately, zees year eet got into zee *news*. Heez *wife* will be *furious*!"

Frenzy was glad he was sitting down. "I need to have an *orgasm*!" he said, frankly.

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"What is zees—*orgasm*!" she said, looking at him as if for the first time.

"It's also known as an *ejaculation*!"

"Of *course*! Why have you come all zees way to *me* to have zee *ejaculation*, *Doctor Blankface*?"

"I will tell you the exact truth! I came from the States to *rescue* you, hoping you would be so *grateful*—you'd make wild, passionate *love* to me!"

"And you w-ee-I have an *ejaculation* to get zee *motor* started again, eez zat *eet*?"

"*Yes*—how did you *know*?"

"It eez zee *b-eez-ness* I am *een* to *know* zeez zings about zee man—*everyzing* about zee man zat has anyzing to do with sex *eez* my b-eez-ness! I am Dolly Freelace, international *hooker* and *m-ee-stress* to *kings*!"

"I *know*! Well—I didn't really know about the *hooker* part. I actually thought you were an international *fashion* model."

"Zen you know I can make you have zee *ejaculation* in *zee* seconds!"

"I *know*!" He really didn't know that, either.

"As you see—my *sex* eez *so* good it makes zee man go into zee *coma* from *eet*!"

"I *know*!" That he knew.

"And you still want me to do *eet* to you?"

"*Yes*—!"

"Zat weel be Five-hundred zousand dollars, American, een French notes, please!"

"Five-hundred thousand American—?"

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"Een French notes! Zat includes zee zree-second orgasm as you say—guaranteed—and also zee gratuity!"

"How much for a *ten*-second *orgasm*?"

"Three-second—or nozing!"

"As you can see, I'm without *funds* at the moment—!"

"And zer eez one *ozer* zing!"

"What?"

"You must tell me one *risqué* joke while I am making love to you!"

"I don't *know* any *risqué* jokes—I'm a *doctor*!"

"I give you exactly until zee sun has *risen*! Zen I go to Bocato to rendezvous wiz zee Premier of New Zania—zen on to Paris for a very expensive *tryst*!"

"A half-a-million dollars is a lot of money—even for a doctor! Wait until I return! I'm going to try to raise the money!" he said, bolting toward the door.

"Until zee *sunrise*! Zat eez all zee time you *have*!"

He was sure he wouldn't be able to raise that much money before sunrise. *Twenty thousand—maybe, by telegraph drums—but half a million?* he thought.

He patted Ramrock on the head. "You wouldn't pay half a *million* dollars for getting laid even if it meant you could never have another ejaculation the rest of your *life*—if you didn't, would you Ramrock?"

Ramrock nodded his head up and down.

"You would? Yes—so would I—if I had that much money!"

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They came to the edge of the rainforest. Ramrock led Frenzy on to their campfire.

Candy was asleep. The three emerald rings on her fingers sparkled in the firelight.

That gave Frenzy an idea. "Wake up, sweetheart—" he said, softly into her ear.

"Not *now*—wait 'til my *pubes* grow back—!" Candy whispered.

"Wake *up*—! I need to *talk* to you!" he whispered louder, taking her hand with the emeralds on it into his.

"*What?*" she asked, propping herself up on one elbow.

"Are these emeralds *real*?"

"What kind of question is *that* at *this* time of night?"

"There's a *sale* on and I don't want to *miss* it!"

"*Yes*—they're *real*, now will you let me get some *sleep*?"

"I need some *collateral* to close a *deal*! And—it's not like I was a *stranger*—we're to be *married*—what do you *say*?"

"If I let you have my rings, will you let me sleep?"

"No question about it!"

"*Okay*—but remember—you *owe* me!"

"You shall be repaid, my love, with lots of *interest*!" he said, slipping the rings off her fingers, kissing her on the cheek.

He didn't find the captain by the captain's campfire. Frenzy finally found him having a cup of rum with the sorceress.

"Could I have a *word* with you, captain?"

"Of *course*, mate!" the captain said, coming over to where Frenzy was.

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"By some chance, over the years, have you happened upon any *plates* for making *francs*?"

The captain thought a moment. "As in *counterfeiting* plates, you mean to say, mate?"

"Yes!"

