

# The Trouble with Fashtukees

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We are the last couple on earth, and she wouldn't do it with me.

I tell her that it is for the survival of our species, and that the 'Fashtukees' will let us live wherever we want when we will have kids.

-“I don't want a child from you,” she says, and turns the most perfect back in the world towards me (that is, if you are not mad about backs of Fashtukees). “and besides, what guarantees do we have that they will not use genetic engineering to turn the child to a Fashtukee, or worse yet use the child for spare parts”

-“But you know that the Fashtukees deny the existence of genetic engineering. They say it's science fiction. It's never going to happen. I tend to believe them”

-“You tend to believe everything you are told,” she turns towards me (it is not only her back that drives me bunkers) and says: “You are such a moron! I can't get it. How come it was YOU that stayed alive. Of course they deny it! If we didn't still know about genetic engineering we would have a hard time proving that they originated from us.” (Heck, why can't she just agree?)

-“OK. I will be careful, and we will not have a child” The fire inside hits a very specific

area. I am boiling over. Could it be that they put something in my food? Who cares!

-“I am pretty sure they put something in your food” she says, “to increase your urges”. Where the heck does she get all these ideas from?

-“and besides, they will try anything to stop us from being careful. Don’t you thing they know that people do not reproduce in captivity?” and then, as she finishes that sentence the room is starting to change. It’s not like the previous room wasn’t the fanciest room that I haven’t seen to begin with, but it looks like they are trying to give us a wide range for activities.

A range is the right word. The room starts changing shape. It is growing fast at first, then at a decreasing rate until it stops. It looks like a range with small rolling green hills, speckled with red, orange and yellow Renoir-splotches of color, and only on a closer look do I notice that these are all pillows of different sizes in a huge hall. We are almost in the middle, where a small cool foggy patch appears that I know is made with liquid nitrogen and water. Why do I know it? The chair I am sitting on is changing its shape and consistency until it feels like a soft bean bag. How the heck did they do that? I don’t care much! I have no time to care at all, because suddenly there is a flicker and images appears in the misty spot. Holo-Vids! Cool! ...and it is all juicy blue-movies. Wow!

-“That ain’t right,” I tell her “you will make comparisons!” my head goes back to see what’s going on. It’s like they’re really there doing ... Wow! “I am not such a hunk, but believe me, I can perform!” Her glaring stare can’t be described, but it makes me feel like a worm, but then again her eyes are so beautiful, so simple. Not even a spot of Fashtukee orange. So despite her response I feel great, not least because of the amazing things that that gorgeous naked lady in the cloud is performing. Wow. They have sound too, and the motion is synchronized with the wavy motion of the pillows below her, and a slightly more subtle motion of the pillows below us. Wow.

- “You are mistaken if you think I judge you by these criteria,’ she says. ’As a matter of

fact I rather like you” Yey! I start feeling like I AM the happiest person on earth (I know that’s not a big deal anymore. I guess there are some advantages to our situation.)

-“but” (Ah, oh) “you do not understand Fashtukee moral the way I do, because you never learned history”. (Only women learned history, but we worked hard too.) What is she up to? What’s the relationship between what she is claiming, and not wanting to have fun before a lawless Fashtukee poach us and sells our brain for aphrodisiac?

I am trying to imagine all sorts of situations in which the two of us multiply to the extent that we can do much more than what a pair of humans can in order to avoid restlessness. Heck, I would wait another twenty years if needed for that to happen!

-“One thousand years ago this year the evolutionary constitution was signed.” My mind tunes out. “Boring!” its says. Yet, She is so composed and business like all of a sudden. Is this the quiet before the storm?

-“Listen up, I was three whole years in school. That’s more than any guy, any guy, that lived in the last 300 years”. I should not get angry. They say, or said, that it isn’t recommended if one wants to keep a romantic mood.

-“So you ARE familiar with the constitution. Do you know the third amendment” (She is SOOOOOOOO attractive! So not a Fashtukee. So not with purple bright scaly skin.)

