

Episode 1

The Suburban careened on asphalt, tires spinning air, and slid to a crawl. Rock and dirt exploded and as the tires found traction the car turned and sped onto the cutoff, its twin lanes merging in the darkness ahead. Headlong, the car accelerated. Brights flashed briefly; then stuck on high. The red hand on the backlit arc on the dashboard raced clockwise to eighty miles—ninety—a hundred and ten. The arc flattened. Hills on either side sped past the glass and steel bullet, its wheels exiting earth with every rise.

A pale face, starlight on white, jerked round.

The smudge of pink was still there.

Beads of sweat grew on his forehead and trailed down his temple. The road curved—he jammed his brakes. As it straightened, he gunned the motor again. More hills sprouted till no flatness remained and a grey West Virginia moon limned sharper hills, signaling sudden curves in the road ahead.

Jerking the wheel through a series of short, obscure side roads with unsigned turnoffs behind jagged bluffs, he again glanced behind—surely nothing on wheels could follow. Dips in bright headlights stabbing the darkness said different. The pink smudge was closer.

He mouthed a silent oath and floored the pedal. Flicked drops of sweat mixed with white paint from his blackish-purple lips. His jaw drooped open. He wiped his chin with the back of one hand and glanced down at the smudge of white grease to rub it quickly on his horizontal striped shirt.

A pile of rubble cornered the road against a perpendicular cliff layered with grey and black stratigraphy barely visible in the night. Like a steel-sheathed dinosaur, a bucket-loader arched over the pile, its jaws waiting to snatch the unwary, while behind the carnivore a concrete loading platform burst into the car's headlights, the debris-laden platform ill-lit by a single high-perched halogen lamp. The Suburban careened to a halt. In a spray of grit and dust, an orange and white sign appeared in the dim rays of the lamp: 'Closed for Repairs.' The farther road was blocked by bulky wooden horses. The driver swung the car door wide. Backing onto the platform, he slipped on gravel and stumbled to regain his balance. His white-painted face lifted toward the heavens, his purple lips moving as if in a silent plea while his hands tore a floppy black cap from his head and held it like an icon.

He jerked.

A second car careened to a stop, throwing dust and pebbles over his feet: the smudge became a huge pink Cadillac.

The doors on either side opened. Two men stepped out—calm, deliberate. From riding shotgun emerged a man short and heavy-set, a brickhouse on legs, unsmiling, his ordinary street suit just one obscenity away from being ripped and tossed aside at its owner's whim. On his chest hung a red election button that read "Vote Teamster—Vote Hoffa." His right hand clutched a baseball bat. One stubby finger scratched the side of his nose.

The finger pointed. "You cocksucker!" He stepped forward and gripped the bat with both hands. "We're onto you, you fuckin scab! You can't get away from us now."

From the driver's side stepped a taller man, maroon sunglasses and black shock of tall hair framed by three inches of upright collar, sideburns striving to join chest hair. Ignoring the dust that settled on his white bellbottom pantsuit sprinkled with blue sequins, he thrust his well-tanned finger at the fugitive.

“Uh-huh. We know what you’re up to, thank you very much.” He slammed one fist into his other hand. “You think that’s all she wrote? I’m gonna return you to sender!”

The fugitive stepped back across the platform, glancing nervously around. A yard behind him, the concrete surface plunged over the edge.

The first man growled, “You goddam sonofacocksuckinbitch! You fuckin a-hole! You mother-humpin bastard! I’m gonna pound the ever-livin meat outta you!”

The second removed his sunglasses. “Let’s give it to him, Jimmy! Uh-huh.”

“You said it, Elv. He ain’t gettin away with this shit.”

Jimmy dropped the bat and took off his coat. He threw it on the ground, then pulled off his narrow black tie and tossed it on top. Retrieving the bat, he pointed the business end at the fugitive who stood in the steady light of the single lamp in black trousers with white and black horizontal striped pullover shirt, white greasepaint anointing his face to leave a pointless ring of putrid pale skin as if bulls-eyed by the sucker of a giant squid, black-purplish lips at the center. His pale hands perched the frenchified cap back on his dark dust-littered hair, over small black diamonds tatooed around his eyes.

Elvis dropped his jacket on Jimmy’s and tossed his sunglasses on top. “You think you can get away with this? I hope you like blue suede shoes up your ass, uh-huh, cause in another minute, you pasty-faced creep, you’re gonna be *all* shook up!”

