

The Suki Kamasutri in The Boom-Boom Girl

by
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#

Eddie Takosori is dead and writes no more. But that doesn't mean we can't think about what he might have written... and do some of the heavy lifting on his behalf for ourselves.

#

The BOOM!

...

Ahem! The Suki say 'The BOOM!'

I heard you the first time.

The Suki say the what?

You were quite loud. I heard you the first time.

And the Mister did not say the anything? The Mister did not do the anything? The Mister did not come the running to see what was the matter with the Suki.

Well, for one thing, you're about three feet away. And so, I knew the Suki was just fine and had not blown up or something.

The what? The Mister hear the great big giant the boom and the first thing he think be that the Suki blow up or the something?

No. The first thing I think is that the Suki is talking to herself, perhaps pretending that one of the twinkling stars in the nebula has just exploded or something.

Oh, that be the good point.

The Mister has found that he usually makes the good point.

Maybe the Mister is just the lucky.

Well, then. I'm on a roll.

...

I'm on a roll, having a lucky streak. I've been right so often for so long, I must be really breaking the odds, you know, if it be the nothing more than the mere luck.

The Suki think it probably be the something the bit more than the mere luck.

I could not agree the more.

So, the Mister, he admit the it?

That I'm smart? Sure, I'll own up to that.

When be it that the Suki say the Mister be the smart?

Sorry, I thought it was implied.

It be more like the guilty by the implication, seeing as

how the big smarty pants Mister be the caught the red handed at the cheating, this the time.

Well, you got me.

The Mister admit that he admit that he the big stinking cheater man?

No, the Mister admit that the Suki, as per the par, has him greatly confused.

It be the no difficult thing, the Suki be the thinking. And the Mister say he be the one to be wearing the smarty pants.

Oh, it would take a genius to understand you Suki... which I seem to manage most of the time. So yeah, color me a genius.

But the Mister no be so much the genius that he no not admit that it be the something the more than it seem to the be when the Mister say he on the roll, per the Suki's previous indic-a-ment.

...

The Mister no look at the Suki like the that. If the Mister, as he say, be on the roll, and if, as the Mister, he admit, it be the something more than the luck, as to the cause of the Mister's aforementioned roll, then clearly the Mister being the big fat cheater man be the only other reasonable explanation left in the whole of the wide universe.

Um, so what is it, exactly, that the Mister is cheating at?

The Suki forget.

Well, then. It looks like I won this round... yet, again.

Because the Mister, he the big fat cheater man.

If that what it takes.

Clearly that be the case.

OK, then. I'm glad that's settled. And if you're going to sulk about being outwitted by the Mister, yet the again, please do so quietly, because I desire to enjoy the stars without any further disturbance from the likes of you.

Like the Mister be the doing for the forever and the day, the now.

It hasn't even been an hour.

It seem the longer than the that if the Mister ask the Suki.

Which is why I never do.

Maybe the Mister, he should.

Good idea. Boom.

What the Mister, he do, the now?

He go 'The Boom'?

The Mister, he 'The Boom'?

Yeah, the Mister, he 'The Boom'. The Suki, she the boom. So the Mister, now, he the boom?

That no be the 'Boom'.

It sure sounded like a 'Boom' to me.

No, that no be the boom. This be the 'Boom'. 'BOOM!'

Ha!

The ha? The Mister laugh at the Suki? Oh, this no be the good. The Suki could be in the serious life defying trouble...

Clearly, she's loosing this little game of hers. So, yeah. I guess it must seem 'life defying' to you.

This be the one big great gigantico game to the Mister?

Like all of life is not 'one big great gigantico game' to the Suki?

This no be the laughing the matter, Mister.

Ah, but the Mister, he be thinking that it is. And here

comes the punch line. Hey, Bizz-zert!

It be the Bzzz-zrt. The Mister probably should know that by the now.

Excuse me, but I am talking to Bizz-zert... or at least calling for him. Have you seen our fine energy-field companion of a friend lately, Suki? You know, small guy, fiery, full of sparks and lightning?

Well, first, the Suki think the Mister be the wise for excusing himself at this particular juncture-ino in the time, because there no be the no one by the name of the Bumble-Bees Bert around the here, least of all, no will-o-wisp ball-o-lighting type friend, as that one kindly fellow in the particular be called the Bzzz-zrt.

You say B-zit, I say B-zat.

And yet, his name be the Bzzz-zrt, which may be the reason why he no come the running when the Mister say his name... all the wrong like.

Hey! Bizz-zert!

You think Suki, she the sulk? Well, the Mister no see the negative emotionals until he see the Bizz-Buzz Bzzz-zrt get the hyper-mad at the Mister for saying his name all the wrong for these many the long year.

Or, maybe, he'll just go outside for a bit of a space walk to get a better view of the exploding stars and nebulae beyond... and maybe nibble on a passing gaseous stream if he gets lucky.

Hey! Why the Bzzz-zrt go for the spacewalk without taking the Suki with the him?

Maybe the Bizz-Buzz Bizz-zert is mad at you for saying

his name all the wrong for all of these many the long year.

Or maybe the Bizz-Buzz Bzzz-zrt decide to entertain himself when the Mister tell the Suki that he want to take it the easy and relax on the bridge, on the account of how the Suki, the quite the naturally, the Suki, she have the Mister know, she misunderstand what the Mister he mean by this exact word phraseology, because the Suki think, maybe, the Mister, he be the desirous of the tete-a-tete all-alone bang-bang time with the Suki; so, she tell the Bzzz-zrt maybe he have to entertain himself for the long-long could be the long-long while... but then, that all be before the Suki remember how boring the Mister, usually, he be, on account of her mind be the filled with the happy thoughts of the frolicking bang-bang times rather than staring out the boring old spaceship the window.