-“Yeh. Sure!” What the heck. Yadadayada...

-“So you know that the Fashtukee rebellion started because of breaching the third amendment”

-“I really didn’t know it, but if you like me, at least give me a kiss.” She gets off her soft armchair. She is moving towards me ever so slowly. The clothes they designed for her are so sensual that my imagination is working the night shift. Actually, my imagination is completely exhausted... Wow!

She manages to avoid my cumbersome efforts at hugging and petting, and her kiss on the back of my neck surprises me. I am so unprepared for the warmth and softness of her lips,

and so overcome with bliss, that I forget to try and grab strategic parts of her body.

-“Quote the addendum to the third amendment for me” she says. Darn. She is again cold and remote, and I think it is improper to chase her down.

I quote without actually noticing what I am saying:

-“OK, I know that one: ‘every sub species, such as humans, fox, earth worm, etcetera, survive due to collaboration with other sub species’ SO WHAT” I am asking.

-“Go on, go on” She says with her forlorn Monaleezah smile (where did THAT word for describing a smile come from’ I really don’t know. Anyways, maybe if I relent I will have a chance to have her). In any case, I continue slowly, like a reluctant child in school:

-“collaboration with other sub species that do not directly threaten their own sub species.” I realized that I am now finished, and I am using a mildly aggressive tone: “Why should those dry laws stop us from being nice to each other” At this point I really don’t feel like reminding her that the Fashtukees are the only sub-species known for not being nice to other member sub-species. That’s us. Besides, that’s not their fault. They were engineered that way. After all, they were supposed to be the satellite-stationed environment sentries. Heck, they were supposed to save us from environmental collapses while living in a room smaller than a pub; Wayyyy smaller than this room we are in.

-“the reason ” Now she is saying something, but I can’t quite focus on what she is saying. I cannot concentrate. I know I should not concentrate. They may be monitoring my brain activity with MRI or MIRI devices. Where did that word come from? Who cares! She is so hot! I recall our third grade teacher. She was very young when she expired, but I did remember everything she ever said, probably because of her heart-shaped lips: ‘You are getting the best education there is, so that you may know how to be good, neh, excellent to each other. Not like their twisted fun, the Fashtukees do everything to improve the bottom line. Their personal success often includes the joy of braking the natural balance. That’s the environmental balance. That’s their balance with us. That’s their balance with each other’.

Wow! Her lips were something else entirely!

-“Please, please repeat what you just said” I say, “sorry, but I did not understand completely.”

-“I just said that the third amendment was written because of the history of our ancestors.” Her voice sounds peculiar, and the tear in her eye is very real. I cannot understand why I feel a big lump in my throat. Something isn’t right. I bring her a glass of water. Bringing a glass of water was considered romantic in some old Holo-vid flicks. That’s why it was ready.

-“Our ancestors did what the Fashtukees are doing to us to thousands of species. They even did it to non-engineered humans for two hundred years before the Fashtukees were made.” This sounds as if it is coming from a million miles away despite the fact that she is right next to me. “Just like in the stories of the Fashtukees rebellion” my brain is thinking in spite of itself ‘that no one believed’. But I am listening anyways. Yes, I am truly listening now to her trembling crystal clear voice. Crystal clear, not the raspy voice of you know who.

-“They too tried to increase the numbers of animals in captivity, on the verge of extinction, then return them to their natural surroundings” I now notice that she is speaking in a very low voice, almost a whisper. Maybe they are listening too... (Why do I keep on thinking that? I should be busy scheming a way to get into her panties! No? That contrived confidence is starting to melt away.)

-“ ...but the only reason that they devised the plan was that they wanted to make use of those animals for their own benefit.”

