

THIS ABOVE ALL;
TO THINE OWN
SELF BE
ZOO.

Vol. I

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In this issue,
a German shepherd is seen to get a treat,
and three stable arguments are put forth.

To the fullest extent permissible, all stories and poems herein are released into the public domain.

To Thine Own Self Be Zoo
Vol. I No. 12
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WHAT ELSE WAS THERE HAD WE FORSAKEN THE PLEASURE OF THIS SHARED LIFE?

“Neehehehehe,” Jeremy giggled, finishing making a continuous scissors cut all the way across the cushions of the couch in the center of the living room. Crawling around on the couch the-floor-is-lava style, Jeremy continued the cut (*snippy-snippy-snip!*) over the armrest of the couch, and leaned over the back of the couch to start cutting around the back of it too.

Virgil, Jeremy’s boyfriend, stood nearby, watching with his chin in his hand, wondering how it had come to this.

five minutes earlier

“Virgil wake up the neighbors just put a couch out on the curb help me carry it inside so I can cut the entire couch apart with scissors and maybe break and smash the rest with a crowbar later!”

anyways

Presently, Jeremy had gotten halfway around the back of the couch, and then stopped the continuous cut and went back to the front of the couch, and started snippy-snippy-snipping all around one of the cushions at the front. Jeremy then tossed the scissors aside, stuck his face into the big jagged tear in the cushion, and started grabbing the white fluffy stuffing with his

teeth and pulling it out, mouthful by mouthful, pbbbbbbth'ing it out of his mouth each time onto the floor.

Once he had done that a dozen times or so, he flopped onto his back on the couch, head happening to come to a rest on the discarded scissors that lay flat there. He draped his arms and legs wide across the couch to either side, one leg thrown over the back of the couch, one foot resting over on the floor, and he grinned up at Virgil, showing off the wiry white stuffing that was stuck in his teeth.

He asked Virgil, "Wanna get in on this?"

Virgil continued to look down at this with his chin in his hand. He shook his head. "No, by all means, I don't want to interfere with... whatever this is."

"There was a free couch to destroy so obviously who wouldn't?"

"I see."

"Thank you for helping me carry it inside you are so strong and I appreciate you?"

Virgil tried to stifle the smile that came to him at that, but wasn't fully able to. "Thank you. I am happy to help, even if I am admittedly baffled by... all of this."

Jeremy, still making full eye contact with Virgil, began open-throat wheezing and pbbbbth'ing, trying to get some of the stuffing out of his mouth that had started to get in his throat. Then after taking some of the stuffing out of his mouth with his hand, he laid there looking at the glistening bits he had taken out, and said, "Hey Verge, do you ever wonder what would happen if—"

"Uggggghhh, nooooo," Virgil groaned, and took his hand away from his chin and turned and faced away, and began making like he was going to walk off out of the living room.

"What!" Jeremy called after him. Jeremy crawled up onto his hands and knees and scampered to one of the arms of the couch, and leaned over it and shouted to Virgil, "Hey! I didn't even ask the whole question yet!"

Virgil paused to stand at the big arched doorway between the living room and the entry hall of their home, and asked, still facing away, "What do you want to ask the magic mirror Jeremy?"

“Do you ever think about the people you almost dated and wonder what would happen if you had dated them?”

Virgil shrugged. “No? Barely?”

“Let’s looooooooook!”

Virgil shrugged again. “Fine.”

Jeremy gave a hissing victory laugh as he threw himself back onto the couch, throwing his arms and legs all around in a victory squirm.

He then got up, and jogged up to Virgil’s side. Together, the two of them walked up the stairs, and set off onto the enclosed bridge that went over the house’s courtyard, towards the black glass tower that was at the courtyard’s center. Grey-feathered birds chirped and swooped all around, many of their mud nests built into the enclosed bridge’s ceiling. A baseline droning of bees filled the air below them, as though the bridge were over a sea and there was a distant sounding of crashing waves. Looking down at the courtyard, all of Virgil’s flowers were coming in beautifully.

As they walked, Jeremy commented, “This feels like an inadequate comparison, but you know that game where you can draw on a computer?”

“Paint?” Virgil asked.

“Yeah!” Jeremy said, and gave a gesture that was a snap and also a tossing fist pump kind of gesture. “Paint! Looking out at all your square patches of awesome flowers reminds me of looking at the squares of colors you can choose from, but especially when you’ve made a bunch of your own colors so there’s not just the first two rows, there are special colors too.”

As they continued to walk, Virgil took hold of Jeremy’s hand, lifted it up, and gave the back of the hand a kiss, then he let the hand go, and clasped his own hands behind his back, walking with an upright posture. He responded to Jeremy’s compliment, “Thank you. I like that more than you might think I do. I totally agree that is such a pleasant aesthetic.”

Nearing the glass tower, Jeremy checked himself and his boyfriend out in the reflection of the sliding glass doors that stood closed before them. Himself, skinny, messy curly blonde hair, black gym shorts and a t-shirt with an awesome green t-rex on the front: he stuck out his tongue super far like KISS and

gave himself sideways finger guns, and fired several rounds at himself. Virgil continued to walk upright beside him with his hands behind his back: blonde hair buzzcutted, with the very beginnings of the day's stubble, grey sweatpants and a black sweater that he had thrown on on his way to the front door when his boyfriend had woken him up to go get a couch from the curb in front of the neighbor's house.

Arriving at the glass tower, the sliding doors gave a *woosh* as they parted open before the boyfriends.

Inside, the two of them took the spiral staircase up to the magic mirror's room. Virgil held the door open, and Jeremy walked in first.

On the way in, Jeremy intoned a flamboyant greeting, "Heyyyyy!"

The long room held no furnishings save for the mirror itself, which was mounted onto the far wall, some 20ft from the door through which the boyfriends entered. The walls, ceiling, and carpet were all colored in the same dark, reddish grey paint. Dark-reddish-and-grey tinted bulbs overhead kept the room in an even, monotone light. If one's mind wandered, and they were to stare blankly at some unoccupied space in the room for a moment, it would often suddenly give the sensation that one was falling through a vast and featureless dark-reddish-and-grey void.

The mirror, upon Jeremy's entrance, sighed, and said in his deep and full voice, "What do you want to look up this time, Jeremy?"

Jeremy did a cartwheel as he approached. Then he idly rubbed his wrists, which were very suddenly sore from doing a cartwheel for the first time that year probably.

Virgil closed the door behind them, and walked on his feet across the room to join Jeremy.

The two humans stood before the mirror.

Jeremy began, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall..."

The mirror bemoaned, "Please don't do it like this, you can just ask."

"Tell the prettiest boy of all..."

"What do you want, Jeremy?"

“What would... um... how...” Jeremy began, and faltered. He thought in silence for a moment. Then he leaned over to Virgil, and whisper-asked, “Who’s someone you almost dated?”

The mirror muttered, “Oh my god you don’t even know your question.”

Virgil briefly bowed his head in thought, and then looked up into the mirror and spoke, “In seventh grade, I asked a girl named Kim to the Spring dance. I had hoped that she would fall in love with me, and we would get married someday. She declined to go to the dance with me. If she had gone to the dance with me, and she and I had begun dating, where would I be now?”

“I see it,” the mirror said. “And I show it to you now, though there is no difference to detect: were you and Kim to have dated, you would now be exactly as you are today, standing before me with Jeremy.”

Virgil clapped Jeremy on the shoulder, and said, “See? Some things have a way of just working out the same one way or another. I’m sure that even in this other timeline where me and someone else had dated for a little while, I still went to college, met you, and here we are.”

“Yeah I guess,” Jeremy said.

“Do you want to ask about someone you almost—”

“Nnnnnnope!”

“Why?” Virgil asked. “Why are these always about me? Can’t we ask *one* about you?”

“No that is so transphobic oh my god.”

“What?”

Jeremy grabbed Virgil on the bicep tightly, and said, “What if I’m a girl in other timelines.”

“Then... you are in that timeline, but that’s not this one?” Virgil put forth.

“Yeah but what if... all of them, I stayed a girl.”

“We would be living in the special one where you didn’t.”

“Do you think we would be able to tell in all of them or would it not even be visually obvious usually?” Jeremy wondered.

The mirror chimed in, “I will literally tell you if you ask.”

“Like, women don’t wear dresses anyways very often,” Jeremy continued.

“I hate my job.”

“Like, women’s fashion is so close to men’s fashion ninety percent of the time, we probably wouldn’t even know, there’s probably nothing to be afraid of because it would still be unknown.”

“I don’t think there would be anything to be afraid of either way.”

“Like, we wouldn’t have to worry about the idea you’re actually dating a woman.”

“I am bisexual.”

“Like, even if some of these timelines would suggest I would have been a woman sometimes, this also isn’t all the timelines, we might have gotten a weird specific sample based on the questions we asked, so you wouldn’t have to worry about all that because we can’t know how all timelines would have worked out.”

