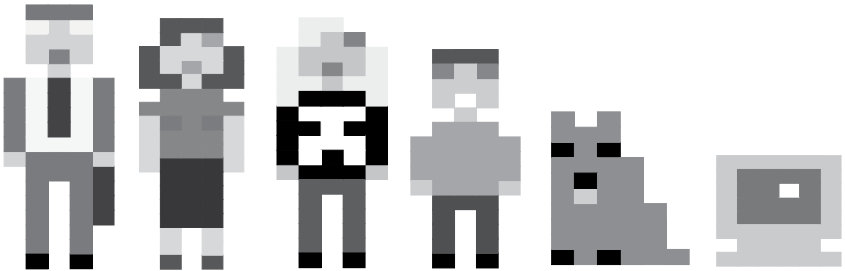


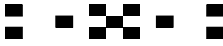
Game Quest

by Leopold McGinnis



**Read the novel in its entirety at
www.leopoldmcginnis.com**

©2006 by Leopold McGinnis
All Rights Reserved.
ISBN: 0-9738535-0-6



Chapter 9; Explosion_Sweat69 & the Misfits

June 11th, 1994

Heather needed a manly name. Something men would find cool. She stared blankly at the screen as the cursor blinked steadily in the little text box – the digital equivalent of tapping ones foot with impatience. Heather stared and the computer blinked until, suddenly, it came to her and she typed in her new, manly username.

1:27:29am Explosion_Sweat69 has joined the chatroom.

Heather was now in the gamer's chatroom on SupraNet...and though she usually revelled in her status as a girl gamer...tonight, she wasn't that interested in having to constantly defend her gender. Besides...it was fun to be a boy sometimes. Mark and Dwayne had settled into the hide-a-bed downstairs in the TV room for their sleepover. She could hear the giggles waft up every now and then. Her parents had trotted off to bed again at their usual lamely early hour. The night was hers. This was when she was at her best. Tonight, she was *Explosion_Sweat69*.

Heather logged into the 3D shooter chatroom and spied on the conversation for a while.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> And then he fell _back_ onto the transporter and accidentally fragged me!! I couldn't believe it. He was out of ammo, had 1 health. I was fully loaded and had 170% health and he killed me _accidentaly_!

<Man_Missile> Whoa. Cool. I once killed two guys by blowing up their rockets with my pea-shooter.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> Nice.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Hey. I hear that in Gloom 3, it'll be true 3-D. Like, they won't just use paintings for the backgrounds and objects.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> What do you mean?

<Dan_DestroyemX> Like, the plants and lanterns and enemies, etc...

will all be made out of polygons - like the rooms are made now.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> Is that good?

<Man_Missile> Of course thats good! It'll be super real. You can blow up plants and lanterns and stuff then. And it will look more real. Not like flat 2d objects that kind of look 3d.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> Oh. Really? Can thye do that? I didn't think computers were fast enough

<Man_Missile> No, computers really can't. But, technically, Gloom wasn't supposed to be possible either...They are basically programming geniuses.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> The guys at EGO games are gods.

<Man_Missile> No doubt.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> I heard in Gloom 3, when you shoot zombies, their eyes pop out of their heads! My friend said he saw a demo of it.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Cool! That's wicked.

Heather saw the perfect time to jump in.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Actually, I kind of doubt that. They haven't even finished making the engine to that game yet.

<Dan_DestroyemX> REally? How do you know?

<Explosion_Sweat69> I read it on a chat group. Ego games posts on some of them even.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> Wow. That's so cool. You can actually talkk to the game creators. Awesome. where did you say it was?

<Explosion_Sweat69> I don't know. it changes. Try one of the programmers forums.

<Rocket_from_the_Pocket> Cool. I gotta go. But i'll check it out.

<Explosion_Sweat69> bye.

<Man_Missile> cya

1:33:02am Rocket_from_the_Pocket has left the room.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Bye.

<Dan_DestroyemX> oops. toolate.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Hey. Do you guys know anything about KillNet?

<Explosion_Sweat69> No.

<Man_Missile> You mean the new Virtual Arena?

<Dan_DestroyemX> Yeah. I heard a couple of people talking about it.

