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And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's works may be found

It's fiction, yada-yada, and any resemblance is coincidental

## The Sick: Drugs, Sex, & Celaphopods

Genre: Science Fiction(ish), Horror(ifically), Humor(ous)

Sub-Genre: The ever popular story of brain sucking aliens who disguise their nefarious plans to take over the Earth by masquerading as a religious cult, whose principal belief is that their leaders are brain sucking aliens...

Ghostwritten by Eddie Takosori on behalf of Yr'goth's Chosen who only months before writing this novel had been heard to comment, "After the lawsuits, lawyer's fees, and endless battles with the IRS, starting a religion isn't as lucrative as you'd think. If you really want fame, fortune, and babes, what you need to do is write science fiction."

True to the title, the story consists of more or less equal parts of drugs, sex, and brain sucking aliens as the history of the Sick is traced from the moment Celli leaves his home planet, till the death of Gilligan, the cult's leader twelve years later. All the major theological events and beliefs that define this cult are covered, but realizing the vast majority of Americans do not believe in Celaphopods, the coming of Yr'goth, Lahina, or even the mythical land of Hawaii, great pains have been made to explain the events from the perspective of both the believer and the nonbeliever in a fair and honest manner. Was the Sick nothing more than a Methamphetamine fueled orgy on the beach? Or was it something more? Something deeper, darker, and more sinister? In the end this is

something each reader must decide for themselves... possibly with a little help from our Celaphopodian overlords.

The Sick, a book which puts forth the great philosophical question: If you can't base a relationship on lies and deception, what can you base it on?

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

If your truth is so unstable that it can be toppled or even seriously challenged by the disorganized ramblings of a schizophrenic, then maybe it's not really the truth you think it is.

The First Tentacle

Time

1.5.5

The Professor Speaks

An Epic Hand Job

This story starts, as stories of this nature so often start, with a hand job at the beach. I'm sure it was a good hand job, a stellar hand job. It was the kind of hand job you only read about in books; especially the beginning of books; the kind of books like this that start with a hand job.

In truth, it is a small genre. Most stories wait until you're halfway through or at the end before they throw in a hand job at the beach. It should be a clue as to the quality,

depth of plot, and overall story construction; in short you should be relieved to see that this particular book has a hand job on the beach right at the beginning.

The truth of the matter is the world would be a better place if more books started with a hand job at the beach. And, not just stories; ask any captain of industry and he will tell you, board meetings go much better if they start with a hand job. Throat jobs aren't bad either. I don't mean to imply that they aren't and if you can get a thigh job, all the better. What I'm merely saying is that the present lack of jobs of any sort is what's contributing to the serious unemployment problem we now face.

But, I am deviating from the main point. The point is this story opens with a hand job on the beach, as stories of this sort so often do, or least I for one am hoping they do, or will, or whatever the appropriate syntexual combination is.

At the beach Mary Ann was giving Gilligan a hand job. Look, now don't be giving me grief about the names. I've never been very good with names, and the truth is halfway through the hand job both Mary Ann and Gilligan forgot their names. It was that good of a hand job. It was an awesome hand job. It was the type of mind blowing hand job that causes you to forget your name. It was the type of hand job you start a book with. I hope, if nothing else, I've made that clear.

The point is the story starts with a hand job...

Sorry. My mistake. I've just reviewed the histories and apparently the hand job doesn't come till much later in the story. Rest assured, when it does come, and I mean the hand job and not Gilligan. This is respectable Historical Journalism here, so you can get your head out of the gutter, unless of course you're living on skid row and you're

using the book for a pillow, in which case you really have no choice but to leave your head in the gutter. Everybody else though, eyes up and center.

This is the story of the Sick. We had a better name, but we forgot it. It was the thingy after five, but somewhere, somebody decided committing the dialog from the entire first season of Gilligan's Island to memory was more important than that thingy.

Don't worry if this doesn't make sense. Your children, or at least your children's children won't care. This is the future; embrace it, or at least embrace the knowledge that the story will very quickly revert to that epic hand job on the beach.

We are the Sick. This is our story. It starts with a hand job. That's all you need to know.

0.0.1

The Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance between any characters, places, institutions, or cults (blue lobed or otherwise) is entirely coincidental and totally, totally dude, unintended by the author.

When writing about the Sixth, or as they call themselves the Sick, there are two major problems. First of all, no one, least of all the Celaphopods, knows anything about their home world. Secondly, if you ever identify anyone as having membership in or associations with the cult, they sue you for libel and defamation of character. It doesn't matter if what you wrote is true or not. The Sick are not

big on truth. What they are big on is tying up detractors in court. As such, it is safest and easiest to consider this a fictional work. All names, locations, and identifying characteristics have been changed to protect the innocent, meaning the author, from unwarranted attention and lawsuits. So sure, this is fiction. Just remember, as often is the case, one person's fiction is another's reality.

I am asking you to let go. I am asking for your suspension of disbelief. When I start talking about any characters, places, or institutions that don't seem entirely lifelike, I'm asking you to play along and pretend that they exist.

