
Zookeeper

by Mike Rozak
Copyright August 2011

This story is UNFINISHED. It is a work in progress.

BUGBUG – Image of Leopard-evolved woman. No spots
BUGBUG – link to leopard

“Make yourself scarce”

I had graduated from a two-year college a few years ago.

Regardless of my limited training as a medical tech, I only found employment in a department store, located in one of the massive underground shopping-malls in our city.

The job wasn't exactly stellar... no retail-store job is.

But I wasn't academically-oriented enough to go onto higher education.

My mother came home one evening, with yet another “you had better get a good job” warning.

I had the day off. I lazed around home, reading fashion magazines, a news magazine, and watching television coverage about the war with the Hominids.

At that point, the Cat-evolved nations were not yet involved in the war.

Watching war from the distance of a television, and from the distance of “it’s THEIR problem” is somewhat addictive.

My mother entered our high-rise apartment. We lived on one of the lower floors.

“Want some dinner?”

“Sure,” I added. I could stand to get out.

“The bistro downstairs?”

“Yes. Definitely.”

My mother didn’t even bother to take-off her coat.

I grabbed some shoes, put them on, grabbed my purse, and both of us left the apartment.

A few floors down, still above ground, we entered a high-quality “food-court” ... which meant that it was an open arcade with small boutique sit-down restaurants hanging off it.

We had eaten at a meat-lover’s pizza place last night... it used a high-protein flour-like bread, rather than flour. And something that wasn’t cheese. And not too-much sauce... cherry-sauce I think. With heaps of meat on top the pizza-dough.

The bistro served various cuts of meat, all of them good.

We were shown to a table by a waiter.

Both my mother and I ordered.

After the waiter left to lodge our orders, my mother broke into her pre-rehearsed dialogue.

“I heard some scuttlebutt at work today.”

“Yeah?” I was a bit nervous already.

“I can’t say.”

My eyebrows raised in a “Then why did you tell me?” expression.

“Changing subjects... Have you thought about your career yet?”

“No mom,” I whined. “I’m still working at the department-store.”

“What about attending university on a remote-planet? You could study physics?”

“Not interested.” We had gone-through this discussion before.

“Or you could be artificially-inseminated and raise children?”

The waiter arrived with some breadsticks.

I took the opportunity to not answer that question. I didn’t want to raise children. I knew that my mother didn’t want me to have children either.

By this point, I had completely forgotten about my mother’s “scuttlebutt”, but everything was related.

“Do you want to join the military? I could point you to a posting on an out-of-the-way planet?”

I cringed at that thought. Infantry was thoroughly unappealing. “NO,” with capital letters.

“How about an adventure work-study?”

That was a new one.

“What kind?” I asked with interest.

“I don’t know. The almost all cost money. I will pay for up to five-thousand dollars of your adventure holiday, if it lasts is at least a year.”

Are you an outdoor fanatic? *[No – my response]*

Would you like the taste the career of a park ranger?
Or a species manager?

For only \$14,000, you can spend two years travelling-through and exploring a DOZEN wilderness planets. Spend your time with other interested students, and expert guides. You will be instructed and guided by one new expert a week.

Call +435 34583 595837 4756353556 if you're interested.

Remote-mechanic work-study

Spend six months on a remote planet, learning to be a diesel-engine mechanic...

[This is where I tore the pamphlet in half.]

Light-military work-study

Not interested in the military? *[Yes – my answer]*

Are your parents edging you towards military service? *[Yes, again – my response]*

How about a sampling of military ~~careers~~ duties? This half-year to one-year work-study program includes:

- A few weeks of infantry training.
- Camping
- Hiking
- Motorbike riding
- Hand-gliding (BUGBUG – sp)
- Jet-skiing
- Motor-bike riding
- Tank driving
- A course in computer hacking
- Time on a military-spaceplane simulator
- And a training flight in a jet-fighter!

Are you an outdoor fanatic? *[No – my response]*

Are you interested in becoming a medical-technician without being pulled into the military?

[Yes, maybe – my answer]

How-about training as a wild-animal veterinarian?

[Wild animals. I've seen them on television – my answer]

Spend half a year to a year travelling to up-to eight different planets. On each planet, you will learn new medical-technician skills directed at veterinary employment.

- Spend time at a large world-class zoo.
- Work at a private veterinary-clinic.
- Work at a genetics-analysis laboratory.
- Camp-out with the animals in the wild.
- Attend veterinary-university for a few months to get a taste of academics.

Call +435 36783 8252356 5489437621 now!

The journey

It took me nearly a month of travel to reach the zoo-planet
I first had to get a shuttle from my provincial planet to a major metropolitan planet

And then onto an armored civilian transport heading “south”.
The trade-rout was known-harassed by the Hominid militaries.
Third-class accommodation

Didn't expect much because wasn't paying much
Very small stateroom, with a roommate. My roommate
seemed to change every night. I was never certain why.

The food was high-protein bread sandwiches with preserved meats.

Made a stop-over in Civet territory.
Civets are extremely wealthy
I disembarked in their airport lobby
With shopping
I couldn't afford anything... which was mostly food anyway.
I ate a kind-of hamburger, costing me three times as much as
an expensive hamburger would have cost me at home.

Then back on the third-class spaceplane.
Some rat-evolved people had boarded.
Head further south into Hominid territory
No video displays in my room
But a common video display showing our location.
They showed attack locations along the routes, where the
Hominids had attacked.

In second and third class, they were confined to their rooms
because their rooms had airlock doors.

In third class, we did not.
So might as well wander around.

If we were depressurized, we'd all die anyway... and jokingly... we'd be fed for dinner for the next week.

A few days later, got off at the next stop

Rat-evolved small-city

Waited around for half a day for my next flight.

Food was inexpensive, but Rat-evolved people there were vegetarian.

Carrots and lettuce on a "gooey" (still cooked) bread-roll don't cut it. I had diarrhea for a few days after that.

My next transport was another triangle.

It was filled with a "zoo" of animal-people.

All-different races.

Giraffe-evolved, antelope-evolved, no deer/elk, several different races of cat-evolved, zebra-evolved, donkey-evolved, and a few lizard-races.

It was a long-flight.

Full day, which meant tried to sleep twice in the seats.

Wasn't easy.

Didn't show a map.

Showed a video of flowers. Any other video was either a story, which only ten percent of the people could understand the language, or wildlife/nature videos – which invariably offended someone.