Ah, the good ole bang-bang times.

That mean the Mister have the change of the heart?

The Mister no never have the change of the heart, my dearest of Suki's.

The Suki say the Yippie!

But that doesn't mean it is bang-bang time.

Mister the tease.

We came here... I came here... to look at the Dark Nebula, to relax, to meditate, to stare out into space, and connect with the glorious oneness of it all.

And that be the exactly the why the Mister be the great big tease.

Oh, how's that.

If the Suki not be the glorious one to be the connecting

with, then why the Mister be the kidnapping her in the first place.

I did not kidnap you.

The Mister kidnap the Suki, take her away from her family...

You're an orphan.

And the life she loved back on Bandi.

You hated Bandi.

The Suki can the dream.

And be the delusional... and to lie to herself and to others on a regular basis if that's what she wants to do. Yes, this much is true.

The Suki no the lie. It be more like the creative fabrication of the counter factual personal life history.

...

Oh, that take the wind out of the Mister and shut him the up but the good and the proper, because he know what the Suki be saying be the true.

Lies? Creative fabrications? This is your Truth. Eh, whatever. You say Biz, I say... Hey, wait a second. Now, I remember what I was going to do. Bizz-zert. Give us a good rip roaring Biz Bang if you'd please.

<B-zzt!>

He say you no the boss of the him.

Come on, a great big Biz Bang. Show the Suki how it is done.

<B-zzt!>

Why the Mister want to scare the Suki?

<B-zzt!>

The Suki no know, Bzzz-zrt. The Mister be like this for the days, the now.

It's been all of twenty minutes.

Which be about the twenty minutes too long if the Mister be the asking the Suki.

Which he is not!

'THE BOOM!'

Must you yell in my ear?

The Suki say, 'THE BOOM!'

After racing around the cosmos trying to find you a new dress...

The Mister say that like that be the Suki's fault.

You are the one who threw all of your clothes out the door into outer space!

The Mister be the one who told the Suki to clean her room!

...

The Mister be making one of those funny faces again.

The Mister be relaxing. The Mister, he be the breathing deeply. The Mister, he be enjoying...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Holy Mother of Stars!

Oh, the yeah. That be what the Suki be the taking about.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Lay it on the Suki, Bzzz-zrt.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

It be like the music to the Suki's the ears.

And now, I am blind.

NO!

Um, it's a figure of speech.

There be no need to scare the Suki like the that.

There be no need for Bzzz-zert to go flash-bang like the that, right in front of my eyes.

Oh, this be what the Mister he say, but we both know...

<B-zzt!>

We all three the know, including the kindly Bzzz-zrt, that the only reason the Mister be calling out for the Bzzz-zrt in the first place, be to show the Suki what the mighty flash bang boom sound and the look the like.

Fine.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Yes, the fine. So, clearly what I meant to say, was that's a mighty-mighty flash bang-boom that looks uncannily like a supernova exploding right outside the view-port... the sound from which is still ringing in my ears.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Fantastic! I think this is were we started?

Be it?

Yes, you going 'Boom. Boom. Boom.' And now, Bzzz-zert is joining in, doing it all proper like with tri-color special effects and full surround sound for the Ether viewing audience at home. So, ahem. Let me center myself, get my focus, and step on my mark, to better deliver my lines.

The Suki think maybe the Mister being more than the little bit of the melodramatical-sarcastical at the moment.

Oh, the Suki has not seen the Mister being the little bit of the melodramatical-sarcastical... not the yet, anyhow.

Eh, the Suki be with the Mister the while, by the now, so

she beg to the differ.

You want me to say my lines.

As it please the Mister.

Oh, my. Oh, my. Oh, my. There has been the explosion... um, where.

The Suki think it probably be somewhere in the lower decks of Tuggie, maybe in the vicinity of the engine room...

Right, probably the Mystery Drive. I mean, we don't know exactly how it works. So, we've never done any real maintenance...

And this be the why the Suki think the Mister probably should have bought the Officially Licensed Owner the Manual when he be given the chance.

Off a Celestial Slimier? Sure, why not? Because he wouldn't the lie. He was just a Slimier.

He had the honest the face.

No. That's where you are wrong. As a Slimier, he had no face.

And yet, he be in the possession of the highly coveted operational manual, which the Mister no want, because let the Suki the face it, the Mister know the everything there be to know about the everything in the universe from the beginning to the end and everything in-the-between.

Well, the Mister knows a Slimier when he sees one.

So, the Mister no longer be the blind, the then?

Your point?

If the Mister no longer the malingerer, faking the blindness injuries, then the Mister maybe just want to attend to the definite possibility, note how the Suki say it be the

definite possibility and not just the remotest of possibilities, of the giant massive truly catastrophic explosive in the nether regions of good old Tug Boat the Spacey Ship.

Cover your ears, Tuggie. She's just playing.

How the Mister the know?

Oh? That's a question.

The Mister's grasp of the mechanics of the modern day communicational protocol exchange be the amazing. Mucho reassuring, the Suki, she be letting the Mister the know.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Is this some sort of safety drill?

How the Suki the know? The Suki be down in the.... she not be the here.

Are you a Doppelganger, Suki?

Oh, that be the fun! There be the two Suki's playing with the Mister, same great taste, only now, she be the twice as the delicious!

