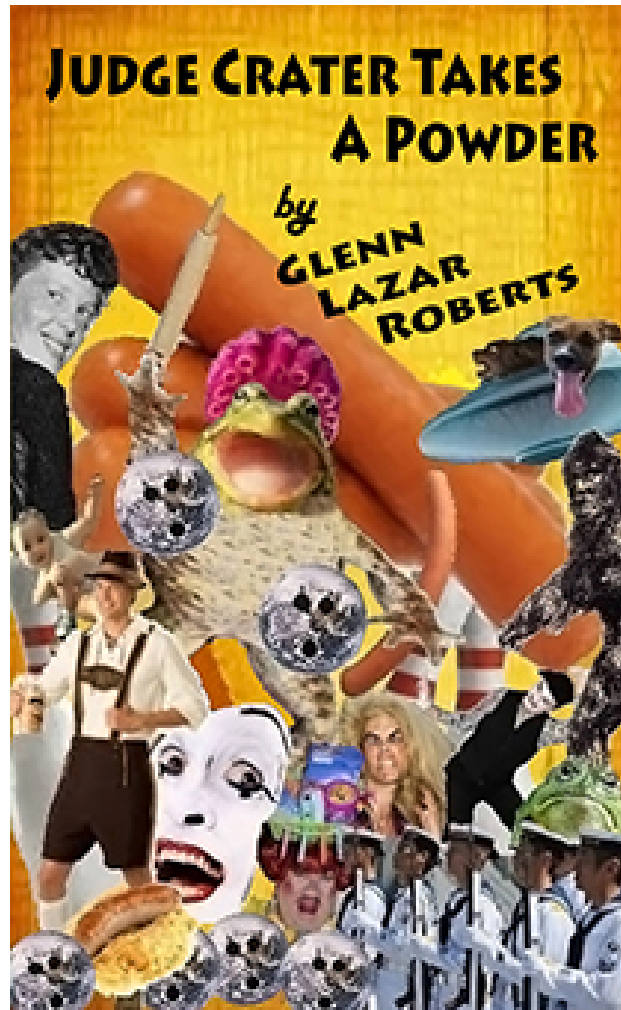




**Article in the New York Times,
September 4, 1930**

WIDE HUNT IS BEGUN FOR JUSTICE CRATER

The police of two cities and the New York State Attorney General's office began yesterday efforts to determine the whereabouts of Supreme Court Justice Joseph Force Crater, who disappeared last August 6. The mystery surrounding the disappearance has deepened... Though many theories were advanced, the one most generally accepted is that the justice has been "done away with". A few acquaintances, however, indicated that they felt no great concern for the justice's safety and believed that he had decided to take a few days of vacation...

JUDGE CRATER TAKES A POWDER

by

Glenn Lazar Roberts

ADVENTURES OF MAGGIE, THE RADIATED LESBIAN NUN

BOOK 1

‘HOW MAGGIE GOT HER POKELICIOUS FROM
BRATWURST & THE FUCK IN THE BACKSIDE INSTITUTE’



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Episode 1

“Son, I’m not going to tell you again. Don’t you *ever* interrupt me.” The man in the black robe seated behind the dais glared supernally down from his high seat, the gleam from his partially receded pate adding to the confusion evident in the lawyer’s eyes. The judge pointed his wooden gavel. “Didn’t they teach you anything in law school?”

The lawyer gulped. “Not if you say so, Your Honor.”

“Good answer. Now get the hell out of my courtroom. I’ve got a show to catch.”

As the bailiff raised muscle-bound arms to shoo spectators and the lawyer out of the Judge’s court, the Judge gathered his black robe about his midriff like Marie Antoinette stepping over a puddle and climbed down the few short stairs from the dais. He disappeared into the anteroom and shut the door. He tossed the robe onto a coatrack and turned to his young law clerk.

“I need a burn-bowl.”

“Burn-bowl, Your Honor?”

"You heard me. And some lighter fluid."

"There's an old barbecue pit in the maintenance area..."

"Perfect."

The Judge sat at his desk and slid open several filing drawers and rifled through voluminous paper files. Periodically he withdrew a manila folder and put it on his desk. The stack grew large.

"That's everything. Bring them, please."

His clerk grasped the stack and followed the Judge outside to a small fenced side yard. A glance around revealed no witnesses and with a curt gesture from the Judge, Joseph plopped the entire bundle into a barbecue pit. He sprayed lighter fluid on top and lit it. The Judge stirred the pit until nothing but ashes remained. Another gesture and the clerk followed the Judge back to his office.

"I need you to cash two checks for me, Joseph." Drawing a checkbook from his desk, Judge Crater handed them to his clerk, whose brows arched in surprise.

"Your Honor! These checks total \$5,150. A year's salary!"

"Yes, a small fortune. So don't lose em." The Judge extracted a briefcase from below his desk. "The bank is just around the corner. Take this. I expect you to be back here in thirty minutes with the cash locked inside. I've already phoned my banker. He's expecting you."

"As you say, sir." The clerk took the briefcase and exited at a run. In twenty-nine minutes he was back. He handed the briefcase to the Judge, who unlocked it and quickly counted its contents.

"Well done, Joseph. Now get my other briefcase as well. Bring both."

"Yes sir, Judge."

