

The Omicron Principle: F-10

Anotha Da-n Produk by Bit-h-As- Hardcore Mutherfu--as-for-Hire Produktion Type Shi-

Chapter One: Slutz on a Mission

Once upon a time in the hard suburbs of Chicago, Edmund and Jason were hanging out over Winter Vacation. This is the story of what happened to two kids who were "all" that.

"I can't believe that teacher, man," Edmund said, expressing his true feelings.

"I would have preferred an F to that C he gave us. I take great offense to that, as do my folks," Jason announced.

"For real. Mine too. And I can also say that a lot of people in the Midwest feel fairly similar."

"Yeah that comic book really got circulated."

"Oh well. What the fu-- are we gonna do for this next project? I just got off of work and I'm not about to waste my time doin' a work of art when all I can hope for is a freakin' C."

"So you wanna do a report like everybody else? A little piece of regurgitated animal dropping thrown together the night before class? I think not."

"That's straight. So what's your topic?"

"Uh. . . I never got back to the teacher about that one."

Yeah, they were hangin' out at Jason's crib truly unaware of the events unfolding in both their destinies. Already shot down twice by unreasonable teachers, would it happen a third time or would they overcome? It seemed bleak. Their next move was to pick a topic. It wasn't hard. Next was the research. They could make it a virtual two birds with one stone because Jason's sister had some stuff to be returned to the library. The shi- was *three years* overdue! So they were on their way to Indian Trails Library chillin' in Jason's maroon 86' Celica.

"I'm rollin' down the street smokin' indo, sippin' on gin and juice!" Jason exclaimed.

"You're laid back!" Edmund added.

"With my mind on my money, and my money on my mind, old friend," Jason replied.

"What the fu-- is that?" Edmund screamed pointing at the horizon.

"A cloud."

"Oh, sorry," the E apologized. "But what's *in* the cloud? It looks like a single light! No, a row of lights! Or maybe even a number of separate lights!"

"Hey, it *is*! I see it too! That *rules*! We just had a close encounter of the first kind. In my car."

"Close encounter of the first kind?" said E Luv, confused.

"Yeah, ya know. An encounter of the first kind is the type of alien encounter where visual contact is made. Usually with some sort of vehicle or spacecraft. Don't you ever watch Hard Copy or Jerry Springer?" explained Jason.

"Aliens? Oh yeah, yeah, *yeah!* Now I remember! And a close encounter of the second kind is one where physical evidence is left behind from the alien craft. I know all that from when Erica and I were---" Edmund was interrupted as Jason veered the Celica off the road and into the gutter.

"Ahhhhhh!!!" the two screamed as the car jetted forward into the black unknown.

"Wait look! Alien debris!" Edmund was barely able to blurt out. The car came to an abrupt halt, slamming into an immense alien spacecraft that the two were unable to see. The driver and passenger side airbags inflated, serving their purpose. Edmund was the first to regain consciousness.

"This must be a close encounter of the third kind," Edmund said as he crawled out of the burning wreckage.

"Not yet." said Jason, also pulling himself free. "It won't be a close encounter of the third kind until we make contact with the beings themselves. Not some bucket of bolts they travel in," said J glancing at his torn Celica.

Suddenly the two noticed movement from the belly of the craft. A hatch blew out steam as it de-pressurized. It's opening proved the aliens must also have the advanced

technology of hydraulics and forward suspension as do we Terrans. From the ramp emerged a single form which was blurred by the blinding light from inside the vessel. It was a small humanoid form, maybe three feet tall, and it was approaching Edmund.

Edmund was astonished to say the least, "Oh my God. Sweet Baby Jesus."

The alien leader spoke in a low and somber voice, "I am Gazoo, and I'm Jewish."

"E, what's going on? Who's homeboy over here?" Jason called out.

"Shut up dumb-dumbs, I had to put up with Fred and Barney's bullshi-, I don't have to put up with yours." the alien pointed fiercely at Jason, who recoiled in terror.

The alien stood prominent, short, bald, and white with a slit for a mouth. Another Rush Limbaugh punk, perhaps. But upon closer examination, one would note its disproportionately large head, much like a fetus', and its probing black eyes. Its eyes were practically one third of its face, Edmund noted. Although some alien reports have these little guys wearing tight form fitting suits, this one was completely naked. He wasn't that little.

