

Bunny Attack

Members of Fab-UFO
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Overheard at SHADO HQ: "A secret, Susan - check your hard drive for..." Yuchtar looks left, then right - no one about. "Bunny rabbits. Uh-huh - you scoff, but bunny rabbits cause more hard drive problems than anything else!! It's true!"

Susan thinks: Just what has Yuchy been drinking? Bunny rabbits causing hard drive problems? Honestly. How stupid. There's no s-'

A raucous voice is heard throughout the complex: "WARNING! WE ARE BUNNY RABBITS! we just took AMELIA! We will assimilate all women of the girls' rude group! We live to hop! And we like Straker! and Jerry Springer! So beware!"

Later: in Straker's office:

Straker: Well?

Alec: Uh, Ed, a group captured Lt. Amelia.

Straker: Rats. Oh well I guess I'm forced to rescue her. Okay what UFO took her?

Alec: (gulping down drink) No aliens, Ed. Bunny rabbits took her.

Straker: Alec, if this is your idea of a joke...

Alec: Ed, I swear, bunny rabbits carried her off. (Ed's phone rings) (Ed hits the button)

Straker: Straker.

Miss Ealand: HELPPPPPPPP!

Straker: What in--?

Miss Ealand: Bunny rabbits are-- (click)

Alec: See? They're bent on taking all the female staff. (gulps down drink, hiccups)

Straker: My God! Launch Interceptors! (Ed's phone rings) (he hits the video button)

(Thomas appears on the screen in his Interceptor garb)

Straker: Captain Thomas, it all depends on you. Get back our operatives.

Thomas: (guinea pig squeak meaning Yes Sir)

Straker: And Thomas? If you find Jerry Springer, I want him.

Thomas: (guinea pig squeak meaning Yes Sir)

Straker: (hanging up) Alec, I know at first you were against my hiring a guinea pig as a Shado Operative..

Alec: Actually I was hoping it meant you had finally started to drink heavily..

Straker: Yes. Yes. You never give up do you? (Ed's phone rings) (he picks it up)

Straker: Straker.

Jackson: I haveeeee had itttttttt!

Straker: What?

Jackson: I jussssst looked at Thomas' paycheck! He gets more moneyyy than I dooooo!

Straker: Well, he contributes more to the organisation than you do, Jackson. (slight grin)

Jackson: I willll see about thattttttt I've been wanting a guinea piggggg to experiment onnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn (click)

Alec: See? He threatened Captain Thomas! (Ed's phone rings, and Ed's eyes roll, the

stress starting to affect him. He answers it. He looks at the drink dispenser ruefully)

Gay Ellis: Helllllllllllllllllp !

Straker: Yeah yeah, I know, bunny rabbits. Keep your cool Lieutenant.

Gay Ellis: But, (sobs) they-- (click)

Straker : Damn. Aliens I can handle. but bunny rabbits? Damn it get me Captain Thomas.

Thomas: (on video) (wiggles nose under helmet)

Straker: I want a report!

Thomas: (guinea pig squeak meaning Bunny rabbit vessel destroyed. Lt. Amelia, Miss Ealand, and Gay Ellis safe. We have a captive. I'm returning with Jerry Springer. Wait, I'm being pursued by Dr. Jackson!)

Straker: Evasive manuevers. You're in danger. Get back to Moonbase. Jackson's driven by jealousy. But bring me back Springer-----

Part 2 - Amelia

Straker: All right, Thomas. I take it you were successful in bringing me back Springer?

Thomas: (guinea pig squeak meaning Yes sir! He's in the guest room, sir.)

Straker: Good work, Captain. Oh by the way...Lieutenant Ellis was a bit shaken up by the ordeal with the bunnies. So for now you're acting commander of Moonbase...

Thomas: (sad squeak) (little shake of head)

Straker: I offer you command of Moonbase and you turn me down? Why?

Thomas: (raises little paw to fur)

Straker: That? Bigotry toward furry creatures died out long ago.

Thomas: (holds up report of laboratory experiments on guinea pigs to show Straker)

Straker: Don't worry about that. We won't let Jackson anywhere near you.

Thomas: (scared squeals)

Straker: Now get to work, Commander. (smiling)

Thomas: (squeal meaning Yes sir!) (Thomas goes out)

Straker: (half to himself) That's got to be the cutest Shado operative we've ever had. Hmmm. Maybe I should employ some lab rats. (picks up report) Hmm. These two recruits going through testing look promising. Strange names though. Pinky and Brain? Oh well. Now..Springer..