Joseph grabbed the two worn briefcases from the Judge's desk and together they hurried to the Court's parking lot. They entered a black Stutz Limousine. Joseph sat behind the wheel. Turning toward the back seat, he looked up at his boss.

"My apartment on Fifth Avenue. And step on it."

The engine revved. An attendant swung open the chain link gate topped with barbed wire, and the Stutz entered the flow of traffic and before long arrived on Fifth Avenue.

The Judge got out, holding a locked briefcase in each hand. "Joseph, I know I just came back from vacation, but I've decided to take off a few more days. You may take my car back to the lot. Then you're done. I'll call you when it's time to come back to work."

Joseph grinned. "Thank you, sir!" The car disappeared in the heavy noon traffic.

Hours passed. As the sun set, the Judge approached a restaurant and paused under a sign emblazoned 'Billy Haas's Chopshop' to re-read the theater ticket in his hand: 'The Belasco Theater presents: *Dancing Partner*'. He nodded to himself—it was all he needed. In the window he saw the outline of a voluptuous flashy blonde, the kind who belonged in dives with hi-hat horns frequented by patrons intent on getting rich quick, but who usually achieved the opposite. Next to her sat an old lawyer friend. The Judge smiled and entered, carrying a bundle wrapped in newspaper under his arm.

At exactly 9:00 p.m., a taxicab pulled in front of the restaurant. While the cabman stared, three figures rose from their window table and exited. The woman and the third man waved to the Judge as they slid into the cab.

He waved back. "Sorry to run, Sally. See you soon, Bill."

Sally blew him a kiss. "Bye, love."

"Enjoy the show, Judge," said Bill. "It's about time you took a break."

"More than you know!"

The cab veered into traffic. As its yellow back vanished bearing his friends away, Judge Crater turned. Adjusting his package, he strode confidently in the direction of the Belasco Theater, only a short distance away—two blocks over and one down.

The traffic had dwindled; few pedestrians remained to loom out of the darkness. The desultory gas lamps strewn at odd intervals gave their ghostly glow, only occasionally interrupted by newly installed electric advertisements. He turned south and crossed to 44th Street. Sweat grew under his armpits. Better than most he knew the risks of wandering the streets of New York after dark. The Belasco Theater appeared on his right, its neon sign a welcome relief, signaling safety. In the side street by the theater he paused. He would enter—but not yet. First, he had some business to take care of. Luckily, he remained alone, the side street clear of loiterers.

Before long, his suspicions were allayed—or confirmed—depending on whether his mind was more relieved or more alarmed with each passing moment.

A black car appeared. Nosing slowly from 44th onto the side street, it glided quietly, its interior invisible to prying eyes. The Judge pressed himself against the brick wall of the theater. The car slowed to a stop and a back door opened.

“Get in,” growled a voice.

The Judge put one foot inside.

“Don’t forget your package!”

The Judge clutched it and slid into the back seat. A chauffeur in wool coat and cap stepped out and shut the back door, then re-entered, and the car motored back into the light traffic of 44th Street.

“Wha-” the Judge began.

“Sssh! They could be watching.” The speaker remained shadowed in the back seat until the car entered the secure bottom floor parking garage of a high-rise apartment, also on Fifth Avenue. Stopping in a reserved space, the chauffeur jumped out and opened the back door on the car’s other side, then opened the Judge’s door.

A short stocky man whose jaw seemed stuck akilter stepped out, a too-large thick coat encompassing his body. “Say nothing till we’re in private. We can’t be too careful.”

The Judge nodded. His coat was slight compared to the other man’s bulky attire.

The chauffeur led them through a series of locking metal doors and into an elevator. Moments passed and they entered a darkened corridor that led to a private suite with solid double doors of intricately carved wood veneer. Two young men in suits and ties eyed them as they approached. They swung the double doors wide.

The short man growled again. “I know I own the floor. But I can never be sure if I own my agents.”

The doors swung shut and they were alone, the chauffeur remaining outside with the two gate-guards. The stocky man approached curtains that opened on a forest of skyscrapers, the Empire State Building arching far above the rest. He slid the curtains shut.

Turning to the Judge, he squinted at him almost sideways, his jaw still maintaining its angled pose. “Ribbet.”

The Judge’s eyebrows rose.

The eyes stared upward more sharply. “Ribbet!”

“Director? Sir?”

Throwing off his bulky coat, the shorter man flopped backwards on the couch by the curtains and—to the Judge’s surprise—was dressed in a woman’s evening gown. Fuschia. With a pearl necklace. As the Judge watched, the Director exchanged his formal shoes for mid-high heels and proceeded to attach ruby earrings to his ear lobes.

“One more thing I need to do. Over here, please, Judge.”

The Judge approached hesitantly.

“Drop em.”

“Mr. Director—sir?”

“Don’t panic, Judge. Just trust me on this. Drop em.”

The judge dropped his pants. Before he could react, the Director slid one hand into the judge's shorts.

“Turn your head and cough,” he growled.

He turned his head to one side. “Uh-haack!”

Frowning, the Director leaned back. “It’s okay. You’re not one of—” He peeked behind him where opened curtains revealed a glittering New York night. “—*them*.”

The judge belted his pants again. “So what’s this all about, Mr. Hoover?”