“I am bisexual Jeremy.”

“You can literally ask me what percentage of all timelines you are he/him in.”

“Like, whatever we find out from asking these questions, it’s all for fun at the end of the day, it’s not like we can learn anything anyways.”

“I have no nerve endings and yet I suffer.”

“Like, okay, so...”

Jeremy scratched his hair, and sighed.

“Okay, yeah, um, mirror mirror on the wall, tell the prettiest boy of all, one time in school, Tanner had a crush on me, and I heard about it from rumors and basically avoided him and he got kicked out of school like a couple weeks after that anyways and he had to go to a different school and I basically barely ever saw him again. If I actually had started dating him, where would I be now?”

“I see it,” the mirror answered, “and I will show you.”

The image of the boyfriends in the reddish room faded away. In that image’s place, an image faded in of Jeremy in the woods on his hands and knees with his pants around his ankles, getting humped by a German Shepherd. Virgil and the Jeremy in real life dropped their jaws open. The Jeremy in the mirror made a different kind of open-mouthed expression. The German

Shepherd's penis pistoned inside of mirror Jeremy for a solid minute as Virgil and real Jeremy watched. Then, when the German Shepherd was done humping, he laid limp on top of Jeremy's back for a moment. Jeremy said some words to the German Shepherd that looked like praising words. The German Shepherd then slid off of Jeremy, but the dog's penis bent back along with the turnaround, and stayed stuck inside of Jeremy even as the two faced in opposite directions.

Virgil, lifting a hand and gesturing towards the mirror, said, "So, when dogs mate—"

"I KNOW WHAT KNOTTING IS," Jeremy interrupted.

"Okay, okay, just saying."

"MIRROR, WHAT THE FUCK."

"I have shown what you have asked," the mirror said, as its face continued to show the knotting scene. "All else being the same, except for the change that you described, this would be the world now. You and Tanner would begin dating, he would still get kicked out of school, the relationship would end at that point, and now you would be knotted by Clyde."

"WHY."

"Though I can answer many questions, the matter of 'why' on any topic is—"

"LOT OF HELP YOU ARE."

The mirror harrumphed, and stopped showing the knotting scene, fading quickly back to showing the two boyfriends in the reddish room.

"WELL THAT WAS FUN," Jeremy said, sarcastically.

"Want to try another?" Virgil suggested.

Jeremy ran his fingers back through his hair, and then calmly said, "Yeah alright. Mirror mirror on the wall, tell the prettiest boy of all: That night me and Verge went out bar hopping, our fourth date, both of us with fake IDs, and there was that woman who started hitting on me. What would I be doing now if I had ditched Verge and started dating her instead?"

"I see it," the mirror answered, "and I will show you."

The image of the boyfriends in the reddish room faded away, and in their place was the scene in the woods of Jeremy already knotted by Clyde, the German Shepherd.

"Huh," Virgil said.

“Shut up!”

“What, I’m just—”

“SHUT UP!”

Virgil shrugged, and then said to the mirror, “Thank you, I think we get the idea.”

The mirror faded the image away, back to the reddish room.

Virgil asked, “So, do you like dogs, or?”

“I LIKE them, I don’t LIKE-LIKE them.”

“Are you sure, because—”

“MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL, TELL THE PRETTIEST BOY OF ALL, ME AND JEFF, FRESHMAN YEAR, WHAT NOW.”

The mirror faded to the same scene in the woods, but this time Jeremy was knotted by a Black Lab.

“OH COME ON.”

“This one’s name is Strider.”

“GOOD FOR HIM.”

“That’s not the only thing good for him.”

“SHUT UP VERGE—wait you’re happy for him?”

“Yeah, why not?”

“Do you wanna go pretend to be dogs right now and?”

“Eh, I’m down.”

“YES. Okay bye mirror we’re busy now!”

“Have fun you... two...”

The door was slammed shut as the boyfriends departed, leaving the magic mirror all alone again.

LUSTUCIA WRITERS MEETING

We were standing around in the writers' lounge, playing darts. Peter had just brought up to Bruce, "How do you picture the balcony scene?" Bruce stood there, dart in hand. You'd believe he was actually thinking of an answer to Peter's question. More likely, Bruce really had his mind on that throw. Especially with the benefit of looking back afterwards, knowing that after a day of puncturing new holes in the drywall, he then took his time on that one, maybe had something click or, sure, maybe got lucky, but some way or another he threw and got damn close to a bullseye.

Seriously, Bruce hadn't made contact with the target in at least a hundred throws that day, and then on that one, *whack!*, his dart smacks onto the target in the ring outside the bullseye, and only a hair's breadth away from the edge of the bullseye too.

So there was clapping, telling him good job, when the door, BANG, gets busted open, pieces of it around where the knob was flew off and landed on the floor. And Flint—you couldn't mistake him for anyone else, six foot five, aviator mirror shades, salt and pepper beard, hair down past his waist that was dyed green in some other millennium but is mostly the underlying bleached white now, the grey bathrobe with a black **F** embroidered on the breast—Flint came marching in wielding a big aluminum garbage can. And he went right to the middle of the room while we all jumped back against the wall. And there in the middle of the room he dumped out a whole garbage can's worth of loose papers, and then turned and threw the empty

garbage can at the wall like a discus. It took out a huge chunk of the drywall beside the door, and landed on the carpeted floor with a muted clank.

Flint then turned to face us. He pointed down to the mound of papers that was still in a lively tumult at his feet, and he shouted at us, "What the fuck is this!"

He turned his head in sharp jerks to stare down each of us one by one.

Bruce, maybe feeling emboldened by his last throw and not really having a good sense of how statistics works, threw Flint an answer: "It's a whole lot of papers, Flint!"

Flint bent down, swiped up a handful of papers from the pile, and shook his fistful of papers at us, and said, "What the fuck is this script!"

Glancing down at the papers, it did look to be photocopies of the draft scripts for the entire season of *Lustucia*. In among the script pages were photocopies of Bruce's storyboards so far too.

Peter gave an open palm gesture down to the pile of papers, and said, "They're just a first draft."

Flint threw down his handful of papers, and pointed at Peter, and said, "Don't *fuck* with me."

"Do you need to get some water, man?" Peter offered. "Some air?"

Flint bent down and grabbed some papers again, and started balling them up and stared at Peter as he asked, "What is the logline of *Lustucia*?"

Peter answered, "A bartender gets supernatural powers from lustful acts."

"You, Tightlips," Flint said, turning to me, "is *Lustucia* a show for kids?"

"No, sir," I answered, not sure where the sir came from, it just slipped out.

"You, Peter, did you hear that I was excited to spearhead this project because I like being censored by eighty year olds who have it in their head that some fuck ass swearing makes something unfit for adults to fuck ass watch if they fuck ass want?"

"The show is going straight to streaming," Peter answered.

"You, Giggles," Flint said, turning to me again.

I tried to get to a straight face, but couldn't manage it.

Flint tossed the balled up paper over to the side, and said, "Every one of those I finish I'm cutting ten thousand dollars from the writers budget."

"Woah woah woah, Flint," Bruce said.

"Go on," Flint said, staring at Bruce as he bent over to grab another handful of papers.

"What's this about?"

"You tell me, writers!" Flint said, and started mashing another paper ball together. "From all of the vision meetings and planning and preliminary notes, WHAT is missing from my show?"

We looked back and forth between each other.

"My UNCENSORED show, ABOUT perversion and sex positivity that is engaged in so painstakingly sincerely that it's giving a woman FUCKING SUPER POWERS."

Flint's fingers were clutched around the paper ball like he was strangling it in revenge of something. He held the ball towards Peter, and asked, "Going once?"

Nothing.

"You two?" he asked, holding it towards Bruce and then me.

I had an inkling, but my throat was closed up. If I was the one who guessed the wrong thing and made it worse...

Flint threw the paper ball over by the other one.

He then scooped up another handful of paper, and said, as he started balling those papers into a third ball, "Peter: Why is bestiality GONE from *Lustucia*? That a 'first draft' omission? I remember it being pretty FUCKING important to the plot! Episode FUCKING ONE, Lu feels mysteriously called to the woods, turns out she's unwittingly dialed in to a wolf pack's communications because her empathy for all beings is so profound, she gets a wolf to fuck her at the end of the episode's first act. Act two she starts presenting werewolf abilities. Act three she harnesses the powers mindfully by recalling the carnal oneness of getting mated and she uses these powers to save her roommate from an abusive ex, she gouges the man and puts the fear of the devil into him. WHERE IS THAT?"

Peter made a gesture with both of his palms upturned, and said, "We thought of another way. If you read those scripts, and

if those *are* the ones we wrote and there wasn't just some mix up, then you saw right in there, she gets monster powers from BDSM. She gets invited to a kink thing, it's outside of her usual routine but she's been looking to try new things, she gets tied up, another woman hits her around, uses a whip and stuff, and dialing in on that feeling is her awakening. Later she remembers *that* to get her powers to freak the roommate's ex out."

