

Bonus 2, 2006



Shimmer

Robot Zombie Vampire Goats of Mars!

By A. L. Pineson

"Why I do declair! I think them are Yankeys!" Scarlet O'Hana said, shading her fiery blue eyes with one dainty white gloved hand with lace around it against the piercingly hot Martian sun which was boiling down upon her. Sweat was running down her armpits and soaking into the frilly bodice of her equally frilly white gown which was supported by hoops and several layers of petticoats and dripping onto the red Martian sand which was underneath her feet since she was standing on Mars with her boyfriend Tim Beefman all around good guy and weightlifter. It's much easier to lift weights on Mars because there isn't as much gravity as there is on Earth, so Tim Beefman lifted weights everyday and it made him really strong and muscley.

Tim Beefman, Scarlet's weightlifting boyfriend, flexed the manly muscles in his steely manly jaw, sending a ripple down his cheek as if a chipmunk was squirming around in there and trying to get out. When he spoke, it was only his tongue after all. "Yes," he said. "And it looks like they have goats with them. Robot Zombie Vampire Goats!"

"I declair! I think I am going to swoon!" Scarlet declaired, and she swooned on the spot and would have fallen onto the hot Martian sand, there to lay all sweaty and swooned in her frilly white gown that was soaked with sweat, but Tim Beefman caught her in his manly arms with their muscles rippling like sheets on a clothesline in a good stiff wind. Hoisting her onto his shoulder he began to run across the hot Martian sand, trying to escape the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats which had been released by the Yankeys and were now busy racing across the

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burning Martian sands to try to bite Tim Beefman and Scarlet O'Hana on their butts, which is as high as Robot Zombie Vampire Goats can reach.

It was easy for Tim Beefman to carry Scarlet and run because he was a weightlifter and used to lifting heavy things which are easier to lift on Mars, but it was still hard to escape the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats because they ran really really fast and they wanted to bite Tim Beefman on the butt because that is what they were told to do by the Yankeys whom Tim secretly suspected were probably horse eaters. Besides, they just liked biting people.

Soon they came to one of the Martian canals, which are big things in the ground full of Martian water which is real thick like snot so that it won't slosh around when a Martian sandstorm comes along. Tim Beefman was running real fast with Scarlet laying on his shoulder and sweating all over him when he reached the canal and he jumped and landed on the other side. The sandy bank on the other side collapsed then and the canal fell apart under his feet and he stumbled and had to throw Scarlet down to keep from falling into the canal and she landed in the water. It was like having someone throw a bucket of cold water on you which is what you are supposed to do to someone who is swooned and so Scarlet quit sweating in her frilly white gown and woke up in the canal.

"I declair!" Scarlet declaired as she stood up in the hip deep Martian canal with her hoops bouncing and her petticoats getting scrubbed. "Wha did you throw me in the river?"

"I didn't do it, Scarlet." Tim Beefman said, clenching one massive manly fist of iron up by his heart which always beat real fast when Scarlet declaired things. "It was them Yankeys!" And he waved one massive manly hand toward the approaching Yankeys, and their Robot Zombie Vampire Goats which were racing across the burning red Martian sands, and pointed one massive manly finger like a pistol, that he wasn't holding, at them and added in his deep manly voice that sounded all cavernous and muscely "I think they eat horses!"

"I knew it was! Oh, Tim! Can we ever escape their dire clutches?"

"I think so, Scarlet!" Tim said awfully thoughtfully. "I think we can escape their dire clutches, but we will still have to fight them." And he

pulled out his laser six guns which he kept in shoulder holsters in his armpits and began shooting at the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats that were running over the red Martian sand hoping to bite Tim and Scarlet on the butts because that is as high as Robot Zombie Vampire Goats can reach.

Laser bullets were going off everywhere as the Yankeys and the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats began shooting back. Tim Beefman and Scarlet O'Hana jumped behind a large rock which was laying around by the canal, like a lot of the other big rocks on Mars do when they aren't being used in zen rock gardens and stuff, and shot back with Tim's six guns.

"You're laser bullets are having no effect on those Robot Zombie Vampire Goats Tim!" Scarlet said.