That flight stopped at a small output city

Everyone disembarked

Three Cheetahs-evolved women met me as I got out.

They weren't too-excited to see that I wasn't a cheetah.

They rushed me to their spaceplane flight.

They were waiting.

It was a small cube, about twenty-meters to a side.

They were in such a hurry, and I was so “out of it”, that I forgot to pick up my luggage from the flight

One month of flying, and I arrived at my new work-study job without ANY luggage.

The cube flight

The cube was sitting on the bitumen tarmac.

It was, as its name implied, cube-shaped.

It looked like a giant cube, twenty-meters to a side

The sides looked like aluminum.

They looked like very-flimsy aluminum. I could see ripples and bends in the sides.

As well as some rivet seems

As well as some patches.

We entered the cube through a small zipper door at the base.

The “aluminum” was VERY thin.

Once inside, one of the Cheetahs zipped up the door. Another one turned on a flashlight.

We had to bend underneath some scaffolding, and walk towards the center bottom of the cube.

There we found a spiral staircase up.

And entered the cube control-room.

A small toilet room was in one corner.

Monitors and chairs were scattered about.

I sat in a chair.

The three cheetah women, and a fourth Lion-evolved woman manned the controls.

We talked during the flight.

I was asked what I was going to do.

I had no clue. I just paid for the work-study. It seemed like it would be good work experience.

“From your dress/clothing, we think you’ll find that it’s an eye-opener.”

We landed a few hours later.

We had to wait inside the cube half an hour for it to cool off.

When we were getting up to leave, everyone picked up their bags from the corner.

“Didn’t you bring any bags?” one of the Cheetahs asked me.

“Yes. They were checked in. Oops. You mean I had to pick them up?”

“Fuck. We’re not going back for them. We’ll loan you something.”

My anxiety levels danced-up.

Arrival – Zookeepers are VERY weird

I was the fourth person out of the unzipped cube.

Since I had no bags, someone gave me a box of canned-meat to carry.

I was dusk when we landed.

The “zoo community” was small. I could see half a dozen bungalows, some facility buildings, a cafeteria, and a presentation stage.

After noticing how small the community was, and how rustic everything was.

A naked Cheetah woman crossed my path. She was VERY pregnant. And VERY naked. Neither of which were acceptable in my culture.

The Lion-evolved woman led me to one of the facilities buildings.

She must have sensed my discomfort about the nudity.

She had been wearing a shirt and spandex leotards. While she walked, and I followed with the box of cans, she stripped-off her shirt, exposing her breasts.

They were a bit “wild” here.

The Lion-evolved woman, who then introduced herself as Meg, pointed to a stack of can-boxes. “Put that there.”

While I set-down and straightened my box, Meg pulled-off her leotards.

“We tend to go mostly naked here. It’s a zookeeper thing. You’ll get used to it.”

Meg next led me around the buildings to my bungalow.

It was unlocked... very rustic.

Inside was a bed, television, dresser, and a toilet-and-shower in a separate room.

The bed was a double.

One the dresser was a key and keychain.

Meg grabbed it and handed the key to me.

“You can stay here for an hour, or you can follow me around.”

I decided to follow Meg around.

We made several-more trips into the cube.

I had to carry-out a few more boxes.

And then we got a dolly to help us move supplies.

Meanwhile, everyone was mulling about.

An open-top four-wheel-drive pulled up with some orange camouflage-wearing Cheetahs.

The naked pregnant Cheetah-woman continued to wander around and distract my attention.

Perhaps the work-study with the Lemurs would have been more to my liking.

Meg led me into the food-block.

There were tins of food.

And a walk-in refrigerator.

And lots and lots of vegetables.

A clothed Cheetah-woman was chopping up some food.

“Fern [my name], this is Wilma.”

“Hello.”

“A new one, eh?” said Wilma. That didn’t bode well.

“Don’t worry. You’ll get along just fine.”

Meg stood and talked to Wilma about zookeeper stuff for ten minutes.

And then, “Oops. It’s time for dinner. Come on.”

My first dinner there

Meg and Wilma walked out of the food-block.

I followed.

A crowd was gathering by the stage.

Where some tables were set-up in front.

A buffet was arranged.

Plates were at the start of the line.

I filled mine with some meat reminiscent of taco-meat, without the taco bits. And a bit of sour-cream. There were a lot of

vegetables, all of which I decided that I wanted to believe they should be inedible to me.

For drink we had lime drink, or muddy water. The lime drink tasted better.

I sat down at a table with Meg and Wilma. A topless Cheetah-woman sat down with us.

She had an infant four-legged Cheetah in a slash.

While we ate, I caught somewhat-rude glimpses of the topless-Cheetah-woman.

That infant couldn't have been hers.

It must have been from a wild four-legged Cheetah, which were on the planet.

Zookeepers did hand-raise animals, after all.

Meanwhile, something cold brushed up against my food.

"Whoa" I exclaimed.

"Oh, don't worry. It's just Fred the Goanna."

Fred the Goanna was a meter-and-a-half-long lizard.

Meg got up, got some meat from the dinner buffet on a plate, and deposited the meat in front of Fred.

"He stops by every night for some food."

I watched Fred eat, peaking underneath the tablecloth.

That wasn't something you saw every day.

And then I noticed some wild four-legged Cheetahs hanging-outside of the picnic area. They were mostly in darkness, the majority of the light flooding the picnic area.

Something creepy came to my mind.

Some of them were ex-zookeepers.

Meg said, "Just stay away from them for now. They're a bit scary at times."

I stayed at the table and didn't approach.

One of the four-legged wild cheetahs approached and was fed by a tiger-evolved woman.

A plate with meat was left on the ground.

The tiger-evolved woman stood well back.

The four-legged cheetahs were easy twice our weight.

After the first four-legged cheetah had eaten, she left.

A second-one showed up.

Throughout the night, the showed up one-at-a-time for food.

It was creepy.

Why didn't they put ten plates out all at once?

I never got around to asking that question. The reason was, that if ten plates were put-out for the ten cheetah-animals that showed, then within two weeks, twenty cheetah-animals would show up for free food. And then it would be thirty. And then someone would be eaten.

You'll be doing paperwork

I found my way to my bungalow without being eaten by any one-hundred-and-fifty kilogram wild Cheetahs.

And fell asleep almost instantly.

I awoke mid-morning.

Crap.

People were mulling about outside.

No-one had bothered to wake me up.