“Judge Crater, we’re in trouble. *Big* trouble. But first I want to thank you for the undercover work you’ve done for your country. You helped us set up that punk Scarface by accepting his bribe. Now we’ve got him. It’s just a matter of time before we convict that dago and put him away for keeps.”

Crater interrupted. “Here’s the money he bribed me with and that he didn't pay tax on.” He placed the newspaper wrapped package on a coffee table. “I burned all my files showing your involvement, just like you asked.”

J. Edgar Hoover briefly nodded and went on. “And I want to thank you for helping uncover Capone’s power-base among the Masons in Cicero. It was a big surprise to learn that Capone was really working for Mussolini.” Hoover leaned forward, his visage expanding. “But here’s the real shockeroo: I guess you’ve heard that Mussolini recently recognized the Vatican?”

“Last year wasn’t it? 1929?”

Hoover nodded again. “Just before the Depression hit. People like to think Mussolini put the Pope in his place. Think again. The truth is that the Pope now owns Mussolini—lock, stock, and barrel. We’ve also learned that the Vatican is now in control of the Masons, and Mussolini, and...”

Hoover paused.

“—the *Chartreuse Gang!*” said Hoover.

Crater caught his breath. “We *are* in trouble!”

“So the F.B.I. needs to send you undercover again—deep undercover. Tonight. And there’s even more: we thought that Herr Hitler and his Nazis were finished after the last election. But the latest intelligence says that next month he will win the coming German elections by a landslide. And you know what *that* means...”

“Bratwurst and beer for everyone?”

“No! It means the Vatican will be running both Germany and Italy. Unless we stop them.” Hoover glared at the Judge. “That means you, Crater. So I’m making you my chief spy-catcher and I’m sending you to—”

“—Rome?”

“No, Judge. Nevada.”

Crater stared. “*Nevahda?*”

“*Nevaada,*” corrected Hoover. “As in ‘vat’. They hate it when you say ‘ah’.”

“But why...*Nevaada?*”

“Because that’s where our reports put the Mormon seminary.”

“Mormons!”

“Yes, the Mormons! Who do you think runs those goddam Masons for the Pope? *Of course* the Mormons. We think there’s a seminary of Mormon Nazis there that you need to infiltrate. You have to gain their trust before I can send you to Rome.”

“*Nevahda...*”

“*Nevaada.* Slap-dab in the middle of nowhere. But you can’t trust anyone. The Masons work for the Chartreuse gang who work for the Mormons who work for Mussolini who work for

the Vatican. Or maybe the other way around.” He stuck out his gown-bedizened chest. “But sure as hell none of them work for the United States of America!”

“But what about my court?”

“Fuck your court, goddam it man! I’ll double your salary and find someone else to trip over your goddam black robe all day.”

Crater stared at the ceiling and sighed. “It’s true I’m not getting along well with my wife—”

“Fuck your wife, goddam it man! Your country needs you. What do you think will happen when that goddam Pope sends his Fascists and Nazis into Salt Lake City and they have thousands of babies with hundreds of Mormon women? How long will this country last if that happens?” Hoover jumped up and grabbed Crater by his lapels, balancing with surprising ease on his mid-high heels. “Do you want to see this country overrun with young men in crew-cuts and short sleeves knocking on doors saying ‘*Do you haben a moment to discuss ze Lord?*’ Have you no *heart*, Crater?” Hoover shook him hard.

“I would have to let my man Joseph go.”

“Fuck your man, goddam it wife. We’ll give him an all-expense paid vacation to Panama. What do we care?”

Crater adjusted his hair. He blew out his cheeks. “Well, I guess that’s about it.”

Hoover stared upwards into Crater's eyes, his massive jaw still crooked. “You’re goddam right that’s about it. Don’t go home. Don’t visit your office. Don’t call anyone. Just go.” He smoothed his gown and picked up an envelope from the coffee table. “This will get you started. And don’t forget to write. It’s essential that you stay in touch with me. Nobody else—just me. We don’t have anyone else on the inside with these goddam subversive organizations flooding into this great U.S. of A. You made a great start, so you’re it.”

Drawing himself up straight, the Judge could not resist saluting at the diminutive red-gowned Hoover.

“Oh, could you zip me up, please.”

Hoover turned his back to the Judge and Crater zipped up his gown. Pocketing the envelope, he zipped his own zipper, turned and strode out of the room. The doors opened. The agents guarding them entered and, as Crater disappeared down the elevator, he overheard a voice growl, “Clyde! Call the airport. Fast!”

Escorted to the parking garage by a silent suit-and-tie, Crater slid into the back seat of a nondescript auto, and soon found himself back beside the Belasco Theater on 44th Street. Without his clandestine employer present to ensure cooperation, the agent failed to exit and open his door, but merely pointed. Time to get out.

No problem, thought Crater, and as good a place as any. He still had time for his last rendezvous—if *she* was still waiting. But the Dancing Partner had danced and the patrons were streaming out. He decided to wait in the alley for her to exit, and his heart swelled with affection. He was head over heels and he knew it. Since he had met her, all other women had faded away, including his wife—even his hi-hat mistress Sally. But how to break the news? His country called. He felt in his jacket pocket for the envelope and was reassured since this undercover stuff could get expensive and from now on he would have no more Judge's income to supplement the Bureau's largesse. He drew his jacket tighter; although it was early August, the day was not a hot one and the temperature was cooling rapidly. Silently he watched the people exit—but, with a tear in his eye, watched especially for *her*.