The white-painted figure half-turned and extended his hands to one side while he stared in open-mouthed fear at Jimmy and Elvis. His arms and feet reached to one side and moved, alternating as if climbing an unseen wall. He failed to ascend and a smile settled on his face, accentuated by the clown paint that, together with the lateness of the hour, lent a corpse-like aura to his grin. Pausing, he fixed both feet back on the ground and his brows rose in feigned surprise that no wall was present. He shook in silent mirth.

“That’s enough of that, you hound dog. It won’t work on us.”

Now serious, the figure poised with each elbow up-ended behind him. One hand whipped an invisible pistol from a non-existent gun holster. Silently he fired at his two pursuers.

Elvis and Jimmy glanced worriedly at each other’s chests. Felt with their hands. In relief, they exhaled. Elvis stepped forward with his fists curled.

Suddenly, from behind him, the figure swung round an invisible guitar and strummed the strings. He snapped his hips from side to side. Fixing Elvis’ eyes with his own, he snapped his hips once more to the left, mouth wide open.

Elvis froze. His eyes locked on the mime’s gaze; he too snapped his hips to the left. The figure swiveled his hips to the right. Elvis swiveled his hips to the right. Again shaking with silent mirth, the figure swiveled left, then right, then left—like a puppet, Elvis imitated each swivel. Producing an invisible microphone, the figure shook and sang and strummed the invisible guitar while Elvis jerked in perfect synchronization. As if a microphone rested inches from his face, Elvis suddenly broke out in song, every syllable matching movements of the greasepainted figure’s silent mouth: “You ain’t nothin but a hound dog, howlin all the time. . .”

Jimmy grabbed Elvis and shook him. “No, Elvis!” he growled. “You’ve got to get hold of yourself!” For a moment, Elvis stood stiff as a board and stared into the distance. Then he blinked. He shook his head. Elvis pointed again. “Uh-huh. Your tricks won’t save you now, you greasepaint monkey!”

A mocking look came from the figure. He stepped back as Jimmy lurched forward brandishing the baseball bat. The figure stumbled again. Regaining his balance, he directed a

terrified glance backward over the edge of the concrete platform down to the bottom of a sheer drop where another bright light backlit a pit of recently poured concrete.

“Right where I want you, you goddam mother-fuckin cocksucker!” Jimmy sprang forward, swinging the bat.

His mouth round with fear, the figure clutched Jimmy—both went over the edge.

“Jimmy! No!” called Elvis.

Jimmy landed in the pit, the splash spraying wet concrete all about. In moments he sank from sight as Elvis stared open-mouthed from above.

Elvis stepped back to the middle of the platform, his hands on his cheeks. “Oh no, Jimmy! No!” Looking up he saw the white-painted figure rise over the edge of the platform, leaning casually on one elbow as if riding an elevator. As the invisible elevator reached the platform, he stepped calmly forward and smiled a wide, broad, white grease smile. His gaze redirected behind Elvis as another pair of headlights emerged from the dark mountain road.

Two more cars pulled alongside the pink Cadillac and Suburban and jerked to a halt. Out spilled a dozen more silent figures in white-face, bowler hats and slouching caps perched over corpse-white faces. Two swung invisible sticks and bats. The others brandished invisible knives, mouths round with feigned apprehension as their fingers seemed to touch sharp points. Another swung an unseen chain that clanked as it scraped the concrete. Stepping forward, they surrounded Elvis.

Elvis propped his feet in a karate stance and raised his forearms. “Okay. Which of you bad boys wants some of me fust?”

The first figure paused, hand under chin. Then, smiling, he bent at the waist. In front of Elvis, his hands traced the outline of a square several feet in the air. He straightened again. From a back pocket he snaked out a red and white cloth. He pulled. And pulled. Finally it was clear and with a flourish he snapped it open so that a square, broad, cross-printed red and white tablecloth drifted down. It settled in the air as if supported by something solid though no table was visible.

Looking at Elvis, the paleface rubbed his stomach and licked his lips. He watched as three of the newcomers turned around. For a moment they remained hidden, their hands busy. They turned. They held a dozen orders of double cheeseburgers with fries and malts—with all the fixins. They put the concourse of food on the table and stepped back.

Elvis grew serious. He looked up.