"Are you the one who chilled on the Flintstones?" Edmund asked.

"No, I am his son, Omicron Gazoo." was the curt reply.

From then on, he said nothing. He appeared disinterested. He was a real jerk.

"Let's jet, he's a punk," Jason said nervously.

Suddenly, the alien muttered some alien jive and three other of his homies came out from the still steaming hatch and grabbed Edmund. These had clothes on; the perverted alien leader must have had a fetish.

"Ah yeah I'm goin' for a ride. You guys seen the Robinsons and the Jupiter 2 lately?" Edmund asked while being carted up the ramp and into the belly of the ship.

"Yeah, we passed right by them on the way to Alpha Centauri," one of the aliens carrying him answered.

"How are Judy and Don doin'?"

"They've got a kid now. Oh, and Will transferred to Babylon 5. I think he's a Membari now."

"For real?"

"I shi- you not." The hydraulic controlled door closed with the utmost ease with which it had opened.

"Edmund!" Jason stepped forward in an attempt to help his kidnapped friend. He stopped and turned. "Celica transform!" he added as an afterthought.

At the sound of Jason's verbal command the positronic brain inside the Celica jumped to life. The engine started (it had stalled when they crashed prior) and the headlights flipped up.

To a common observer the nine year old Toyota would appear to be quite normal. Few people knew of its secrets. The little car was packed with every bit of technology the C.I.A. had access to (thank to Jason's friend Agent Sims) and some even the C.I.A. couldn't get their hands on. It took 5 trillion joules (supplied by an internal fusion reactor under the driver's seat) to just keep the thing running. In robot form it was quite a force to be reckoned with.

The rear of the car detached in two and the rear fenders folded out and under. The hood of the car folded back and up forming the chest of the mighty robot. The front fenders of the car folded out and became its arms. Hands appeared.

While watching this transformation, Jason thought how smart he was to have the Celica transform with him still outside. He recalled the time he had given the order to transform while he was still inside the car. He had walked away from that experience with three broken ribs, a sprained ankle, a bruised pelvis, and a bad taste in his mouth. He grimaced as the thought left his mind.

What was once the car's sunroof came up to protect its back and snapped into place. Lastly, a head unfolded from a hidden crevice. Jason smiled. The robot stood up and sparkled in the sunlight, its bulletproof, shockproof metal exo-skeleton protecting it from harm. It bore the proud symbol of the Autobots on its chestplate. Self aware, the massive robot's head looked around awaiting its orders. It did not speak.

"We're goin' on a little alien hunt, Celica" Jason said as he hopped into the robot's belly and rolled down the window. His curly hair blew in the breeze.

Chapter Two: Back on Yo As-

The '86 Celica was formidable as it blasted off and followed the huge craft up into the heavens. As he had the autopilot computer lock onto the target and follow it at a safe distance, Jason realized where he had heard the ship described before. The Paupa sighting of 1959. New Guinea residents described something much like what he was looking at now. Nondescript gray. Solid and Circular. Wide base and narrower upper deck. It had legs and also portholes. Most people accepted this as the common definition of a U.F.O.

As he looked more closely at one of the portholes he thought he saw something. "Celica," Jason commanded "Grid section 4-D. Enhance and magnify." The porthole enlarged and became fuzzy, but became clear again as the computer enhanced the image. It was Edmund, his face pressed up against the porthole. He was saying something but Jason was no lip reader. "Celica, read Edmund's lips," Jason said, hoping.

"Please state parameters," appeared on the screen.

"Do it!" yelled Jason. One by one, syllable by syllable, Edmund's message appeared on the screen.