...

Put the Suki down!

Why?

This no be the time to kiss the Suki. Presently, the ship go the Bzzz-zrt Boom!

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Right on cue.

And the Suki be the nowhere in the sight. What the Mister he do?

Oh, right. That's my line.

The Suki, she be the waiting.

Ahem. *Oh, my. Oh, my. Oh, my. There has been a loud*

unexplained explosional in the nether regions of my highly sophisticated and well maintained spaceship. This has never ever, like the ever-ever, happened before; and as such, is the highly unlikely occurrence. But still it has happened, defying all odds. Oh, the my. Oh, the my. Oh, the my.

The Suki starting to think the safety drill be in the order.

Well, you're the Chief Petty Officer in charge of Pretend Safety Drills, so...

The emergency situational be the no time for the Mister to take on the snotty tone of the voice.

I am all in a tizzy. Here we are in the midst of an unlikely and fictitious emergency that not only defies all logic, but comes with absolutely no supporting clues to help me figure out what is wrong or, more importantly, to play along. And thus, *I simply do not know what to do.*

The Suki think maybe the Mister should get off his rapidly growing behind and get his flabby midriff...

Me? I'm in awesome shape.

The Mister will kindly put the Suki the down, once the again, as she no be the barbell exercise equipment of choice for the Mister's amusement.

Take back what you said about my flabby midriff.

It be the apparent the Mister have the self-esteem anxiety issues.

Oh, the Mister have the plenty of the issues, but almost all of them revolve around the Suki.

So, the Suki be like the Center of the Universe to the Mister?

Oh, something like that. But if I stopped to think about

it, I'd probably call the Suki something more like the Black Hole Sun of ever needful attention and amusement.

And yet, there be no denying the fact that the Mister no care, no take the action, no rescue the Suki, even after the death-defying, definitely the possibility of the life destroying explosional...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Well, Bzzz-zert sure has got his lines down.

At least, the Bzzz-zrt know what he be the about and have the Suki's the back.

So, what should I be the doing?

Not the exercise show off bar bell lift routine with the Suki. This no be the play time amusement. This be the serious-business off-screen unknowable explosional time.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Nice. I like the green tones. Can we have that in a multi-floral rosetta display, next?

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Impressive.

So, the Mister be the happy to go down with the ship? All the Chaos break the loose, the boom-boom, here...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

The boom-boom, there...

Now, those are some nice pyrotechnics, Bzzz-zert.

Wow! The Mister's priorities be all the wrong and the whacked out of the shape.

How so?

The Tug Boat Spacey Ship be on the emergency alert!

Is it?

Suki say it be the Safety Drill!

<whoop... whoop... whoop>

And now it's like a disco in here.

The Mister going to the dance? The now? At this most precarious moment in the time? Next up, the Mister, maybe, he going to the sing?

I'm just trying to play along, Suki.

It be the Big Safety Drill! And the Suki! The so called love of the Mister's life...

<smooch>

Is going to take this opportunity to kiss the Suki?

<smooch... smooch... smooch>

There be the no doubt the Suki like the kiss-kiss time almost as much as she like the bang-bang time. But at the moment the Suki be the nowhere in the sight, so when she get the back into the sight, the Mister maybe have to explain who he be the kissing for the so long that he have to delay in the rescuing of the Suki!

The Suki needs the rescuing?

The maybe.

Then, quite possibly maybe, I am just the man for the job.

Suki no the so sure, not any-the-more. There be the plenty of the boom-boom-boom...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Right on cue.

And the Mister, he be the dancing and he be the singing...

But he certainly does not get even the half of the hour to recharge his batteries and meditate by himself.

Well, maybe the Mister would be the able the to, if his

spaceship not be the Death Trap Dirge of Destruction.

Tug is a good ship. Take that back.

And yet, on this here, The Good Ship Tuggie the Boat, there be the un-explainable explosional.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Yes. We get the idea.

Do the Mister? Do the Mister get the idea? There be the giant explosional down the below, deep in the hold... where the Suki, she be.

Oh. Oh! You want me to go rescue you down there?

'Oh. Oh!' The Suki not so sure she cares if she be the rescued by the likes of the Mister at the present of the moments.

So, are you going to be coming with me, as I go below to rescue you?

It be the too late.

I'm sorry to hear that.

Mister be the pretty the cavalier about the entire the thing, if he ask the Suki.

Well, the Suki is being pretty the unclear about the entire the thing, if she ask the Mister.

Fine, the Suki, she stagger into view.

<stagger stagger>

My darling! Um, so do I rush there, to her... or stay by your side.

Oh, the Mister would ever rush to the side of the other the her?

Well, if you were the her in the question?

Now, the Mister want the Suki to play pretend to be the

other the her, the someone the else?

I rush to Suki and sweep her up in my arms?

The Suki has had the enough of the sweeping up in the arms by the Mister, at the present of the moments.

The Mister will keep that in the mind.

The Suki has been working the long and the hard...

Really, you got a job?

...

Is it one of those *ether-commute, do from the privacy of your own space ship* type gigs?

...

Um, probably the not.

The Suki has been baking the Mister the cake.

Really? That's sweet.

The cake, they usually the be. The Mister no think the Suki know how to make the sweet-sweet cake.

Um....

<B-zzt!>

Oh. Hey, Bzzz-zert. Have you come inside to help the Mister out?

<B-zzt!>

Ah, the cake was the draw. You'll have to ask the Suki about the that, because I don't really know much about this invisible pretend cake business of hers.