Given that, I'm hoping you will give me a little slack with the names. See, like the setting for a lot of this book is a mythical chain of islands in the middle of the Pacific I call Hawaii. I know. It's unreasonable. Might as well call it Atlantis or Pacificus. Well, I call it Hawaii, because I like the way the double ii's look on the end. Anyway, Hawaii doesn't exist. Don't go trying to find it on a map and definitely don't book a winter vacation there, because if you do, you're in for a surprise. They just drop you off in the water, laugh, and come back to get you two weeks later. Then they tell you that now you're in on the joke. You should explain your incredible tan on two weeks of tropical sunshine while sipping Mai Tai's at the pool. Maybe mention how close you got to some whales. You know, how you got to pet a dolphin. Since no one is ever going to call you on it, you can go on about how the hotel mixed up your reservation and you ended up sleeping on the beach for the first week until you hooked up with this crazy local couple... Something like that, but don't get too carried away, just enough so the whole giant gag will repeat itself. If you don't go for it, the airline representative will

start a sob story about how the airline carriers are on the edge of bankruptcy and so have to do something to encourage frivolous travel. If that doesn't work and a free companion travel voucher for another trip to Hawaii doesn't tip the balance, they shoot you. So really, the choice is simple. If you're going to book a trip to Hawaii, plan on telling everyone you know about what a great time you had for the rest of your life. If it helps, think about the euphoria that washed through your body when they finally picked you up out of the middle of the Pacific Ocean, where there is nothing, because that would be ridiculous. An island chain rising tens of thousands of feet from the floor of the ocean, oh I know what causes that, hot spot activity under the mantle. Tell me another one. So sure, I know, setting the story in Hawaii challenges your ability to suspend disbelief. What can I say, the temptation as a writer was too great. Trust me, it's a long book to read if you're not into it, so for both of our sakes, I'm just asking you to cut me some slack.

Hawaii does not exist and so by logical extension the Big Island of Hawaii doesn't exist. I mean what a silly name is that? Big Island. It's a lot like calling a mountain, Long Mountain. It's just nonsense. So a town called Lahina south of Kona where most of the action in this story takes place doesn't really exist either. Aha, you're saying. I've heard of Kona. Think for a second. What you've probably heard of is Kona Gold, a potent form of marijuana that was marketed in the late seventies by one of the stronger drug cartels. I'm hoping I don't have to tell you that they lie in commercials or that after a few hits of Kona Gold you'll start believing in crazy things, like a tropical paradise in the middle of the ocean called Hawaii.

I don't know how you readers always do this to me. I wasn't planning on talking this much about Hawaii in the disclaimer section, because it's obviously a fake locale. What I really wanted to go over was that after some of the characters leave Hawaii, they might go to a place I might call the Evil University Campus on the West Coast. It's a little unwieldy as far as names go, so I might just shorten it to Berkeley or UCB. Now, the only reason I use Berkeley as a setting is because I'd gone there once or twice to hit on girls and to do research for the story. Really, if you're going to include Dr. Beechum, head of Berkeley's, death to all life, genetic engineering program as a character, you're going to have to flesh out the campus a little and it couldn't hurt to pay him a visit. Not that he would talk to me, but isn't that pretty much all the proof you need, that someone in fact does not exist.

So, Berkeley doesn't exist and Dr. Beechum doesn't exist, because that would just be silly. Say if I wanted to include Dr. Beechum, which I don't because he doesn't exist, but if he did, and I wanted to; maybe I'd just change his name to Dr. Beachbum or Dr. Birchbark. And, if I was really sneaky, I'd just have him teach at Stanford instead of Berkeley, but here's where we get into one of those thorny writing problems. See, since Dr. Beechum doesn't teach at Stanford, I never visited Stanford when I was trying to pick up girls... er, doing research; and hence, I haven't got the slightest idea what the campus looks or feels like. The point is, you might think you've heard about, seen, gone to school with, or been in a course about advanced genetic theory at Berkeley taught by Dr. Beechum. If that's the cause, then this would be one of those, ooops, giant coincidences I was talking about earlier, completely and totally unintentional.

The same is true of any blue lobed, blue eared, or oyster eating cults you might have heard about in the news. Do they have blue lobes, blue ears, or blue tattoos? It could be anything. I don't even know what's so special about blue. I mean for every giant blue squid swimming around the cosmos there are two or three pink ones. The point is this is fiction and since it's easier to write fiction if it's already happened and you're just cutting and pasting stories off of the web, that's what I did, or more accurately did not do. Absolutely did not. It was way more involved than a cut and paste job. Once you've added a mythical place like Hawaii to the story, a make believe character like Dr. Beechum, and a made up cult of blue lobed idiots, there is a lot of editing you have to do to anything you cut and paste. What I am trying to say is, if anything in this story reminds you of your own cult, rather than suing the author, you might want to rethink your membership in said organization; or maybe, just maybe, you might want to read on and find out what really happened... and where it all is headed

Remember, time is running out. You don't have as long as you think and before you know it money will have no meaning. If there is any hope for mankind, it resides in truth and knowledge. Educate yourself and educate others. Buy as many copies of this book as you can afford. Take out a loan on the house, sell your children's future, and max out that credit card. Money won't matter. The end is near. The Sixth have arrived. Stockpiling copies of this book, canned goods, and ammo won't help, but it will make me richer.



So, enjoy. Or, even if you don't enjoy, tell everyone else that you did, because I may not be a powerful airline company, but I am definitely off my rocker, and if threatening you personally will sell more books, then consider this a threat.

Or, a joke, a giant, ha ha funny, drop you off in the middle of the Pacific for two weeks type joke.

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