"Mo"

"th

"er"

"--"

"Fu" A sharp change in course drew Jason's attention back to the alien ship, flying high above Buffalo Grove. Jason had the chance to blow it out of the sky as the spaceship flew in a straight line, but all of the freakin' smog affected his shot selection. The Celica compensated for the smog but it was too late. The chance was gone. Jason's trust was with the Celica though, as it screamed through the atmosphere. After all, it was more than met the eye. It was a Robot in disguise. It waged its battle to destroy the evil forces of the Decepticons. But this time it wasn't the Decepticons it was after. Galvatron at least had respect for the Terrans. That little three foot tall alien had gone too far! But Jason would need more than a transforming car to fight this battle. The Nebulan Science Forces and Ripley were all dead. Come to think of it, Ripley lost her life to those alien scum. Spiderman had done enough on the alien front. Carnage does not rule in Jason's town. No more symbiotes! This job called for a special type of hero. Edmund was in the C. I. A., a lot of good that did any of us now. Jason sighed and realized this was his battle and he must fight it alone. Now let's kick some outer space as-.

Chapter Three: A Real American Hero

G.I. Joe headquarters was quiet today. It seemed to be quiet everyday ever since Serpenter got turned into an iguana. Lieutenant Falcon sat at the computer drooling on the keyboard. A radar scope sat before his eyes.

"Blip. Blip. Blip." Falcon's eyes flicked up and looked intently at the module. A flashing blip appeared on the radar screen. It may have even been a row of blips or even a number of separate blips.

"Yo Duke! Come over here for a minute! Look at this!" He yelled. Duke approached slowly.

"What is it Falcon? This better be good. I'm sick of your sh-- little brother! You sit there like a slob and do nothing!"

"I aced every one of the academy's tests!"

"Shut up! Gimme what you got Falcon!"

"I've got some unidentified blips on the monitor here. Look." Falcon said and pointed at the screen. Another blip appeared following close behind the others. "These blips have to fit into one of four categories. Either--"

"I know, you slob!" Duke interrupted, "One. Surface and airborne targets below the line of sight which are brought into view by anomalous propagation. Two. Either insects or birds. Three. Direct backscatter from sharp gradients or fluctuations in the index of refraction in the clean air. And four."

"Unidentified Flying Objects. U.F.O.'s" The two Joe's turned around surprised. It was Doctor Mindbender. When Cobra was defeated many of the Cobra officers that were higher up in their hierarchy were out of jobs. Numerous ones joined G.I. Joe in hopes of feeling wanted again. Doctor Mindbender was one of them, and now he is one of G.I. Joe's premiere scientific minds. One exception to this is Zartan whose current whereabouts are unknown.

Mindbender paced back and forth for a moment while the thought registered mentally in the other Joes.

Duke was not very optimistic. "Now don't jump to conclusions my three-eyed friend. You didn't even create Serpentor. Globulus put the bug in your head. Besides, you haven't seen the data yet."

"Fu--in' Cobras, Cobra's a bunch of weird freaks," General Hawk muttered.

"What do you think Snake Eyes?" Falcon asked. "Oh yeah I forgot *you can't talk!*" They all enjoyed a good laugh.

Chapter Twenty-Six: Punks Jump Up to Get Beat Down

Jason flicked on the heat and rolled up the windows. It was kinda cold up nearing the upper atmosphere.

"Open hailing frequencies Celica," he ordered, briskly rubbing his hands together.

"What do you want Terran?!" An alien came back over the Celica's speakers.

A sinister smirk came across Jason's lips. He couldn't get to the spaceship. Even the Celica couldn't leave the Earth's atmosphere. But that ship *could* come to him! "Aye your mother fu--ed a Klingon!"

"What did you say about my mother, Terran?"

Jason answered, "Who me? I didn't say anything about the ho."

"You're *dead* Terran! My mother never had such affairs."

"Yeah, cause that mutt beat them to the window." Jason's hands tightened on the flight stick and it's trigger.

"Terran, you're canceled!"

The saucer shot back into the atmosphere like a silver bullet through a werewolf toward the Celica. Jason pulled the trigger and shot it once with the Celica's Uranium P-38 Space Modulator and it dropped to the ground like a rock.

Jason smiled.

Chapter Four Point Three: What's Wrong with the Freakin' Chapters?

Edmund entered a weird looking laboratory with all sorts of computer equipment and stuff the like. The ship was dark, yet there was still sufficient light for viewing purposes. He saw the alien who called himself Omicron Gazoo standing in front of him. This time he was clothed. "From here on, Terran," he began, "I will talk to you..."

"TELEPATHICALLY!" The word rang throughout Edmund's head.

