

## The Moons of Mars

The moons of Mars were hot, hovering above the surfaces of Mars, while a lonely warrior came from far. He was tired, searching for a shelter, but he could find none for so long. The moons of Mars were like an oracle floating above his head, waiting to be used. Suddenly a clairvoyant stood before him. She was like a fresh wind in his face. She turned herself towards him, and smiled. 'Where do you come from, stranger?' she asked him. Suddenly he was grasped by tentacles, as in a web. They held him tight. 'Grr... what is this,' he growled. Soon he was between other men in a huge cage. The cage was very dirty, and the men as well. There was slime everywhere.

'Trapped,' someone said. 'Like all the others.' Then it was silent for awhile. The warrior sighed.

They could escape. It seemed like their number had become full. The oracle took them to one of its moons, named Labrador, where men freed from women seemed to live. They were all gay more or less, as there were no women here. Women coming here would die in a second. They could not live in this terrible atmosphere, and for the males that was a protection. They were safe here.

The king of Labrador was a very angry man. He wanted to take revenge, after all what the women did to him and his men. Before they got delivered by the oracle they lived in years of torture. They had gone insane by their pain, and now they were jokers, but still full of anger. They were killer-jokers, the jokers of war.

On the surfaces of Mars the women were whining and weeping, after they had lost their last number of males. 'I can't see anything,' one woman shouted. It was like she had been struck by the oracle. The eyes of the women died that day, they were living in darkness, only surviving by their feelings, by their touch. they became shy in a sense.

The king of Labrador was proud. He knew it was the time for revenge. The oracle had shown him. He went to the surfaces of Mars to enslave all these blind women, to imprison them. He took them to another moon, called Draizes. By certain lights they got their eye sight again, but it was weak, and the males were the stronger race. The ring of moons was completely guarded by gay power, and Mars itself was slowly dying. It was in this age warrior women stood up. They were birthed by snakes, and they got taken care of by big cats. One of these warriors was Satrilia the Master, a princess of Mars. Although she was very strong, stronger than the most of males, she was completely dominated by the gay power. The gays were often grotesque figures, having their shelter on Labrador, as being the guards of the king. Their stomachs were swollen by muscles, and their chests were wide and intimidating. No man would dare to approach these guards.

However Satrilia had won the favour of the oracle, and the oracle more and more moved closer to her, protecting her and leading her, to great disgust of the king of Labrador, who saw her as a threat. She didn't bow for the so-called charms of the gays. It made her feel like she couldn't breath, and there was nothing lovely about it. It was all undep. Everyday she grew stronger and stronger. Her heart was with Santanias, a priest and a prophet. He was hairy, unlike the gays. But he was chained by the gays as well, and led a miserable life in great poverty and paranoia. He was stalked all the time. However he had his hope in Satrilia. She was the lush in the wilderness Mars was.

One day they invaded Labrador to behead the gay king. But still gay power controlled them. It was the wish of the oracle. Although the grotesque of greatness had died, another grotesque took its place : the grotesque of lights. The guards of Labrador ended up in underground dungeons. It was the will of the oracle.