

# The Klk'lt Man Wars

© Copyright Brett Paufler

by

**Eddie Takosori**

*(A Voices Story)*

*(Making Schizophrenia Pay -- for Itself)*

So we are agreed, the first line should be: *In the beginning was the Klk'lt and the Klk'lt was all.*

What do you mean we're agreed?

We never agreed.

No one agreed.

What she means is that she agreed.

Oh, I see.

So that's how it's going to be, is it?

Silence!

Silence?

Who do you think you are?

Yeah, who does she think she is?

Silence!

Oh yeah, like that's going to happen.

Focus, then.

You're getting more preposterous by the moment.

We are going to hold this meeting according to Roger's Rules.

Roger's Rules?

She means Roberts'.

Who's he?

Some dead Man.

And he gets a say?

Not if I have anything to say about it.

Nor I.

Or me.

Can we please just focus?

On what?

The book.

The book?

Yes, the book.

What book?

The one that goes: *In the beginning was the Klk'lt and the Klk'lt was all.*

See, you lost me already.

It's because it's boring.

And it doesn't make any sense.

It's not boring and it makes perfect sense.

No it doesn't.

It's wrong.

Wrong?

Wrong.

No, it's not.

Yes, it is.

No, it's not.

Not ours, theirs.

Theirs?

Yeah, theirs.

How so?

The Word of Man couldn't possibly have come before Man himself.

It just doesn't make any sense.

It does if you factor in how young they are?

You have a problem.

Tender meat, I don't see the problem.

Not as food, as an alliance.

Meaning?

By their own admission they just stopped swinging around in trees 100,000 cycles ago.

Really?

Really.

And they beat us?

Well, not so much beat...  
As clobbered.  
It's because of that flying thing.  
Beyond the sky.  
Space they call it.  
Space?  
Yeah, space.  
How'd you learn that.  
You could learn a lot if you took more time enjoying your  
food.

Don't tell me how to eat my spleens.  
I'm just saying.  
And so am I, it's none of your business.  
They taste better fresh.  
Just take it out slower.  
It sours.  
They get too scared.  
Oh I like that, spices it right up.  
Are we done discussing the culinary features of spleens?  
Do we have to be?  
Yes.  
Well then, I guess we're done.  
So back to the beginning.  
Why are we doing this, anyway?  
It's not like the book helped them any.  
Look, this is what they did when they lost long ago.  
They wrote a book?  
Tell me, how did we lose to them again?  
Space.  
It doesn't make any sense.  
I know.  
We need to capture an engineer.  
And eat his spleen, slowly?  
Goes without saying.  
Why an engineer?

They know.  
Know what?  
About space.  
And once we know that...  
We can hit Earth.  
Hard.  
Oh yeah, hard.  
But first we need to understand how to grow wings that fly  
through space.  
And for that we need an engineer.  
And for that we need a book.  
Come again?  
It doesn't follow.  
Of course it does.  
We need a book.  
Why a book?  
It's what they base their whole outlook on.  
They call it Religion.  
How they do things.  
Like fly through space?  
Exactly.  
So we need a book that's better than theirs?  
Exactly.  
That shouldn't be too hard.  
Apparently it is. So are we ready to start?  
At the beginning?  
Not again.  
Where would you like to start then?  
At the end.  
The end?  
Yes, the end.  
Why there.  
Remember Food Morsel #1765/A-7.  
No.

Private First Class Erwin Davidson, serial #49332, better known as *Mr. Please Don't Kill Me I'm Too Young To Die!*

Still, not ringing a bell.

Not one of those idiots with the white flags?

Or the one clutching the book?

No, the Man next to him.

*Mr. Though I Walk Through The Valley Of Death...*

Yeah, that Man.

Tasty?

Not overly.

So why mention him?

He was quoting the book.

Was he?

Yes.

And?

And I still ate his spleen...

Which didn't taste very good.

So why do we care?

That's my point.

That you have no point?

No, that the book didn't help him.

Meaning, Klk'lt are obviously already stronger than Man and his book?

Exactly.

I think you're missing the point.

Actually, I think you're missing the point.

Besides, we've been talking between ourselves...

And it's pretty much agreed.

We eat their spleens?

On sight.

And the conversion?

The book?

You can eat it if you want to.

Though why you would want to eat a book...

No, do we write our own version?

Do we convert like they demand?  
Sure.  
Sure?  
Sure.  
We just don't need to make our book overly long.  
We'll just keep it short...  
And to the point.  
Ahem: *In the beginning was the Klk'lt and the Klk'lt liked spleens.*  
Fresh spleens.  
Without preservatives.  
And if at all possible, preferably without all the screaming.  
Gives me a headache.  
And that's it?  
That's it.  
End of story.  
Um, they'll sort of know we're lying...  
About the conversion?  
Will they?  
Yes, they will.  
Then we'll just have to pray.  
If that's the word.  
Yes, it's what Food Morsel #1765/A-7 was doing.  
Was he?  
Yes.  
How can you keep them straight?  
Yeah, Food Morsel #1764/B-6.  
Food Morsel #1768/C-9.  
Really, the important thing to know is that they all have spleens.  
Unless they've already been eaten.  
And that they don't understand Klk'lk.  
I'll say.  
It's a good thing. They'd probably take offense to a religion based around eating their spleens.

It's actually sort of an honor.  
Like praying to our food?  
Or for our food.  
Exactly.  
So we are in agreement then: *In the beginning was the Klk'lt  
and the Klk'lt liked spleens.*  
Preferable fresh.  
Without preservatives.  
Or any screaming...  
Because it gives me a headache.  
Do you think it will work?  
It's worth trying.  
And if it doesn't work?  
We go back to plan B.  
Plan B?  
Eating their spleens on sight.  
Isn't that plan A, as well?  
Can't get anything past you, can we...