It was embarrassing not to be on time to work my first day.

But then again, this seemed like a relaxed place.

They wouldn't ding me much.

I recalled right-away that I had left my luggage on the airport luggage return several galaxies back.

I checked in the bathroom for toothpaste, but couldn't find any.

I'd have to borrow someone else's.

Nor did I have any clothes to change into.

I'd be going naked-and-wild before long. 😊

I did manage a shower though. Someone had left some body-wash in the shower.

It was Cheetah-scented body-wash. Male-scented, I think.

Having taken a shower, I walked outside.

The campus, all ten bungalows and facilities buildings, was busy.

People were walking around.

Half the Cheetahs were topless.

But no-one was naked.

I spotted one the large wild Cheetahs hovering about outside the camp.

I needed to find my workplace.

An open four-wheel drive drove past.

I decided to look in the kitchen, where I was with Meg yesterday. I had forgotten the other woman's name.

Inside was a young Cheetah-woman.

I said hello and asked her where I was supposed to work today. She looked-up from her vegetable-slicing and stared blankly at me.

I asked again.

Just then, a Leopard-woman entered.

The Cheetah-slicer pointed to her.

I said thank you, and approached the Leopard-woman.

She understood me.

“I don’t have time now. Just go ask in the office.”

“Thank you.”

I had no clue where the office was, but there weren’t too-many buildings to look through.

The Leopard-woman began talking to the Cheetah-slicer in pidgin-Cheetah as I walked out of the kitchen.

The next official building I came to was empty.

It contained an operating theatre.

Nope.

Not that one.

I found a smaller building, where Meg was working, along with several Cheetah women.

“Is this the office?” I asked towards Meg, since I knew her.

One of the Cheetah-woman, topless, looked at me and said, “Yes”.

I noticed the naked pregnant Cheetah working in the backroom filing papers.

“My name is Fern. I am a new work-study volunteer.”

“Oh yes,” said the Cheetah woman. “How did you enjoy your flight?”

“Long. It took me about a month to get here.”

“Fuck. What are the Hominid pirates like?”

I hadn’t heard anyone use the term pirates. “They showed their locations as dots on the map as we flew down.”

Cheetah-laugh/snort.

“I am Amy. I run the office. You’ll be working here. Lelsie is about to have a child any day now, so you’ll have to take on her role.”

Lilly was the very-naked very-pregnant Cheetah.

Despite here “hippie” appearance, she was quite a nice woman.

I learned later-on in the day, that she was giving birth to a wild four-legged Cheetah cub.

This was her third birth. Since the Cheetah-cub animals had to be induced, or they would get way-way-too-large, one of her children had died.

She would raise the children as her own... kind of.

They were never very intelligent, as expected.

Very caring.

And then they’d be released into the camp.

And then gradually shoed-off into the wild. It took about four years to get rid of them. Not as bad as people, who only left home after fifteen or twenty years.

My job was simple filing work.

There were computers.

But they always failed.

So a LOT of information was also kept on paper.

That paper was stored in filing cabinets in the offices.

And in people’s bungalows.

And then flown back home.

Most of the records were zookeeper’s notes about what had happened during the day... “mostly unimportant until you found that they were missing and you needed to reference them.”

And then there was studbook information, kept on twenty-centimeter blue-cards, in a card-box.

These were observations about individual wild-Cheetahs, who they seemed to be breeding with, and who their children were.

The first few days were spent learning how to read and alphabetize the Cheetah alphabet.

And to pick up some words of Cheetah.

Over half the staff were Cheetah-evolved.

We closed-up shop for lunch.

All four of us went to the local “restaurant”... which was basically an open building with a countertop.

No-one manned it.

Someone might at some point, if there were enough people in camp.

Several-dozen plastic-wrapped sandwiches were sitting on the countertop ready for us to take.

As well as a large cooler-tub of lemon-drink.

I took a sandwich that Amy assured me that she thought it was roast-beef.

It wasn't it was ham.

Still, it wasn't bad.

Nice and rustic.

We ate our sandwiches sitting on the edge of the theater floor. Shooing away very-large bumble-flies that didn't do much of anything except drown themselves in our lemon-flavored drink.

The sun set soon after lunch.

I hadn't realized that our days would be so short.

The planet must have had half days, or two-thirds days.

After lunch, Amy helped me scrounge up some old zookeepers clothes, toothpaste, and towels.

Those I deposited in my bungalow... it was pitch-black by then.

I experienced a bit more paperwork.

People came-and-went from the office.

They were all very friendly. They all told me their names. I forgot them, unfortunately.

Dinner came about sunrise.

We had something that looked like leg of mutton.

It was very tasty.

And risotto – which wasn't bad.

And there were plenty of vegetables, which I ignored.

Amy and two other Cheetah woman invited me to dinner.

They had me sit closer to the center tonight.

They were EXTREMELY wary of the wild Cheetahs.

Fred the Goanna showed up to a more-distant table.

By the time we had finished eating, the sun was just rising.

And the wild Cheetahs showed up.

They were even more-enormous today than I remembered them from yesterday.

Tomorrow-night was Karaoke night, Amy informed me, during the night's conversation.

It was quite entertaining.

All of us were tired.

We didn't say much.

I was extremely tired.

Amy showed me to my bungalow, and showed me how to set my alarm clock.

She mentioned that I should get a different bottle of body-wash. Male Cheetah-scent might send the wrong impression, particularly to the large wild-cheetahs.

My alarm went-off the next morning... which was actually the beginning of the night.

I had heard about such planets, where a “day” one one-and-a-half revolutions of the planet. I had never been on one before.

A tiger-evolved woman was working in the office that day, alone with me.

Despite all of grumpy-Tiger cliché-character from the “Cats! Cats! Cats!” children’s television show that I had watched for endless hours, Jessie was actually quite talkative.

“Cheetahs don’t talk much...” she commented.

Which wasn’t true. The Cheetah-people at the village didn’t need to learn our language as much as we did theirs, so the “cats” found it difficult to talk with the Cheetahs, and vice versa.

Jessie had flown in from “down south”. She was here permanently because she much-preferred the zookeeper lifestyle to that of an urban Tiger.

And yes, I did ask Jessie if she had ever seen “Cats! Cats! Cats!”. No, she had not. Several other people had asked her the exact same question.