Game Quest

What is it?

<Man_Missile> Really? You don't know?

<Explosion_Sweat69> me neither.

<Man_Missile> Really? It's like Supranet...but it's solely for linking up 3d shooter games. You can play deathmatches with up to 8 people in a room.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Like a gladiator arena, but for Gloom2. That's awesome.

<Man_Missile> Yeah. And for Dan Destroyem too. It's pretty fun. I'm surprised you haven't heard of it.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Neato.

<Man_Missile> And it works over the internet, so all you have to do is pay for a subscription to KillNet. There's all these clans of players teaming up and having matches already. It's really getting popular.

1:34:56am Dan_DestroyemX has been disconnected.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Hey. That's cool. How much is it?

<Man_Missile> Only 8.95 a month, I think. No too bad.

<Explosion_Sweat69> wow. 8 can play at once? That's sweet. The max I've ever played was 5...and that was major slow

<Man_Missile> Oh yeah. It's way more interesting with 8. You need a pretty good computer to do it, though. And at least a 33.6 modem.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Yeah. No problem. I got all that.

1:36:49am Dan_DestroyemX has joined the chatroom.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Sorry about that. computer trouble.

<Man_Missile> It's cool too because you can have two teams of four and play capture the flag and stuff.

<Man_Missile> Welcome back.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Yeah. I want to sign up. But I need to upgrade my computer...and my mom won't pay for it.

<Man_Missile> That's too bad. Moms... Women will never understand computers.

<Dan_DestroyemX> What did you say about my momma? ;)

<Man_Missile> Ha ha.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Especially they girls suck at computer games.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Most won't even play if you ask them. It's like they're afraid of it. My little sister isn't bad.

<Man_Missile> Fuck. I hate it when you meet women gamers. Their so cocky like they think they're special for playing games. And they always suck Thank god there's only, like, one or two that I've met.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Yeah. They ruin competitive play too. Asking stupid questions like total ditzes.

<Explosion_Sweat69> It's fun to attack them in competitive play. It's fun to toy with them because they are so bad.

1:39:12am Dan_DestroyemX has been disconnected.

<Man_Missile> What? Again? It's probably his mom disconnecting him. Ha ha.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Yeah. "Dan_DestroyemX!! Come here and do the dishes right this minute!"

<Man_Missile> Ha ha! "Honey, it's time to take out the garbage! Heather Huterguns may not have to take out the garbage, but this is real life!"

<Explosion_Sweat69> ROFL!*

1:40:03am Dan_DestroyemX has joined the chatroom.

<Dan_DestroyemX> Damn modem.

1:40:19am Dan_DestroyemX has been disconnected.

<Man_Missile> Ha ha. What a loser.

<Explosion_Sweat69> No doubt. Ha ha.

<Man_Missile> Sigh. There should be a law against letting women near computers, I think.

<Explosion_Sweat69> You think so?

<Man_Missile> It just ruins it. Their no good at. I mean, look at my mom. The concept of double clicking is completely lost on her. Then all these salesmen are trying to get into the girl market so they make games like Kelsey's Dream House or Crypt Destroyer and it just ruins it.

<Explosion_Sweat69> You don't like Crypt Destroyer?

<Man_Missile> I LIKE it. I just don't like that they put that Heather chick in there. It's like - as if she would be shooting zombies. She'd be worrying about breaking a nail the whole time.

* Rolling On the Floor Laughing

Game Quest

Heather paused. This really irritated her. She'd been playing the game so far - trying to act male. She was interested in seeing what this guy thought, to delve into the male mind. But now it was getting insulting. She felt that fire rising up in her belly again. She'd come on here wanting to avoid harassment and...somehow had found it. Or, at least, she found a desire to combat this creep. She moved to type. Then hesitated. Then she typed:

<Explosion_Sweat69> Actually. I am a girl.

There was no response. Suddenly Heather seemed alone in her room again, staring at a bright screen, rudely awakened from virtual reality. Shit. Just because I'm a girl, now they don't want to talk to me, Heather thought. But Man_Missile was still logged in the chatroom. What a jerk. Heather was typing out an insult revolving around the possibility of whether or not Man_Missile actually *had* a man_missile when the response came.

