

# Unremembered Loss

*For all the news and information from the world of Rathrac, and for the story Unremembered Loss*

Issue 49

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The first story of the fifth year of writing a monthly newsletter. Like in so many other newsletters I'm going to say, "Here's something different." This month I bring you a humorous story. I've ready a lot about what makes something funny, I've read stories that I've thought were funny, but I've never really written a funny story. I found a challenge this month and was inspired - write a sci-fi story set in space that is humorous. That was it, simple and straight forward.

What makes something funny? One thought is that it is something unexpected. Another is that it is a situation where someone is at risk (especially socially), but not life threatening. A third is that it is something thing that the reader is socially uncomfortable with. A final thought: something that make reader's social group seem better than the social group the joke is about.

With all that said, humor seems to be more of an art than a science.

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Douglas G Clarke

## Kids Will Be Kids

"Please take your seats," said the firm yet still mechanical voice.

Jack and Jill ignored LEP ( the Logistical Expediting Program) - spinning heels over head in the center of the spaceship's cabin.

"Take your seats, please."

A giggle escaped from Jill as Jack bounced off the wall, cursed, and (cradling one leg to his chest) went spinning even faster across the small cabin until he hit another wall - hitting the light switch.

The cabin plunged into darkness - only a few winking lights penetrating its inky blackness.

"LEP, turn the lights on." Jill yelled over Jack's wailing. "Jack, don't be such a girl."

The lights blinked on just as Jack ran into her on the rebound.

"You must take your seats."

"Fine," Jack said, still holding his knee with one hand - using the other to guide himself to his seat.

"Fine," echoed Jill, "but there better be a good reason."

There was a pause before LEP replied. "Your father is on the radio."

"That's not a good reason."

"It may not be for you, but it is for me. One more complaint from an upset parent and they'll probably erase me - or worse."

There was another pause. "So please, act like a fourteen year old girl - for my sake."

Jill sighed.

"Hello Sweet-Pea." Jill's father's voice echoed through the cabin.

"Hi Daddykin.", Jill said in a sweet voice. "How's the witch?"

The transmit light winked off - the speakers silent as Jill's words raced across space to her father.

Jack gasped, "Did you just call your mother a witch? You've got balls."

Jill slapped Jack's cheek.

"What? I'm not the one who said it." Jack whimpered.

"She's doing fine," her father's voice erupted from the speaker. "She caught a mouse this morning. Are you glad to be coming home?"

The transmit light winked on.

“You bet I am. I’ve missed you while I’ve been away at school on the moon.”

The transmit light winked off again.

“Witch is my cat.” Jill punched Jack in the arm.

“You want to go home?”

“No.”

“But you said…”

“What my daddy dear wanted to hear.”

“Oh.”

Ten seconds passed.

“Now you be a good girl and do what the computer tells you. And if there’s a boy on the ship, you remember to tell him to keep his hands to himself.”

“I will Daddy-o.”

Jill had a new glint in her eyes when the light extinguished for the last time.

Jack cringed as Jill sprang from her seat towards him – ready for another attack. He closed his eyes as her hands reached him. They popped open when he felt her ripping his shirt off – exposing his hairy chest.

Jill gazed at Jack’s half-naked body – his three chest hairs dancing in the weightlessness.

“Why didn’t I think about this sooner. Hey, is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?” Jill squealed in delight.

Jack looked puzzled. “It’s my computer. Think about what?”

“Boys.”

Jill rolled her eyes and with a deft hand flipped the button on his pants and then yanked them clean off.

Jack’s eyes doubled in size.

“And commando to boot.”

“Jill,” LEP said. “You really need to stop. I don’t think Jack wants to play.”

“Hey, wait. Let me speak for myself.”

“And I know your father would disapprove. Jack, put your cloths back on.”

“I think Jill should get naked instead,” Jack squeaked.

“That would be a bad idea.”

“Yea, you’d see me naked.”

“But you can see me.”

“That’s different. I’m a girl.”

“Oh.”

“But I could turn off the lights.”

“Oh!”

Jill reached out and hit the light switch – darkness returned.

The sound of giggling, and clothes being removed washed over Jack. Then a squeal and a grunting as Jill’s shirt refused to go over her head. With one final grunt and then the sound of a hand hitting the wall and a soft curse, Jill was free.

“Here I come, Jack.”

“Jill, please put your cloths back on and return to your seat.”

“Are you ready for me?”

Jack was panting – waiting with anticipation. He nearly jumped out of his seat when Jill’s hands touched his chest.

“Do you enjoy being disobedient?” LEP asked.

Neither child replied. Jack reached out for Jill.

“You really need to stop.”

“Be quiet LEP,” Jill cooed into Jack’s neck, “I’m busy.”

“I can’t let you do this.”

“You have to follow orders LEP, now be quiet.”

The lights flashed on. Jill screamed. Jack gasped at the sight in front of him.

“I’ll tell my dad,” Jill screamed at LEP while trying to cover three spots with two hands.

“No you won’t,” LEP said in a quiet, even voice. “You will get dressed and stay in your seat for the rest of the trip.”

Jill held her cloths up to her body, shaking with anger. “I’ll have you deleted.”

“No you won’t.”

Then every screen in the small cabin showed Jack and Jill writhing together, first in infrared and then full light.

Jill’s skin grew bright red – her anger gone – her eyes wide in horror and disbelief. She struggled to get back into her cloths in the weightlessness of space. Jack just watched in fascination.

Jill sat quietly in her seat for the rest of the trip, and if LEP had had a mouth, it would have had a smile on it.