In Central Park:

Gay: Oh Bernard, it was terrible. Their floppy ears. Those huge buck teeth!

Bernard: You poor thing! I have just the solution for you. Exactly what you need.

Gay: You've always known...what I've needed....

Bernard: My quarters?

Gay: After you. Bring the string vest and the peanut butter.

In the guest area:

(doors open)

Jerry Springer: What the heck is going on here? Some damn guinea pig dragged me in here and locked the room. Hey you're that guy from Straker-Harlington studios, aren't you? The one that turned down my request to shoot the new season of my show this fall?

Straker: Correct. I'm Ed Straker.

Springer: Boy, you've got some place here. Okay I'll pay you top dollar for some dirt. Starlets. Porno movies.

Gossip. wait, you're a good-looking man. I'll pay you anything to do a strip tease on the show. Say is that hair real? Name your price. (Springer takes out a chequebook)

Straker: (locks the door) (Ed picks up a chair casually)

Springer: Look, Straker, its a strange time to be rearranging furniture..wait a minute NOOOOOOOO don't hit me with that--AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Part 3 - Suzanne

Jerry Springer slumped into a chair after having had been roughed up by that gorgeous Ed Straker. Jerry attempted to sit up but grabbed his head after experiencing a throbbing pain in his right temple. "Jeez, that guy sure packs a punch," he mused as it finally dawned upon him that his body could still sit up straight. He spotted his glasses on the floor and carefully put them back on. The room was in a total state of disarray. And there was no sign of Ed Straker.

Eventually he found his feet and shuffled to the door. He tried to leave but found the door still locked tight. Jerry began banging incessantly. "Hey! Somebody get me outta here! What the hell do you guys want me for anyway?"

Nothing. Silence. No crazy audiences shouting "Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" No mad fat women trying to tear each other's hair out over the loss of their favourite TV programme. And no one could see the pain and suffering he was in. That pain in his head began to throb terribly. Jerry crawled to a corner of the room and slumped into unconsciousness.

Da next day

Jerry moaned gently as he saw a light coming from the direction of the door. "Uhhh, wha'...wha' the?"

Someone bent over him and examined him gently. He was offered a glass of water but could only take a meagre sip.

"How are you feeling, Mr. Springer?" a lilting voice asked.

Jerry focused on the face which hovered a couple of feet above him. "Aaaa!" Jerry cried in shock.

"I'm sorry to have startled you, Mr. Springer."

"Christ, who are you?" Jerry asked as he attempted to sit up.

"I am Doctor Jackson. I'm sorry that Mr. Straker lost his temper. That is so unlike him." Jackson thought to himself he better give the Commander a complete medical examination in the next day or two.

"Sorry to shout at you like that just now. It's just that I thought you were a vampire or something. Uhh, can I go home now, Doc?"

Jackson helped Jerry into a seat and offered him a couple Co-proxomals before he replied, "I'm sorry. But we can't let you go just yet."

"What? You mean I'm being kept prisoner here...against my own will? Jesus Christ! Can I call my lawyer...I gotta call my lawyer!"

Jackson shook his head and said soothingly. "There, there..... relax..... relax."

Jerry felt a sense of calm permeating his body as the Doctor repeated those words over and over again. "Thanks Doc, you're not gonna call in the rough guys now, are ya?"

"No, Mr. Springer, that outburst from Mr Straker was totally uncalled for." Jackson walked to the opposite side of the room. He wanted to distance himself from this hypocrite of a man. "Your services will be needed as required."

Fear gnawed at the back of Jerry's mind upon hearing these words. He stared back at the Doctor who was unable to hide a slight hint of uneasiness about the whole situation.

"Whad'ya mean by that?"

"You are here for two reasons."

"Oh, what might they be, Doc?"

"Thomas the Guinea Pig has had words with Mr. Straker about your behaviour these past few weeks and..."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute! You mean to tell me that a guinea pig has become the Moral Majority all of a sudden?" asked Jerry incredulously.

"Yes, Mr Springer. Ever since his Mistress moved him into the livingroom he has acquired the uncanny ability to see through all the garbage that there is on television. Unfortunately for you, he thinks your programme and your subsequent antics with stud pills leave a lot to be desired."

"And how does a guinea pig come to have a cosy number with Ed Straker?" quizzed Jerry.