"Well, that's not easy to *say*!" The captain stroked his beard as he spoke.

Frenzy held out his hand with the *emeralds* in it. They instantly helped the captain's memory. "Well—there *was* a rumor to that effect—*why*?"

"I'll need to have the equivalent of a half million American dollars worth of French francs—three seconds before the sun comes up!"

"Rumor has it the plates I have in mind are for making *Swiss* francs—and, in any case it costs money to make money!"

"How much do you think these rings are worth?" Frenzy asked.

The captain took each one and examined it carefully in the firelight. "About the same as the plates, ink, paper and so forth, I expect! And that would include a little for certain friends of mine who've been rumored to have some *skill* in the *use* of such plates!"

"Then, it's a *deal*?" Frenzy asked.

"It's a deal—but there are some *problems*!"

"Like?"

"The plates are in my curio shop where we were—down the coast! And, another thing—it takes time for the paper to dry

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after the money is made! I can help you with the *first* problem—but not the second!"

"How can you help with the *first*?"

"My friends and I will get the plates by schooner and make most of the money on the return trip!"

"Good!" Frenzy said. "In the meantime—I have work to do!"

The captain got up, went to look for his buccaneer friends.

Frenzy looked around for some New Manians. He had a precision job for them to do.

He cranked up the TV station and went on camera. "I need *help*!" he said.

The crowd booed.

"I need your help—and you'll get *paid* for it!"

The crowd went wild with applause.

"I need New Manians—one hundred thousand New Manians!"

Within seconds, one hundred thousand New Manians stood in long, perfectly straight ranks on the beach.

"*Discrimination*—!" a New Zanian screeched.

"No! Not discrimination!" Frenzy said. "We're going to play a little game as soon as the captain comes back in the schooner! They'll have lots of wet money and we're going to dry it out very *carefully* and *systematically*—over the *campfires*!"

"In Tirrania—we never ask questions about *laundered* money!" someone in the crowd yelled.

The crowd went wild with applause.

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"How many of you New Zanians will rent your *campfire* to one of these fine New Manians for five Swiss francs?" Frenzy asked, talking to the TV camera and pointing to the lines of New Manians.

All was silent.

"For *ten* Swiss francs?"

Still silence.

"For one *hundred* Swiss francs?" Frenzy asked.

The crowd went wild with applause.

In a few hours, the schooner returned. The captain and crew brought the damp money up the beach.

"How much money did you make?" Frenzy asked the captain.

"The equivalent of a half-million American dollars in Swiss francs!"

"I'll need twenty million additional Swiss francs to pay the workers!" Frenzy said. "I hired one hundred thousand New Manians at a hundred Swiss francs apiece to dry out the money over campfires, and an equal number of New Zanians will rent *their* campfires to the New Manians for the same price!"

"What are they going to spend their Swiss francs on in *Tirrania*?" the captain asked.

"If it ever occurs to them that they *can't* spend it, they can give it to their children for play money!" Frenzy suggested.

Frenzy went on camera again. "Will Mr. Colonel Lightfoot Zabatta please come to the TV camera?" he asked. The colonel did, and Frenzy told him he would give him ten thousand Swiss francs if he would have his New Manians dry out the

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money. The colonel agreed and the long lines of New Manians filed by the damp money. Each took a soggy bill, was then met by a New Zanian with a campfire for rent, and, together, they commenced to dry out the bills.

"It will soon be *sunrise*!" the captain cautioned.

"I *know*," Frenzy said, gathering dry money from around the fires. "The money *looks* real!"

The captain took a bill, looked at it closely. "Yes—yes! My friends do good *work*!"

Dolly

Chapter 19

AS SOON as Frenzy had quickly stuffed the last dry Swiss franc note into a pillowcase, he grabbed it—made a mad dash for the stone *mansion*. The sun was rising—so he ran—as if he was going for an Olympic medal. He knew millions of *people*—and a *goat*—were following him. He zigzagged around a few campfires—then he ran into the rainforest.

He found the mansion door, went in and locked it behind him. He found Dolly still sitting on the big, red bed, wearing nothing but her sunglasses.

"You are *late*!" she said.

"I'm glad you're still *here*! I had to find somewhere where there was that kind of money laying around! Then, all I could get were *Swiss* francs—they didn't have any *French* francs!"