In “Cats! Cats! Cats!” there were four costume-wearing cat-evolved people. One was a bubbly “Tabby cat”. The other was a timid “Lion”. The third was “Pan” the Black-Panther... who was actually blue-colored. Pan was always causing mischief. And the fourth was the recalcitrant and grumpy “Tiger”.

The show appealed to pre-teens.

They were on every day for half an hour. They would enact small plays. Solve problems. Read the time. Meet walk-on characters, and sometimes have zoo animals on. They also had videos, of which I owned many. And music, which I had some.

There were no stuffed animals-versions of them; that would be seen as rude in our culture.

And they did live tours, where they got up on stage and actually performed the show for a few hours. My home-planet was too-minor for them to appear there, but I did see the advertisement on television. I begged my mother to take me, but she said that travelling three planets over was too-much bother for one show.

Anyway, that morning it didn't really matter.

I actually met "Tiger"!

But she was Jessie... just a girl-hood dream.

Jessie explained to me the basic operations of the village.

The office staff collated paper, and typed the hand-written text into the computer. I would eventually graduate to computer work. For now, all I had to do was file the formwork.

The kitchen staff cut-up food to be taken out "on safari" to augment the wild-animal's diets. Since some of the wild animals were former zookeepers who "went bush", we were also doing a service to them.

"Going bush" was seen as a retirement package for zookeepers. The other retirement packaged were to die and be merged with someone who liked being around people. Or to get a job as a wildlife presenter. Or to get bored of zoo-keeping and "go city".

Most people in the village cut-out for the day in four-wheel drives to visit the different herds of antelopes, as well as the prides of cheetahs. There, they would feed the herds and prides a bit of food to attract them. And they would take notes. And they would euthanize sick or injured animals.

Meanwhile, one or two people were stuck cooking for the village. Lilly, the pregnant-naked Cheetah, was on cooking duty for the day.

I had to spend all morning (the dark part) asking Jessie where to file paperwork. She was happy to tell me how and where papers were filed.

We skipped-out for lunch, just at sunrise.

We met Lilly and a small antelope-evolved woman in the kitchen.

They had already prepared a salad and some cold-meat to put-out at “the restaurant”.

We helped them carry everything out, and then ate.

Lilly was quiet.

The antelope-evolved woman was even quieter.

Jessie didn't say much either.

So neither did I.

Fred the Goanna meandered by. We have him meat. Lilly tried to feed him some green salad, which he gently snapped from her hand, but which he didn't eat.

Meanwhile, the bumble-flies buzzed around.

I was rather enjoying myself.

“Thank you for the meal,” we said.

Jessie and I helped take some dirty-dishes back to the kitchen, and then returned to our office.

The Antelope-evolved woman was named Zan. She tried to work in the office at first, but unfortunately, she didn't have the hands to pick-up and file papers. Nor did they keyboards work for her.

Zan had also tried going “on safari” to monitor and feed the wild animals, but the wild four-legged Cheetahs kept stalking her.

She was also VERY wary about walking to her bungalow after dinner, when the four-legged Cheetahs were still around.

About sunset, Jessie sent me home to shower. She found me some female-scented Cougar body-wash, which was more my scent. It wouldn't send the wrong message for the four-legged Cheetahs.

As soon as I had showered, I was to return to the dinner tables.

On the way to shower, I was already being watched by one four-legged Cheetah. Three were standing by my door when I walked out. They didn't attack me. They did glare and angry-meow at me.

Then they followed me to the dinner tables, stopping just outside.

Meg, the Lion-evolved woman, was sitting at a table. She noticed.

"That's an odd omen. They like you."

I didn't think anything about that comment until much later... other than "omens" were a bit anachronistic.

Zan delivered the last of the food to the food-buffet.

People who had been mulling around began queuing for the food. A few people got up.

Two tables away from us was the stage, elevated from the grassy ground by about a meter.

On top of it walked Lilly, CLOTHED! She had found a maternity-dress to wear.

In her hand was a microphone.

The sun had just set.

She spoke into the microphone. Out came a low-pitched silky-smooth voice speaking in Cheetah.

Lilly didn't have such a voice. I had heard her speak. To your ears, her speech would sound like wild-Cheetah meows with some formant variations, rhythm, and exhaling.

That's exactly what her voice sounded like to me.

The microphone and amplifier system had a "vocalizer" built in that lowered her voice two octaves.

She spoke a few paragraphs that I didn't understand. The other Cheetah-people, and some of the other staff must have understood.

They thumped their silverware on their plates in acknowledgement.

And then rotating and ebbing colored disco-lights danced around the stage, highlighting Lilly. Encircling her automatically. Dancing up-and-down her body. And automatically adjusting themselves to the music.

The "disco dancing" package, which included invisible disco-lights and a very-good microphone-amplifier-speaker system must have cost \$50,000... kind of pricy for a small village of Cheetahs... but then again, the night's entertainment was VERY Cheetah.

Meg got me up in line while the first act came on.

One Cheetah-woman was dressed in a black top-hat, black tux-jacket, and white bikini-bottom.

She began to dance, while singing using the vocalizer.

She was amazingly good.

The music was techno-pop crossed with big-band. Her singing style was melodic words, vaguely resembling Frank Sinatra's music... except she sung only a few words at a time, with long pauses for dance moves. (BUGBUG – techno-pop, big-band, frank Sinatra)

Un-thanks to the darkness and the disco-lights, I accidentally took some vegetables with my serving barbeque ribs.

Barbeque ribs were also a Cheetah thing.

The four-legged wild Cheetahs STAYED AWAY though. The music scared them off. They were hovering near my bungalow when I returned-home later.

The night's entertainment continued with a pair of Cheetah-women dressed in black-vinyl bikinis. They "danced" a hip-hop/rap dance, to blaringly-loud techno-pop music, with disco lights flying everywhere.

During the intermission I got up for seconds, and noticed that deserts were being served. I must have missed them the previous nights.

I sat down and asked Meg if that was everything.

"No. There's still some more. People must be taking a breather."

A Cheetah woman who now sat at the table added, "We are looking for volunteers for next week. Are you interested?"

I didn't answer. I merely looked frightened at the thought. I was MUCH more reserved than the Cheetahs.

A few minutes later, the top-hat woman returned with her two-octave lower vocalizer.

This time, she sung what sounded-like a love ballad.

The disco-lights were toned down to an underwater light-ripple.

The music was prerecorded synthesized strings, bongo drums, and bass drum.

It was very touching.

With that, we all clanked the performing artists and helped cleaned up.