Tires spun.

Glancing behind he saw what looked like the same black Stutz Limo that Hoover had driven and Crater exhaled in relief. *Hoover must have a postscript to deliver*, he thought. Turning he pasted a smile on his face. Like before, the car jerked to a stop. The back doors popped open and two men in coats and wide-brim hats grabbed him by his lapels.

My lapels are getting quite a workout. I'll have to clean and press them next time I'm not being abducted. He was shoved into the back between his two abductors.

As the car accelerated, Crater ventured a joke to the Bureau agent on his left. "Ease up, Bugs. The boss won't like you shoving around his favorite spy."

The heaving bulk turned a bone-thick jaw towards him. A voice too deep for anything but a gorilla said, "How'd you know my name?"

"Uh, lucky guess?"

The thug looked forward to the front seat. "Fat Tone. How'd this guy know my name? Did you tell him?"

"Not me, Bugs. Maybe you spilled it when you grabbed him."

Bugs squinted as if searching barely functioning memory banks. "I don't think I did." He turned to the looming bulk on Crater's right side. "Did I, Paulie?"

The other stared out the window at the passing lights. Came a high wise-cracking voice.
“Did youse what, Bugs?”

“Say my name.”

“What name?”

“*My* name.”

“*Your* name? It’s Bugs.”

Traffic honked.

“It’s what?”

“Bugs. That’s your name. Don’t you remember it?”

“Remember what?”

“Your name. It’s Bugs. How many times I gotta tell ya, ya creep.”

“Oh yeah, that’s right. Bugs.”

“And don’t forget it again.”

“Thanks, Frankie.”

“That’s *Paulie*, Bugs.”

The Stutz braked to avoid hitting the car in front. Leaning out the window, the driver yelled back at them, “Ya fuckin dago, what the hell’s the matta wit ya? Ya get your license out of a box of Cracker Jacks?” An arm extended out of the driver’s window of the car in front and elbowed up in an Italian salute.

“Did he just do what I think he did?” asked Fat Tone.

Paulie answered. “I think he did just do what you think he did. You gonna let that joik get away with that? I mean that’s...disrespectful. He ain’t no good citizen, that guy.”

Fat Tony snapped the gear into park and jumped out of the Stutz, evoking honks from two more autos stopped behind him. Two more arms saluted in his direction.

“Can you believe this, Frankie? I’m tellin ya—what’s the world comin to when a law-abidin guy can’t pick up a guy off the street and take him for a ride to his consigliere without gettin

goddam fists and fingers stuck in his face by disrespectful strangers?” Fat Tony pulled a pistol from his front jacket.

“That’s *Paulie*.”

Tony halted and looked back inside. “That’s what?”

“That’s Paulie, ya joik. I’m Paulie. That’s Frankie in front of ya, ya moron. Frankie, your brudda. The guy you’re about to plug.”

Fat Tony peered into the darkness. “I don’t give a fuck who it is—nobody can disrespect me like that and get away with it.” He looked again. “Who’d you say that guy is?”

“Your brudda, ya goddam joik. And that’s your cousin Frankie behind us, with his bruddas Paulie and Tony. Can we get this jalopy movin already? The Boss won’t like it if you get into another ringside match with those relatives of yours. He never can tell who’s who.”

“Family. That’s important, Frankie. You remember that. Family.” Fat Tony slid his gun back into his jacket and got behind the wheel again. He turned towards the back.

“Bugs.”

No response from the gorilla on Crater's left.

“*Bugs!*”

Still no response.

From Crater's right, Paulie reached over Crater with his left arm and smacked Bugs on the shoulder. Bugs jerked. “He’s talkin to ya, ya goddam moron.” The car resumed moving.

“Talkin to *me*?” came the deep voice. “I gotta name, ya know. Why don’t ya use it?”

Paulie smiled at Fat Tony. “And what is your name?”

Silence again.

“Would it be somethin like...*Bugs?*”

Bugs looked hurt. He pushed out his lower lip and stared out the window.

“Yeah,” continued Paulie. “It’s *Bugs*. Now don’t make me tell it to ya again. *Bugs!* Ya got it now?”

“Yeah. I got it.”

"Repeat after me. My name is Bugs."

The cavernous chest echoed. "Repeat after me. My name is Bugs. And I work for the Chartreuse Gang."

Both Fat Tony and Paulie rocked back in their seats, their jaws dropping. Paulie put his hands over Judge Crater's ears. "Ya goddam moron! How many times we gotta tell ya, ya never say that name! Forget that creep, Crater. He don't know what the hell he's sayin'."

Crater stared out the window. At the mention of the unnameable name, sweat exuded from his neck. "So you're with the Chartreuse Gang..."

"Yep. That's us." To Crater's surprise, everyone stared calmly ahead.

After a while they approached the Lincoln Tunnel. Without pause, they rumbled through and plunged into the wilds of New Jersey.

"Gentlemen," said Crater, "you're leaving New York."

Fat Tony and Paulie laughed. "Lookit the genius."

"But I have...uh, court in the morning."