"Okay! Let me *see* zem!"

He dumped the money out of the pillowcase, onto the bed.

She examined a few notes. "*Okay*! I weel accept zem!"

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"Now what?" Frenzy asked, eagerly.

"Good—you are already *naked*! Just lay down by *me*!"

Frenzy happily laid down next to her.

"Are you *comfortable*?"

"Sure!"

She brought a bottle of champagne out from under the edge of the bed, popped the cork—spewed most of the frothy liquid onto his *genitals*. *The bubbles tickle*, he thought.

"Are you *ready*?" she asked.

"Yes—!" he cried, then felt her warm, lithe hands on his body.

"Okay—tell me zee risqué *joke*!"

Well, there it *was*! He'd forgotten about the *joke*. *I'll never have an ejaculation the rest of my life—I don't know a risqué joke!* he thought, with panic.

Then he *saw* it. It was *hideous*. It *cringed* as it perched on a wooden beam above the fireplace. Its yellow *eyes* flashed in the firelight. Its slimy-green feet melted into the beam it was sitting on. Its neck was like that of a giant cat. Its face was swollen and purple with black blotches on its cherub-like cheeks. *It's a miracle—that's what it is! It's a wonderful, splendid—gargoyle miracle!* Frenzy thought. "What's 70? It's a 69—with a *gargoyle* watching!" the gargoyle made him shout.

He felt as if Dolly's warm mouth was consuming his whole, nude body, as he slipped into a *coma*.

The Kiss

Chapter 20

FEENZY FELT the faint sensation of a *kiss* on his lips.

He thought he heard a woman's *voice* say he looked like he was in shock.

The drug was wearing off and his mind was returning to *normal*. He could no longer see the drug-induced hallucinations, but could still hear Candy's voice. He heard her talking about a *wedding*. He heard her say the WASP reverend would do the honors, would marry Candy-Hamster and Frenzy in front of the multitude of millions. The spear-chucking Nationals would find a *she*-goat for Ramrock and he'd be best goat at the wedding. He heard Bertha say everything was as it should be and that it would be a *double* wedding to include *her* and the *captain*; at the reception, all the hot air balloons would rise up and land on the wedding cake. Candy-Hamster, Frenzy, Bertha, and the captain would stand on a high platform and blow out all the fires in the hot air balloons. The girls of the Lost Bikini Tribe would be maids of honor. The Thymekeeper of Man would join the party and give the brides away. The Father of the Atom's film crew

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would cover the wedding for the World Press and the fur-coated natives would change their sand-digging ways. The WASP natives would sing the wedding march. There would be both New Manians and New Zanians in the choir. The sorceress would conjure up a happy life for everybody, including the chieftain, who had decided he was crazy about her.

Frenzy no longer remembered Dolly Freelace, and didn't know that she'd taken the phony Swiss franc notes, had sexually satisfied the Premier of New Zania, and had left for Paris. Her red PJd abductors had been taken away to a hospital. The Great Pubic Rebellion Underground had burrowed *under* the stone mansion to *save* Dolly, but was too *late* and the mansion was in danger of dropping into the gigantic *cavern* they'd created under it.

His sensation of being *kissed* became more real and he felt *champagne* bubbles tickling his *scrotum*—then he felt the warmth of someone, naked, sitting on his *legs*.

The drug had completely worn off.

He opened his eyes, saw Erica nude, sitting astraddle of him, looking into his face, smiling. "You poured *champagne* on me, didn't you?" he asked.

"I couldn't *resist*!" she cried, her face beaming.

"Well, how did I *do*—?"

"You *succeeded*—one *hundred* percent! You had an impressive *orgasm*!" she cried, her voice filled with enthusiasm, gave him a passionate kiss. "A *69*—with a *gargoyle* watching? I heard you say that. What was *that* all about?"

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"Someday, I'll tell you," he said. "But, for now, you must settle for a *question*!"

"What's the question?" she asked, playing with his ear as she leaned forward and kissed him.

"Will you *marry* me—Doctor Erica C. Handleheimer?"

She put her tongue in his ear. "Yes—Doctor Orin *Snufflemaster*," she whispered, "and the *sooner* the *better*—!"

The End