

## Chapter 1: The Briefing

The pink feline tapped her claws nervously against the brown marble lip of her chair, taking a deep breath. She took a glance through her surroundings cautiously: a cold, empty, white hallway with only the faint echoes of footsteps and the occasional indistinguishable murmurs from someone far away. Bridgette wasn't usually nervous but something really had her nerves on the shakes.. was it the tone in the voice of her superior when he called for her to visit? *Is my work not good enough*, she thought to herself? The endless possibilities loomed inside her mind, almost driving her crazy and making her anxious to the point where her vision was beginning to fog up with negativity. Taking another deep breath, she closed her eyes and tried to relax, which seemed so much easier said than done. "Lieutenant!" a gruff voice shouted from behind the oak door to her right. "Come

on in here."

Bridgette's eyes shot open instantly, wide and filled with horror, as she began to feel panic pulsating throughout her body. Forcing out another deep breath, she slowly rose from her seat and straightened the black Army hat with gold trim up upon her head then quickly dusted off the front of her matching uniform, consisting of a velvet suit jacket and finishing off with a matching mini skirt. She slowly creaked the door open and peered inside, trying hard to disguise the fear in her eyes. She felt like she wanted to vomit right then and there. "I'm here as you called, sir.." she responded timidly.

A giant black spider with decorative, gleaming medals on his upper left chest looked up from a massive wooden desk with red, slightly bulging eyes. "Sit down." he commanded as he motioned one of his many hands at the basic looking office chair in front of his desk. Bridgette gulped nervously as she sat down, making as steady eye contact as she could followed by a half confident salute. The spider saluted back.

"I have a mission prepared for you," he said sternly as he kept his eyes locked onto hers. "I didn't want to risk being

tapped so that's why I asked you to be here."

Yep, we're tapped here on good ole Paviliton. Nobody ever calls this planet "good", particularly after they see the mess we got. There's two types of folks here mostly.. sleazeball hackers controlling the phone lines and a delusional Army, or as we're formally called, the Intergalactic Space Patrol of Paviliton. Take a guess who's the head of this delusional organization.

Bridgette gave a faint nod in agreement as the door was heard opening behind her, two figures stepping through donned in Army attire from head to toe, a rather tall, slender golden eagle and a pudgy wolverine.

"As per usual with all missions," the massively built black spider continued, "we will have two documented witness officers to cover up our tracks in case something doesn't go as planned.."

Those two officers? Major Hawkins and Colonel Sanders. Not to sound judgmental, but Sanders, despite being what some refer to as a "stinky wolverine", is the most normal of the pair. Naive and a bit of a slob, but he's a hell of a lot better than Hawkins. The golden eagle who thinks he's truly made

of gold, but he's hardly worth that to Spindler. It's hard to determine where Spindler's derriere ends and Hawkins neck begins.

So who is Spindler, you ask? The head of the ISP, the conductor of the almighty hallucination train itself. If you don't believe he's whacked out of his skull, you're about to see it or depending on your case, hear it.

"What exactly is this mission?" Bridgette asked, almost afraid to know the answer. Spindler clasped his multiple hands together, giving both Sanders and Hawkins a quick glance before setting his eyes back on Bridgette. "We're very low on human meat, Lieutenant.." he responded as he gave Sanders a glare, who was munching on a KFC style bucket of fried human feet. "Thanks largely to lard butt, I'm sure."

Sanders let the food he was cramming in his gaping pie-hole fall out of it and to the ground as his mouth quickly turned into a shocked expression, the shot taken at him almost instantly forcing him to tears.

Spindler showed absolutely no remorse and Hawkins didn't even flinch, but nobody dares stand up to Spindler. It's his way or no way at all. Anybody who

confronts him is "dead in the water" and clutched in the "hands of death", but more on that later.

Bridgette was the only one who felt bad for Sanders, but like mentioned there was nothing she could do around Spindler, or behind his back for that matter. Sure, Sanders wasn't the smartest guy on the planet, but he had feelings just like anybody else.

A moment of awkward silence passed as Spindler ended it with a casual shrug.

"Anyways, I've chosen you Lieutenant, to go to Earth and grab us a batch of earth beings.. to hold us off starvation until I can put a more elaborate plan together."

Bridgette wanted to refuse deep down in her heart but she had no choice but to go through with her superior's commands.

"Yes sir," she responded half solemnly, "when am I bound to depart for planet Earth?"

"Immediately." Spindler replied without missing a beat. A small sick grin flashed upon his face, but disappeared just as quickly as it came out, returning to a more serious expression. "You know what's expected, don't you Lieutenant?"

Bridgette nodded slowly in agreement.

"Yes, sir. Nothing less of what you ask for.." she responded softly.