<Man_Missile> Actually...

<Man_Missile> Me too.

Heather quickly deleted her unsent response. Now it was her turn to pause. This was strange. This was the first time that this had happened. She hadn't considered the possibility, perhaps naively so, that other people might be lying about their identity on-line too. And even more so, she hadn't figured there were any other girl gamers. Especially one as obviously skilled and knowledgeable as Man_Missile. Then she wondered if Man_Missile was telling the truth. He (she?) could still be a man.

<Explosion_Sweat69> I didn't know there were any other girl gamers.

<Man_Missile> REally? I met a few.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Actually, me too. But somehow randomly meeting you makes it seem like there are a whole lot more out there. I don't feel... so alone - as dumb as that sounds.

<Man_Missile> Ha HA! Yeah. Me too. That's funny we were both pretending to be guys. Usually I do it just to avoid harassment. Boys are so stupid.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Tell me about it. It's bad enough just talking to these guys on-line. Actually, that's not fair. a lot of them are interested in talking to you. Just some are dicks. And way too many losers ask you for dates on-line. Seems really tacky.

<Man_Missile> Ha ha. Tell me about it. The worst, though, is that when you actually play a game over link-up, they all turn into total dicks. Making a point of killing you - even ganging up - unofficially - to destroy you. Like their manhood is at stake. What a bunch of losers.

<Explosion_Sweat69> The nicer guys let you win. They play poorer or let you get a few shots in to be nice. I really hate that. It's condescending or something. Like, I can play the fucking game, ok?

<Man_Missile> Totally. It's patronizing (I just learned that word. ;)). Actually, I think that girl gamers are better than boy gamers. Mostly because the guys are such dicks and gang-up over link-up that you have to be a better to survive as a girl.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Definately.

There was a long pause. Heather typed again.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Hey. You wanna go private?

<Man_Missile> You mean to a private room?

<Explosion_Sweat69> Yeah. Then we can talk without worrying about guys coming into the room.

<Man_Missile> Sure. Good idea. That Dan Destroyem guy might come back. Just a sec.

During the pause Heather could hear her brother and Dwayne downstairs. But the sounds were muffled. She would have wondered what they were up to, but she didn't want to know.

"See?" said Dwayne. "It sticks. I told you it would."

Mark was laughing so hard. He couldn't believe it was actually sticking to the mirror. He didn't think it would work. But Dwayne was right. He couldn't stop laughing...he didn't want to wake up his parents upstairs cause then they'd be in trouble...luckily the sounds were muffled pretty well through the bathroom.

"Here," Mark said through giggles, "Let me try." He peeled the rag off the mirror as it made a long, sickening 'sllllllliiiiishhh!' sound that made them both grin and giggle. Mark reached back and threw the sticky rag high onto the mirror. But he threw too hard and it bounced off, fell about three feet and then re-attached to the mirror. Mark and Dwayne looked at each other and burst out laughing! It was SO funny!

Upstairs, Heather heard this muffled laughter and rolled her eyes.

"The trick is to not put too much water in and lots of soap. If it's too watery, it won't stick and will just make a big mess," Dwayne informed.

Game Quest

Again they both grinned at each other as they both secretly thought about trying it with lots of water just to see the mess...but they both secretly and individually decided against it.

Upstairs both Heather and Man_Missile had entered a private room.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Hey.

<Man_Missile> hey. Now that we're away from the boys, we can get naked.

<Man_Missile> ha ha. just kidding. ;)

<Explosion_Sweat69> Where are you from?

<Man_Missile> New York. You?

<Explosion_Sweat69> Wow. That's far. I'm in California.

<Man_Missile> Wow. Must be nice. I wished I lived in California.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Ah, it's alright. I live in the woods. It's nice, but it's hard to see friends or do anything. That's probably why I play computer so much.

<Man_Missile> Sounds nice, actually. I come from Ottawa. In Canada. My mom got a job down here about 2 years ago. I don't really like it. There's so many people and there are bums everywhere. I go visit my dad in Toronto sometimes, but it's also a big city.