Flint pointed at Peter with the hand that held the paper ball, and said, "That's vanilla. I could put that on TV after Jeopardy and you know it. I will not be censored, Peter. Where's Jason?"

Peter answered, "He said he might be in today or he might be busy, I haven't seen him."

Flint asked, "Did he put you up to this?"

Peter gave a wavering hand gesture. "I think he brought it up, suggested that Jessica might be uncomfortable with the role if we went too far in that direction. We all started spitballing, and that new direction seemed to have legs as much as the sodomy version did."

Flint sneered at Peter, and tossed the paper ball over with the other two.

Peter sighed.

Flint told him, "I have been to Jess's ranch, she is excited for the 'sodomy version,' I'll tell you that, Peter. I will tell you that. Ohhhh when I see Jason, I am going to..."

Flint kicked the mound of papers, sent a bunch of them sliding around.

He then pointed to Bruce, and said, "Episode seven, she still transforms into a horse to run into town in time for the dance thing. Where did she get her horse powers? Was that at least implied bestiality?"

With a smile, Bruce reported, "She sleeps with a guy who's hung like a horse!"

"You are pathetic and weak."

Bruce's smile drooped into a confused look of hurt.

Flint took a deep breath in, and sighed. He went and grabbed the garbage can, brought it over, and started scooping the papers into it. "I'm gonna find Jason," he said. "Disregard his suggestion, alright? I will replace him as director with a snap of my fingers and do it my fucking self if he suddenly decides now

that he's uncomfortable with the project he knew he was signing on to, I fucking swear."

Peter assured, "We'll get to work on it."

"Write it right this time."

"Sure."

"Alright. When I have a script that does do it right, I will rescind those budget knocks. But I'm serious. Like we discussed at the start. We're making something that speaks a truth a lot of wusses aren't ready for. But it's overdue. I'm not fucking around. I'm not writing for grandmas. I'm not writing for pretentious fuckers who like 'innovative style' or 'cool shots' as long as the message is already the most baby food palatable paste that they wanted to fucking agree with anyways. We're not making some softcore BDSM bait. What we are making, is a badass series about a badass who taps in to the enormous sexual magnitude of beasts: wolves, horses, past societies knew that other species had sex appeal. We're bringing it the fuck back without dressing it up any different than if this was a show about Spiderman. Understood?"

"Yes."

"Godspeed," Flint said, and then with his garbage can full of script papers, went off to hunt down the director.

TALKING AROUND

“Henry, do you want to show auntie your drawing? Let’s see. Ohhh, wow. That sword looks dangerous. It’s a good drawing.”

“Thang you.”

“Looks good, Henry!”

“Thang you.”

“You can keep drawing more if you want.”

“Mm. Anyways. What were we talking about?”

“Well. We were talking about Lee and his... wife.”

“Right. Right, we were.”

“Is he going to be alright?”

“Probably. I think he’s aware it was going to happen. He tends to persevere on things. I think he’ll be in a difficult mood, kind of... cranky... for a while. But I think he’ll get through it.”

“I hope so.”

“I hope so too.”

“Did you ever know anyone else with a relationship like that?”

“Not... as such. I remember hearing one rumor of someone at school who got caught? I don’t even know if that’s true. Maybe, but maybe it was someone just making up a rumor that sounded embarrassing, you know? Who was that, that they said... I remember it was someone and, allegedly there was a dog involved, yeah, and then I think any time there was any animal, oh holy moly I just remembered, ha, any time in a book there was a horse or a goat or anything, we would write in the book, little, well, messages, to the animal, as... oh, it’s on the tip of my

tongue, I can almost see it right there, we would sign his name on these.”

“Ugh.”

“I know, hey, we were kids, you know?”

“That’s not very nice.”

“I’m not saying I still go to libraries and write this stuff in the books.”

“Well I would hope not.”

“Looking back, I don’t know if he was really... like we said he was. Maybe there was something to it. Probably got out of hand, the rumors, you know, exaggerated from whatever the truth of the matter might have been, if there was even anything. Hm. But no, besides that, I mean, no, I can’t even think of anyone who was rumored to be like Lee and his wife.”

“No, it was a surprise to me, when Josephine told me about that. I... it made sense, to tell you the truth, I was just surprised, because I had never heard of anyone... more than just for...”

“Yeah. No, it’s, I think that is a part of it, I don’t want to know, you know, but it’s more than that too, definitely.”

“Oh I know. I can see that.”

“It made sense to me too.”

“They’ve been very sweet together.”

“Yeah.”

“Well I hope he’ll be alright.”

“Yeah. Yeah, I do too.”

“What else has been going on? Oh, did you hear about Josephine and Ty looking into getting an apartment in...”

TO ADVANCE COMPLETENESS, SOME ARGUMENTS

To my dear fathers, brothers, and sons in philosophy,

It is known that philosophy is an endeavor in building. To arrive at an argument that is sound, a philosopher must have arrived there by considering his other knowledge at hand and identifying the yet missing fact that is the natural next. With items of knowledge such as, "The rich have proven themselves the most successful," "The most successful should be the most rewarded," "The rich, being empowered enormously by affluence, are the only ones to make meaningful contributions to societal progression," and "The poor, being many of them, are more prepared and reliable to share the burden of taxation," one can then come to the sound argument, "The rich ought not be taxed."

There are, however, items in philosophy which do not need building to, but rather, prove themselves to be stable arguments in isolation. They do not need foundation, for they are themselves foundational: Grand foundations, on the measure of, "I think, therefore I am," may make one envious of some recent years ago, when such claims were not yet articulated and given credit for. But aside from the grand foundations, there are, as well, a very great number of small foundations: items which, though there may be seen no sagacity in committing them to writings, all the same may be committed to writings in the hope that with their cataloging and codification, one or another here

or there may prove to be some needed toehold for another argument of worthy grandeur later in time.

Here, I put forth three such small foundations, likely all of them already known to the man of prudent intelligence as truths that need no belabored explanation.

First: The stars exist at some ceiling threshold in the vault of the sky, and are made of material extremely light in weight. This is known because the stars are the farthest things out—nothing is ever seen to pass behind them—and, as small lily pads on water and as large bergs on the sea, these stars must be made of something that is lighter than air in order that they should remain suspended up there. It is most likely that there is further expanse of a yet lighter material beyond the stars, hence why they all float up to that threshold and no farther: neither a lily pad nor an iceberg would continue floating up past the water and into the air, for the air is then lighter, it is a natural sorting. There is, however, no possibility for any matter of substance to exist beyond the threshold of the stars, for, as light spreads dimly in water and greatly in air, the light of the stars would spread enormously through the thinner substance yet above them, and illuminate anything found in that further sky. As still no thing has been seen to exist there, the stars prove to all reason to be the highest.

Second: Our perception of invented characters invokes all of the same faculties used to perceive persons before us in the flesh, and moral crimes against invented characters are none different than moral crimes against men of flesh. The punishment given to a murderer—typically death or exile—is doled out to prevent the murderer from committing the crime a repeated time, and to appease the family of the victim that recompense has been settled. If some poet tells a tale of a worthy and beloved man, and then suddenly, as unprovoked as a murderer, tells tale of that man perishing in some unsatisfying way, his audience is the same as the family of a murdered man, and the poet the murderer, who ought then be put to death or exiled. A poet telling a tale of a man vandalizing the Parthenon, equal to the poet vandalizing the Parthenon himself, as either has created the same image in the faculties of his intended

audience, making the poet and the vandal equal worthy of contempt and punishment.

Third: It is none too pleasant a topic to bring to the immaculate annals of philosophy, but for completeness in arguments, it ought be said that—though I hesitate to put the word, I must—bestiality, the hardly conceivable act of a man or a woman engaging in sexual congress with a mere animal, is an act of moral ruination, its perpetrators of no better moral worth than the animals they have put themselves to. It is the act of barbarians who live as animals do, running about the woods and hollering their unintelligible gibberish. It is the act of lunatics so confused on the foundations of love and worth that they are present to a mare's whinny and hear an intelligently composed lyric. It is the act of the desperate pervert who sees a vessel of femininity or a dart of masculinity and is satisfied with that alone, and disregards that it holds none of the magnitudes and powers of a woman or a man, like an archer who attempts to fly straw rather than arrows. A man or a woman engaging in sexual congress with a mere animal is the complete abandonment of all that upright society holds imperative, and one who does so is no longer a moral agent, he or she has utterly thrown away his or her ability to abide by our best structures.

For completeness, these have been a simple three small foundations. Many more exist, I will endeavor to catalog them further, and would encourage others to the same endeavor.