The Doctor shifted ever so slightly now. He wanted to keep his Beloved out of this depraved conversation but now he had no choice.

"He has.....connections."

"Who with? The Pope? The Mafia? Hillary Clinton?"

"No," Jackson's voice becomes more fluid now as he chose his words carefully.

"Well, with who, for Christ Sake?"

"His Mistress works for Ed Straker."

"Oh, yeah, that really explains everything. Who is this broad?"

Jackson was not willing to give her name.

"Tell me, Doc, tell me! Is she a porn star? Do I finally have some juicy degenerate trash I can reveal about Ed Straker?"

It almost looked as if lightning was about to strike out of Jackson's eyes. "No,...Mr. Springer....the guinea pig's mistress is a wonderful woman. It is just that she.... has a problem."

"Oh yeah, well what's her name then?" Jerry began to feel that he was becoming in charge of the conversation now.

"Her name is..... Suzanne Sutherland." Jackson answered feebly. Oh, his poor Suzanne. How could she stoop so low?

"Hmmmmm, kinda catchy. Kinda rolls off the tongue. I bet she'd make a good hooker with a name like that."

Jackson wished right now that human evolution had reached the point where merely thinking about strangling this tawdry man with the power of thought would be enough to end his life. No such luck.

But Doctor Jackson was no fool. He peered evasively into Jerry Springer's eyes. He knew Jerry was beginning to get the upper hand on this. Time to turn the tables again. Jackson knew he would eventually get his Fat and Wonderful Lover back in his strong hairy arms again.

Jackson smiled widely. "So, Mr Springer, you find her name attractive do you.?"

"Yeah, she's sounds pretty appealing. What about her, then?"

"She is to make mad passionate love to you...as part of her treatment."

"What?"

"Yes, Mr Springer. Since your cheap and disgusting programme has come to Britain, the guinea pig's mistress has become enchanted by your seedy character. Can you imagine it (here is where Doctor Jackson started to really give Jerry the creeps), that poor little creature gets no attention or love because of you!" Jackson tsk-tsked the plight of the poor pig. "It's terrible, isn't it?"

"My heart bleeds for him."

"Yes," Jackson stopped to think for a moment, "but you do not realise that she is very important to Ed Straker. Her obsession reached such depths that that she would not come to work. When Mr. Straker went to see her one day, Suzanne just broke down in tears. The

guinea pig had to explain it all to Mr. Straker."

"Oh yeah, that really explains everything."

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" Jackson put one of the small tables back on its feet again, pulled up a chair and sat staring at the most convenient object...the wall....so he did not have to look at Jerry Springer.

"You have been brought here to satisfy the lust of Suzanne. It is all part of her treatment. Then you will stand trial for crimes against Free Thought. Your Final Thought is a disgrace to humanity."

"Uhhhh"

"And I should warn you, Mr. Springer..... Suzanne enjoys torturing her lovers." Jackson now felt able to look Springer in the eye. He had a very evil look on his face.

"Oh Shit, you wouldn't happen to have a Viagra tablet handy, would ya, Doc?"

Silly little aside by Amelia and Yuchtar

From The Great White Chief: (over the intercom) "Miss Yuchtar? Could I see you for a moment? Its come to my attention that you're using Shado equipment to create...well.....just come to my office."

Yuchtar: Yes, Commander? What can I do for you, sir?

Ed: Well, Major You see it has to do with well - these (he drops a few photos on the desk)

Yuchtar: Oh, yeah! Great, aren't they? You know, I'm getting better all the time, you can hardly tell they're fakes, huh?

Ed: Yes, well, workmanship aside, you are not supposed to be using SHADO equipment for

Yuchtar: I've been working on a few of you, sir - wanna see?

Ed: You what?

(Yuchtar places a couple photos on the desk)

Ed: Oh, well ... ahem yes, those are quite flattering, actually

Yuchtar: Can I go now, sir? I have some more smut to work on ...

Ed: Hmmmm? Oh, sure, carry on, Major.

Part 4 - By Lord Yuchtar

Major Yuchtar was humming a Sinatra tune as she concentrated on her task - carefully outlining the photodigitalised head of Colonel Foster and pasting it to the image of a naked Adonis. She soon became aware of a slight shadow on her screen and sensed a presence behind her. Without looking around, she asked, "Can I help you?"

"Wouldn't you rather have a go at the real thing?"