<B-zzt!>

If the Bzzz-zrt remember... or maybe he cannot on account of the concusional explosionals...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Not inside. Not right next to my ears. Not if you please.

<B-zzt!>

Bzzz-zrt say he the sorry.

Apology accepted.

<B-zzt!>

Which I take to mean, about that cake.

It be the simple the story...

Ha!

<B-zzt!>

I'm sorry, I thought she was making a joke. As you well know, Suki and simple hardly ever go together.

But in this particular the case, the Suki will have the Mister, the know, they do.

Good. Excellent. This might be where you would explain it all, then.

The Suki be the baking...

Ha!

<B-zzt!>

Sorry, but if she's going to keep on cracking wise, I'm going to keep on laughing. It goes along with my zest for life, that vide-vie thing.

The Suki no know what this vide-vie thing the be.

The Mister's not so sure he knows the either. I have a Joy of Life, that is what I was trying to say.

<B-zzt!>

The Joie de Vivre?

Impressive.

The Suki, she know the thing or the two.

<B-zzt!>

And the Bzzz-zrt, he no be the slouch the either.

Perish the thought.

Which probably be the easy for the Mister.

Now. Now. Play nice.

<B-zzt!>

If I started it, I'm finishing it. Play nice, the both of you.

The Suki play the very the nice. That be why she decide to bake the Mister the cake.

Wow! Fantastic! Where is it?

The Mister see, that be the thing.

What be the thing?

The er, um...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Bzzz-zrt nailed it. It be the explosional sort of the thing.

What did the Suki the do?

The Suki?

Yes, the Suki! What did the Suki, she do?

The Suki think it be the highly telling, the suspicious and the accusatory type of the inflammatory statement even, when the Mister right away jump to the erroneous conclusion that the Suki be to the somehow to the blame...

For the flash-bang-boom. I think I'm putting it all together, now.

Ah, so the Mister understand that he be the old-old old-old-old super-old way-old old-old man.

I'm not that old.

The Mister be the pretty the old.

Hardly.

And so, the Mister must have had the birthday or two by the now.

Well, yes. At this point in my life, I've had several of those birthday things by the now. This be the true.

And so the Suki think she be the nice kind generous loving, if victimizing hostage type persona...

Right. Right. On account of me stealing your heart...

And kidnapping the Suki!

And marrying the Suki!

Which at the time, the Mister denied was the real and binding ceremony, to last the ever and the ever to the Stars Fall to the Dust and the last Sun Fade the 'way!

Which made the no difference to the Suki, at the time, any-the-way!

Because the Suki, she love the Mister!

And the Mister, he love the Suki!

And that be why despite his old decrepitude of the age, the Suki still bake the Mister the light and fluffy birthday the cake.

Really? So, where is it?

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Stop doing that inside, Bzzz-zert!

What the Bzzz-zrt be the trying to the say be that there be, at the no fault of the Suki the own, the equipment malfunctionary.

What did the Suki the do?

See, this be exactly the type of the thing the Suki be the talking the about. How the Mister so sure it be the Suki's fault and not be the fault of defective malfunctionary equipment, to the blame?

Because the Mister knows the Suki.

Not the well the enough, apparently, because as the Mister rush to the Suki, to save her from the certain death and the destruction from the fiery explosional, he must surely see out of the corner of his eye, which makes the Suki wonder where the Mister's priorities the lay, if he no be looking directly at the Suki and he be looking out the corner of his eye somewhere the else?

Well, I'm looking directly at the Suki, right the now. But all the same, I am sort of curious as to what I would see out of the corner of my eye, if I were to look in that particular direction, right the now.

Why the Mister no want to stare deeply into the Suki's the eyes?

Why the Suki no want to tell the Mister what he must surely notice out of the corner of his eye?

The Mister probably see the freshly baked cake, the Suki, she be the thinking.

That sounds the nice.

Um, the cake maybe be the bit... um, like the totally and the completely, burnt to the crisp.

Well, that doesn't sound so nice.

It only get the worse.

Oh?

Well, if the Mister look the very-very the carefully, he probably, the also, see, like out of the corner of his eye, if he look the closely, mind the Mister, so it no be the so terribly obvious... it really the teeny-tiny little thing...

Tell me, dear sweet Suki. What would the Mister, he see, out of the corner of his eye, if he looked ever so carefully?

Um, the shower of the sparks and the billow of the smokey flame erupting from the outdated old-time confectionerary oven the Mister keep in the ship's galley for the use of the crew, which he say, the very the particularly and the pointedly, that the Suki, she could use the whenever she the want and she just go the ahead and the make herself at the home, because the Bzzz-zrt...

<B-zzt!>

And the Mister and the Suki, be the one big happy the family that live together on the Tuggie Space Ship. And so, what be the Mister's be the Suki's and vice of the verse-a.

So, you're saying...

Based on the look in the Mister's the eye, the Suki think maybe she should reiterate and the clarify just how remarkables be the coincidentals between the equipment the Mister sometime be the running and the type and the quality of the equipment the typical bad-guy zombie-gangster space-hulk be typically the running.

...

The Mister no look at the Suki like the that, he know how it be with the illegal ion booster engine: the spittering and the sputtering out the rear exhaust. And be it just the Suki or does it seem like everywhere the Suki, she look, the bad-guy zombie-gangster space-hulk be running the illegal ion booster engine, which always be the spittering and the sputtering... which also the always, just also the always, seem to be in the need of the timely maintenance by way of the complete factory direct overhaul and unit replacement... just like the Mister's the oven it now needs to the be... the completely

replaced with the factory direct overhaul... on the account of the inferior maintenance, which was the lacking and this be the Mister's responsibility, which he no be doing in the timely the manner, at the all, which the Suki think she maybe already the mentioned previously in the opening remarks of her defense.