A horrible low noise starts increasing in the room. I heard it before. It’s an acoustic trap. It’s meant to numb us, and erase our short-term memory. I hold her tight, and cover us with as many pillows as my hands manage to fetch. Lucky break. They aimed it at her. We will have a few more quiet seconds, and I cover the blood trails from the scratches she scratched me with my left hand. Wow!

-“I do apologize” her lips are saying with no words; gentleness of a minimal whisper. “I think I also understand why you look older than I my memory tells me you should be. What cycle is it” How the heck did she know? If she wasn’t such a fast thinker we would have been in deep trouble.

The acoustic bomb was close enough to make my ear ring. Usually when my ears ring I close my eyes, and relax, and it goes away in a few minutes. No such luxury now. Looking at her lips this way I am not sure if she uttered the words out loud. It looks like a slomo in an old Holo-vid, when a bomb is about to go off. I sure hope she didn’t say it out loud. Anyways, I shouldn’t tell.

She never asked me in none of the previous times. Heck, why not. I am taking a risk. I am giving her a deep lush French-kiss. She does not object. I think she’s got it. My tongue conveys to her the mouth-to-mouth Morse code that she learned when she escaped to the last natural humans preserve, the last place they managed to keep human reproduction before the rest were poached.

It’s a simple code. Tongue to palette. Tongue to tongue. Teeth to lip. Oh how I wished then that I did not have to communicate anything but my love! Was anyone ever so lucky’ She pushes me away for a minute, gasping, almost uttering it out loud. Luckily, it is only her eyes that say:

“Twelve-hundred-eighty-two-days-how-long-we-are-the-last-ones!!!” Wow!

Now, or should I wait for the next time around to convey the rest?

Will I be able to avoid temptation the next time around? Would she be able to avoid temptation? NOW!

I kiss again; tongue Morse; tongue to tongue; tongue to molar; incisor to incisor. The long mingling entanglement is risky, but conveys complex information. I even manage to ‘speak’ slowly, enjoying every moment and blocking the probing MIRIs that take several seconds to recalibrate when two heads merge. The Fashtukees cannot imagine what we are doing, at

least not this time around.

-‘We-have-chance.’ I communicate, ‘Every-time-communicated-then-knocked-us-out. You-told-me-90th-time-I-have-genetic-defect. Brain-not-secrete-hormone-when-bumped. Not-wipe-out-short-term-memory. I-know-what-you-said. You-forgot.’ The noise is slightly diminished. They are aware of our intimacy.

How fortunate that both our bodies are truly aroused. How much will they manage to understand in the aftermath? ‘Fashtukees-lost-ability-extend-own-life-expectancy-beyond-900-years. Need-natural-hormones. Can’t-reproduce. They-like-mules.They-let-us-go-natural-humans-preserve-after-menopause. I-know-location-ancient-remedies-re-fertilization.’

That is all I can handle now. The heat in me is unbearable. They released mega quantities of pheromones. If we will not separate now one of us will be tempted. Besides, I have to be what I always was, a genetic mutation, because that’s what’s keeping us alive. Megadoses can mess it up. So my fingers are doing the walking towards some interesting places. As usual, she is the first to make a clear mental picture of what needs to be done next. ‘See-you-next-round. Smile-more. Me-understand-faster.’

She pushes me off and screams at the top of her lungs: ‘I can’t stand you! Such a bad smell from your mouth! It’s like kissing a toilet bowl! When will you learn how to brush properly! I will never ever touch you again!’ And then the noise rises to unbearable levels, like being in surrounded by jackhammers on all six side, and it all grows dark, and I decide to lose consciousness, or maybe it is they that are deciding for me. Again.

...And the next time around I am awakened on what looks like a tropical beach, and my mouth smells like mint, my teeth are smooth, and she looks stunning in her Bikini swim suit, and she wouldn’t make love to me-the last man on earth.

So in times you feel like you are the last human on earth, or at least the last good human on earth, try to say everything that you possibly can before they shock you into submission, or before your children are shocked into submission. Heck, mutations happen. We CAN be

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reborn.