(Gulp) The voice was so very smooth and silky. She turned to find Paul Foster standing over her with a wry smile and bedroom eyes. "Errrrrm ... well you see I was just Shouldn't you be on MoonBase, Colonel?"

"Captain Thomas is handling that for now." He leaned into her and it became quite obvious to Yuchtar that 'the real thing' was standing at attention. "My quarters, Major?"

"Uhhhhhm, sure!"

Paul opened the door and stepped inside.

Yuchtar hovered around the door way, sniffing. "Do you smell peanut butter?"

"Never mind that," Paul said as he reached out, dragged her in and shut the door behind them.

* * *

Alec: What happened to Springer?

Ed: I think Jackson is with him. I assume he'll administer the usual amnesia drug within a ..certain.. amount of time.

Alec: Ed?

Ed: Make it quick, Alec, I'm a busy man.

Alec: There's a rumour going around HQ?

Ed: Ah. That. Well the dictionary defines it as using computer equipment to make it seem I posed for revealing photos. I don't do that sort of thing Alec. I'm too susceptible to colds.

Alec: No no, not Major Yuchtar's stuff..

Ed: I deny being under my desk with Amelia. I don't care what strange expression she's roaming around HQ with. And as for that dispenser being empty, well it must have leaked. These things happen...

Alec: No no..they're saying you hit Springer with a chair.

Ed: Me? Nonsense, Alec. I'm gentle. (slight grin)

Alec: You **DID**?

Ed: Alec, have you ever actually seen that show? I was stuck in a hotel suite in New York for some studio benefit and the weather was bad. I switched on the telly. Someone had to do it, Alec. Its worth getting a check from Jackson. That fellow actually wanted me to allow his crew to shoot the programmes here at Harlington-Straker. Why, I'd rather borrow Bernard's string vest, the crunchy peanut butter, the handcuffs and lock myself in Amelia's flat. Speaking of that..

Alec: You devil you! What?

Ed: Rumour has it she's walking into walls. Maybe I should have given in sooner. I think she's in a state of physical and mental shock. My time with her under the desk..well, her mind just had to walk away from it.....(Ed winks)

Alec: Ed?

Ed: Yes, yes?

Alec: What DOES Gay and Bernard do with the peanut butter?

Ed: No idea. But at least Henderson approves the funds for the cases Bernard orders.....

Part 5 - Or - Suzanne's Torture of Jerry

"Hello Jerry, time to wake up!" said a female voice with a strange Scottish accent.

"Hmmm?...Yeah?....snort ", " snuffle fart.....Wha'?" Jerry opened his eyes and felt totally disorientated. He certainly was not in the Green Room anymore. He lay on an extremely comfortable bed. He felt the smooth bouncy mattress and realised that he reposed on a water bed.

Gaining his wits, he looked across the room and saw a rather large woman contentedly petting her small furry.....guinea pig.

"You must be Thomas, the Moral Superhero." Jerry deduced correctly.

"SQUEAK!" (translation: "Correct, you silly sanctimonious human")

The man fumbled for his glasses and attempted to sit up. It had not been that long since he had a sexual ride in a wobbly waterbed but he seemed to be having great difficulty maneuvering. And he noticed that he now wore purple silk pyjamas.

A look of sheer terror came upon Jerry's wizened features. "What did you do with my suit, lady?"

"It's alright, Jerry!", she replied teasingly.

"You can do what the hell you like with me, but leave the suit alone...it's hired."

"Bernard, can you come in here please? He's wide awake now, come and meet Jerry Springer!", yelled the Fat Lady.

Bernard walked in rather sheepishly but obeyed her commands. He said nothing at first because he wanted to have a good look at the man who had been causing such a fuss at SHADO/Harlington-Straker.

"That's him, that's Mr. Sleaze?" asked Bernard with a distinct tone of disappointment.

"Hey now, wait a minute there, Bernard. I'm not called Mr. Sleaze for nothing."

"Oy, and now the man says I've got to pay him for calling him names, who does he think he is?"

"Yes, Bernard, there he is in all his purple splendour," began the Big Girl, "now, why don't you just take Thomas and put him back in his cage. He's getting on now and I think if he watched the next bit he would have a heart attack."

"OK, anything for you, Suzanne." replied Bernard as he gently took Thomas back to his cage.

"SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!" (translation: "Dammit, woman, let me whack the guy's arse, too. I'm as strong as the next pig, let me at 'im!")

The Wide Woman stood at the foot of the waterbed. She was attired in a purple rubber catsuit and silver boots.