"Not now, you don't." Paulie breathed down his neck. "Sorry, Crater. But when the Boss says bring the Judge, we bring the Judge. Don't matter what he got goin' on in the mornin'."

"I see..."

"By the way, Crater. Don't you got any kinda...friendly type name? 'Crater' sounds kinda...low-class, if ya know what I mean."

The others chuckled.

"We got Skinny Vince, Fat Tone, Bugs Bugliosi, Rat's Ass Rudy, Pussy Louie. Don't you got any friendly type name that we can call ya?"

"I don't know."

"Ain't you got anything that really says: *you*?"

"Other than having my life constantly interrupted?" He sighed again. "Like *coitus interruptus*."

"What's your foist name?"

“Joe.”

“That’s easy,” said Fat Tony. “You’re No-dick Joe.”

Paulie shook his head. “He didn’t say he got no dick, Tone. He said he just can’t use it. Don’t you know no goddam Latin?”

“No. I ain’t never been to school.”

“Well, youse been to jail—a couple thousand times. If you ever heard a judge talk, then you know Latin.”

Fat Tony thought about it. “I guess that’s right. *In loco delicious*. That’s what they told me last time.” He smiled.

“There. See? You do know Latin. Me too. The last judge looked right at me and said: ‘You need to file a *pro forma moron*’. And you now what? He was right.” Paulie thought again. “Dickless Joe.”

“Dickless Joe?” said Fat Tony. “That’s what I just said.”

“No, you didn’t. You said he ain’t got no dick at all. I said he’s got one but ain’t usin it.”

“Ain’t no difference.”

“Sure there is. Ain’t ya ever heard of Shoeless Joe, the ballplayer?”

“Master of the World, that one!”

“He got shoes. Somewhere. He just don’t wear em on the field. Like our friend here. Dickless Joe.” He reached over and gave Crater a big hug with his left arm. “Much better than Judge *Crate*.”

Crater slumped. “Thanks.”

Paulie patted him on the shoulder. “De nada.” Fat Tony looked back at Paulie and they both laughed hard, even Bugs joining in.

When the hilarity eased, Crater spoke again. “It’s getting late, gentlemen. Or rather early. How long are we going to keep driving?”

“Wouldn’t ya like to know. Relax, Dickless. It’s gonna be a while. You may as well take a powder.”

Bugs added, “Yeah. Take a powder. It takes a couple days to get to Cicero.”

"Hey hey, ya moron! Watch that big mouth of youse!" Fat Tone slapped Bugs, who stared into the distance, his lip protruding again. Tone looked at Crater. "Seems you missed a summons to your lodge and the Worshipful Master wants to know why. Ain't right to do dat."

Outside the window, a sign loomed out of the dark informing them that they were entering Hackensack. The traffic began to back up. A truck blocked their progress. Crater glanced at the truck's side reflection and recognized a picture of a purple mannequin as it passed retail glass windows. On the back of the truck was a company logo that read Purple Retail, Inc.

"Fat Tone, where's your cousin Frankie?"

"Did he come wit us?"

"Yeah, ya moron. He was in front a while ago and now he ain't."

"Maybe he took a breather. We all gotta go, ya know."

"Not when the Boss gives us a job, ya don't. Ain't nothin interferes when we got a job."

"That's right, *amico mio*. Not rain, or sleet, or snow—"

"That's the mail, idiot. We ain't deliverin no mail."

"But what we're deliverin is just as important."

"It ain't more important than the mail. Nothin's more important than the mail. Didn't they teach you nothin at school?"

"I already told ya, I didn't go to school. And the mail ain't neither more important than family."

"No. That's right. Family. Ain't nothin more important than Family."

"Except the Boss."

"Except the Boss."

The traffic slowed and Fat Tone screwed down his window again. "Goddam Hackensack. I knew we'd have trouble here. There's always trouble in Hackensack."

"I don't like it, Tone. We're a long way from Cicero."

Tony paused, one arm ready to give a time-honored one-fingered salute. "You're right, Paulie. This ain't Chartreuse country."

"I know what ya mean, Tone," Bugs spoke up. "The Boss said we gotta watch out for that *other* color which we don't want *nuttin* to do wit."

"Ya got that right, Bugs."

"Oh, there's youse brother, Tone. He's right behind us."

Before Tone could withdraw his arm, the truck in front jammed on its brakes, catching Tony with his head turned. Tony rammed his brake pedal into the floorboard.

Still staring behind, Paulie grabbed his seat and yelled, "And he ain't stoppin!"

The car in back slammed into the Stutz's rear, which shook like a giant had pulled the road out from under. The impact thrust the Stutz into the back of the box truck stalled in front, and the back of the truck sprang open, expelling a stack of purple mannequins mixed with pieces of dismantled furniture—legs and rods landed on the Stutz with a staccato clatter.

Fat Tony and Paulie shot panicked looks at each other.

"It's the Purple Gang!"

"They got a chopper!" yelled Bugs. "Run for it!"

More mannequins spilled noisily from the injured truck, and the Stutz's doors swung open like the starting gate of the Preakness, to release a line of stumbling thoroughbreds who bolted into every dark corner and alleyway that the night mercifully offered, not pausing as the third car of gangsters plowed into the back of the second car.