So, in short, what you're saying is that you blew up my oven?

Mister no really be listening to the specific exactitudes of the situation, do he?

The Mister listen plenty the well.

Then the Mister must have heard how there be the equipmenty malfunction... on the account of the age and the decrepitude and the serious lack of the maintenance, the Mister no having purchased the manual from the Slimier back when the Mister have the chance on account of the Mister's general cheap-skated-ness and bad attitudinals.

And maybe, though this is just the guess, the explosion of said, aforementioned, oven might, also, just also, have something to do with the Suki not knowing, not in the slightest, not in the least, how to use an oven.

Suki know how to use the oven.

No. You do not.

Yes, the Suki, she do.

And yet, the multiple explosions in the Suki's amazingly incoherent narrative tells a slightly different story.

Eh, maybe the Mister have the point.

As often I do.

But the Mister, maybe, also be the forced to concede that

the Bzzz-zrt probably know the thing or two about the outdated, the low tech, the centuries old, the simple ceramic heating elemental type food preparational device, as previously mentioned in the *aforementioned narrative*, as the Mister he like to the say.

The Bzzz-zert knows his stuff. I'll grant you that.

<B-zzt!>

And the Mister notice how fast the Bzzz-zrt come on the flish-flash-flickering run when the Suki mention the tasty-tasty cakery?

Yes.

Then clearly, the Bzzz-zrt help the Suki work the nefarious contraption... and any mishap be on the fault of the Ship's Chief Mechanic, for the lack of the regular maintenance, which just so happens to be the Mister's, the job.

That oven works fine!

Eh, after the explosional, the Suki no think it be the working all *the fine*, the any-the-more. That be why the Suki be the thinking that Good Old Tug be the happier with the New Super Fantastic-o Ovenator 10,000!

Just happened to have that brochure in your back pocket, did you?

The Suki come the prepared.

So, we get what is undoubtedly the most expensive oven in this or any other universe, when we already have a perfectly fine oven as it his...

It be the working for the centuries, the Suki be the thinking, be exactly what the Mister will be the saying the

next.

Yes, it has been working fine, just fine, for centuries.

So, maybe it like to take the break... look into the early retirement...

You want an oven?

Suki no want the oven. The Suki want the Super Fantastic-o Ovenator 10,000! It be, almost, almost exactly like the Mister no even listen to the Suki, the sometimes, the almost the always.

I'll tell you what. You bake me a cake. No, I'll do you one better. You make me anything that involves cooking, absolutely anything that involves an oven: make toast, warm up soup, whatever, something that is more complex than simply opening a box, a can, or a package or the simple mixing of two or more ingredients together...

Mister tightening the hole around the *Universe's Breakfast Cereal of the Choice that just so happen to be coming the now with the even more Sugary the Star Flakes!*

Yes, indeed, the Mister, he is. Actual cookery... a single pot of rice.

Fine. The fine! The Suki get the right on the that!

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Does the Bzzz-zrt not the know it!

That's my point! The Suki does not know how to cook, is not a cook, cannot cook... ouch!

The Mister seem like he stuck in the insult the Suki mode loop, so she just give him the little kick to get him out of the groove.

You kicked me?

It be more like the gentle love tap.

With high heel shoes?

The Mister should just be the glad the Suki no in the Combat Boot mood, for which, by the way, the Suki say the thank be to the Mister for the buying.

You are welcome. But if you kick me ever again, that will be the last pair of shoes I ever buy you.

The Mister should really not make the promises he be having the no chance in the Frost Fields of... some planet Suki can no longer remember the name of, to be the keeping.

The Suki should really be no kicking the Mister.

Eh, that probably be the true.

So, don't kick me.

The Suki tell the Mister the what! If the Mister no never give the Suki the good reason to kick the Mister the ever the again, then by the Stars the Suki will no never kick the Mister the ever the again... by the Suki, that the be. The Suki the notice that out and the about, public planetside, the Mister draw the looks of the ire from the many men and the many women of the Galactic Core who likely be most happy to kick him if they ever be getting the chance.

Personally, I think it's jealousy.

How the so?

The Suki on my arm, the Mister be the object of the envy, the far and the wide, all across the Cosmos.

This be the true. The Mister know what else be the true?

What, dearest one?

If the Mister were to buy the Suki the new oven, say *the super fantastic-o Ovenator 10,000, which will virtually bake*

everything for the Suki itself; then, when the Mister step out of his Tuggie Boat Spaceship all the ladies and some of the men, say there go the lucky so-and-so the Mister, he got himself the hottest piece of Sunshine in the Universe... and not only that, I hear tell the Suki, she can the cook, as the well.

Yeah, but that's the thing, you can't cook.

Not without the Ovenator 10,000, the Suki, she can the not!

So, I buy you this Ovenator Thing?

It be called the Ovenator 10,000, Mister.

A principal sponsor of Pinky's Playhouse these days?

It be the Pinky Show, Mister... and the maybe.

Fine, I don't care. After the week's over and I'm all rested, we can go swing by wherever...

It, probably, be the best not to wait for the week to the over...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

That be all the Suki be the saying.

And what do you get out of this, Bzzz-zert.

<B-zzt!>

Cake! But of course.