I returned to my room and fell fast-asleep.

Body wrapping

A few days later, I was pulled out of office work to help at the surgery.

The medical expert working there was a Cougar-evolved woman, Selene.

I arrived to see Selene and Zan, the Antelope-evolved woman, positioning a dead four-legged Cheetah body on a stainless-steel table in the center of the surgery.

Attached to the ceiling was what looked like a large surgery-light on an arm. Selene maneuvered it around to different locations on the dead four-legged Cheetah's body, and pressed a button. Nothing appeared to happen when the button was pressed.

I was going to ask, "What happened?" but as a novice zookeeper, I thought that my ignorance would show through too-much.

Zan led me into a storage room where she pulled out a long roll of clear plastic.

"We need to wrap her up," said Selene. She wasn't happy.

Zan unrolled the plastic, separating it into two sheets.

All three of us worked together to slide one layer of plastic underneath the dead four-legged Cheetah.

Selene positioned the four-legged Cheetah's legs and head so they were entirely on-top the plastic. The four-legged Cheetah was laying on her side.

And then she laid the second sheet of plastic over the body of the four-legged Cheetah.

Selene had a tool like a clothes-iron that melted the two pieces of plastic together at the edges.

Before she finished sealing the four-legged Cheetah up entirely, she inserted a special vacuum-nozzle insert. That was glued into place.

Selene inserted a small vacuum-machine into the nozzle-insert, and sucked the air out of the bag.

The bag was sealed, and air-tight.

Selene did another run with the surgical-light arm hung from the ceiling.

I didn't know what she was doing at the time. The "surgical light" was actually an "X-Ray"-emitter used to disinfect and destroy bacteria colonies in the four-legged Cheetah's body.

With the colonies killed-down, the body would last for weeks in cool-storage. She (the four legged Cheetah) had to be transported back to a planet near my home on the next cube-spaceplane out of the village.

Once the four-legged cheetah was disinfected, Selene punched some holes into the sealed-together edge of the wrapping, and melted in some grommets.

We wheeled the four-legged Cheetah into the cold storage room, attached to the surgery.

There, the three of us committed all of our strength to picking-up her body and suspending the body-wrapper from some specialized hooks mounted in the ceiling.

A dead four-legged Gerenuk-body was also hanging in the room. Gerenuks are antelopes. (BUGBUG – Gerenuk)

Safari – Gerenuk

A week later, Selene had arranged for me and two Cheetah woman to travel out bush on a “safari”.

It would be a four-wheel drive excursion to look at and survey some of the animals, as well as a picnic lunch by a stream.

Selene drove the open-air four-wheel drive from an elevated seat up front. Next to her sat a Cheetah-woman. She may have been the top-hat vocalist from the party, but I wasn’t certain. I sat in back with a younger Cheetah-woman.

The trip was loud and bouncy. And being an open vehicle, we were pelted with large insects.

On the trip, I thought to myself that I should have brought my camera. I had NEVER been out in the wilderness. Sadly, I had left my camera at home... which didn’t matter much, because it would have been lost with luggage, anyway.

We didn’t leave until “mid day” ... don’t forget, the daylight hours were very short.

After an hour and a half of bumpy four-wheel driving through a dry grassy-plain, we reached a slow-flowing stream surrounded by needle-trees.

On the ride there, I saw four-legged Cheetahs in the distance. They slunk away as the vehicle neared.

I also saw four-legged Gerenuk.

And perhaps a giant goanna – five meters long. They run up to forty kilometers per hour, for a short distance. They can take down a Gerenuk or four-legged Cheetah. And they were VERY intelligent. They were also VERY dangerous, so no-one tried to teach them how to speak. Nor did they feed them, like they did Fred the midget-Goanna that lived around camp.

No-one told me that the giant goannas spent their evenings by the stream.

When we reached the stream, we all jumped out of the four-wheel drive and sat down on some logs.

The top-hat Cheetah, Neelah, pulled the food and water out of the back of the four-wheel drive.

She handed us our food, and then proceeded to drive the conversation.

The conversation began with innocuous stuff, like how nice the day was. She spoke my language with a strong accent, not Cheetah.

Selene wasn't a talkative person.

Neither was the younger Cheetah-woman who sat next to me on the four-wheel drive trek.

Neelah turned the conversation in my direction. To me, it felt like an interrogation. I wasn't used to being the center of the conversation.

"Fern, so why are you here?" interrogated Neelah in a thick clipped accent.

"Uh. I came for the work-study."

No-one else chimed in to divert the conversation.

"So do you like our village?" asked Neelah, sweeping her hand over the wilderness landscape.

"Yes," I answered uncomfortably.

Selene offered the other Cheetah-woman a bottle of water.

"Do you get paid much to work here?"

"Uh, no. I had to... my mother had to pay for me to come here."

"So are you enjoying it?"

"Yeah, quite a lot."

“What do you think about the animals?”

“Amazing. I have never seen them [animals] before.”

Selene chimed in, warning that the giant goannas might be arriving at some point. We would have to leave before then.

“How long are you here for?” Neelah returned to questioning me.

“A quarter of a year here, then a quarter of a year at a zoo, and then some time at a veterinary lab.”

“That sound like an interesting work study.”

Selene chimed in. “We had better get moving. I’m worried about the goannas.” The sun would be setting soon.

I hadn’t yet finished my sandwich.

We all hopped into the four-wheel drive.

Selene drove-us away from the creek as the sun set.

She drove off the track, about three kilometers and then parked.

By that time it was dark, and she was driving by headlights.

I felt completely disoriented, and scared.

The night was terrifying, although nothing happened.

Selene, Neelah, and the younger Cheetah-woman all took control of spotlights.

Selene talked to me, ignoring the other two experienced safari-people.

“Keep an eye out for [giant] goannas.”

“Seriously,” Selene added.

“VERY seriously,” she continued.

And then, “If you see one, poke me on the shoulder. We will have to start the four-wheel drive, and take-off.”

To make matters worse, “Do NOT fall out of the four-wheel drive.”

And then she double-added a “Seriously.”

The night only lasted a few hours.

Despite having eaten, no-one was at-all eager to hop-out of the four-wheel drive to urinate.

... Which made the night last even longer.

We spotted at least two giant goannas on separate occasions.

Selene started the four-wheel drive and took-off on each time, driving speedily through the meter-tall grass, headlights on.