Spindler nodded in return as Hawkins looked on over Bridgette's left shoulder with Sanders still trying to get his emotions under control on her right. "And the ultimate price if I bring you the lesser."

Hawkins nodded with the same grin on his face. "Good luck, Lieutenant Bridgette. Not that you'll need it of course!"

Bridgette wanted to turn around and let off a snarky remark but she knew better for her sake.

"Also," Spindler chimed in, "one more thing, Lieutenant Bridgette?"

Bridgette was more than excited to get up from her chair and leave the filthy office, but she kept herself seated. "Yes, General Spindler?"

"I expect them to come back alive," he responded as a sly smile formed. "You know I like to have a hands-on experience with my prizes.."

Hawkins let off a snicker as Bridgette gave Spindler a quick salute and nod as she rose from her seat even quicker. "Of course, General," she said as she took a step back from him and towards the door. "We ALL know that." Flashing a brief grin, she forced herself around Hawkins and walked out, closing the door shut

behind her.

Spindler and Hawkins looked to each other in disbelief and shock. Spindler's disbelief turned into a scowl as he growled aloud. "What the hell was that supposed to mean?!"

Hawkins and a now seemingly gathered Sanders both shrugged. "I have no idea.." the golden eagle responded.

"You two," Spindler demanded, "go after her and find out what she's up to."

Hawkins and Sanders gave Spindler a firm salute as the golden eagle made an advancement towards the door.

"But give her 72 hours."

Hawkins turned to Spindler with a wing firmly grasped on the brass plated door knob, a confused expression on his face.

"72 hours, General Spindler?"

"Yes, Major," he responded with a sick grin. "I don't want her to suspect a thing!"

"Brilliant idea, sir!" Hawkins proclaimed with glee. Sanders nodded in agreement with his face once again stuffed full of fried feet. With nothing more to say, both of them proceeded to exit through the door, closing it securely behind them and leaving Spindler's office.

## Chapter 2: Second Thoughts

Bridgette was more than relieved to get out of Spindler's office. She compared it to being up to her neck in a tub full of maggots. The nauseated feeling that accompanied her as she was in the office never left her and it took twenty minutes of sitting in her office, rocking herself back and forth with her head tucked in her chest to get the sickness to subside. Once she felt ready to continue functioning, Bridgette packed her bags with only what she needed. Makeup, hair bows, rations and the like, she had to sucker the gullible humans in so she needed to be at her most innocent. Taking the long trip up to her ship in the bay, she stood there at the side entrance of it and took a deep breath. Her stomach beginning to flop around and tie itself in knots, she wasn't as ready for this as originally thought. Bridgette took all her strength, or at least she tried to convince herself she had it, and made her way back towards Spindler's office, bags in



tow, but ran out of "courage" approaching his door. Perhaps she couldn't find her courage to stand up to Spindler but what she did find was Sanders, leaning against the wall just to the left of the door and sulking. "Are you okay, Sanders?" she had asked him with some sympathy. "A wasp stung me, that's all," Sanders responded in sorrow. "Really.."  
Bridgette knew he was full of crap, heck anybody with half a clue could of spotted that halfhearted excuse. Sanders was emotionally wounded by Spindler's comment towards him, but too loyal, ashamed and proud to admit it. She admired his loyalty to the ISP at the very least.

With only a sympathetic glance in response to the wolverine's sadness, Bridgette took off back towards her ship, realizing she had no option at this point. If she didn't go and disobeyed Spindler's orders, she'd be dead in his hands. If she failed her mission in any way, she'd again meet the same fate. Approaching the massive vessel that was her very own, she looked over the gleaming sterling silver armor that covered it and came up to its nose, which was much shaped like one of a jet airliner. For such a solemn mission and Bridgette's mood in

such conflict and doubt, she had to admit it was a gorgeous ship.

After packing her bags and arranging the rest of the inside of the vessel to her liking, she sat down in the pilot's seat, adjusting a few knobs and pressing a couple buttons to prepare for takeoff.

A raccoon type creature stood at the right of the exit bay door. With the pull of a large red lever, the door slowly rose and exposed the slightly turquoise sky from the planet outside, spreading it's light across the nose of Bridgette's ship and the ground sprawled out in front of its massive wheels.

Bridgette now had the vessel fired up, the sheer power of its rear engines shaking the mighty vehicle rather violently. *Thank goodness this thing had seat restraints*, she thought to herself.

She gave the raccoon a quick wave signifying she was ready to take off with the creature giving her a thumbs up motion in return, signifying her clearance.

With a doubtful outlook for what was about to come, her ship rolled through the open bay door with a powerful thrust of the engines kicking in, sending Bridgette and the vessel into the skies. The auto pilot and deep sleep feature

kicked in once she left Pavilton's atmosphere, with Bridgette almost instantly falling into slumber.