Eh, actually...

What the now, Suki?

Well, if the Mister get the Ovenator 10,000, it be the true that the Suki be better able to bake the Mister the cake. But she think even the then, the Mister, probably, put the Suki in the difficult tight-squeeze likely no win-able situational, the again.

On account of the Suki does not know how to bake a cake and is star-blazes unlikely to ever the learn.

There still be the ingredient list problem-o, Mister insulter man.

Follow a recipe.

Well, see. For that, the Suki need *The Recipe Book*.

Fine, we'll get you one.

As long as it be the best the one.

Fine. The fine. Do you hear me the Suki? The. Fine. One Ovenator 10,000. To stardust with it all, two of those blasted Ovenator 10,000's if that's what you need...

Oh, that be the nice of the Mister.

And a recipe book... only the best will do.

It be the curious fact that *the fine folks at Sunray Industries just now be putting to print the first volume of a twenty-four volume hand-stitched, glossy-paged...*

And I don't care. You can get them too. All twenty four volumes. And I suppose you be needing a new set of bowls and spoons, too.

It be the coincidental how the Mister mention *the importance the serious cook place on the proper accessorizing of the home kitchen space, be they be the professional or newly introductory baking enthusiast.*

I don't want to hear it. Save the spiel for someone who cares. We'll get it.

The Suki...

And we'll get that, too. And that. And that.

The Mister outfit the Suki in the latest and the greatest of the cookery crocks and the gadgets?

Yeah, sure. However you want to say it.
Um, but then. There still be the problem-o.
There always is.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Thank you. Yes, I get it. Suki tried, oh, but she tried to
bake a cake. And what has it been now, the ten, the twelve,
the fifteen times?

Eh, the Mister no that the good at the counting. The
Mister, he may not the know, but if he read the first chapter in
the Fine Art of the Cookery by Black Hole Press...

Yep, that's where all my money goes, straight into a
Black Hole...

The Mister be so the rich he could no even carry all his
money around in his Tuggie Space Ship Boat with him if he
the wanted the to.

It's the principal of the thing.

The Suki could no the agree the more.

So, why are you looking at me like that?

Because the Mister should say what he mean and mean
what he say.

When do I not?

When the Mister say the Suki already worked her way
into the twelfth or fifteenth episode of her new Ether Series,
when clearly she just discuss the first three episodes.

No! No Ether Series!

Oh, the yes! The yes on the Ether the Series!

The! No!

Mister think that be the settled, the then? The Mister
think he be able to go quietly back to wasting the Suki's life

while the Mister stares out the spaceship front drive-by window, watching the stars be the born, and the spiral of life come around the full circle into the Galactic Rebirth and the Death?

...

Oh, the Mister the go for the it. He the meditate.

...

If the Bzzz-zrt be so kind as to do the honors.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

This be the more the like it.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Oh, that be the pretty.

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Mister like the pretty colors on that the one?

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Oh, the Suki could not agree the more. It probably make the more sense for the Bzzz-zrt to enjoy himself in the great outdoors. But the Suki think that the family that crackle-booms together, stays the together.

Fine!

Mister say the what?

The Fine! The Fine! I concede. You can do your blasted Ether Series. I'll play along. We'll get you a Crapinator...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Both the Bzzz-zrt and the Suki be the wondering if the Mister is going to play the along... or the Mister is going to play the along.

We'll get a... give me that brochure.

Say the please.

Please may I look over that wonderful looking and well put together brochure. Thank you. Wow! Of all the coincidences, I have been looking for a replacement for my fully functioning oven that there is absolutely nothing wrong with and this looks like it will work swell: a brand new, just released, be the first one in your quadrant to get an Ovenator 10,000. It practically cooks for you.

But the sadly, the not the completely.

Oh, right. That's the tie in for Episode Two: the repeated explosions. And I thought it was my idea to bring Bzzz-zert into the conversation...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Yes, Bzzz-zert. We get it. Thank you.

<B-zzt!>

It be the his the pleasure.

In Episode Two, we get the cookbooks, do we?

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Thank you.

<B-zzt!>

It be Bzzz-zrt's the pleasure, once the again.

And in Episode Three, *I finally see the Blessed Consumerist's Light*. And we go out and buy all that other cookery stuff that you don't even know the proper names for, let alone know how to use properly.

The Suki says, they practically name themselves.

And three episodes is not an Ether Series.

This be the true.

So, what are you going to do, little girl? A cooking show? You would literally burn ice tea.

The Mister be the exaggerating.

<B-zzt!>

Fine, the Mister no not be the exaggerating.

So?

So, the Suki think she already the say, the problem-neering be in the ingredient-ers list.

Cook Books! Episode Two!

Organic Winter Wheat Flour as grown on the Ionic Moons of Nebble Star, Episode Four!

Nice.

The Mister say 'The Nice'?

Sure. Sometimes you impress me, Suki. Clearly, the Mister is a cheapskate...

This be the true.

So, I would try to use ordinary cake flour as used by ninety nine point nine to the nine nine percent of all sentient beings...

Wow, the Mister be talking like the small-minded land-lubbing the commoner, the now.

Right, exactly. Sorry. My mistake. Forgot my position in life for a second, there. *After all, why crack open a kilo bag for a credit, when you can by a tenth that much for...* say, how much does the good stuff cost?

The Mister probably no want to the know.

But without it...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

See, it be the running gag, the now. And as the Mister already the know, or will the know come the Fifth Exciting Episode, *the best quality sugar be grown on the Alcabar*

Swamp Planet.