<Explosion_Sweat69> But there's lots to do and see in New York, right?

<Man_Missile> Yeah. I guess. But it's all the same after a while. And in a way it's almost like there's so much to do, there is nothing to do. And people aren't very friendly. Smaller towns are nicer.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Yeah. I guess you're right. I wouldn't want to live in New York. But I'd like to visit.

<Man_Missile> Well, you can come visit me, then.

<Explosion_Sweat69> So, do you go on KillNet a lot?

<Man_Missile> Sure. I go on all the time. They are based here in New York so I got a free subscription when they first started. I have to pay now, though. :(

<Explosion_Sweat69> Nice.

<Man_Missile> Are you any good at 3d games?

<Explosion_Sweat69> Yeah. Pretty good. I can hold my own against the boys.

<Man_Missile> Nice. Actually, I know another girl at my school who is really good. We all should start our own clan.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Clan?

<Man_Missile> Yeah. You know - like a team that plays together against

other teams. That way we could play each other fairly - and not be ganged up on by men - which is a problem when you've got 7 out of 8 players male. And we could also, if we got four girls, have matches against...

<Man_Missile> ...men teams. It might shut them up. It wouldn't be about trying to get respect from the men, though. Cause who needs em? Their a bunch of dicks. Actually, it wouldn't even be about being able to play fairly without being ganged up on. It would be about being good and being girls.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Hey. That sounds like fun. We could even just play with each other. Let's do it.

<Man_Missile> Totally. I'll ask the other girl at my school.

<Explosion_Sweat69> I have to get a subscription first. I'm sure I can convince my dad...or pay for it with my allowance. We should have lots of time now that school's almost over.

<Man_Missile> Cool. This is the best idea I've had yet. My email is shebitch@redfez.net.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Thanks. Mine is Starscream@Snet.Madre.com.

Starscream@Snet.Madre.com was Heather's new changeable address. She didn't know this person well enough to give out her normal email.

<Man_Missile> My name's Carol. I usually go with the username Pizzazz...or sometimes BitchSlap.

<Explosion_Sweat69> I usually go by Aphrodite's Bow. My name's Heather.

<Man_Missile> Nice to meet you.

<Explosion_Sweat69> Yeah. For sure.

There was a pause for a bit as neither seemed to have anything to say. Downstairs Dwayne had gotten up to nine.

"Nine," whispered Mark.

Dwayne pushed another raisin up his nostril.

"Ten."

"Eleven."

"Twelve," Mark couldn't keep a straight face anymore and giggled out that last count. He didn't think you could put that many raisins up your nose. This killed Dwayne's composure and he burst out with one large 'HA!' The raisins exploded out of his nose like grapeshot. Some of them were sticky. They died laughing.

Game Quest

Upstairs Heather rolled her eyes. When Heather looked back at the screen she saw that Carol had logged out and logged back in under Pizzazz. Heather did the same under her preferred name.

<Pizzazz> Actually, I didn't used to be much of an action game fan. I really liked adventure games.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Yeah. Adverture games are good.

<Pizzazz> Except they've totally sucked lately. I mean, first of all, everyone and their dog is copying Madre games but they're mostly just lousy. Except for Caprafilm games. Theirs are good. And even Madre's games are starting to suck. They seem so short. Like their just pumping them out and going for graphics over story.

Heather smiled to herself. It was funny to be talking about her parents and her parents' friends' games.

"Now you try," said Dwayne.

"No way, I'm not stupid!" retorted Mark.

"Come on! I did it. You have to!"

There was a long silence.

"Ok," said Mark.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> yeah. I know what you mean. I thought the latest Fantasy Quest was pretty weak.

<Pizzazz> It's like their just out for money now or something. The stories are lame, the puzzles are way too easy or non-existent. Somethin'gs missing from the earlier games. I only made it half-way through the latest fantasy quest game. Actually, it's not bad compared to some of Madre's latest games, but still lackluster. And all the fairy tale stuff is gone. They look better than they play these days.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Actually, my parents work at Madre games.

<Pizzazz> Really? What do they do? God, I hope I didn't insult one of their games!

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Actually. They own Madre.