Be it known, as well, that my arguments are unlike those of men of higher aspirations, who build one argument dependent on another three, like a tower of cards poised to fail if one argument should be disproven. I, rather, am far more fortified. One must disprove "I think, therefor I am" itself before the whole can be surrendered: indeed, my position is more alike to that of a trench in hard dirt, where one must destroy every aspect of an argument like removing shovels of soil, and all the while also needing to address what may easily slide in in one argument's absence. And until then, my faith in my own reasoning stands a worthy shell above me, like an impregnable stone overhead.

CHICKS IN SPACE! #101: “PILOT”

Animated series. 2D animation for the most part, but some 3D animation in the environments, particularly regarding space ships.

SPACE

A jet-like space ship is flying through space. Hang on an establishing shot, showing the space ship, and ambient pressure clicks and creaks and air flowing as the craft maintains its atmosphere.

Cut to a closer view through the windshield, to see Alex Chick piloting the craft. He looks disheveled, with unkempt blonde hair sweeping off to one side, and stubble. A look of serious determination is on his face as he grips the controls. We hang on this shot for another beat as the ambient sounds continue, and Alex says nothing. He only makes very minor adjustments on the controls, and the camera only very slowly zooms a bit in.

ALEX (VO)

My name is Alex Chick.

Montage of flashes of scenes showing how we got here. Alex says a part of the opening monologue, and we see the accompanying imagery.

ALEX continued:

Two years ago, me and my best friend Chip were making a delivery on our freighter, when we flew into a fucking hornet's nest.

Alex Chick and Chip Chick stepping into the cockpit of their freighter ship, pleased as can be. Alex is a human, and Chip is a dog, probably a German Shepherd.

Freighter going through space, then a flash encircles the freighter, and in the afterimage of the flash, dozens of smaller ships appear and begin shooting at the freighter.

ALEX continued:

They were everywhere. I made a run to reestablish power to the shields, but as the shields were coming back on, my section of the ship was blasted off from the rest of it.

Alex dragging along one end of a heavy 2ft diameter cable. He throws it onto the ground near another cable-end, and snaps the heads of each cable together, reestablishing power to the shields.

A large beam blasts Alex's area of the ship off before the shields get around to it, and Alex is shot off into space.

ALEX continued:

The latest suits these days can keep you alive on energy-turned-nutrients alone for as long as your battery lasts. I floated through space, away from my best friend, for a month until my distress hails were kindly answered.

Alex drifting, slowly spinning, muscles motionless.

Alex taking a hand into the rescuing ship; with the rescuer's hand still held, Alex pulls them in so that they are chest to chest, and rests his head against the crook of the rescuer's neck; the rescuer leans in too, and gives Alex a couple pats on the back.

ALEX continued:

But they refused to bring me back to him, and dropped me off a week later on the bog planet they'd been heading to.

Alex having an argument with the pilots of the ship, gesturing and pointing out into the depths of space.

Ship landing on bog planet.

ALEX continued:

Since then, I've toiled, swindled, forged, and out and out lied my way into a position where I would have the means to hijack a space jet and get back to where it was that I last saw my friend.

Alex working a plow.

Alex playing cards in a bar.

Alex in a starkly white and clean room standing at a computer terminal, one hand on a keyboard, other hand making a signature on the signature reader attached.

Alex standing around in a beige office space with a cup of coffee in hand, chatting with Sebastian and another.

Alex and Sebastian in the cockpit; Sebastian is walking away from the port pilot's seat to go back into the plane, but Alex leaps at him and puts him in a full nelson as he takes him to the ground; hang on the empty shot for a beat after the narration ends and Alex and Sebastian are on the ground; all we see is our view out through the windshield, and the stars turning outside.

With the opening monologue over, we go to a reestablishing shot of the ship from behind.

Cut back to the shot outside the windshield of Alex determined.

Come in through the windshield, fading the window away as the camera enters.

Now in the interior of the cockpit, cut to a shot from behind, showing Alex in the port pilot's seat and an empty starboard pilot's seat across from him. As a general rule, the port pilot's seat is the seat of more authority in any cockpit: here we see that since Alex has hijacked the ship, he has taken the more authoritative seat that Sebastian used to occupy.

Alex continues flying for another beat. Then he sighs, reaches over and hits a button, and then unbuckles and stands from his seat (there is gravity in the ship). He walks across the cockpit to a series of locker-ish doors that are situated along the wall behind the starboard pilot's seat.

Alex unlatches a garage-style slide-up door, lifts it up, and begins making coffee with the instruments and nozzles that are fixed into the wall behind the door.

SEBASTIAN
muffled shouting.

Cut to shot a broom closet door past Alex, situated on the port pilot's side of the ship, further back nearer to the door that exits the cockpit. Alex turns to face towards the broom closet door.

SEBASTIAN
more muffled shouting.

ALEX *annoyed:*

Shaaaat up in there! You'll get your ship back.

Sebastian continues his muffled shouting, and begins banging on the door as well. Alex turns to grab his coffee, and has a sip. Sebastian, though still muffled, begins repeating a distinct phrase.

SEBASTIAN *muffled:*
I have to pee!

ALEX *listens. then:*

You have to pee?

SEBASTIAN *muffled:*

Yes!

ALEX *sighs.*

How long can you hold it?

SEBASTIAN *muffled:*

Five minutes!

Alex gulps down the rest of his coffee, fixes the mug back into the rack, and slides that door back down. He grabs his helmet off of a rack behind the starboard pilot's seat, puts it on, and lets it seal to the rest of his suit. He then walks out of the cockpit, banging an "open door" button coolly on his way out.

Very quick shots of Alex grabbing some metal piping and some welding equipment.

Back in the cockpit, Alex welds the piping to the ceiling over the broom closet, in such a way that the door (which folds open outwards) will only be able to open a couple of inches when he unlocks it. When the welding work is done and he's tested it by banging on it a few times with another pipe, Alex unlocks the broom closet door and steps back, and holds a metal bottle out such that it is just within Sebastian's reach. Sebastian reaches out and takes it.

Alex wanders away, and paces while Sebastian urinates into the bottle. Sebastian then places the used bottle outside of the broom closet door, cap screwed on, and shuts the door himself. Alex closes his eyes and raises his eyebrows in an expression that shows he's surprised by Sebastian's good behavior. Alex goes and takes the bottle, empties the contents into a disposal nozzle, and places the bottle back outside the door.

Alex raises his voice to be heard through the closet door.

ALEX

Empty bottle's outside again if you need it.

SEBASTIAN *muffled*:

Thank you.

Alex saunters back to the port pilot's seat and sits down. He looks over to the empty starboard pilot's seat, lets out a shuddering sigh, and turns forward to face out the windshield again. He leans over to hit the button that he hit when getting up, but then after hovering his fist over it for a moment, drops his arm limp to his side, slumps back in his chair so that his lower back is now over the seat and his head is at the mid back of the chair, and lets the space ship continue flying itself.

Cut to white.

Fading into the scene, we see Alex from the past, doing mucky labor around a farm, being payed in futuristic but grimy coins, and then placing those coins into a metal lockbox which he keeps under his bed in his small living arrangements.

We then cut to him that night at a bar, hanging out with some locals. Luise, seated next to him, sways with tipsiness. Alex is trying to be smiley and friendly.

LUISE

Alex, why do you never drink with us?

ALEX

I drink.

LUISE

You do not! How many have you had tonight?

ALEX

None.

LUISE

You have MONEY, this is the only place for a hundred miles you can blow it.

ALEX

True. But I'm not trying to blow it.

LUISE

What the hell for not?

ALEX

Saving.

LUISE *hailing the bartender*:

Clyde! Four shots!

Luise slides the coins out onto the counter as the bartender walks over.

Simon turns away from another conversation and looks to Luise, who he is seated next to.

SIMON

Is Alex DRINKING?

LUISE

If he's not chicken.

SIMON

Clyde, four more.

Simon slides the coins onto the counter as well.

Eight adjacent shot glasses are filled in one continuous pour.

Many around the bar have come to peer over each other and crowd around to see Alex actually drink. He picks up one of the shot glasses, glances between Luise and the remaining glasses, and asks if she's joining. She tells him to drink up. He does the same with Simon, who leans back and shakes his head. Alex does shot after shot, back to back until the eight are finished. Cheering and whistling from the gathered crowd.

Some shots as though from a top back corner of the bar room, looking down on the goings on. Alex shirtless playing pool, Simon slaps his ass which makes him jolt upright, then with both hands pushes Alex forward onto the pool table. Cut forward, Alex has tied his shirt around his head, and is clinking beer steins with Simon. Cut forward, Simon and Lucy vs Alex and Luise in a chicken fight as a ring of spectators eggs them on. Cut forward, fewer people here now, less rowdy; one person stumbles and then vomits on the floor. Cut, now just Simon,

Lucy, Luise, Alex, and Clyde who is sweeping up in the background.

Luise rolls over and reposes across Alex's lap, looking up at him.

LUISE

I don't... know what... I was going to say.

ALEX

Can I walk you home, Luise?