Sure. Sure. Sugar tastes all the better when it is cultivated by slave labor, everyone knows the that.

It be the newly liberated planet, where every purchase be used in the support of the sweet-grass roots economical democracy.

Just sort of flows off the tongue, doesn't it, Suki?

Free Grown Sugar be all the sweeter, if that be what the Mister, be the saying.

I'm sure that it was. But you know, what's got me stumped at this point is what are you are you going to do for high quality eggs.

Funny the Mister should mention the eggs.

Yeah, funny.

Well, as the Mister the know...

Or soon, he will the learn...

The freshest of eggs can only be had by a friendly flock of home-range table-side chickens.

I'm not turning Tug into a zoo, Suki!

It be more like the farm-ery.

I'm not turning Tug into a farm, Suki.

This be the Suki's the project, she handle the everything.

If this be the Suki's the project, then those chickens are going to die for the sure.

The Suki take the umbrage.

A word that won't keep those chickens alive a single second longer.

The Suki be the surprised, maybe even the little bit horrified at the Mister, the now.

Why? Because I know you better than you know yourself. And I know you can't take care of yourself, let alone a flock of chickens.

The Suki take care of the Bzzz-zrt.

The Bzzz-zert take care of the Bzzz-zert.

<B-zzt!>

Yeah, see? He knows. But chickens aren't like Bzzz-zert, not one little bit. And if it's your job to take care of them, they are going to die... for the sure.

It really no be that difficult to the feed or the take care of the bunch of the chickens, the Mister.

And nonetheless, you will not do it.

Being the major point in the fact reason why the Suki be the so shocked and the horrified to hear that chickens will be the dying, mainly on the account of the fact that the Mister no take the care of the them.

I am not taking care of a bunch of stupid birds. That's the Suki's job. We've been over this.

And so, have the Suki implicated the Mister in the chicken murder conspiracy, the yet?

Not my chickens! Not my problem! End of story!

It no really be the end of the story. Any-the-one can see the that. But much more the importantly, at this juncture, be the curious factoid, that the Mister no see. It being that if the Mister no feed the chickens that the Mister, being the captain, allow on his Spacey Ship Tug, in the first the place, and who, therefore, clearly be under his protectorate from that the point in the time onward, then the Mister be pretty much the chicken murderer. After the all, and as he already the

admitted, the Mister know far in the advance that the Suki no be going to waste her lifetime taking care of the dumb, the stupid, and the most the likely the very-very smelling-ly disgusting creatures, at the that.

Which is why I am not going to allow any chickens onto my spaceship in the first place! We are not negotiating this! We are not discussing this! It's a fact. Accept it! End of story!

The Suki no understand why the Mister keep on saying it be the end, when he totally, completely, and the single-handedly mess up the plot for the penultimate, almost conclusionary, Eleventh Episode; and so, it clearly not be the end, at the all.

Look. Why don't we just find a place that has an abundant supply of farm fresh eggs that meet your marketing criteria and circle around in orbit or land nearby and make a nice Farmland Vacation of it all until you have wrapped up the last episode of your Ether and baked your cake.

It be the pretty good idea... but, um, there be the one small slight tinsy-tiny, almost the insignificant problem with the all of the that which the Mister be keep on the overlooking.

No chickens.

It no be about the chickens. Suki like the idea of visiting the Farm Fresh Egg Laying Planet, the wherever, the whatever, the how smellier, that the be.

So, what's the issue?

Chickens be the Eleventh Episode. And Mister full well know, the Ether always be having the Twelve Full Episodes.

So, you thought of something worse than turning Good Old Faithful Tug into a Chicken Roost for the week?

The Suki no say the that.

The Suki no need to say the that. The Mister, he know. And since we all know the fun and hijinks just gets worse and worse as any Ether goes along, what do you have in store for the Twelfth Episode? Cows?

Oh, that be the good thinking, the Mister. But it be the clearly too similar to *Episode Eleven: The Chicken or The Egg*.

Great. I'm glad we have titles for the episodes, already.

It just come to the Suki. It be like the Eureka Moment!

You're stalling. What happens in the dreaded Twelfth Episode?

It no really be that the bad.

What happens?

Well, the truth of the matter be that in the Final Episode, the Grand Finale, as it be, the Suki see the light, realize she no fit for the kitchen, has no desire to bakery the cake, in the first and/or the last the place, and as the consolation prize, love-test for the Mister, he take the Suki to super wonderful *Comet of Cakes*, or some such the place, likely be located in the Galactic Hub, the Suki be the thinking, as the advertising budget be bigger towards The Core, and the fine folks... of the whoever, be the more able to afford the Suki's exorbitant promotional fees, make all the Mister's, or at least the Suki's, confectionary dreams finally come the true.

So, what you're proposing is that, just for fun, just for laughs and giggles, we put together another Ether, standard

twelve episode format, which features the nonexistent culinary talents of a one Suki Kamasutri, as she endeavors to bake something as simple as a cake, fails, miserably, repeatedly, maybe upwards of twelve times in all, as each episode is started with a giant cracka-boom...

<B-ZZT! BOOM!>

Thanks, Bzzz-zert. Right on cue. And at the end of it all, after hopping from one end of the Multi-Verse to the other, hitting all the major sponsors of completely overpriced luxury goods for the brainless morons of the galaxy...

...

Ouch! No kicking!

