

The Dark Side of the Moon

Adventures in Sci-Fi, Fantasy & Horror

Jose Rodriguez

The Dork Side of the Moon
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Above all else, these stories are dedicated to my two greatest inspirations—Prince Rogers Nelson and Sonia Salazar, who, as Fate would have it, both left my world on the very same day.

Lastly, to Death herself....Not Yet

A Author's Disclaimer

Please be advised that my writing is what could be called an “acquired taste.” Some of the subject matter may not apply to you; some may very well offend you. But, if you get nothing else from this reading experience, at least learn this: most of what we read and hear and see daily is made up of lies. Sometimes, even when it’s packaged and sold to you as fiction, you can find Truth.

“I’m making stuff up, but I will tell you true things.”

-Neil Gaiman

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The Dork Side of the Moon

The Dark Side of the Moon—Secret Underground Alien Base

The Imperial Hozer paced back and forth across the conference room. Turning to face his second-in-command, General Furnee, he bellowed, “I alone am the Military Head of the Q’lero people! Why should I listen to any of you?”

“With all due respect, sir, no one, least of all myself, is questioning your authority in any way, shape or form. I merely suggested that prior to your planned invasion of this so-called Earth, it might be advisable to send a scouting mission,” General Furnee calmly answered.

“You are not assigned to advise me, Furnee. You are merely to follow the orders I alone choose to give! When I want your opinion, I’ll give you one!” the Imperial Hozer roared.

“Of course, sir. However, let me point out one final thing. Of all the races in all the galaxies we’ve enslaved so far, these Earthlings are the only ones to have attained capacity to traverse space. As such, I feel compelled to repeat my advice about sending a scout to better prepare our assault.”

Finally accepting his right-hand-man’s logic, Hozer shrugged his shoulders. “Very well, but I am not wasting any of our elite troops! Send my idiot brother-in-law for this menial task!”

Somewhere in the middle of the San Gabriel Valley...

D’Yego looked around the street corner to which his transporter beam had sent him. Having sent an unmanned spy pod ahead, he knew

how to dress to fit in, or at least not to stand out. Aside from being entirely hairless, his people could pass as humans.

General Furnee had told him this was an important mission that must not be fouled up as was his past history. His order were clear—Find out as much as possible about the Earthlings by finding either a library or bookstore, absorb the materials into his Accumulator, then speed-read through it all back at the Mothership before writing up his report.

D'Yego surveyed his surroundings, noticing the primitive dwellings and the vehicles, which still rode on the ground. He had to wonder how these people ever achieved space travel.

After walking only two city blocks, D'Yego stopped, not believing his luck. On the next corner stood his objective—Gary's Corner Bookstore. Finding the front door locked, D'Yego pressed the Dematerializer button on his utility belt and, a second later, he was inside the building.

Aboard the Mothership, beside the Moon, inside D'Yego's private Quarters

D'Yego leafed through the thin multi-colored books in fascination. His race had the power to absorb knowledge by simply touching books or any written matter, but the human archives were unlike anything he had ever studied.

The more D'Yego kept reading however, the more he became convinced that it would be a mistake to go forward with the planned attack.

These humans had faced alien invasion many times in their past. Though technologically Earth was at least ten generations behind Q'lero, they had something extra. Apparently, there were dozens of super-powered beings on Earth whose sole purpose was to defend its

citizens against any and all threats. As such, they were advanced scientifically, but put to the test in hand-to-hand combat; even a toddler on Earth would best them.

Because of all these things, D'Yego knew he must recommend that the attack on Earth be avoided at all costs. Just one or two of Earth's heroes would be enough not only to stop them, but possibly decimate the entire fleet with ease.

And yet, besides the fear he felt, D'Yego could not help but be impressed with the tales of the selflessness of Earth's protectors. Time and again, according to chronicles, not only did many risk their lives to help the powerless, some actually went as far as to willingly sacrifice themselves. All this and more he resolved to include in his report.

Hours later...