"Huh?" The E was all groggy from the night's events. How would he explain this one to his parents?

"SILENCE!" The alien leader's voice rang throughout his head like a bat out of hell. E Luv fell to his knees.

The three aliens that had been escorting him decided to show him what it was all about. They led him down a plain hallway with smooth walls and into another room. There

was no door. It was equally as dark as the entrance with one bright light in the center of the room. One minute, another minute wasted as Edmund's stunned eyes adjusted to the light. He had to keep alert.

The bright light was suspended by a mechanical arm and was directed towards a flat table. Everything around the room seemed to be made of stainless steel or something similar. There was something on the table; Edmund couldn't make it out. It stirred and a head rose. It was SETH!

"Edmund, is that you? Edmund, HELP ME! Get them off me. They're cutting me!"

"Fu--," Edmund muttered. It was another loose end to be covered. Not only would he have to keep himself more than docile in order to assist Jason the little that he could, but now, he had to save Seth.

It was then that Edmund noticed that four beings were leaning over Seth's limp body. Some sort of fizzle sound was made. As he rushed up to Seth's side and brushed one of the alien "doctors" out of the way Edmund saw something that chilled him to the bone. The fizzle sound was emanating from a small metal "prober" that resembled a dentist's tool. The aliens were cutting into Seth's leg and peeling back the skin to expose pure muscle and bone. Edmund took a step back as Seth groaned, and laid his head back down, unconscious.

"IT'S NECESSARY, YOU KNOW," Edmund recoiled in pain and fell to the floor. Did that Alien have to think so *loud*?!

"Why?" Edmund inquired while stumbling back to his feet (not to say that his mind wanted to know). He turned to face his new nemesis. "And think quieter this time," he ordered.

The alien leader began, "Human beings think that that's it. But there is so much else here. There's so much life, yet human beings want death. You're choosing destruction, and they keep choosing it over life, over connection, over creation. This is hell here. Everyone has tried to explain that to you. They've tried to tell you that this place needs to turn around. Human beings keep tripping over themselves."

Edmund tried to act interested. The evil alien influence was setting in. He felt the butt of his Beretta 93-R, safely hidden in its holster, for reassurance.

"We can't come straight on, " the alien commander continued, "We just can't come straight on like this. I'm trying to do what I need to help you, but I'm under attack."

"So it seems," said Edmund. He drew his piece and fired. The small alien's fragile head exploded into a mess of green mush, and his body collapsed on the floor. Before Edmund could react four other aliens, these not so fragile, were on top of him. As he felt himself weighed down by the punks, a deafening crash shook the floor. The gravity modulators tried desperately to compensate for the falling sensation but Edmund knew Jason had finally come.

Chapter 27: I Robot

The alien craft fell like a rock. "I hope Edmund wasn't still in there," Jason thought as it reached terminal velocity. The transformed Celica followed it down easily. The ship dug a huge crater in Buffalo Grove as it landed with a thud.

"Celica! Open that thing up! We've got to find Edmund!" Jason yelled, ignorant to the fact that the falling vehicle had left hundreds dead upon landing. They were simply crushed.

The Celica ripped open the alien can easily enough revealing long labyrinths and hidden corridors inside. Jason caught a glimpse of Edmund as numerous aliens scattered for cover. "So, the aliens didn't know that humans had borrowed Robototechnology so easily from the Zendraedi. Their loss," he thought, directing the Celica's hands to retrieve his friend. He didn't even notice Seth.

Chapter 28: Sef? Whaz up?

"Seth's down there! We've got to save him!" Edmund yelled at Jason once safely inside the Celica.

"Seth?" was the confused response.

"Yeah, Seth! He's hooked up to some prober in that room I was in. They've cut him!"

"Hold on," Jason said and maneuvered the hands of the robot inside the tiny room. Once retrieved, Seth was placed bleeding into the back seat. Edmund and Jason both sighed.

Then they noticed that the falling saucer had taken out half of Buffalo Grove High School. Open mouthed they stared in awe at the smoldering building. A door of the science wing opened and out stumbled a few teachers. Among them, the teacher who had given the pair a C on a previous project. A grade far too low.