"So, you're Suzanne, huh?"

"Yes, welcome to the show," she replied. Suzanne walked up to a large wardrobe built into the wall and opened both doors. She exposed an array of gasmasks, hoods, butt plugs, riding crops and items of rubber clothing. And, of course, for safety reasons, a large tube of K-Y jelly, rubber gloves and condoms were also in full view.

Jerry silently gulped but could not stop the erection brewing in his trousers.

Lieutenant Sutherland's lover, Doug Jackson, liked the full works. They would spend many hours together enacting all sorts of kinky fantasies.

But, despite Jerry Springer's romp with skanky porn stars, he probably had not ever experienced a rich and varied sex life. Suzanne thought about the idea of being gentle with him

but decided he needed correction.

Suzanne peered down at Jerry and noticed an obvious bulge. "I see you didn't need the Viagra this time", she said, "What possessed you to take it in the first place?"

"Well, you know, failing sex drive and all that," he replied as she bent down and started stroking his face.

"Really? Call me stupid, if you will, but I thought it was supposed to be taken by men who had real problems attaining erections and had totally lost their desire for sex. I don't think that is the proverbial gun in your pocket, is it?" Suzanne pointed at his crotch.

"Uhhh, oh hey, yeah, gee, it's like seeing a long lost friend!" croaked Jerry, feigning surprise.

"You know what I think, Jerry?", she continued without waiting for a feeble answer, "You never had a problem with your pecker. You just tried it for kicks. Lord knows, you probably have enough money to buy the company who makes them!"

Suzanne walked to the wardrobe and pulled out her favourite instrument- the riding crop that delivers a real sting.

"Can't we just talk about this? You obviously feel strongly about it..."

"Shut-up you fool!" She gave him an expertly delivered thwack on his thigh.

"Ouch, what the fu..." Then seconds later as the endorphins kicked in, "Hey, that felt pretty good."

"Yes, just as I thought. You are just as kinky and perverted as the guests on your show, Mr. Hypocrite."

Suzanne motioned for him to get off the bed. "Stand by that chair over there by the window and pull your trousers down," she ordered.

He did as he was instructed.

"This is for doing as you were told" she explained and delivered six hot whacks to his arse. After each one she tickled the area that had been smacked which made him shudder even more.

Jerry, Mr. Smoothie personified, remembered something that the Doctor had told him. "Well, how's the treatment going, Suzanne?"

"Eh? Don't mess around with me." Her riding crop was held high ready to deliver another blow.

"I'm not, I'm not, I was told that you are doing this to satisfy your lust as a kind of therapy."

"Right, that's it, for the first time in your life you are going to really shut up." With that, Suzanne bounded for the wardrobe to find a gag. She pulled out the inflatable one shaped like a penis and inserted it into his mouth. After inflating it until Jerry looked like he was going to gag she asked, "There, is that comfortable?"

"Mmmufff, mmuf ffm fffffff mmmmmmmmmmmmm!" A look of sheer contentment appeared on his face.

"I love you, too, Mr Kink Ball." Whereupon she planted kisses all over his face.

"O.k., Mr. Lover Man, bend over." Suzanne instructed next.

Jerry heard the stretchy noise of surgical gloves being put on. His cock was already hard but the sight of white rubber gloves on this woman made him even hotter.

"So, you think you have problems with your dick? Well, I have a solution," she showed him the tube of K-Y jelly and a small butt plug, "this is going to tickle your prostate gland. How old are you, Jerry? 53? 54? Yes, it certainly is time for a bit of my sort of correction."

She showered him in another rain of gentle affectionate kisses. "Don't worry, the object of my desire, you will shoot like a sixteen year old after I'm finished with you. Would you like to put on your glasses so you can testify to that statement?"

"Mmm Hmm" he nodded yes.

After planting his glasses on his nose, she proceeded to insert the butt plug. "Now, just relax and think pleasant thoughts about sluts."

This was one technique that Suzanne had perfected over the years. Applying a lot of K-Y jelly to the butt plug and a good blob on his anus, she slowly and gently wiggled the plug inside his arsehole. Once it reached that certain point, he moaned gently.

"There, you like it just there, don't you?" she inquired.

He nodded in ecstasy. Suzanne licked his face and bit his cheek. He let out a gasp of surprise.