There was a long pause and the silence on the screen made Heather aware that there were no sounds coming from downstairs. Suddenly there was laughing, a short pause and then someone was pretending to sneeze over and over and over again. *How stupid!* Heather thought. *How fun is it to pretend to sneeze?*

“Are you ok?” asked Dwayne.

Mark didn't answer - he kept sneezing. “I think there's” *ATCHOO!!* “I think—” *ATCHOO!!* “There's one still in there!” *ATCHOO!* Suddenly the raisin rocketed out of Mark's nostril. It stuck to the bed. They were both grossed out and put the raisins away.

<Pizzazz> Are you serious?

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Yeah. God. My idiot little borther and his friend are downstairs goofing around. Now they're fake sneezing or something.

<Pizzazz> no way. Your parents own Madre? You're not lying to me, are you?

<Aphrodite's_Bow> No way. I swear. My mom and dad are Kendra and Will Roberts.

<Pizzazz> Oh. Sorry. No offense.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Don't worry about it. I kind of agree actually. Their games have been kind of going downhill. Better than a lot on the market, but not that great.

<Pizzazz> Whew! Did you tell them that?

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Maybe. I don't remember. I haven't been into adventure games for the past couple of years. Now that I think about it, it's probably because they haven't been as good. I think they kind of thought I was just getting tired of adventure games. And when they ask what I think I usually just shrug and say, I don't know. I don't know why I do that. Their interest in my activities and what I think seems so phoney. They're always trying to be the perfect parents. Annoying.

<Pizzazz> Ha ha. You sound like the typical teenager. Actually, I wish my mom would take more interest in my activities. She's absolutely appalled that I play computer games. Sometimes I think she thinks I'm a dyke. Well, not exactly. But she wishes I was more into clothes or something. Or at least, powersuit and business, like her.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Yeah, even my mom is a game creator and she doesn't understand why I like the computer so much.

<Pizzazz> Really? That's funny. Yeah. The only thing that Madre really has had going for it in the last few years was SupraNet. But even it's not so good now. No offense.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> That's ok.

<Pizzazz> The internet and Usenet has really caught up. And, ironically, KillNet too. You'd think Madre would have come up with online deathmatches before someone else. But SN is still the best way for online person-to-person chatting. Even, ironically, for the little games

Game Quest

like checkers it's not the best anymore. Why didn't SupraNet ever get into the on-line gaming thing. You'd think it would be right up their alley.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Probably because they don't know what to do with it. It's been hemorrhaging (is that how you spell that?) money since it started.

<Pizzazz> REally? But it's so popular!

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Not enough. It's a huge expense. And usenet has been killing us. My dad tried doing some online adventure gaming, but it was expensive and they weren't sure how to do it. Doesn't work so good for adventure games.

<Pizzazz> Oh. That's too bad.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Yeah. I don't know what's going to happen to it.

<Pizzazz> BRB *

Nothing was happening on the screen now. Heather sat back in her chair and waited. She looked out the window into the darkness of the forest, sprinkled from above by the stars. She could sometimes make out the sounds of conversation coming through the floorboards below...but not what they were saying.

"I wish girls in our class wanted sex."

"Yeah. Me too," agreed Dwayne. They were both lying back in the hide-a-bed.

"Then they could come over to our sleepover and we could talk and have sex."

They both smiled as they thought about it.

"Maybe they *do* wanna have sex too..." pondered Dwayne.

"No way!" Mark said. "Women don't like sex. They only want to have sex if you can give them babies... Or maybe drive a fast car and buy them earrings. But we can't do that yet. Besides, they'd probably slap us and we'd have to go to the principal's office because kids aren't supposed to know about sex."

"Yeah. It sucks to be a kid."

"It's not fair."

"Not fair at all."

Dwayne thought back to that magazine they had found in the park and stashed under his bed last summer. "Then why do those women go naked in the dirty magazines?" he asked.

* *Be Right Back*

I can't get a job because...

I have no experience...

...I have no experience because
I work at Electronics Pit...



Bad Attitude

by Leopold McGinnis

A cynical novel for
our cynical times...Cheap!

http://www.redfez.net/leopold/store/Bad_Attitude/

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, if they only want cars and babies, why do they take off their clothes for the magazines?”