"Balderdash! This report is rubbish! It's complete and utter nonsense! These humans have never ventured outside their own solar system, and you have the stones to tell me that they pose a threat...to us?" the Imperial Hozer growled at D'Yego.

"With all due respect that is due to you, oh-very-great-one," D'Yego whimpered, "technologically, they are eons behind us, that is without dispute. However, as I included in that paper, um, now being crumbled in your hand and um, tossed at my head, these humans have living among them super-powered individuals and some groups whose sole purpose is to protect the merely mortal."

"Mutants?" General Furnee asked, obviously very interested.

"Some of them, sir, were born mutated, yes, but most acquired their powers or abilities in different ways. Let's see," D'Yego quickly recalled his readings. "Some by radiation, others by scientific experimentation, and some constructed special suits and one, I believe their most powerful protector, is actually an alien himself, but was raised as

a human.”

“From what planet does he originate?” General Furnee asked anxiously.

D’Yego gulped nervously before answering, “From Krypton, Sir.”

Stunned looks appeared on the faces of the other commanders, while General Furnee’s appearance grew even more serious. The Imperial Hozer’s expression turned from one of anger to disgust at his crew’s visible dismay.

“Fools!” he bellowed. “Krypton is a myth that surely the humans have heard of and created a work of fiction, as we do on our home planet when we hear of other worlds and their fables and legends! I remain unconvinced and so at this time tomorrow, when I give my signal, our attack will commence just as was originally planned.”

The crew was dismissed pending further orders, but General Furnee gestured to D’Yego to follow him to his own quarters.

Moments later...

D’Yego sped back to San Gabriel in an escape pod General Furnee had provided. It would not be noticed while another ride on the transporter beam would have alerted their main computer.

General Furnee was no coward, but he cared more about his crew’s safety than the galactic glory craved by the Imperial Hozer. As a result, he had re-sent D’Yego to Earth to plead for mercy if the attack couldn’t be fully avoided.

The pod landed in a vacant lot about a block from the ransacked bookstore. Donning his ‘human-like’ attire, D’Yego walked back to the scene of his recent crime.

Meanwhile, nearby, from the opposite direction, but at about the same time...

The four teenage friends strode purposefully toward their favorite

hangout—Gary’s comic shop. Alyce, a huge Harry Potter fan, collected Doctor Strange issues; Chris loved Batman and Spiderman; Dennis liked the Flash and Green Lantern; and Joy preferred the Hulk and his cousin She-Hulk. They all stopped dead in their tracks when they read the bold print on the front door to Gary’s—‘Closed Due to Robbery.’ Stunned, the four youths alternated staring mutely at the sign then at each other.

Finally, Chris, a devout Catholic, spoke up, “This is sacrilegious! Almost like stealing gold from a church!”

Dennis nodded in agreement, adding, “This is soooo against the Jedi Code!”

“This is pure, unadulterated bullshit!” Joy yelled, much to her companions’ surprise, since she seldom raised her voice, much less to use profanity. Only Alyce remained quiet, her anger barely kept in check.

D’Yego was only meters from the four friends, and his blood ran even colder than normal. He felt his mission might be even easier than expected, as these youths looked exactly like the super-beings in the books. To normal, everyday citizens, they seemed to be what was termed nerds, dorks or dweebs, but in truth, that was just a secret identity to protect themselves and their loved ones. Gathering up all his courage, D’Yego timidly walked over to the youths and, in a halting, nervous voice, he began.

“Greetings, Earthlings. I come in peace with an urgent message that may save the lives of both your people and mine.”

Holding several issues of assorted comic books tightly to his chest, D’Yego related all of Imperial Hozer’s plans, his own discoveries regarding Earth’s heroes and General Furnee’s wish to stop the attack.

After revealing every last detail, D’Yego still felt his audience needed more evidence to convince them. Once they were allowed to inspect his vessel, he knew they would believe.

“This is some serious X-Files type of shit!” Alyce said, breaking her

self-imposed silence.

“So, will you help us avoid war?” D’Yego almost pleaded.

“You want us to do what exactly?” Dennis inquired.