“You *fiends*.”

Another white-painted figure traced in the air an outline of a chair and poised, his eyes inviting Elvis.

Elvis sat. His weight supported as if sitting in a chair as real as any, he grabbed the first burger and downed it in seconds. “Yeah, that was a good un, uh-huh.” His hands closed on the second burger. That too disappeared in time to beat world records. “Thank ya very much—but I gotta stop now.”

The grease-paint leader took the top off the third burger. A bottle of ketchup materialized in his hand and he popped the top and poured it on.

“Please,” said Elvis, “don’t be cruel.” He wolfed it down.

Ketchup and jalapenos drenched the next burger. “Have mercy, Lord. You’re puttin me in heartbreak hotel!”

The first paleface licked his lips again and pushed more burgers forward. He smiled and rubbed his tummy while the other whitefaces stood at attention like waiters, napkins appearing over their forearms.

Elvis leaned back in the invisible chair and groaned. Unable to stop, he grabbed the next burger and drowned it in non-stop malts. “Ya got any salt for those fries?” he wheezed. The grease-paint gang silently rocked with laughter as fries dove down Elvis’ throat like Olympic divers in Baja.

Elvis released a burp, his hands on his bulging stomach. “I’m beggin ya. I cain’t eat no more. Ya gotta love me tender. . .” As if with a mind of their own, his hands reached out and grabbed the final two burgers. Of its own accord, his mouth opened. His hands shoved one in. Before he could finish swallowing, the other followed.

“Mmmmmff!”

Elvis jerked and fell backward. He lay unmoving on the concrete, his eyes staring blankly, the last hamburger stuffed in his mouth. The whiteface leader put his ear to Elvis’ chest and listened. His fingers felt Elvis’ wrist—no pulse. Standing straight he held his sides and rocked back and forth in open-mouthed laughter until finally he calmed and wiped an imaginary tear from his eye. The remaining food and drinks crashed to the floor as the table and chair returned to nothingness.

He pointed to the others. One produced a map showing Tennessee—Purple Lips pointed to a small dot on the map that read “Graceland.” He pointed to the body of Elvis, then to the dot on the map, and swung his hand in the air in the shape of a toilet, instructing where to place the body.

They nodded.

Scooping up Elvis, they carried him to the trunk of the pink Cadillac and placed him inside. The trunk slammed shut. Two entered the Cadillac and drove away while the rest followed in the other cars.

When they had disappeared down the darkened country road, leaving their leader alone on the platform, he glanced once more over the platform’s edge where the body of Jimmy Hoffa lay buried in concrete. No trace of Jimmy could be seen—not even a well-shined dress shoe. Looking skyward at the vast expanse of stars, the mime smiled his biggest smile, his lips twisted with sly evil. Walking to his Suburban, he hopped in, and drove into the night.



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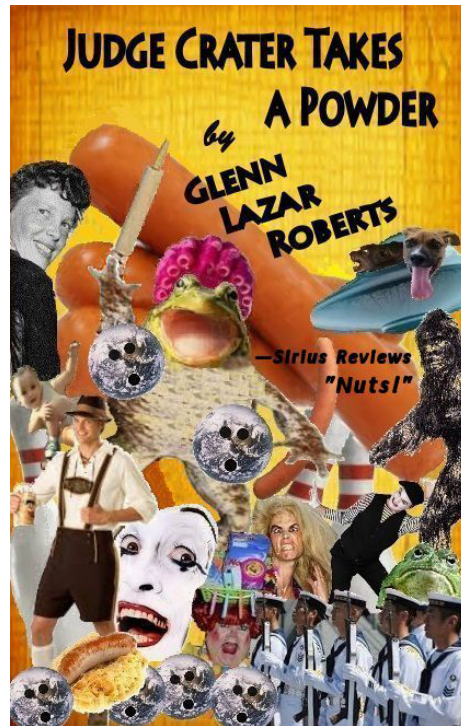
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!! Don't miss BOOK 1 of Adventures of Maggie, the Radiated Lesbian Nun !!