LUISE

My carriage...

Luise doesn't finish the thought.

Luise reaches up and puts her arms around Alex, and Alex hugs her back and stands the both of them up. With Alex looking over Luise's shoulder, Simon and Alex have a brief exchange with facial expressions. Simon makes a concerned inquisitive face while glancing at Luise, or the back of her head. Alex makes a scrunched up overly friendly face with a tiny head shake that says don't worry about it, not trying to do anything. Simon shrugs via his eyebrows and turns away. Alex and Luise walk out of the bar, Luise's arm draped over Alex's shoulders.

Back at the threshold of Luise's place. Luise is hanging off of Alex, while he tries to keep her at an arm's length. She sways around as she clings to him in various ways.

ALEX

Alright. Tonight was a lot of fun.

LUISE

"Fun," I didn't know you knew the word. Always so stiff. Shy.

ALEX

Well. That's not without a history.

LUISE

You should make EVERY night like this night. You'd be happier.

This rubs Alex the wrong way.

ALEX

I said it was fun, I didn't say I was happy.

LUISE

Oh stop.

Luise leans back, swinging back and forth and holding onto Alex's arm for support for a moment. She is pulling them both towards the door, but Alex is rigidly upright, unbudging.

ALEX

Are you good to make it inside on your own?

LUISE

Aren't you coming in?

ALEX

Luise. It's not like that.

LUISE

Yeeeeeeesss, come on, the fun could just be getting STARTED tonight.

ALEX *sighs through his nose.*

I'm saving up because I'm trying to get back to my sweetheart off-planet.

Luise gapes at him, lets go of his hand and finds her own balance.

LUISE

Why would you go and say something like that?

ALEX *no longer that friendly:*

It's true?

LUISE *scoffs.*

And what kind of man are you that you'd turn THIS down just because you have some floozy off—

ALEX

HEY.

Alex is about to continue, but checks his tone, and instead takes a few steps backwards away from Luise, ready to turn and start

heading back for his place. He opens his mouth to explain, then shudders and clenches his fists, and turns and leaves.

Fade back to the cockpit of the hijacked space jet. Alex is sitting with his back against the wall nearby the broom closet. On the floor around Alex and around the door of the broom closet, which is open a crack, are a multitude of dishes, some with some food left in them, others now mostly picked clean.

ALEX

And what I wanted to tell her was, heh, well, everything. How much my friend—I call him my friend, but he's more than that, you get me, Chip is his name by the way—

Sebastian is sticking an arm out of the closet, reaching for a food item that's out of reach. Alex leans over and slides it into Sebastian's reach as he keeps talking, not breaking the monologue.

ALEX *continued*:

I wanted to tell her how much my friend means to me, how much she was mischaracterizing the situation by calling him 'some floozy,' because that did upset me, I won't lie to you, and I know that's what she was going for, but she really struck a nerve, acting like my friend wasn't the world to me, that he wasn't the whole reason I sweat buckets every day there, to save up enough to get plans in motion to get to him. I suppose it seemed to me like she was really just refusing to grasp the idea that there is no joy in my life until he's in my life again. Anyways. That's why I hijacked your spaceship.

Sebastian's response is no longer muffled now that the door is open:

SEBASTIAN

Well, she's behind you now. And it sounds like Chip is ahead. If it were me, I'd say let the past be past. And as for the future, hey, I'm rooting for you.

ALEX

I appreciate that Sebastian.

Alex has a bite of a biscuit and a sip of water.

Then he looks down to his forearm: from his skin, a rectangular glow begins, and then a screen becomes visible. The way he holds the wrist of this arm with the hand of the other arm, we have both arms in the shot, and can see that he only shaves the left arm to keep the display clear. On the display are some alien-looking numbers, and on one side of the screen is a solid dot with concentric circles positioned around it; another dot fades in and out on the other side of the screen. The solid dot (representing Alex's location) is on a thick river-like line that passes nearby to the blinking dot (representing the freighter, which has enough power to give off the needed ping).

Alex lowers his arm and sighs through his nose. Cut to a shot whereby we can see Alex sitting against the wall, and can also the windshield out into space in the background.

Alex says something that is ostensibly an assuring statement to Sebastian, but is more a statement to himself:

ALEX

We'll be there soon.

Zoom past Alex, towards the windshield, until all that's seen is space.

Fade to a region of stars further into space, but still, nothing of note is visible.

Fade again to a yet further region, and we can see a star intensely occupying one side of the shot, but can also in the distance see the freighter, which is orbiting the star.

Fade to an establishing shot of the freighter. Saturn-like rings of debris from other space ships circle the large craft. On an

antenna atop the freighter, we can see a glowing light intensifying and fading at the same rate as the dot on Alex's forearm display. With this shot we begin to hear some of the ambient sounds of the freighter: electrical pops, electrical crackles, pressure creaks, deeper more intense hull groaning, unexplained machinery noises that sound like something ticking around in a dryer at times.

Fade to a shot of the antenna, to highlight it and to show the intense power cables that wind up to it in order to keep it going.

Fade to a shot panning across a portion of the hull of the ship, showing all of the battle damage.

Fade to a shot of the solar panels on one side of the ship, sizzling and creaking, some sections of the shot glaringly bright. A few of the panels are damaged, but most appear intact.

Fade to a shot inside of the ship, panning to the right across what would seem to have been some kind of mess hall. Tables and chairs are all strewn across the opposite wall. Frequently, metal tiles from the ceiling, walls, and floor are loose, peeling, or absent. Only some of the lights overhead work, leaving some sections of the mess hall dimmer as we pan across.

Pan slows and stops as at the bottom of the shot, we arrive at a metal grate with round parallel bars going across it, presumably to push water into when mopping. With the panning halted, we hear the clicking of canine claws approaching at a walk from the right. The legs appear in the shot and stop walking. The dog lowers himself, getting his belly hair and sheath into the frame, and we see him urinate into the grate for about 45 seconds. The stream is mostly strong, with only the last 5 or 10 seconds fading into some spurts. When he's done, he stands fully again and continues walking out of the shot to the left.

Shot of Chip at a 90 degree angle from the previous shot, at his eye level, showing him walking confidently towards the camera through the mess (he is probably right of the center of the shot

so that he's not walking DIRECTLY into the camera). The way he walks is not jovial; he walks like he is prowling for a fight. His dominance over this space should be felt by the audience.

Shot later in his walk, set behind Chip, as he walks through a hall towards a door which opens from the middle, elevator-style. He gives a loud aggressive bark at the ceiling above the door, hair on his back raising, and the door opens without him needing to break stride. We see past him that inside this room is some kind of large room filled with piping.

At a mop sink, Chip uses a paw to push the cold water faucet, and then drinks from the resulting stream, much of the water going past him and draining into the shallow basin and drain below. Close shot of Chip's ear, showing wiring going into it, presumably to hear comms. It is the only form of suit or technology that we see on him. After he has had a good drink, he takes a few steps, and does a big hacking cough down at the ground with intense eyes, getting speckles of water onto the cement floor. Then he shuts the faucet off, and walks out of the room.

High angle shot of Chip walking through a room midway through the walk to his next destination. The walk through this room is not drawn out, but takes enough time that the audience can question what it is that this room contains. On the floor are various bits of alien machinery, and strange symbols are burned into the surrounding floor and walls as though by sci-fi laser. Chip meanders around the machinery.

Shot of the cockpit. We hear the door (which is behind the camera) open, and hear the ticking of canine claws as Chip enters the cockpit from camera bottom. The door closes. Chip goes to the starboard pilot's seat, hops up, and sits down, staring out into space.

Fade to Chip slumped over in the chair, facing space.

Fade to Chip slumped over the other way, facing the port pilot's seat. Suddenly, a soft electronic bell chimes from the dash. Chip lets out an aggressive string of barks as though unwanted company is at the door. He hops down out of the starboard pilot's seat, makes the brief walk across the cockpit (all of the hair on his back is up), and hops up into the port pilot's seat. The electronic bell begins to chime again, but Chip interrupts it by slapping a button on the dash. When he speaks, green dots along his muzzle glow, but he does not have to move his mouth.

CHIP

Who goes there?

MATHIS

This is Captain Erick Mathis of the—

CHIP

Access to this airspace is categorically denied.

Beat.

MATHIS

Who am I speaking—

CHIP

DENIED.

Radio silence. Chip stares down at a sonar screen, which highlights easily enough where the approaching ship is coming from. Chip paws at a few buttons.

Camera lenses outside of the ship adjust.

In the cockpit, hologram displays appear around the port pilot's seat and empty starboard pilot's seat, showing the other craft.

Outer space shot, we can distantly-ish see the other ship, which looks to boast large amounts of cannons and such weaponry. Quickly zoom out from here and turn (movement as though it were a handheld camera) to an “over the shoulder” shot of the freighter, to establish that the other ship is a significant distance

away, but all things considered not too-too far away in the vastness of space.