The Mister no insult the generous sponsors of the high quality luxury goods that make the future episodes of *The Suki Kamasutri in The Boom-Boom Girl* possible and the Suki no be the forced to implement the real time editorial mechanisms, as brought to the Mister by high priced footwear he so kindly buy the Suki in her previous Ether: *The Suki Kamasutri in The Queen of the Galactic Frontier*, now available across the Cosmos in special celebratory anniversary edition.

The Fine. The Whatever.

The Suki be the glad that be the settled. But before the corrective editorial measures be the required, the Mister sound like he be on the roll and he have the something the important to the say?

The Mister was saying how this classic caper wraps up with us going to... what, the *Greatest Bake Shop in the Galaxy*.

Sponsorship Entries now being accepted!

You're a monster. And no, that does not call for a kick.
Eh, the Mister maybe the right. After the all, the Suki
have to think on the it.

The Fine.

The Mister say the what?

The Mister say 'The Fine'?

For the what? Why for now the Mister saying 'The Fine'?

Because if the Suki wants to do another Ether, then I
guess it's time for us to do another Ether.

Yippie!

<smooch>

<B-zzt!>

<smooch smooch>

<B-zzt! B-zzt!>

<smooch smooch smooch>

<B-zzt! B-zzt! B-zzt!>

So, why wait? Let's start right away, you know, before
you blow up my ship.

It be the wise choice the Mister be the making in the
present course of the time decisionals, the Suki be the
thinking.

Oh, wait...

The wait? The Mister, he says, 'The wait'? This then be
the double cross, trickster-trickster time that the Mister be the
so famous the for.

My, but you are a suspicious little girl.

My but the Mister be the deserving of the suspicious-the-
ness. How the Mister plan on the going back on his word, the

now?

The Mister never goes back on his word, not the now, not the ever.

<B-zzt!>

Hey, if you're not going to listen to my words, you get what you signed up for.

What game the Mister be the playing?

You guys are way too suspicious.

<B-zzt!>

Listen, were about to launch on a *Twelve Episode Ether Series of Star Studded*, and by this, of course, I mean *Suki Studded, Proportions*.

This be the true.

And you have all of your sponsors lined up.

No. No. No. The Ether no work that the way. The Suki think the Super Fantastic-o Ovenator 10,000 be the all ready to the go, well, after the Suki contact the them and they the agree to ridiculous one sided terms, they be the ready to the go. And the *Fine Art of the Cookery* by Black Hole Press for Episode Two, be the easy-peasy no problemo shoe in, the Suki, she the think. And from there...

The wherever. The whoever. The whatever.

The exactly. It be like the Mister be reading the Suki's the mind.

Great minds think alike.

It be always what the Suki be the saying whenever the Mister agree with the her.

Sounds like a lot of parsecs on the old hyper-drive.

Sounds like the lot of the fun if the Mister ask the Suki.

The Mister no going back on his word, the now?

No. Not at all. But a jump here, a fa-wump drive there, and pretty soon you're looking at some serious energy consumption.

Bzzz-zrt be able to handle it. Right, Bzzz-zrt?

<B-zzt!>

Oh, don't I know it. Bzzz-zert is the energy ball of the moment, the sentient white dwarf star that steals the show, or however you want to word it. Or better yet, we actually figure out what the little guy is this time through. But whatever exactly Bzzz-zert is, if he cannot provide the power to enable a little old ship like Tug to jump from one end of the Cosmos to the other, back and forth, repeatedly, going to and fro at breakneck speed, whenever and wherever, on a Suki's whim, for as long as a Suki desires...

<B-zzt!>

Well, I'm just saying, a fresh Dark Nebula, right in front of us. If that is not good eating, I don't know what is.

<B-zzt!>

OK. Sure. Cake is better. But look at Suki. Look at that Nebula. Now, look back at Suki, again. And ask yourself, do you think you are going to need a recharge of your batteries before you get a slice of cake, pie, or whatever she decides to enjoy at the end of that last episode...

Oh, there be the pie and the pastry and the jelly filled donut all along the way, if that be what the slightly rotund and ever growing the Mister be the afraid the of.

First, I'm not rotund.

Second, the Suki be the judge of the that.

Fine. And third, it is not a question of me eating... but of Bzzz-zert eating.

<B-zzt!>

Yeah. Let that sink in. Do want to eat now... or at some undetermined arbitrary indeterminate point of time in some far away, far-far away-away, incredibly far away, so far away you can't even see it, remotely future time-stream that's probably not even fully resolved, just yet?

<B-zzt!>

Yes, I do make a good point.

Mister cheat.

No, Mister do exactly, and I mean like exactly, what the Mister said he was going to do. I am going to meditate for the next week... possible two.

Mister say the one.

Mister say the one... possibly the two.

<B-zzt!>

The fine!

And at the end of that time, we can start on your little... I'm sorry, I mean, your great big important sponsor filled adventure. And in the meantime, why don't you and Bzzz-zert go devour a nebula or something.

<B-zzt!>

Oh, no! The Suki no be the rotten egg! And the Bzzz-zrt best wait up for the Suki if he want to be having his cake and the eating it the too...

###

So join us next week... or maybe the week after that... for the first... or is it the second... exciting installment of The Boom-Boom Girl starring The Suki Kamasutri: Queen of the Galactic Frontier in what many are calling the Second Best Ether of the 23rd Century.

Advance Sponsorships now being solicited...

#

The End

#

I have every intention of leaving it to others to fill in the details of the remained eleven... or is it twelve... episodes.

After all, it's nap time... er, I mean, time to stare into the dark beyond and become one with it all.

#

Good Night