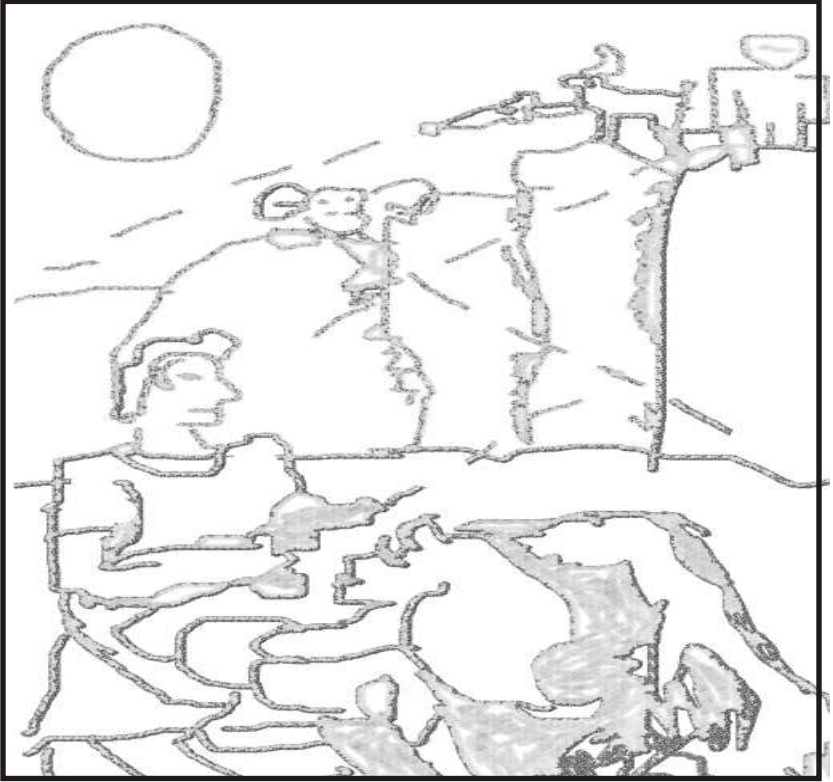
"Yes, they are not, Scarlet!" Tim opined in his fiercely masculine voice that echoed of big rippling muscles. "As you know, those Robot Zombie Vampire Goats are vampires and my laser bullets are having no effect."

"I knew they wouldn't, Tim. As you have already surmised, the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats are vampires and worse, they're *robots so it is difficult to kill them!*"

"Yes, Scarlet. And as you have already mentioned, they are vampires and will bite us on our butts if we give them the chance. If they weren't vampires we might stand a chance, but as you know, my laser bullets have no effect on the undead."

"Then use these!" Scarlet said excitedly! She reached into her petticoats which were holding up her hoops and pulled out several cases of silver laser bullets. "I bought them last year when I thought there might be a vampire invasion. As you know, silver laser bullets are the only way to kill a vampire."

Gritting his teeth in manly jaws like those of a steel trap, only one with real teeth and not metal teeth, Tim Beefman grabbed the cases of silver laser bullets and began loading his six guns as fast as he could. It was hard because the bullets were all sweaty from being stuffed in Scarlet's petticoats, which were soaked from her hot sweaty armpits, and he kept dropping them on the gritty Martian sand, which was still sticky from Scarlet dripping all over it when she climbed out of the



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canal and hid behind the big rock that was laying around there.


Scarlet became afraid that Tim would get one of the bullets in backwards and shoot himself in the head with it, and as everyone knows if a regular person gets shot with a silver bullet they turn into a vampire, so she took the bullets and guns away from Tim Beefman, who is a weightlifter and so not very smart, and showed him how to properly load his six guns. Then he started shooting at the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats again.

When he finished shooting all of the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats he started shooting at the Yankeys whom he secretly suspected were horse eaters anyway. When he ran out of silver laser bullets, Scarlet pulled another couple of cases from her petticoats and he kept shooting as the bodies of dead Robot Zombie Vampire Goats and those Yankeys whom Tim suspected were probably horse eaters began piling up.

After awhile, the Yankeys got tired of being killed and they went away to get their dirigible and began making bombing runs on our heros. Scarlet pulled a bazooka from her petticoats, while bombs rained down from the sky around them like heavy rain on a stormy day with lots of thunder from the bombs exploding, and Tim held it on his manly shoulder, with rippling muscles that made his shirt bounce around like the inner workings of a butter churn, while Scarlet loaded a silver laser anti-aircraft bazooka bullet in it. When Tim pulled the trigger the Dirigible blew up in a big ball of fire and fell from the sky wiping out all of the remaining Robot Zombie Vampire Goats, because zombies don't like getting burned up in fires caused by burning dirigibles any more than vampires like being shot by silver laser bullets, and because a dirigible fell on them. All of the remaining Yankeys who Tim suspected were probably horse eaters got burned up too and went to that big horse pasture in the sky.

Then Scarlet took a pair of jet backpacks from her petticoats and she and Tim flew off into the sunset, free of the Robot Zombie Vampire Goats and also of the Yankeys who probably ate horses.

And then *Shimmer* woke up, and whew! It was April Fool's Day.



About the Author



A. L. **"Big Al" Pineson** resides on a small farm in Michigan where he is usually outstanding in his field. He enjoys running, jumping, climbing on things, and wholegrain diets. Unable to use a computer, he writes with crayons, which he chews on (there's something about the green ones), and puts all his stories on yellow legal paper so he can eat his frequent mistakes.