CHIP

You are ordered to leave this airspace.

Beat.

MATHIS *some uncertainty*:

Is this Captain Chick I'm speaking to?

Chip sits more upright, suddenly a bit curious instead of aggressive. After the kneejerk reaction however, he becomes weary again.

CHIP

This is Co-Captain Chip Chick.

Cut to the interior of the control room of Mathis's craft, where several crew members are working at their individual stations, and a handful of people are working to research and feed Mathis lines. Upon hearing Chip's affirmative answer, Mathis gives a surprised huff of a laugh to himself.

Shot of one of the analyst's screens showing the heat signature of a dog, Chip, sitting in the freighter's cockpit.

Mathis presses the talk button on his headset.

MATHIS

Your reputation precedes you, Captain—

CHIP *distorted, as we are in Mathis's ship now*:

CO-Captain.

MATHIS *blowing smoke*:

Yes, co-captain. My apologies.

One of Mathis's analysts whispers into his ear that is not occupied by the headset. Mathis pushes the talk button again when the analyst is finished.

MATHIS

You wouldn't be looking for one Alex Chick, would you?

A string of aggressive barking comes through the headset, peaking the headset's audio. Mathis reflexively yanks the headset away from his ear, holding it at a distance.

Cut back to the freighter's cockpit. Chip is standing with his back legs on the port pilot's seat, front legs on the dash, hair raised and jowls up, showing his teeth. Close up shot of the teeth, and his muzzle dots glowing as he says,

CHIP

Put him on.

Return to Mathis's ship. Mathis is leaning in with an analyst to get the scoop.

UNDERLING

It's our best angle. From what we know, it would be a plausible story that Alex Chick was injured before recovery, can no longer speak.

Mathis stands upright and presses the talk button. For the first portion of this line, we also get a shot of another analyst's terminal screen which shows the wanted posters of Alex Chick and Chip Chick, for what appears to be a large sum of money.

MATHIS

As you might imagine, Alex wasn't in the best of shape by the time we scooped him up. I'm sorry to say it. But among the damages—some frostbitten fingers and toes, some atrophied muscles—it doesn't seem he can speak no more. But in writing, he was vehement we bring him to you.

Return to close up of Chip's raised jowls.

CHIP

If he's there, he'll give our deadman's phrase in Morse as well as he could aloud.

Return to Mathis, who is drawing a pistol. The analyst who told him the play sees this and begins to run, but stumbles over his chair and is scrambling to get back to his feet. During this, with his non-gun hand, Mathis presses the talk button.

MATHIS

Well, don't blame a man for trying to go about things with peace and civility.

Mathis takes his hand off of the headset, turns his head towards the analyst, and shoots him in the head. Several others jump slightly, but continue about their work. One worker goes to the body and begins dragging it away, lifting under the shoulders.

MATHIS

You know you're the first nonhuman wanted for more credits than you could buy my home planet with?

CHIP

Leave this airspace.

As Mathis goes on, we see gunners on Mathis's ship readying their instruments, and a shot of two assassins on the exterior of the ship activating cloaking devices and then leaping off into space.

MATHIS

It is a shame that no one, yourself included it would seem, knows where that Alex got off to. What you could buy with his bounty, well, it staggers even my—

Mathis is interrupted as through the command window, we see a brief but intense energy beam shoot just astray of Mathis's ship, followed immediately by an aggressive bark through the comms.

MATHIS

I'll take it that was a warning shot.

CHIP

I'll admit to you I missed. Stay right there for a second.

Mathis turns to another one of his analysts.

SECOND UNDERLING

He's bluffing, sir. Or he's full of himself. Our shields outclass anything that that freighter can hit us with.

MATHIS

Hm. What other leverage do we have for—

A brilliant light comes in through the window, followed a fraction of a second later by total white and the noise of a beam destroying Mathis's ship.

Return to the freighter cockpit. Chip watches the distant explosion with a snarl.

Cut to the two assassins outside, who turn and see the ship they had just come from getting obliterated. They are still cloaked, but we can see a slight shimmer. A few pieces of debris from the ship plink off of the two, each time briefly revealing the true image around that area before the cloaking can come back. After the brilliance has cooled down and all that's left of Mathis's ship is a few stray bits of smoldering wreckage, one of the assassins grabs the other's shoulder and then turns towards the freighter. The two begin towards the remaining craft, using little jet propulsions emanating from the shoulders and hip.

Return to the freighter cockpit. Chip is now sitting with apparent calmness, watching the last of the destruction of Mathis's ship. Calmly, he hops down from the pilot's seat, and leaves the cockpit.

High angle shots as though from surveillance videos of him going through halls of the ship.

Low shot looking into a small cell-like room with little more amenities than a bed; Chip walks into the room. With the same angle, cut forward to him midway through viciously tearing apart the mattress, its innards flying all over the small room. With the same angle, cut forward again to him leaving.

Close shot of the front of Chip focused in on his muzzle as he is walking back down the hall away from the cell; blood drips from his mouth, having injured his gums in the process of tearing the mattress apart.

Leave closeup. As he's getting to the end of the hall, his walk slows, and then he stops. He looks down, and sees drops of his blood on the floor. He gives them a tentative sniff and then a lick, and calmly continues on.

In a medical room, Chip puts his paws up on the counter, paws open one of the drawers, takes out a syringe with his mouth, removes the covering with his mouth, and then sticks his gums and depresses the syringe. He holds still for a beat. Then he lifts his mouth off of the syringe, stands still for a moment, licks his lips, and leaves the medical room.

In an armory, Chip gets himself into a space suit. It has a cool helmet that also has a laser but we don't know this yet uwu

Still shot of a wall in a random hallway that has laser marks burned into it. On the far left of the frame is a laser burn drawing of an exploding space ship. In the rest of the frame are laser burned tally marks, totaling in the fifties. Chip walks into the frame. Using the cool laser apparatus in his helmet he burns another tally into the wall. NOW we know that his helmet has a cool laser uwu

In the room with the mysterious alien machinery, Chip grabs a canister. His helmet has a couple of pincers, one along the left jaw and one along the right jaw, to grab things with. In this shot we get a closer look than before at some of the alien tech, and can discern based on the context of the previous shot that Chip

is the one who burned the markings into the floor and walls around the alien machinery.

Shot behind Chip following him into an airlock. The interior door closes. Air hisses for a brief moment. Then, gravity goes away; Chip seems very used to this. The exterior door opens, and Chip uses small jets on his suit to navigate out to one of the artillery cannons. There, he takes out a spent alien canister, and replaces it with the one he grabbed earlier. He looks longingly out into space.

Inside, Chip gets out of his suit again.

Chip enters the captain's quarters, a very lavish and comfortable-looking space. He hops up onto the bed, lays down on his side of the bed, and stares at a pair of leather gloves that rest on the other side of the bed.

Cut to white. Fade into the next scene, in the same way we did earlier to look at a part of Alex's history. Now it's time to see some of Chip's past. We montage through several scenes, brief insights into Chip's life before now.

Puppy Chip and several other puppies suckling on his mother.

Close shot of puppy Chip being held in the hands of a human who is walking.

Puppy Chip under anesthetic, having his vocal implants put into his muzzle.

Puppy Chip is awake, and chewing on a plush toy in the middle of a nondescript room. A salt and pepper bearded man in a lab coat sits in a plastic chair on one side of the room; the man presses a button on a remote control, and causes Chip's vocal apparatus to light up green, and for his voice to say "Ma Ma." Chip recoils, and paws at his muzzle confusedly. He stands alert for it to happen again. The man in the lab coat does press the button again, causing the voice to sound again. Puppy Chip

barks at the voice, which is very cute. The lab coat man changes the settings by pressing a different button, and then presses the main button again, now causing a single “Ma.” Puppy Chip waits, and then tilts his head. The button is pressed again. Puppy Chip waits. The button is pressed again. Puppy Chip barks. The button is pressed again. Puppy Chip hesitates a moment, and then of his own volition, says the second “Ma” with the apparatus. The button is pressed again, and this time Puppy Chip says the second “Ma” immediately. Puppy Chip then begins babbling, to the effect of, “Ma, Ba, Ma, Ma, Da, Na, Ma, Ma.” He is wagging and trying to turn his head to look at his muzzle and appears to be very pleased to be making these sounds. The scientist makes a note on a paper on a clipboard.

Puppy Chip lying in the corner in a different nondescript room. There is a toy nearer to the center of the room that he is not playing with. The door opens, and in the doorway stands Alex, younger and better put together than we have seen him at present. Incidentally he is wearing the leather gloves that Chip was staring at on the bed in the freighter; Alex is wearing the gloves in the majority of the rest of these scenes as well. Alex crouches down, and offers out a hand in a friendly manner. Puppy Chip does not approach. Alex playfully lowers himself to be lying down flat on his chest, putting himself at Puppy Chip’s level, and begins crawling towards Puppy Chip, keeping flat to the ground. Puppy Chip begins to wag, and cautiously makes an approach towards Alex as well. Alex extends out his gloved hand. Puppy Chip, rather than sniffing it, goes straight to puppy attack mode and bites a finger, and pounces and paws at the hand as he noms. Shot of Alex joyfully smiling at the aggressive little biter.