"Now, just what are we going to do with your Stiff One?" Suzanne asked playfully, "well, lookie what I've got here? Yes, it's a condom and I'm going to put it over your dick. We can go at it doggy style for awhile. BUT, you are not to come that way. I want to prove to you that you can shoot like a stud anytime you want to without funny pills and tablets."

"Sex was never as mind-blowing as this" thought Jerry. As he entered her Fat Sacred Sex Spot, his cock felt on fire. His balls churned in excitement as they had not done for years. The delightfully painful pressure he felt in his arse made him thrust for more.

Suzanne instinctively knew what was going to happen very soon. She pulled away from him. She took off the condom and quickly rubbed some jelly on her fingers. As she wanked him off, they both witnessed a large shower of spunk jetting out of his knob. "See, I told you, the butt plug works everytime!"

Epilogue

Awhile later, Jerry lay next to Suzanne on the waterbed. He cuddled her close to him and could not help the way he was feeling. Yes, he was falling ridiculously in love with her.

"Suzanne, I don't know how to tell you this...I just want to say..."

"Yes, go on."

"I just want to say that I'm falling in love with you. You can say whatever you want about me, but I'll always love you."

Suzanne laughed ruthlessly. "Mr. Springer, you have no chance."

"Why, what do you mean?" he pleaded, feeling hurt.

"My loyalties lie with Ed Straker and Harlington-Straker studios. And besides, you still have to stand trial for your crimes against Free Thought, remember?"

"Oh shit, yeah, I forgot."

Part 6 - Suzanne Sutherland - OR - Jerry's Trial Against Humanity

Jerry looked around the room in complete bafflement. "Where the hell am I? This doesn't look like a film studio!" he said to one of the guards escorting him to his seat.

"This is SHADO, sir." the guard succinctly replied.

"Shadow?"

"No...SHADO...Supreme Headquarters Alien Defense Organisation."

"Hey, wait a minute, I'm no alien. I got into this country fair and square...just check my passport!. Wait a minute, it was those damn bunny rabbits. They've set me up, haven't they?" Jerry desperately attempted to make sense of the situation. He grappled with the guards as they pushed him in his seat.

"Sit DOWN! This will all make sense if you sit and be patient!" The fatter guard of the two held Jerry down and made him behave himself. He wagged his finger at Jerry and instructed, "Now, you are going to sit there and behave yourself or else my colleague and I will get the restraints!"

"O.k, o.k., I'll back off. I'll behave." Jerry conceded and sat like a good little talk show host.

After he had quietened down a group of people walked in. He recognised Ed Straker, Doctor Jackson and Lieutenant Sutherland. Thomas the Guinea Pig cooed happily in the ample lieutenant's arms. As she sat down, Suzanne spotted Jerry and gave him a little wave. He smiled feebly and felt his bowels quake.

As for the rest of them, he did not know Colonels Freeman, Foster and Lake. They joined the rest of the throng. Jerry was particularly impressed with the bushy eyebrows of the older gentleman who sat himself at the head of the table facing him. A collection of beautiful babes dressed in revealing outfits also wiggled in and sat in the audience to hiss and boo at the proceedings.

'Hairy Brows' nodded at Doctor Jackson to begin. With his night creature features, the doctor spoke in his slithery hypnotic voice. "We are gathered here today to witness the trial of Jerry Springer, politician, talk show host, humanitarian and country-western music singer. He is charged with insulting the human race with his hypocrisy and degradation of humanity. We at SHADO find his Final Thought to impinge upon the process of Free Choice and Thought. If he does not feel he can stop himself from always having the final say then we are sure we can do something about that for him."

Thunderous applause came from the impromptu audience.

"Way to go *Bleep* *Bleep* *Bleep*!" shouted Lieutenant Theberge.

"Get on down and *Bleep* and *Bleep*, *Bleep* *Bleep* *Bleep* *Bleep*!"

Lieutenant zantai Kwaan bellowed even louder.

Straker held up his hand for silence. The crowd instantly hushed.

"How do you plead, Mr. Springer?" inquired General Henderson (him with the bushy eyebrows).

"Where's my lawyer? I demand that this trial stops until I can see my lawyer!"

Doctor Jackson walked quietly towards him and put his fingers to his lips in thought before he had a little word with Jerry. "Uhh, Mr. Springer, we have it on our files that you are a lawyer."

"So?"

"So, you are the best person to defend yourself. Please do not waste the court's time. We don't like having our time wasted." answered Jackson icily.

"Oh, for Christ sake!" Jerry covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"How do you plead, Mr. Springer?" the General asked again.