“Come back to the Mothership with me, make a display of your powers and convince my leader not to attack at all!”

“Uh...one minute please,” Dennis managed before looking over at his comrades and declaring, “Group Huddle Time!”

“I think Deeyago believes us to be superheroes, like in the comics he assumed were based on true stories of Earth!” Dennis stated.

“Wow, was that evident to you, too, Captain Obvious?” his sister Joy said with some disdain.

“Relax, Wonder Twins!” Chris demanded. “I think it’s time we put our science projects to good use, especially since our fellow humans rely on our next move!”

“You bet your ass!” Alyce agreed, shouting in agreement.

Dennis walked back to the eager alien. “Give us a few minutes to don our costumes, and we’ll go with you!”

Back onboard the Mothership, after a heated discussion between General Furnee and Imperial Hozer

“This sounds like insubordination with a hint of treason, Furnee! But, I’ll see your co-called Ambassadors from Earth, and then, perhaps, I’ll have you executed beside them!”

D’Yego led in the youths-- Chris, Dennis, Joy were dressed in red, white and blue Haz-Mat suits, respectively. Alyce was clad in a floor-length black velvet gown complete with a hood covering most of her face. They had agreed in advance to be brief and to the point in name and showmanship.

Chris stepped forward first, trying not to be intimidated by several dozen troops surrounding the Imperial Hozer and General Furnee. “I am Fly-Boy!” he called out, triggering his hidden jet pack and soaring

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over the stunned crowd, before landing a tad clumsily beside his pals.

“I am known as the Whiz Kid!” Dennis yelled. Then his high-tech sneakers sped him a super-human speed through and around the amazed crowd.

“I am Super Chick!” Joy hollered, holding up two steel weights, each marked 500 pounds. “Each of these weights five times as much as your average Q’lero! Come try to lift them your puny selves!” she dared.

The Imperial Hozer eyed one of his guards, who obediently went to try his strength. By then, Joy had set them back down and flipped a hidden switch causing magnets to activate, rendering the weights essentially unmovable.

Next it was Alyce’s turn. “Greetings and fair warning people of Q’lero! You will now witness the almost-limitless power of Davina, Daughter of the Dark Arts, Mistress of the Mystic, Queen of the Crypts, Knower of the Gnostic...”

Chris, Dennis, and Joy rolled their eyes, shook their head and slapped their face, respectively, as Alyce went on with self-imposed titles for another five minutes.

The arrogance was quickly forgotten as her own ‘power’ went on display. Alyce used smoke bombs, flash grenades and other assorted homemade fireworks to prove her point. She smiled, almost unseen, as she saw most of the troops moving slowly toward the other side of the room.

“Bah! Enough of these parlor tricks! Execute these Earthlings as well as General Furnee and my worthless turd of a brother-in-law!” Imperial Hozer roared.

“I don’t think so!” Furnee replied to Hozer’s bewilderment. “The troops are under my command now, Hozer. Your plans for Earth have been aborted by my decree!”

“Apparently, General Furnee also convinced others of the futility in attacking Earth!” D’Yego whispered to his Earthling friends what

they had already guessed.

As the no-longer-Imperial Hozer was detained, unarmed, and led to a detention cell, D'Yego asked the four teens, "How can we repay your invaluable kindness?"

"Our reward is that justice has been done!" Dennis yelled before receiving Joy's elbow in the gut.

"Seriously though," she added, "two things—one, return to our planet only under peaceful circumstances, and two, replace all the items your stole from our, um...library!"

"It shall be so!" D'Yego cried joyfully adding, "After I make copies of these marvelous tales, of course!"

Days Later...

Chris was on the phone with his Uncle Joe, a semi-famous Hollywood screenwriter. He told him everything they had seen and done and breathlessly awaited Joe's reaction.

"Sounds like Galaxy Quests meets The Three Amigos with a bonus Witch thrown into the mix! You need a little more originality if you want to be as successful as me, kid!"

Chris did a double-take, staring off at his imaginary audience.