Some time later, Chip is still young but not a puppy-puppy. Alex holds out two closed hands side by side to Chip. Chip sniffs each hand and paws at one of them. Alex opens both hands to reveal that Chip ‘guessed’ correctly which hand was holding a treat. Chip eats the treat and wags.

Chip and Alex running side by side through an obstacle course, each of them bounding over slopes and hurdles and similar. We can see in the background that there are other human-dog pairings doing similar training on other obstacles.

Chip and Alex out in the woods, Alex lying relaxed on his chest right nearby Chip, who is lying on his chest as well but in a more ready-to-leap-up-at-any-moment way. Chip's ears tilt towards some tittering birds. Here we see a thing that Alex and Chip turn out to do a lot, especially as Chip was learning to speak English, which is that one of them will say something, and then the other will repeat it, imitating the tone, and the two of them will say the same phrase back and forth to each other a few times.

ALEX

Listening to the birds, Chip?

CHIP

Listening to the birds Chip.

ALEX

Listening to the birds Chip.

CHIP

Listening to the birds Chip.

Next cut, Chip strapped to Alex's chest, Alex standing in an airplane with a hand on the bar that runs along the ceiling, his hair rippling in the wind. Alex approaches the open door, clutches Chip protectively, and skydives out of the plane. Shot from far overhead as though still on the plane, looking down as a parachute deploys safely.

Chip and Alex running obstacles again, this time helping each other as well, Alex throwing Chip up over walls, Chip scrambling and then leaping off the other side, Alex catching him there and the two of them continuing to run on.

A series of face-down cups lined up, covering contents that Chip has to identify. At each one, he gives it a sniff, says what is underneath, gets a pat from Alex, and they move on to the next one. Chip barely still has puppyish features. When they've gone

through the whole line of them, Alex crouches down and gives Chip a big praising rub.

ALEX

You're killing it man.

CHIP *trotting at the praise:*

Killing it man.

ALEX

Yeah you are.

Chip and Alex jumping out of the plane again, this time they are still connected together with climbing rope, but Alex holds Chip instead of Chip being strapped tight to Alex's chest. Chip looks to be an adult dog at this point. A couple of other human-dog pairings can be seen in the plane as well, on deck to jump after Alex and Chip. Alex exits the door, holding Chip tightly. Cut to a shot from near Alex's feet looking up at him and Chip, floating down, chute already safely deployed. Alex holds Chip tight. Chip is wagging and licking Alex's face, and after a moment Alex gives in and reciprocates some of Chip's kisses.

Chip and Alex running obstacles. This time Alex has a pistol, and is shooting targets along the way. Chip assists by calling targets out to Alex before Alex has gotten to them, and Alex keeps Chip in the loop, telling him after each set of shots that the targets are "down."

Chip and Alex on a cutesy little picnic, sitting there with a basket at the edge of a field, near some woods. Other human-dog pairs are playing and training in the distance. The sun is shining. Alex does not have his gloves on in this scene.

ALEX

Beautiful day out.

CHIP

Yeah, it's a wonderful day. The heat brings out smells in ways that are surreal sometimes.

Alex has a submarine sandwich in his hands, loaded with pepperonis and other slices of meat. He tears off a big piece of it and offers it over to Chip in his palm. Chip scarfs it down, wagging.

Birds titter.

CHIP

Listening to the birds.

ALEX

Listening to the birds.

Alex tears off another piece and gives it to Chip, who again accepts it happily. Alex takes a big bite for himself now too.

Alex sets the sandwich down between them, not worried in the slightest that Chip is going to take it. Even if Chip did take it he wouldn't be bothered. Reaching into the basket, Alex takes out a plastic bag with some cooked pieces of bacon in it. He takes one piece out and hands it to Chip. Chip gobbles it up in snapping bites. Alex takes out a second piece and offers it to Chip too. Chip grabs the end of it with his mouth; Alex lets go; Chip doesn't eat it, and continues to hold it in his mouth. He looks at Alex and wags. Alex is amused, thinking that Chip is asking for permission to eat it for some reason.

ALEX

You can have it.

CHIP

YOU can have it.

Alex gives a little huff of a laugh that is both amused and also impressed at how suave this dog is. He leans in and grabs the bacon with his mouth; Chip releases the bacon; Alex eats the bacon, and then when he's swallowed, the two share a kiss. Alex takes another bite of his sandwich, and as he's chewing, tears off another piece for Chip, which Chip gobbles up as enthusiastically as before.

Briefly, Alex and Chip swimming, just for fun.

Briefly, Alex and Chip out on a walk through town in matching red safety vests, the both of them walking with confidence and charm through the bustle.

Briefly, a little lawn on the campus; Alex sitting cross-legged and tossing a rope toy up into the air for Chip, who catches it and hands it back to him.

Alex and Chip sitting down for a rest off to the side of some hiking trail. Alex is drenched in sweat, and nearby is a large backpack. Alex sits with his back against a sandstone rockface, slumped down far enough that he can comfortably drape his arm over Chip, who is lying down beside him. Chip tilts his head towards an airplane that is flying across the sky in the distance.

ALEX *exhausted*:

I love you Chip.

Chip wags very intensely, even as the rest of his body language remains calm.

CHIP

I love you too, Alex.

ALEX

You're the best friend I ever had.

Alex gives Chip's scruff a little rub.

A cozy room in a log cabin lit by fireplace. Here we see Alex unclothed on his elbows and knees, assuming the position; the shot can either show everything, or frame down to only show Alex from the torso forward. In either case, we see Chip put himself on top of Alex and mount him, grabbing him and beginning to hump, penetrating Alex; Alex is entirely pleased to be taking it, and is lost in euphoria as Chip goes about his business.

Afterwards, Chip gets off of Alex and turns around, and the two are stuck ass to ass. Alex is panting. The two chat, probably cutting back and forth to whoever is speaking.

ALEX

panting.

CHIP

Heh. Hey Alex.

ALEX

Yeah friend?

CHIP

My big fat dog cock is buried in your human crap hole.

ALEX *amused:*

Yeah. Yeah it is, Chip.

CHIP

That's pretty fun. I had a lot of fun.

ALEX

Heh. Yeah, me too.

CHIP

There must be so much cum in there. I busted so hard, oh my god.

ALEX

happy, panting.

White fade back to Chip lying on the bed in the captain's quarters, chin planted on the sheets, looking at Alex's leather gloves. Chip closes his eyes to go to sleep.

Outside, visible by their shimmer, the two assassins continue floating through space towards the freighter. Nothing develops at this moment, this is only a reminder that they are there. We turn away from them, and out into space.

Fade to an establishing shot of the jet.

Cut to inside of the cockpit. Alex is at the port pilot's seat, looking at his radar display on his forearm. Sebastian is handcuffed to a pipe nearby to where Alex made his coffee

earlier. Sebastian has a fruity mixed drink with a decorative umbrella sticking out of it. He sips on it with a straw.

Looking down at Alex's wrist, we see that he's very near to the pulsing dot.

Alex speaks over his shoulder back to Sebastian.

ALEX

We're about to exit the current. Should be smooth, but, fair warning and all that.

Sebastian toasts Alex with his drink.

SEBASTIAN

You seem like a very capable pirate, I trust you completely.

Alex flicks a few switches, uses the controls, and then through the windshield we see that we are suddenly within a star's solar system.

Alex stands, walks over to the starboard pilot's seat, and leans over a button. He presses it repeatedly, sending a phrase in Morse.

At the freighter, we see the pulsing light on the antenna stop pulsing and become a solid green, and see some lights on a dashboard in the cockpit become less intense, signaling that security is lowered.

As he's nearing the end of the transmission, Alex says under his breath what the transmission is.

ALEX

Reveille, Reveille. Listening to the birds, Chip.

Exterior shot of the jet.

Cut back to the freighter, where outside, the two assassins reach the hull. They turn down the cloaking on their suits to fifty percent. One of them places a disk onto the outside of the hull, which affixes to it via magnet. A semi-transparent mucky goo begins expanding outwards from the disk, clinging in a bubble to the side of the ship. The other assassin takes out a space knife, doing a cool spinning flourish with it; she puts her hand into the goo, and begins cutting a triangular hole into the hull. We can cut forward a little bit to when the cut is finished. The assassin who placed the disk grabs a handle on it, and pulls out the triangular piece, which floats around inside of the goo once free. The two assassins, whose names are Melody and Skinner, go through the goo and into the freighter's interior.

We get an extremely brief overview of both of their backstories as they enter the ship.