The second time, she drove into a gully. That scared me. It frightened the others even more. If we got bogged in the gully, we would be torn-apart by the giant goannas.

In-between driving, while watching for giant-goannas with terrified eyes, we saw some wild four-legged Gerenuk.

They seemed to approach our vehicle because of the lights, and then decide to graze.

Which attracted the goannas.

As the sun rose, we calmed down.

Giant-goannas were EVERYWHERE.

They merely couldn't be seen at night by our spotlights, or they stayed away from our spotlights.

I could see a giant-goanna every few-hundred meters to a side.

In-between were Gerenuk, avoiding the goannas if they got too close.

Neelah handed me a clipboard with paper, and told me to tick-down head-counts of Gerenuk, as well as write down numbers and errata.

I took notes for three hours, about four pages.

Neelah would drive the four-wheel drive around from spot to spot, stopping then engine when we were counting.

The goannas didn't seem to be as keen to bother us during the day.

Neelah pointed to individual Gerenuk that she new.

"That one is Jenny's daughter."

"Over there is the granddaughter of Fissy's daughter."

"That there. She's Esmeralda. She died three years ago. [She was a zookeeper here.]"

We returned to the village after sunset. We had missed dinner. After taking a shower, I went to bed without food.

Hominid television

After work, I would watch television for an hour.

I had a laser-tube television in my room, with rabbit-ears antenna.

The village had a satellite receiver the rebroadcast a television signal over radio-waves for our televisions.

We only received Hominid television.

Which was fine with me.

I didn't understand the language.

And the video was almost always scratchy, with a lot of noise. That was because of the encryption that the Hominids used.

The audio came in clearly.

They showed a LOT of soap-operas, with Hominid men and woman in oak-paneled mansions.

I tried to understand what the plot was, and the character motivations.

The television was interesting. I had never seen Hominids on television before, except for occasional news-clips as they met with Cat-evolved leaders.

As far as I could tell, every Hominid man had a “relationship” with two Hominid woman. The sexy Hominid men had three women. The single geeky Hominid man only had one girlfriend, and they were monogamous.

The women were almost as non-monogamous.

I had learned in school that Hominids were monogamous, so the television soap-opera was enlightening.

In my culture, there were no men. The woman had killed them all off several hundred generations ago.

We got the Hominid television because we weren’t that far away from a large Hominid collection of nations, larger than “The Group”, which was near our Cat-evolved nations.

They were only a triangle-spaceplane flight away.

We also got half an hour of news broadcasts.

They news was almost-exclusively war coverage. It was actually filmed and delivered from a larger-collection of Hominid nations much further “to the east”.

The news showed Agimadae-evolved fighter-jets strafing Hominid cities. (BUGBUG – adimadae)

An occasional bomb hitting the Hominid cities.

Hominid women, men, and children in anguish, with bomb-damage gashes in the foreheads.

Soldiers with casts on for broken legs.

From space, retaliation attacks against the Agimadae planets, and other enemies of the Hominids.

They were VERY-large nukes.

One scene was of the dark side of a planet. And then there was a pinprick flash of the bomb, and a cherry-red pool of “energy” spread-out from the flash several-hundred kilometers.

No prisoners of war were shown.

The war was begun when the Hominids, Alotians, and one Simian-nation invaded a section to Agimadae-space as ten-times as large as our taurosphere.

And then the business news would come on.

And I would fall asleep.

More bodies

Over the next few weeks, my workdays were divided between office-paperwork... I had not yet graduated to typing on the computer... and... I’ll talk about that later.

Meg left the village to work someplace safer.

She was worried about the nearby Hominids.

They were threatening invasion of the area.

Which is where the sad part of the story begins.

Everyone expected the Hominids to take-over our planet.

They MIGHT, if they were feeling nice, give us warning before they landed in our village and arrested us as prisoners of war.

They would almost-certainly shoot all of the wild animals.

Hominids HATED any animals larger than a small dog. They hated small housecats even.

We had evacuation orders for the department of zoology.

Cubes were landing daily to ferry away “genetic samples”.

That was a SAD euphemism that we used for dead four-legged Cheetahs... four-legged Cheetahs that we had shot.

Every day, people took the four-wheel drives out and shot their beloved Cheetahs, some of whom were former zookeepers, or children of zookeepers.

It was more human that we shot them, than the Hominids.

And we needed to preserve the “genetic material”. Over the last fifty thousand years, the Hominids had been slowly eradicating the Cheetah-evolved people by killing them in war and with toxins. And they would finish-off the Cheetah-evolved people by killing-off ALL of the wild four-legged Cheetah-animals, so that no Cheetah-evolved people could EVER exist in the future.

People in the four-wheel drives would return home with two or three four-legged Cheetah bodies on the back.

I would help other people haul them into one of the two surgery rooms.

We would “wrap them up”, as we already described.

EVERYONE was very sad.

Many of the four-legged Cheetahs had names.

Or they were children of four-legged Cheetahs with names.

And many were artificially-fertilized children of Cheetah-women who had worked at the village.

The women were informed of the deaths of their children.

Four-legged Cheetah shooting

A few weeks after my Gerenuk safari, I was taken out to depressingly-euphemistically, “collect genetic material”.

A different Cougar-evolved woman drove that safari. Her name was Shasta.

I sat in back.

A medical-technician Cheetah-woman also sat in back with me. And in front, with a rifle, was a Cheetah-woman.

Only Cheetah-evolved people were allowed to shoot the four-legged Cheetahs.

To them, they were people, although not bright. And they were ancestors, and should be respected because of that.

The act of shooting had very-strong religious/philosophical undertones. (BUGBUG – “Sacred”?) There was a “moment of silence” and most-likely a prayer before the gun was aimed and fired.

The Cheetah-people were deadly serious about the event.

Normally they were care-free, sarcastic, and fun-loving. (BUGBUG – fun-loving not correct)

Their seriousness at the deaths of their ancestors, relatives, and former co-workers was frightening.

Unfortunately, I didn’t understand the significance of the act of shooting.

I was merely out for a ride... I didn’t know they were actually going to shoot the four-legged Cheetahs.

And when the Cheetah-marksman shot the Cheetah, I didn’t think to think of the moral, philosophical, and religious significance.

We left the village at dawn, driving for half an hour down a track.

And then we veered-off onto a little-used barely-there track. That was slow going.

There were no giant-goannas in this direction. They were a competitor to the four-legged Cheetahs.