"JUDGE CRATER TAKES A POWDER"



In this hilarious satire, J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, recruits Judge Crater and Amelia Earhart to help uncover a conspiracy of aliens planning to flood the Earth to prepare it for colonization, with cowardly Mafia, recipe-obsessed nuns, space-folding transvestites, incompetent Nazi spies, cow-mutilating aliens, evil mimes, and dueling bible-quoters. Orson Welles tries to warn the public with his Martian broadcast, and future Social Justice Warrior Maggie is born on the planet Bogland. Will snowflakes, marshmallows, and the easily offended find Safe Spaces inside? *Hey!! NO!* Will the reader find lots of laughs? *Hey!! YES!* Political Correctness may never recover from this inspired work of eccentric mania.

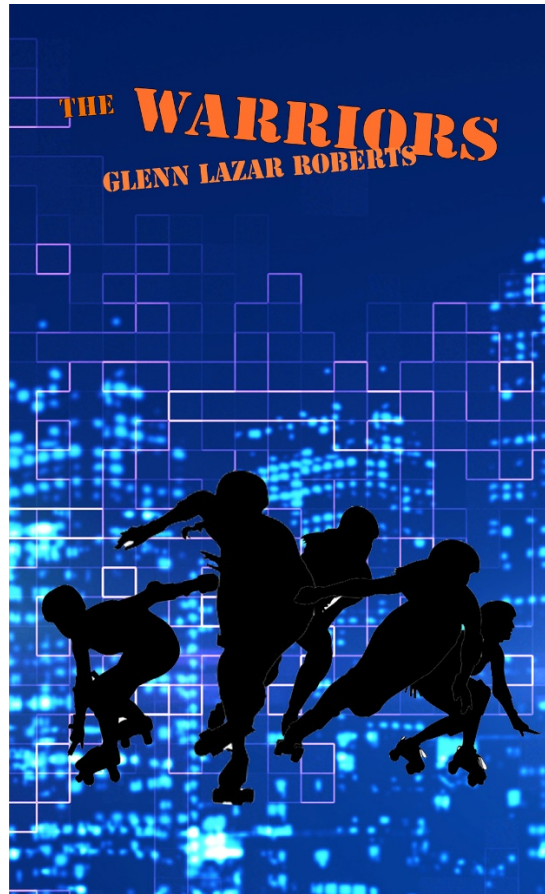
"Nuts!" —Sirius Reviews

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

“THE WARRIORS”

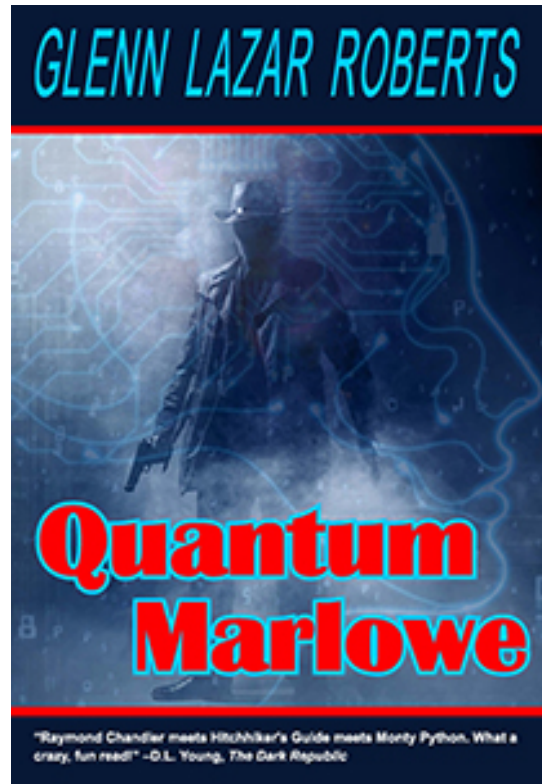


Maggie and her all-girl roller derby gang are framed for murder and pursued by every roller derby gang in Las Angeles in this sci-fi parody of the 1979 cult movie The Warriors. Will the Evil Mimes succeed in their plans for global warming? Can Maggie and her little band of Social Justice Warriors stop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