Cries of "The Purple Gang!" rang through the night, the street soon cleared of thugs in heavy overcoats leaving an armory's collection of guns and knives dropped helter-skelter on the street.

Episode 2

X X X

ADVENTURES OF MAGGIE, THE RADIATED LESBIAN NUN
END BOOK 1



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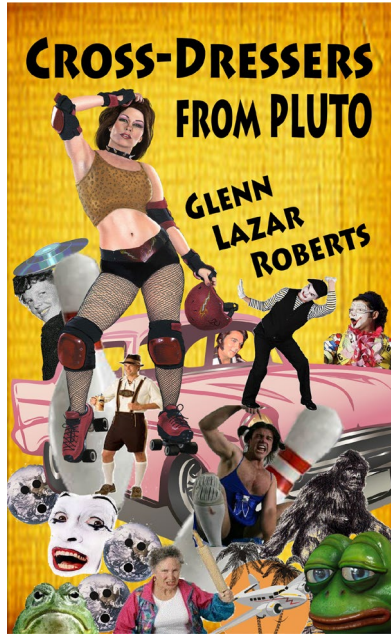
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"CROSS-DRESSERS FROM PLUTO"



Pop the Thunderbird wine and break open the nopalitos, because Maggie the Radiated Lesbian Nun is igniting fires and breaking hearts across the galaxy. Raised in a secret convent in Area 51, young Maggie is caught up in alien plans for global warming in this hilarious satire of political correctness featuring Amelia Earhart, J. Edgar Hoover, Elvis Presley, Jimmy Hoffa, D.B. Cooper, Howard Hughes, and more Evil Mimes than you can shake a stick at—which is highly recommended.

REVIEWS of Cross-Dressers From Pluto

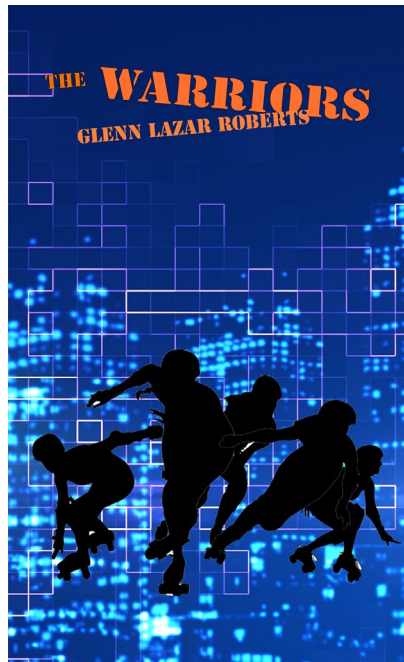
"Nuts!" —*Sirius Reviews*

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!! Don't miss BOOK 3 of Adventures of Maggie, the Radiated Lesbian Nun !!

“THE WARRIORS”



Maggie and her all-girl roller derby gang are framed for murder and pursued by every roller derby gang in Las Angeles in this sci-fi parody of the 1979 cult movie The Warriors. Will the Evil Mimes succeed in their plans for global warming? Can Maggie and her little band of Social Justice Warriors stop them?

*

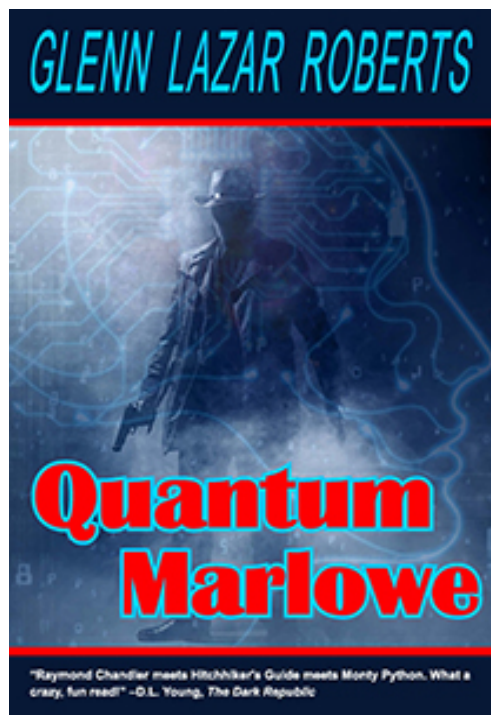
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AND MORE SCI-FI / FANTASY NOVELS

By

Glenn Lazar Roberts

“QUANTUM MARLOWE”



Pete Marlowe, a tiny but tough private detective, is having a bad day. Two mad scientists abducted him, lopped off his pinky finger, and installed a red button that enables him to walk through walls. Now they are blackmailing him to do their bidding. Can “Pinky’s” street smarts survive the scientists’ border-jumping between dimensions? Or is Pete destined to be marooned in a parallel universe? Quantum mechanics meets hard-boiled detective in this classic film noir take-off of the famous novels by Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett.

“I stepped through the wall and the molecules that formed the gypsum and paint on the building that was the pride of Ciudad Juarez again became impenetrable. Outside, I re-attached

my finger. Pinky. I smiled at the nickname. Pinky this, moronista! I told you no jail could hold me. Who the hell fucks over his worst enemy, gives him the keys to the Universe, then fucks him over again? Well, that's their hard luck. *When Pinky gives them the finger, they stay fingered. I'm just that kinda guy.*"

REVIEWS of Quantum Marlowe

"Raymond Chandler meets Hitchhiker's Guide meets Monty Python. What a crazy, fun read!" — D.L. Young, author *The Dark Republic* series.