We drove off the road towards some rock mounds, where the four-legged Cheetahs spent the nights.

The giant goannas couldn't climb on-top the rocks to get to the four-legged Cheetahs, particularly the young.

And the four-legged Cheetahs enjoyed "the stage"... standing up high and watching the plains.

They also hunted Gerenuk, but more-often they went after large secretary birds. (BUGBUG – secretary birds)

Shasta stopped the four-wheel drive.

The Cheetah-marksman would stand on top the hot front-hood, hot from the engine heat.

She would look around to see where the four-legged Cheetahs were. Rifle held point-up in one hand, the butt resting on the front-hood.

The first time we stopped, the Cheetah-marksman saw a few four-legged Cheetahs in the distance.

She pointed.

We remained quiet while we watched.

At that point, I thought that she was going to shoot Gerenuk. I was clueless.

Not able to visually identify the four-legged Cheetahs, the woman pulled out an identification-gun, and checked the Cheetah's identities.

"No, not these," she said.

The engine was started before the Cheetah-marksman was in her seat.

We drove another fifteen minutes to another rock-stand.

Shasta halted the engine, and the Cheetah-marksman stood up again.

Already uncomfortable with her job, atypically, she swore “Fuck”, when she stepped onto the very-hot front-hood.

The next time, she stood on a towel.

This time though, she looked-around and spotted a Gerenuk... or so I thought.

She pulled-up her rifle.

Aimed.

Hissed.

Aimed again.

Waited.

And fired.

It was a VERY-expensive rifle that made no “bang” ... more of a pop.

“Okay. I got her,” said the Cheetah-marksman as she sat down.

Shasta started-up the engine and drive quickly to the location, scaring-off any curious four-legged Cheetahs.

When she got to the approximately location of the shot four-legged Cheetah, most-likely dead, she slowed-right down so she wouldn't run-over her.

We found her in a clearing.

Lying dead.

The Cheetah-marksman was first out of the four-wheel drive. Next was the medical technician, carrying a blue-and-orange box.

I followed along with Shasta, would had to shut-off the vehicles engine.

The four-legged Cheetah was dead.

The medical-technician was holding the “soul box” behind the dead four-legged Cheetah's neck.

“The planet already took her soul.”

The Cheetah-marksman was NOT pleased at this.

The answered with a curt, “Okay. Let’s take her body. May her soul rest.”

The medical-technician requested that I get a tarp from the back of the four-wheel drive.

I did so.

We slid the tarp underneath the body of the four-legged Cheetah, and then picked her up, one person to a corner.

She was very heavy.

We hauled her body to the back pickup-tray of the four-wheel drive, and set it down. We covered her body.

And then everyone jumped back in the vehicle.

I didn’t reflect on the shooting until we were driving away.

I thought we were hunting Gerenuk.

I knew the four-legged Cheetahs had been shot.

I didn’t put-it together in my mind that we would be shooting four-legged Cheetahs.

The moral and religious significance didn’t impact me either. All three other woman were significantly down-beaten by the act.

Shasta drove back onto the main road, and down another track.

I thought we were heading back to the village, until we stopped in an open grassy area without any rock-mounds.

The Cheetah-marksman called for a halt this time.

Shasta shut-off the engine.

The Cheetah-marksman set a towel on the hot front-hood and stood on it.

She spotted something in the distance. I couldn’t see.

“She wants to be shot, I think.”

After checking with her identification-gun, the Cheetah-marksman pulled-up her rifle.

The aimed.

I could just make-out a four-legged Cheetah standing PERFECTLY still, looking at us.

Fire.

The four-legged Cheetah collapsed to the ground.

Shasta restarted the engine, and we took-off towards the four-legged Cheetah, in a rush to get her soul.

She was dead.

A couple of four-legged Cheetahs watched us from fifty meters away.

The Cheetah-marksman jumped out of the four-wheel drive, grabbing the “soul box” before the medical-tech could take-control of it.

By the time I reached the body of the four-legged Cheetah, the Cheetah-woman already had it against the dead four-legged Cheetah’s neck.

“Go her!” said an elated Cheetah-woman.

She pressed a large and very-hard-to-press button on the box, which was against the back of the dead four-legged Cheetah. A red-orange LED light was illuminated on the box.

The soul-box emitted a quiet snap followed by a buzz.

Five minutes later, the box still held in place, the LED light turned lime-green.

The Cheetah-marksman pulled back the box, looked at it, and thought.

The medical-technician went back to the four-wheel drive to get another tarp.

Shasta prepared the four-legged body for pickup.

Meanwhile, the Cheetah-marksman read the operating instructions on the soul-box.

She held it up behind her neck.

“Shit! Don’t do that!” yelled-out the medical technician.

“Too late,” quipped the Cheetah-marksman.

She had already pressed the “Release” button on the soul-box.

What happened next was UN-REAL.

The Cheetah-marksman staggered backwards as if she had been hit.

The medical-technician ran to her in a panic.

Shasta and I had no clue what was going on.

The Cheetah-marksman dropped to her knees, the medical-technician bending down to help her.

“Wait,” said the Cheetah-marksman. “I’m alright.”

“Let me stand up.”

She stood-up.

Her eyes stared-wide and incredulous at the dead body of the four-legged Cheetah.

“Is that me?” said the Cheetah-marksman.

“What am I doing there?”

She looked around wildly.

Saw the two four-legged Cheetahs in the distance.

And then looked at her body.

Her mouth was agape in astonishment.

She stared at the medical-tech and accused, “You shot me!” while pointing at the body of the four-legged Cheetah.

The medical-tech was horrified.

“Wait. Just a minute,” said the Cheetah-marksman.

And then she added, “What? How am I talking?”

The Cheetah-marksman put down the gun.

“Who is in control of my body?” demanded the Cheetah-marksman.

She look wildly about.

“Where the fuck am I?” she asked herself.

“We are both in the same body,” she informed herself.

“Put me back in my body,” said Cheetah-woman as she pointed defiantly at the dead four-legged Cheetah.

The medical-tech stood-back, as if the Cheetah-marksman were about to detonate.

“I can’t do that. We had to shoot you,” answered the Cheetah-marksman to herself.

She looked uncontrollably down at the rifle.

“With that?” the monologue-dialogue continued.

“Yeah. Sorry about that.”

“What do I do now?” she said looking at her old four-legged body.

“We learn to live together in my body.”