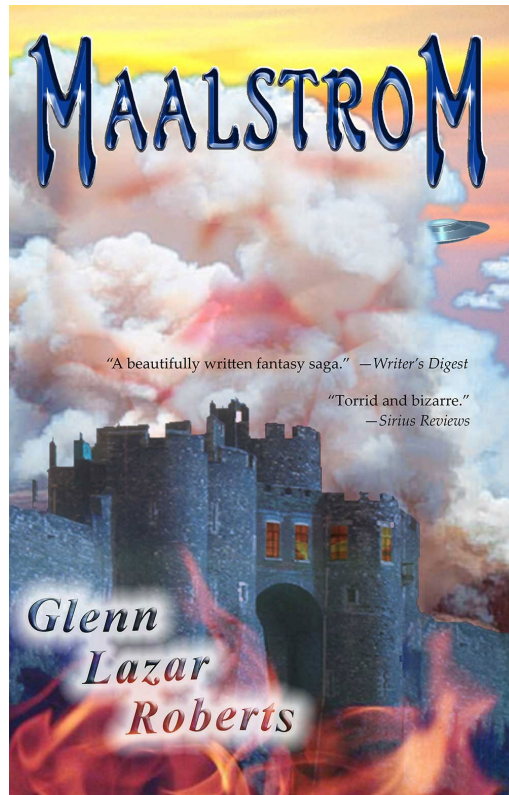
“Glenn Lazar Roberts is one of the finest writers of unconventional prose in contemporary fiction. His wonderfully inventive plots and mastery of the language place him in the company of Calvino, Burges, Gass...” —C. Thorman, author *Holy Orders*

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And

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

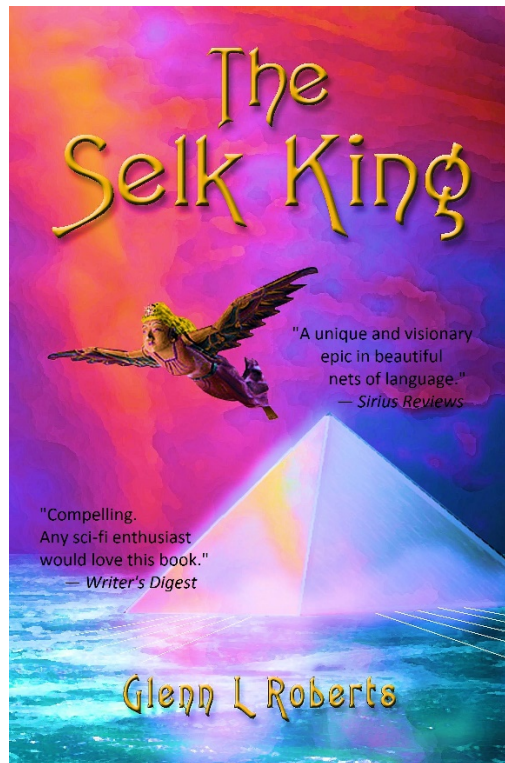
Persia" you'll enjoy visiting Maalstrom... You may notice that women are strangely out of the picture, but just wait..." —J. Picha

"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*

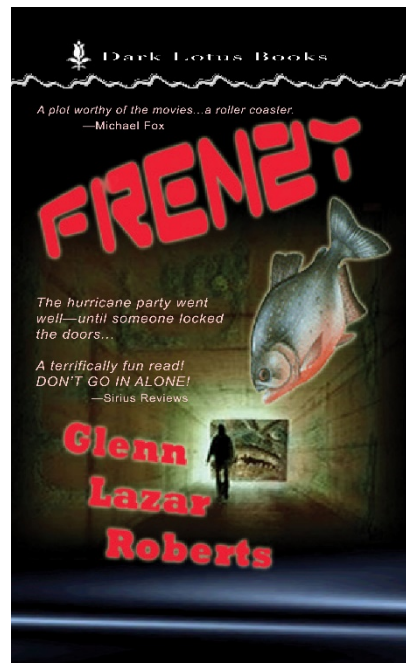
A great sci-fi fantasy story. If you like a sci-fi fantasy story then this is the one for you. The story line was fantastic and intriguing and the characters were developed and interesting. A good read!” —Marilyn Vine, *Vine Voice*

“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*."

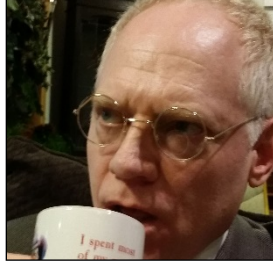
"This is a superb novella to pop in on and be thrilled with. Lots of twists and turns, lots of pop back-and-forth banter, and plenty of surprises. It's written as a thriller with a subtle supernatural element mixed in. The author's style makes it an easy read, with a quick paced flow. Several fully developed 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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