Mark rolled his eyes. Dwayne just didn't get it. “For the money. It's a job. If they strip for a magazine, then they don't need a man...unless for babies...because they get paid A LOT!”

“Really? How much?”

“I don't know. It costs a lot of money to strip...because it's very difficult to do. You can't just get people to show you themselves naked. That's why people don't do it. It costs a LOT of money. They get paid more than Bill Gates.”

Dwayne shook his head. “Nuh-uh! Bill Gates is the richest man in the universe. They don't get more than him.”

“Yeah, they do,” retorted Mark. “It's just that they can only strip once. After you seen them naked, you don't need to see them naked again... unless they get breast implants. So they can only work once or twice. So they get paid more then Bill Gates, but they only get to work one or two days. But Bill Gates can work everyday, so he gets more.”

“Oh.”

<Pizzazz> How do you rate yourself?

<Aphrodite's_Bow> What do you mean?

<Pizzazz> I mean, how hot do you think the guys at your school think you are?

<Aphrodite's_Bow> I don't know. Average, I guess. But I'm uncool. Boys aren't really interested in me. Maybe because I don't dress cool. But it seems so stupid to dress cool. It's weak, I think.

<Pizzazz> Wow. Definitely. Everyone at my school just thinks I'm psycho...even the girls. Except for that girl who I play Gloom with sometimes. She's spanish.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> All the guys at my school are dorks. Actually, there are some nice ones, but I don't want to go out with them. What about you?

<Pizzazz> Kind of. I hooked up with this guy at a couple of parties. He's got a nice body. But I never talk to him much and I only met him at parties. He's a friend of someone. I don't have his number.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> oh.

<Pizzazz> I don't think I want a boyfriend in the normal sense...that you go to movies with and talk on the phone. That's boring. And guys are boring. I like to play on my computer.

Game Quest

<Aphrodite's_Bow> How do you rate yourself?

<Pizzazz> I don't know. I think maybe I'm a seven or an eight (out of ten.)
But people think I'm weird. I'm not skinny, but I have big boobs. I can't tell if I'm good looking or not. My mom says I'm really beautiful under all the black makeup...but she's prejudiced.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> I don't wear any makeup. I pluck my eyebrows...and sometimes I wear eye shadow, but that's it.

<Pizzazz> Yeah. I wear lots of black eye shadow and a really dark, dark blue lipstick.

<Pizzazz> My hair is purple too! ;p (At least this week.)

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Wow. Purple hair. That's cool.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> I have really small breasts, actually.

<Pizzazz> Does that bug you?

<Aphrodite's_Bow> Kind of. I kept waiting for them to grow. But now that I'm almost 16, I guess that they're not.

<Pizzazz> Oh. Mine are almost too large. If I eat too much, it all goes to my breasts.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> I don't know why it bugs me. I don't really want a boyfriend...it just bugs me.

<Pizzazz> Yeah. I understand. I think I have a fat ass, if that makes you feel better.

<Aphrodite's_Bow> ha ha. Not really, but thanks.

"What's your favorite part?" asked Mark.

"Of what?"

"In the magazine. What is your favorite part to look at?"

"I dunno." Dwayne shrugged. "I like the vagina. I like the boobs too."

"Yeah, especially the real big ones," agreed Mark.

"Really? You like the big ones?"

"Yeah. Don't you?"

"They're ok, I guess," Dwayne shrugged. "I like them all, but I really like the small ones."

"Really? Why? They're...small."

"Yeah. I like them."

"That's weird." There was a pause. "Actually," Mark said. "I like the face the most."

"Yeah," said Dwayne. "Me too. I like the face the most too. But you can see that anytime so it's not the most interesting to look at in the magazine."

"Yeah," agreed Mark.