“Will I get meat?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay.” Pause. “I don’t want the ants to get my body, like they got my mother’s.”

The medical-technician dared to speak, “We will take your body back with us.”

“She doesn’t understand. Just wait,” answered the Cheetah-marksman.

“Okay. Now she understood.”

Shasta had already placed the blue-tarp underneath the body of the four-legged Cheetah.

We all lifted her body up.

The Cheetah-marksman was COMPLETELY useless. She couldn't properly grasp the tarp, nor could stop staring at her old foot, which was dangling next to her end of the tarp.

On the ride home, the Cheetah-marksman was distinctly "odd". She kept trying to stand-up while we were driving.

Shasta had to slow down and tell her to sit down.

The medical-technician, standing behind, looked for a seatbelt but couldn't find one. We didn't have any rope to tie-up the Cheetah-marksman either.

Meanwhile, the Cheetah-marksman was staring-about wildly.

When we got to the village, she was PETRIFIED.

Shasta and the Cheetah medical-tech led the Cheetah-marksman to her bungalow.

She was given half a week off.

By the end of that time, she was acting more-normally.

Though by that point, she was two people merged together.

The village empties

I didn't notice it until after the Four-legged Cheetah shooting trip I took, but the village was emptying out.

Cubes were landing and taking-off every few days.

People came and went.

Meg had already left.

Lilly must have left because I hadn't seen her.

Jessie was soon to leave.

It wasn't long before I was packing up the office and loading boxes of keeper-notes cards onto cubes.

And then I began wondering when I was going to leave. Would they forget and leave me here?

There was only one karaoke night after the first one that I experienced.

Eventually, no-one made lunch for us. We just ate the pickings from the previous nights dinner.

And then no-one cut-up copious amounts of vegetables for the dinner meal.

And then only a handful of us ate dinner. Perhaps five.

So we mostly ate refrigerated caribou that we heated-up in the microwave oven.

For work, I was doing everything necessary.

I attended a few four-legged Cheetah shootings.

We ignored the Gerenuk. It was too-dangerous to visit them without any backup from the other four-wheel drive. The goannas were very dangerous there... and the second and third four-wheel drives had broken down. They weren't going to get repaired.

I helped "wrap" more dead four-legged Cheetah-bodies.

And then we stopped refrigerating them in the cool-room off the surgery.

We carried them directly onto a cube in the center of the village.

The cube was refrigerated.

At least fifty dead four-legged Cheetah bodies hung in the cube's "warehouse" section.

The cube was 30-meters to a side. Internally was a 10-meter sub-cube living quarters and cockpit.

The warehouse sections were on the sides of the cube.

We loaded all of our paperwork out of the base of the cube.

The office was empty.

The medical-buildings were emptied.

We looted the last of the karaoke hardware. That was the most-important element of the village for the Cheetahs.

“Sure, I know how to fly a cube”

The cube was nearly filled with dead-Cheetah bodies.

There were only five of us left.

There were three Cheetah-women, a Cougar-evolved woman, and me.

It felt like working late at a department store, and being the last people to turn the lights out.

One evening, without warning, one of the Cheetah-evolved woman said, “Let’s go. Everyone in.”

I didn’t understand what she meant, at first.

And then the Cougar-evolved woman translated for me.

I went to pack-up my gear... all of the zoo uniforms that I had “borrowed” since my luggage had been left behind.

“No. Don’t go back to your room. We’re leaving now.”

We had just finished dinner.

Everyone climbed through the bottom-door of the cube.

This one was large enough that it wasn’t just zippered.

Once we were all inside, everyone counted the number of people there, just to make sure we weren’t leaving anyone.

We all counted to five, including ourselves.

One Cheetah-woman latched-up the door from the inside.

We all climbed up the narrow staircase and into the cockpit.

“Does anyone know how to fly?” asked one Cheetah jokingly.

That concerned me.

“Don’t worry. I’ve flown these before,” answered another when she saw my worried expression.

“Fern, you sit in that chair.”

I sat.

“See that computer-monitor,” she said pointed at the display.

I took a look at it. It was filled with sonar-looking images.

“You get to look out for enemies. Okay?”

“Huh?”

“If there is an enemy chasing us, you will see them on this monitor.”

I knew she was serious. But I was completely inadequate for the job. “Shouldn’t someone else be doing this?”

“Don’t worry.”

And then she added, “But, if we all die, we’ll blame you. 😊”

I didn’t know it, but everyone was looking at the “sonar” monitors, but with different information than I had.

I examined the screen to ask an interesting question, so I could at least learn.

“What does that patch mean?”

“That’s the village.”

That registered.

“What is that colored patch way over there.”

“Hmm. I’ll check on that. I don’t know right now.”

“Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.”

“When do we actually leave?”

The Cheetah-woman looked-at me with an eye-swipe and a tongue-roll.

“Leave? We already left.”

“We had to distract you. The Hominids seem to have filled you with spy implants. We don’t have any way to remove them from you at the moment. Sorry about the secret.”

“Wait... Wait... What do you mean?”

“Everything you have been doing over the last month while you were here has been monitored by the spy implants. The Hominids must have installed them in you while you were flying here, or perhaps at home. Sorry. We couldn’t tell you.”

“How do I get them out? Am I dangerous?”

“No. You’re not dangerous now. Don’t worry. When we get home, we’ll pull them out.”

I was amazed.

“Uh, thank you.”

“So, just watch this monitor intently. 😊”

We flew all-day until we were exhausted.

The cube’s lights were dimmed during flight.

We ate in the dim-lights of the cube so that anyone scanning our cube might think we were unmanned.

I slept down-below, with a few other people.

After two-thirds of a sleep, I was woken-up, and directed back into my chair.

We did another shift flying.

I occasionally saw fuzzy drawn-spots on the monitor. I asked what they were. “Nothing. Don’t worry.”

We didn’t talk.

We thought as little as possible in case someone were reading our minds.

We had even less to eat after the second shift.

I was directed to take another rest after eating.

The Cheetah-women were going to impregnate me with a lion-embryo while I slept... maybe.

Unfortunately, we never made it home.

So I never discovered that I had been impregnated.

Some Hominids shot-us down while I slept.

Afterwards

Lilly gave birth to a bouncing baby four-legged Cheetah on her flight back home.

The resident in-flight-doctor was shocked by the biological differences between Lilly and her child

For more stories

You can download more of my short stories for free from:

<http://www.disclosuree.com/Stories.pdf>