"Celica!" Edmund screamed deliriously, "See that teacher down there? The one with the black hair? KILL HIM!"

"Celica, obey that last order," Jason said quickly, before the Celica could even register Edmund's command.

The three laws of robotics were built into the Celica just like any robot. And although it did not look like a robot when in car form, it still had a positronic brain, and that was all that mattered. After all, computer plus machine equals robot. That's all it takes.

Jason glared at Edmund. He knew that the first law of robotics stated: "A robot may not injure a human being, or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.". This was true for *any* robot. But the second law (stating: "A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings except when that order conflicts with the first law,") was given special emphasis in the positronic brain of the Celica. It needed to follow Jason's orders without question, possibly in cases of emergency. Sometimes, if the order to kill sounded urgent enough, the second law would outweigh the first law, but only under EXTREME circumstances. On some occasions, if the circumstances weren't extreme enough, the robot's positronic brain would fry its own circuits trying to decide which law it should follow. This was called "robblock", and it didn't happen often, but Jason didn't want to take the chance. The teacher walked dumbly away. The robot did nothing.

Chapter 29: Rage, Rock on with your Bad Self

"What do we do now?" Edmund asked, breaking the silence.

"We've gotta find some police," Jason replied.

"In BG? Shi-! Only if you broke your arm, or you're black.

"Uh, can we find some paramedics?" Seth mumbled from the back seat.

"Eh?" said Edmund, momentarily forgetting Seth was there. Jason looked back at the cut, bloody mess that was Seth.

"Yeah, let's do that. He's messing up my car seats."

At the B.G. Police Station, our three heroes approached Officer Friendly on a mission of dire circumstances.

"You tell him." Edmund was not a fool.

"No, you tell him." Nor was Jason a fool.

"Oh, alright, I'll lead the fu--ing discussion!" Seth was going into shock.

"How can I help you fine students tonight?" said the cop, bursting with friendliness, "You know it's way past curfew. Haven't I seen you in here before for some prior offense?" he gestured towards Jason. "Lee Jasons I think it was, right?"

"Have you seen Murphy or Madigan around lately? We need their help," Edmund interrupted.

"No, they're not in right now. How can I assist you?" the cop responded, smiling.

Jason began, "Well if you haven't noticed by now, a UFO has just crashed into Buffalo Grove High School."

"Sure boys. Then it would've been identified by now, wouldn't it?"

"Dammit, listen!" Edmund ordered.

"Aye, just relax punk. Don't get snappy with me, you testy maniac! I've dealt with your kind before."

"Oh now he's racist. So it's like that now, huh?" Edmund replied.

"What's wrong with your friend over there?" Friendly said, pointing at Edmund, "You fellas wouldn't be driving under the influence, now would ya?"

Jason lost his patience, "Do I have to be Ice-T before you will listen to me? Seth and Edmund were abducted by aliens!"

Officer Friendly thought for a moment. "How is that possible? Whenever someone is abducted, they should only be able to remember faint images of what occurred. You're giving me more than vivid imagery of the entire scenario -- more than anyone has ever given before. Go home."

"No," said Edmund, "NO! Why don't you suburban 5-O's earn your money for a change?" During Edmund's agitation, his Beretta 93-R slipped out of the holster and fell out on the floor.

"Don't talk about our country's fine law enforcement like that!" Seth said while drooling blood.

"Shut up Seth!"

The officer glanced down at Edmund's gun. "Tighten your holster and that won't happen son," he said picking the gun up and turning it over in his hand. "Here's another tip: Keep your safety off so you can draw and fire quicker." He clicked off the safety and handed the gun back to an astonished Edmund. "And a good place to keep a spare clip is in your glove compartment."

"Straight," said Edmund.

Seth fell to the floor in critical condition. Too bad they wouldn't make it to a hospital to let the monitors tell them that.

"I have a theory about that memory loss stuff, Officer Friendly," Edmund explained. "I think the aliens take you aboard fully conscious and then blank your memory during the experiments."

"Sure Leroy, and I'm a Saturnian that saw a 500 year old beautiful Venusian who befriended me when I was a child. I used *that* as an excuse to leave my wife." The strange thing about the cop's story was that it was all true, although it strangely mirrored a case from 1921. "I think you kids had better leave before there's trouble," threatened the cop.