<Pizzazz> Fuck, it's late.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> I thought you were a late person.
<Pizzazz> I am, totally. I'm a vampire.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> It's only 2:30.
<Pizzazz> Over there! It's almost six over here!
<Aphrodite's_Bow> Oh yeah.
<Pizzazz> It was awesome meeting you Heather. I really want to get an all-girl clan going. That would be wicked.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> Yeah.
<Pizzazz> Then I can see what you're made of.
<Pizzazz> I'll talk to my friend at school. I'll email you.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> not if I email you first.
<Pizzazz> You on SupraNet a lot?
<Aphrodite's_Bow> My parents own it...so yeah.
<Pizzazz> Oh yeah. I forgot. That's so cool. All my parents own is a mortgage. Well, my dad anyway.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> Good night Carol.
<Pizzazz> Ugh. I hate my name. Call me Pizzazz.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> Like the girl from the Misfits.
<Pizzazz> hey! You're the first one to notice that! That's where I got it from.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> Yeah. I always liked the misfits better.
<Pizzazz> me too.
<Aphrodite's_Bow> Ok. good night Carol.
<Pizzazz> Good morning.

2:38:34am Pizzazz has left the chatroom.

Heather sat back and sighed. It was still early...she could see if anything new had been posted in the body.surgery.cosmetic board where she had been lurking recently, a guilty fantasy world not unlike her computer games...but she really didn't feel like chatting any more. That was unusual. She turned off the computer, got into bed and read some of her book for the English final. Her brother and Dwayne were still talking downstairs.

"Hey Mark," asked Dwayne. "Have you ever seen your sister naked?"

"Sure. Lots of times."

"What does she look like?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her naked in a long time. When she was

Game Quest

younger. She's got boobs and stuff now."

"Wow."

"You don't like her do you?"

"Yeah. She's hot. She's got really nice breasts."

"Ewwwww! She's gross. No way."

"Do you think she's naked right now?" Dwayne wondered.

"She'd KILL you if you tried to see her naked."

"It would be worth it though." Dwayne smiled inwardly and looked up at the ceiling as if he were in seventh heaven, peering through the clouds to the eighth. As if he'd seen her naked and she HAD killed him and he went to heaven because it WAS worth it. That was the kind of smile he had.

"Yuck. No way."

"Too bad we couldn't peek in her bedroom."

"Impossible. No one gets into her bedroom. Not even mom and dad. Anyway, she isn't naked in there. She stays up all night playing computer," said Mark.

"When I get older, I'm going to marry your sister. That will be awesome! Then we can all live in the same house together! Friends forever."

"No way. I don't want to live with my sister."

"Fine. I'll live next door."

"Ok. That'll be good. But she won't have sex with you!" said Mark.

"Yeah she will!"

"No she won't. She'll just be in front of the computer all the time. She loves computers, not men."

"Whatever. Then I'll just dress up as Dan Destroyem and come in and say 'Baby, give me some hot stuff!' and then she'll want to because it will be like a computer game. She can be Heather Hüterguns."

"Ok. Good luck," said Mark, rolling his eyes. "But if you marry her, then we can't trade wives."

"Oh yeah." Dwayne thought about this for a moment. "I'll just get another wife too."

"You can't!"

"Why not?"

"It's not legal."

"Yeah it is!"

"No it's not!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Nunh-uh!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Nunh-uh!!!"

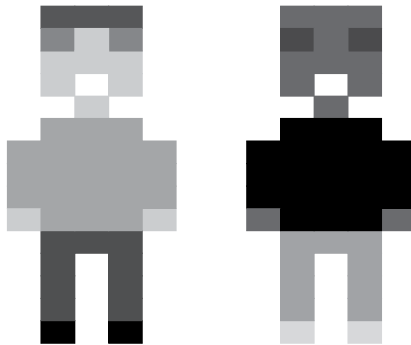
“Really?” asked Dwayne.

“Yeah. You could go to jail and stuff.”

“That sucks! Why can’t you have more than one wife? I’m going to be a lawyer and change it.”

“Good luck. They’ll put you in jail and torture you. They’ll pull your teeth out and then make a necklace out of it and the guard will wear it around.”

“Eeeeww!”



Other books by Leopold McGinnis

Bad Attitude
a novella



The Red Fez
a novella



Buy 'em or read 'em online,
along with a variety of other stuff,
at www.leopoldmcginnis.com

On Facebook at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Author-Leopold-McGinnis/8740376054>