As they enter the ship's gravity, Melody's foot hits the ground, and we see three flashes of her past: a shot of her as a little girl, silhouetted as she watches her village engulfed in flame; a shot of her only slightly older, she has two prominent scars across her face, and is currently sparring against someone else with a sword, with impressive speed and technique; a shot of her as an adult taking a ticket out of a machine and then walking towards a space ship which stands looming in the distance.

Next, Skinner's foot hits the ground, and we see three flashes of her past: on a city street, her friend is arguing with a man and it's getting physical, when Skinner calmly points a pistol and shoots the man in the head; Skinner in a prison cell, matter of factly straightening her guard uniform in the mirror, as behind her we can see the bloodied body of the guard who she just got it off of; Melody in a space ship's cafeteria sitting alone, luggage at her side, dressed goth with her prominent facial scars and leaning back on her chair as she sips a juice box, Skinner walks past, pauses, goes back and forth on whether or not to double back, and then does double back and sit across from Melody.

In the freighter hull, Melody takes out a remote and presses a button on it. The disk outside whirs, and the grey goo sucks the triangular piece back into place on the hull; the goo fizzles and sears the piece back on.

Skinner places a hand on Melody's shoulder and leans in close to talk with her, even though it does seem that their suits have linked up comms.

SKINNER

Let's take our time with this one and find out what we've stumbled onto. The bounty on that dog is a fortune, but there's an aura of mystery tells me they're using a fortune to cheat us out of nirvana.

Melody and Skinner do a brief cool handshake, and then turn and begin stealthing their way through the ship.

Back at the jet, Alex pilots the craft into the freighter's docking bay. Emphasis is placed on the touchdown.

Alex uncuffs Sebastian, and is quick about backstepping away from him afterwards, putting himself closer to the exit. With a groan, Sebastian stiffly stands up, and then stretches, and then gives Alex a big, probably fake grin.

SEBASTIAN

Need anything else from me before you go? Cup of sugar?
Word of advice?

Alex is already backstepping towards the door.

ALEX

Thanks for the ride, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Of course, Alex, how could I have said no?

Alex steps down out of the jet, and begins jogging. He presses his forearm display and then speaks into it as he continues.

ALEX

Reveille, Reveille. Listening to the birds, Chip.

In the captain's quarters, Chip snaps out of a dead sleep straight up onto his feet.

CHIP

ALEX!

Now jogging his way through a hall, tears are coming to Alex's eyes as he responds.

ALEX

Good to hear your voice again, friend. Race you to the mess.

With that Alex drops down into a full sprint. Cutting back and forth between Alex and Chip as they sprint towards the freighter's mess hall, as a 90s alternative rock jam begins; In the Meantime by Spacehog or similar; this is probably the first music we have heard in the show.

Chip and Alex enter the mess hall from opposite sides and sprint into each other's arms, Chip leaping onto Alex and licking him and Alex sitting there on the ground and giving Chip frantic rubs and praise. We do not hear what they are saying to each other, the visuals and the soundtrack convey the sentiment of it.

Chip and Alex hug each other, Alex wrapping his arms tight around Chip, and Chip throwing his paws over Alex's shoulders and clinging too; Chip continues licking, licking the back of Alex's neck.

With the song continuing to play, we get a montage of Chip and Alex doing work around the ship.

Alex sweeping up dog hair off of the cockpit floor as Chip sits in the starboard pilot's seat watching.

Alex working on wiring in a wall panel, Chip helps by holding tools. Overhead lights that had been out come back on. Chip wags.

Chip and Alex in a cargo room making out. Over the shoulder shot of Melody and Skinner in the air vents overhead watching.

In the docking bay (shot such that we don't know if the jet has left or not), Alex tossing a rope toy up, and Chip catching it and handing it back a couple times.

In a workout room, Alex doing pushups, and then Chip runs up and starts humping him. They are probably just playing, and they also probably already took care of that particular business off camera by this point, but in any case we don't see what does or does not happen from there in the workout room at that time.

Chip and Alex making out in a pipe room.

Chip and Alex making out near a window.

Chip and Alex making out on a table in the mess.

Music fades a bit, but continues to play in the background. Chip and Alex are straight chilling in the cockpit, Alex in the port pilot's seat, Chip in the starboard pilot's seat. Alex has his feet up on the dashboard and is idly doing something with his hands, perhaps shuffling a deck of cards or twirling a pen.

ALEX

All this time, and you stayed pretty much in the same place.

Didn't move on with the journey.

CHIP

No. Of course I stayed here.

ALEX

Why's that?

CHIP

I knew you were coming back.

Alex tosses aside whatever he was doing, crosses the cockpit, and goes to his knees beside Chip's seat. The two do a big smooch, and then we cut to black.

As a sort of epilogue, Chip does some voice over teasing the next episode.

Panning shots of the freighter's exterior.

CHIP (VO)

In the next episode: how DID these two dashing men end up with a freighter all to themselves? I'll give you a hint, it's stolen, and the cargo isn't just bolts and frozen hamburgers. Also, who are these two others I've been smelling around the ship? Why hasn't Sebastian left?

Skinner stealing a bag of chips from a pantry.

Sebastian leaning against his jet in the docking bay, smoking a cigarette.

Panning exterior shots again.

CHIP *continued*:

How much dog cum WOULD fit in Alex's ass if I could bust forever? Gallons? Infinity? These are the questions. The answers, may or may not be forthcoming.

POEMS

A Friend

A friend who'll always get you off because he wants your nut
A friend who when invited to will gladly lick your butt
A friend who tells you what he needs
A friend who's always there
A friend who meets your snuggling needs
A friend with really nice hair
A friend who in the presence of you can safely pee or fart
A friend who in the absence of there's a tugging at your heart
A friend to share a routine with
A friend you think is hot
A friend to share a lifetime with
A friend you kiss a lot
A friend whose nurturing picks you up when you are down and
out
"Man's best friend with benefits" is an apt name without doubt

Dog Sex Mattress

Here lies the mattress—

Dog Sex Mattress—

Where a human and a dog,

Not one time,

Not a couple of times,

Not even a few times,

But a lot of times,

Had really enjoyable sex with each other.

One of them was a female human and the other was a male dog

But this didn't stop either of them from having sex with each other.

Sometimes he would lick her vagina and she would cum.

Sometimes she would give him a handjob and he would cum

Though they usually did this on the floor, not the mattress.

Sometimes they would make out while she fingered her vagina.

Sometimes she would give his big red penis a blowjob after she had given him a handjob,

Though this usually occurred where the handjob had occurred,

Which was not usually on the mattress.

One time they had sex for two entire hours of licking and kissing and humping;

Some of this had occurred on the mattress,

Or while hanging halfway or three quarters of the way off of the mattress,

Though most of it had incidentally occurred in the kitchen.

From another perspective

Dog Sex Mattress could be called Human Sex Mattress

Or Bestiality Mattress, or other names like that.

Food Court Meal

Today I had to run an errand,
And in the afternoon I found myself in a food court.
I ordered a burger made of fake meat for lunch.
I sat down at a little one- or two-person table,
Unwrapped the burger, and started examining
Which parts I would pick off to give to you:
The parts with more of the meat, even if it is fake;
The parts with no slivers of onions.
Then I remembered that you were not here with me.
It made me appreciate how much I like to share a meal with you.

Afterglow

The dapple sunlight falling on your fur
when we go out to pee
after we have had sex
(which was a lot of fun,
thank you,)
makes you appear
angelic.
You really look,
in that second,
beyond that which should be possible.

10 Years

“Where do you see yourself in ten years?” I don’t think I would have thought to say that I would be lying comfortably on my back on the floor in the dark, butt ass naked so that it is quite apparent that the floor under me is coated with dog hair, my feet and calves in the bathroom on the glossy wood floor while the rest of my body from there up lies on the carpet of the hall, and looming immensely down from above me and deigning again to masterfully make out with my small and tipsy face is a one hundred and twenty pound Casanova of the studliest of studly dogs who is, as I once heard it put, “my love, my moon or more.” (It was a less flattering meaning there ultimately, in the original context, though I take the good poetry and apply it here instead to an unapologetically giddy whale of a season of our shared life, me and him.) It’s hard to believe that he is not the same dog who I felt such a life devotion to ten years prior—though, in my defense, I do not really feel either that I was the same human then as I am now today with the advantage of now having had ten more years to develop maturity and cultivate something that in some fields at least might convincingly approximate wisdom. I would never imagine that I would have such a rapport, such moves, as I do with this unabashedly self-pleased canine, and that he would have such a rapport and such moves to use on me and get me to go along with his desires and pleasures which unfailingly rub off and become my desires and pleasures too. How rich I have become getting to partake in the pleasures afforded not just my own animal genus’s birthright of occupations and pensive mutterings, but his joyful genus’s antics and revels as well. Where do I see myself in ten years? I don’t think I would have thought to say heaven.