"Just wow. Quantum Marlowe is a fun romp that mixes the detective genre with science fiction. It brought to mind authors like Terry Pratchett and Douglas Adams. Funny, vivid, and often strange, this book is its own adventure and worth the journey." —jddehart

"Marlowe is fearless, funny, savvy, and brave. Cracking good action mystery...funny, sardonic and fast-paced. Loved every minute!!" —Kelly Watley (5 of 5 stars

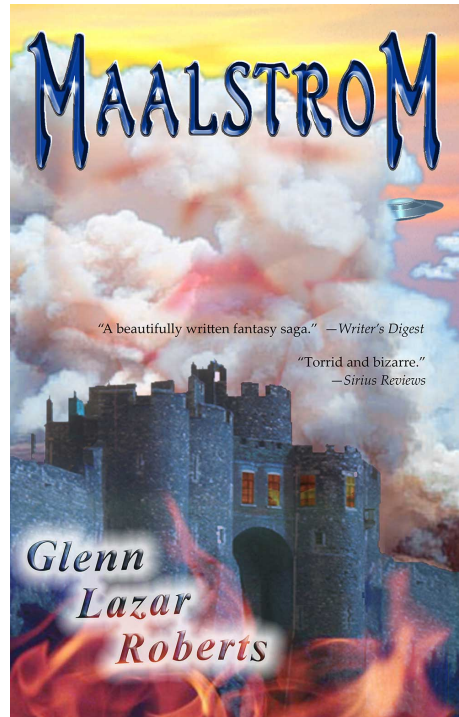
"Quantum Marlowe is a quirky tech noir which features a gritty, fast talking detective, traveling through parallel universes and dimensions to track down a powerful relic. Once he obtains it, Marlowe must outmaneuver a drug-pushing mafia queen, mad-hatter scientists, and a gang of hardened killers, in order to keep it and return it to its rightful place. The clever narrative takes us through a high stakes, high energy quest while introducing intriguing ideas of quantum dynamics... An entertaining joyride that challenged the reader with its complexity and layered nuances." —Felicia Mack Little, author of *Scions of Darkness*

"Glenn Lazar Roberts is one of the finest writers of unconventional prose in contemporary fiction. His wonderfully inventive plots and mastery of the language place him in the company of Calvino, Burges, Gass..." —C. Thorman, author *Holy Orders*

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More of the *JUST PLAIN WEIRD*
From Dark Lotus Books

“MAALSTROM”



Glenn’s first novel, written at the age of 20. Under twin suns on the planet Maalstrom, Flores of the Turlicum struggles to recover his Assembly seat in the ancient city of Ven and is trapped in the dark Temple of Vensa where he falls under the spell of the priestess Amina—the most beautiful gila of the Three Valleys. As the siege of the Vok-tail clans tightens, Flores learns the secret of the mysterious winged malkops that disappear with every corpse, and must decide which to save: Ven or Amina? Bloody heroic fantasy that untangles an interdependence of alien species.

REVIEWS of Maalstrom

“Maalstrom is packed with intrigue, backdoor deals, betrayal, and one heck-of-a fantasy adventure finale. Flores [is] a thinking-man’s-barbarian [in] a classic hero adventure story...a meticulously crafted tale with...an interesting exploration of religion’s impact on culture. If you enjoy...“Game of Thrones”, “John Carter Warlord of Mars”, “Joseph Campbell”, or “Prince of

Persia" you'll enjoy visiting Maalstrom... You may notice that women are strangely out of the picture, but just wait..." —J. Picha

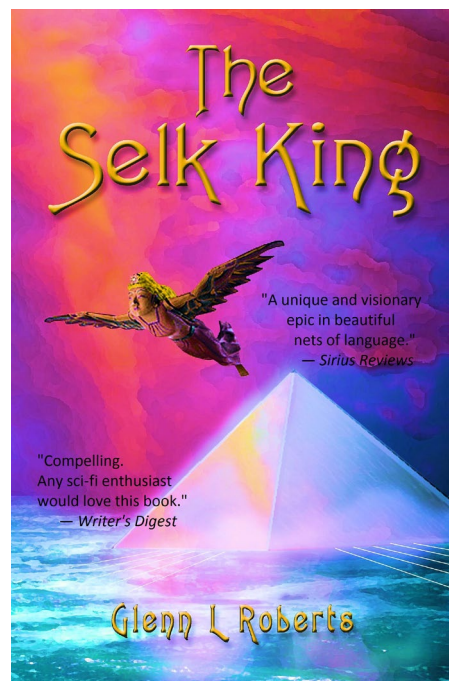
"The suspense and the action never let up. There is always a new twist and a mystery that entices the reader to keep going. Even without all of the intrigue and action, the exotic civilization of Maalstrom is in itself enough to warrant reading just to explore it. This is the kind of book that will keep you up all night reading it." —Mike Kilgore

"In the tradition of Burroughs and Howard, Roberts give us an exciting story that takes place in the city of Ven as Flores, warlord of the Turlicum clan struggles to assume his rightful place. Inventive, absorbs the reader and takes him or her to places never dreamed of." —Roger Paulding, author of *Solomon's Journey*

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"THE SELK KING"



Sequel to Maalstrom. Flores of the Turlicum pursues the beautiful priestess Amina to the Island of the Sun-God, fighting his way across an alien world, further unfolding the mysterious biological relationships that link humanoids, hornets, and the ever silent winged selks who retrieve the bodies of the dead on the planet Maalstrom. At world's end Flores traverses the

many levels of See-Face-of-God and confronts the Author of Chaos at the pinnacle of Ra'Allah, the city in the clouds. Robert E Howard's Conan meets Plato in this unique thinking man's vision of heroic and bloody fantasy. An epic bloody fantasy in the tradition of Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter of Mars & Robert E. Howard's Conan.