"Let's get out of here," suggested Jason, "That motherfu--er's really weird."

"Ah, what's on the radio?" Officer Friendly asked rhetorically as he flicked on the knob.

"They're everywhere..." the voice on the radio buzzed, *"There's a woman... Dying in the street... Why doesn't somebody help her? My God, what has come of humanity... Saucers... They keep blasting at unarmed citizens... There's no remorse, none at all... I'll keep broadcasting... As long as I can but the aliens... The aliens are coming closer... Oh so close. I can smell them..."* Officer Friendly flicked off the radio with a disgusted face.

"More H.G. Wells alien nonsense."

Edmund and Jason, dragging an unconscious Seth behind them, left the police station to see a completely desecrated Earth. The land was barren, straight out of a movie like Terminator, X-Men, or Cyborg. Gray, smoking rubble and corpses was all that could be seen for miles. A sharp whirring sound directed their attention to the sky above where they saw hundreds of alien ships soaring off, past the clouds. Maybe there was something to H.G. Wells after all.

Chapter 30: Who Taught the Teachers?

Edmund and Jason walked through the horror that was Earth in disgust. Seth crawled behind them, spitting blood.

"I can't believe that teacher. Some kids commit suicide after receiving such an outrageous grade." Edmund complained, ignoring the surrounding carnage. Jason looked ahead. Over the ridge of smoking debris in front of the three he caught a glimpse of a moving

body. Someone *else* was alive! As they quickened their pace they recognized the figure. It was junior Tim Lapetino! His body, broken and bloody, crawled toward them. He was missing both legs and was delirious from blood loss.

"The aliens," he cried.

"Tim! What did they do to you?" Jason looked away in disgust. Tim was a sorry sight at their feet. Even Edmund had to briefly turn away for a moment, and he was in the C.I.A.

"I was abducted by aliens, the fourth kind of encounter," he spat up blood pelting Jason in the knee.

"Ooh shi-! That was sick!" Jason said as he jumped back in fear.

"So was my ordeal," Tim admitted, spitting. "They took me inside their mothership, dark and cold."

"Hmm, just like today," Edmund turned a full 360 to survey their surroundings. The only building standing was the police station behind them. Why?

"At first," Tim said, "it was very dark... So dark..."

"Hey. It's OK," said Jason, putting a reassuring hand on his bleeding friend's shoulder. Tim, repressing a sob, continued,

"It was dark, at first, and I was... Disoriented. Then a glaring bright light shone down on me. I was strapped down to a cold table, and there were... There were aliens all around me, looking down on me." Edmund and Jason looked at each other. This was getting scary. "I realized I had no clothes on and I felt them do something to Stanley."

"Stanley?" asked Jason.

"Yeah. You know," Tim replied, looking down.

"Oh."

"They placed a sort of suction device over Stanley. It... It kept stimulating him and he couldn't... Couldn't shake the erection. He kept ejaculating over, and over... It hurt!" he cried. Tim just sobbed. Edmund began,

"Yeah, I've heard of this before. Those alien bastards do the same thing to a woman. Well, sort-of. The female's eggs are extracted and combined with the sperm (God knows why they need so much!)," Edmund shuddered. "Then the ensuing zygote is placed back in the woman's womb."

"Ew," said Jason. Tim was crying, and Seth was dying.

"Yeah," Edmund continued, "Sometimes the unlucky woman is encountered again. The aliens take out the fetus and probably perform sick tests on it. Poor thing. People have seen faint images of their baby in alien hands."

Edmund and Jason were confused. They did not know how to repartee the situation. Seth's leg was ripped apart and he was in shock (if not dead). Tim was missing both legs and was delirious from blood loss. At least that one teacher would never down-grade another student again, for he perished in the final alien attack.

Thoroughly scared and tired, Edmund and Jason, two fifths of the last human beings left, sat down and cried.

Abduction: Human Encounters With Aliens
John E. Mack, MD.

The Omega Project
Kenneth Ring, Ph.D.

Robot Visions
Issac Asimov

U.F.O.'s: The Greatest Mystery
Hilary Evans

UFO's: A Scientific Debate
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