Jerry banged his hands down on the table and declared, "Not guilty!"

"We had a feeling you would say that, Mr. Springer," Henderson said. He looked at Straker sitting next to him.

Then Straker continued at this point, "You do realise that if we do find you guilty, and we will, I can assure you, that you will be mind-wiped and go by the name of Ignatius Caldecott and sell Bibles to hotels all along the southern states for the rest of your life."

"And if we call it quits right now?"

"You will be administered an amnesia drug to help you forget the past 2 days or so. Don't worry, the drug is tasteless and odourless. But your recollection of events will be distorted and crazy. You will think that you had a wild time in merry olde England accompanied by lots of wild sex and drugs," Straker smiled, knowing that was pretty much the case already, "But Doctor Jackson will also put a subliminal impulse in your brain. Hopefully, you will stop telling people how to sort out their lives and instead concentrate on yours for a change."

"O.k., I'll have what's behind Door No. 2, then." Jerry started losing any sense of reality he had left.

"It's your choice, Mr. Springer," Straker finished.

"Oh, I don't know, I.I.I. don't make the real decisions behind the show. I'm only the, whad'ya call it, the figure head. Yeah, that's right."

Jerry stood up. Maybe he could win this argument after all. But not with logic and facts. No, siree. Jerry is the sort of person who likes to tell others how to sort out their lives, yes, he knows all the answers. But when it comes to the crunch in his life, he falls like the rest of humanity. But being the typical hypocrite that he is he can't see past his own rather large nose. Instead, he will use blame to win his argument, yep, it's time to pass the buck.

"Yeah, Ed, hey, and you with the fuzzy features (pointing to the General)..."

"The name is Henderson to you!" he snapped.

"O.k., Henderson, uh, Mr. Henderson, look, I'm not the brains behind the Jerry Springer show," Jerry began.

"If you're not, then who is?" Henderson glared.

"His *bleeping* *bleep* *bleep with the *bleep* cleavage!" cried out Lieutenant Martin.

"Quiet! Or I'll have you thrown out of here for contempt of court!" the General ordered.

Jerry shrugged as he began pacing the floor like the showman attorney that he is. "Well, thanks for that in the audience, now control the language!"

Another loud applause filled the room.

"O.k., well, what can I say? There's all the usual people in the production team that answer the phones and read the e-mail. I don't do anything like that. I'm the puppet, if you will. I get my instructions and any other bits of information that I need to know from these guys. But the main man, the ultimate Big Cheese is some guy with a very cushy number at Head Office. I think you better talk to him. He's the one who pulls the strings."

"And who is this man?" asked Straker.

"He goes by the name of Ian E. Namil....the First!" Jerry declared in triumphant 'pass the buck' mode. "He's a bit strange but, well, I just follow orders, ya know?"

"Ian E. Namil?" Jackson rolled the name on his tongue. The mysterious doctor was

beginning to suspect something. He turned to his lover, Lieutenant Sutherland, in the audience. Her arse was fat because she liked to spend a lot of her time solving puzzles. By the look on her face, she was suspecting something, too. Her guinea pig also smelled a rat.

Doctor Jackson was happy whatever the outcome of this trial. He now had his wide lover back. It was bliss to know that she loved being wrapped in his strong hirsute arms again. And how he enjoyed spanking her fat butt for being so naughty with Jerry!

"Do you three have something you would like to say to the court?" Henderson asked loudly.

"YES!" shrieked the abundant Lieutenant.

"SQUEAK!" squealed Thomas.

"Sir," began Jackson with a look on his face that resembled astonishment, "Ian E. Namil is an anagram of 'I'm An Alien'".

"What does he look like, Springer?" Straker asked forcefully.

"Uhhh, gee, I only met him once or twice...looks kinda odd...had this sorta way out look and a greenish tinge to his face!"

"Thank you, Mr. Springer, you can sit down now." Henderson demanded.

"So, can I go now? I'm looking forward to this amnesia drug. Who knows, it might be even better than Viagra!" Jerry jokingly replied thinking he was off the hook.

Straker and Henderson looked at each other knowingly.

EPILOGUE

It's a dusty little town and a man in a beat up old Ford stops at a sleepy inn. He opens the trunk of his car and hauls out a suitcase and walks to a small room resembling a reception area.

"Howdy, mah name is Ignatius Caldecott and Ah've come to sell y'all some Bibles for this here mo-tel....."

THE END