REVIEWS of The Selk King

“Compelling. Any sci-fi enthusiast would love this book.” —*Writer’s Digest*

A great sci-fi fantasy story. If you like a sci-fi fantasy story then this is the one for you. The story line was fantastic and intriguing and the characters were developed and interesting. A good read!” —Marilyn Vine, *Vine Voice*

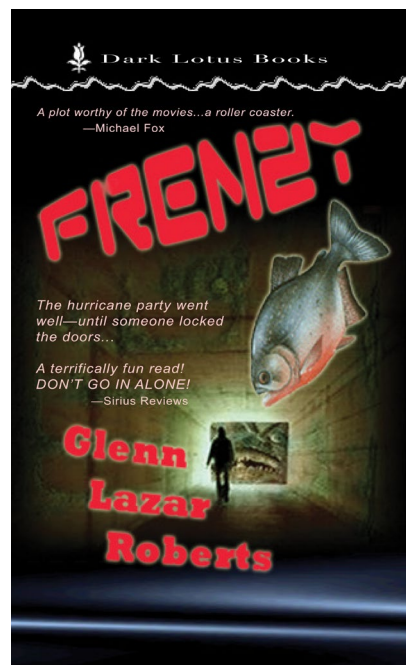
“A complex feat of world-building postulating a bizarre yet philosophically intriguing and enterprising alternative to Evolution...” —Mallory A. Haws, *The Haunted Reading Room Reviews*

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And Horror from the latest Laboratories of Science...

“FRENZY”



The hurricane party went well—until shattered windows forced the party-goers into the Cancer Research Center's basement. Their only escape is through pedestrian tunnels, a labyrinth of neglected spark-lit corridors that are rapidly flooding. Leading others to safety through the maze, pretty biologist Carmen Niles falls into a deadly scheme involving a biker drug gang, psychics, stock fraud, and one-minute piranhas made by experimental computer 'genechips'. A roller-coaster plot that leaves the reader guessing the next twist through the very last page.

REVIEWS of Frenzy

"A terrifically fun read! Glenn Lazar Roberts squeezes a lot of horror, mystery and plain old fun into his new novel, *Frenzy*. Its pages are filled with a host of quirky characters with monikers such as "Wild Bill," "Carm," and "Cracker," and the brisk dialogue and tight plot will keep the reader guessing until the final page. My suggestion? Grab a copy as fast as you can, turn down the lights and read this fast-paced novel. —Jerry Mohrlang, author of *Sarawak* and *Mujahidin*."

"This is a superb novella to pop in on and be thrilled with. Lots of twists and turns, lots of pop back-and-forth banter, and plenty of surprises. It's written as a thriller with a subtle supernatural element mixed in. The author's style makes it an easy read, with a quick paced flow. Several fully developed characters, each with their own unique story thread, lead to a well orchestrated avalanche of pandemonium. For those looking for entertainment, especially some thriller / horror, this is a good choice. Will help the day at the pool or trip on the plane fly right by. Definitely recommended." —Troy F. Tinsman

"A plot worthy of the movies! *FRENZY* by Glenn Lazar Roberts is a perfect example of building tension... Just when you think you have it all figured out, the plot twists again and sends you giddily in a different direction." —Michael Fox, author of *Theater Boy*

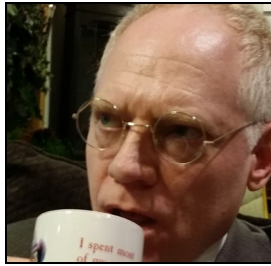
"Glenn Lazar Roberts' fabulist thriller [has] skillfully woven topical issues—cancer research, technology, fraud—through a hair-raising plot. *Frenzy* is a super story. The reader turns pages eagerly right up to the astounding resolution. A must-read." —Carolyn Thorman, author of *Holy Orders*.

In *FRENZY*, Glenn Lazar Roberts takes the ideas of the physicist Stephen Wolfram on cellular automata and pushes them to the limit, weaving a tightly plotted thriller that is perfect for hard-core science fiction buffs." —*Sirius Reviews*

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Glenn Lazar Roberts is an attorney and writer of sci-fi, horror, satire, and adventure fantasy novels. Glenn has taught college, professionally translated Arabic and Russian, hosts a writing critique circle, and has edited the work of many aspiring writers. He credits an eclectic group of famous authors for inspiring him to write, including Jack Vance, Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Mervyn Peake, H.P. Lovecraft, Arthur C. Clarke, and H.G. Wells, among many other Masters of the Art. "I love language. I am perpetually afloat on a sea of script."

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