

Vol 1 , Issue 3

June 2008



Table Of Contents

Accidental Revolutionary.....	3
The Museum	13
Classified Ads	16

Accidental Revolutionary

by Michael J Rener

Chapter 1

I still don't know exactly how I got here, or why I decided to stay. All I know it was one of those decisions that determines one's destiny.

My name is Rhett Butler Toric. I got that name because my mother was a great fan of classic movies and loved watching the old Earth visiscope broadcasts from movies of the 20th century. I'll let you guess which one was her favorite. I tell everyone my name is Max, as I got very tired of the teasing. Especially when I asked a question or two.

I was in a bar located in a space port off the Jupiter Moon of Europa. It had become my adopted home, as I really didn't have any reason to hang around Mars anymore now that both my parents are deceased and my sister and her family and my brother and his family are off to settle somewhere in the far, newer and definitely more fashionable Eastern spiral arm of the galaxy.

I was looking around the joint, and was wondering what I would end up with at the end of the night. That was the trouble with these bars in space ports across the galaxy, one never really knows what the customs are on the distant and different colony worlds.

Tonight's prospects looked dim, so I just paid my tab and went back to my freighter and crawled to my cabin. My freighter, the "Metallic Feathers" was a smallish craft that could be run with just myself as the pilot, navigator, crew, cook, etc. The only help I needed was for the loading and unloading of supplies and cargo. Even that could be done by one or two people using magnetic sleds and hydro ramps, so I really didn't have to worry about a crew. The ship did have enough cabins for six, but I liked to work alone as much as possible. The extra cabins were useful for transporting passengers at times when cargo runs were scarce. Such is the life of a space trucker.

Sitting in my favorite easy chair, a sling style made of mesh hemp with a soft pliable mattress made from the hair of an Alpha Centurion Mega Yak, I poured myself a nightcap of Rigellian Plum Wine, a fine Saturnan Cigar, and turned on the visiscope to catch the latest scores and news from around the galaxy. Yes just lay back and enjoy the scene.

It was the usual claptrap about some politicians complaining about their opponents policy on the Rigellian Civil War, the latest in ultra drive technology for starships, some airhead celebrity making a pitch for some product they would never use in a million years, who is divorcing/marrying/having a baby with whom, etc. to the point where I just tune it all out. It is amazing how the stories never seem to change, just a few of the names and faces.

I decided to switch off the visiscope and turn on my favorite music. Yes Strauss might be from the 19th century, but it just could not be beat for late night wine and cigars. I fell asleep dreaming of far off distant worlds not realizing this might be the last night I would be able to relax for a long time to come.

Chapter 2

I awoke early, well early for me at least, the next morning relaxed, and feeling raring to go. But first of course was a quick sonic shower, and breakfast. Since I was parked in space port, I decided to indulge myself with breakfast in the restaurant. There would be plenty of time to eat my own cooking once I hit the road again.

I was enjoying a nice plate of eggs, potatoes, toast and bacon (an earth delicacy from long ago I was told), when I was approached by a woman and a man dressed in long brown hooded robes. The man was about 50ish with golden eyes and long brown hair tied off in a pony tail he was average height and rather athletic looking. The woman I would place somewhere around 35-40ish, one can never really tell can they, slender with blonde hair and the most wonderful of orangish eyes I had ever seen.

"Max Toric?" the man asked.

"Yes" I replied.

"Can we join you?"

"Sure why not, grab a chair. Have you breakfasted yet?"

"Yes we have, but please don't let us bother your enjoyment of yours. But we will join you for coffee, won't we my dear?"

The woman nodded and smiled. I smiled back and continued eating.

The man spoke, "I hear you have a ship and are available for hire?"

"Yes, in fact I am between assignments and have a few days free."

"Good", said the woman in a sweet low voice. "I understand that you are very good and shall we say discreet?"

"Well", I drawled between bites of toast, "I guess my advertising is paying off, where is it you want to go and when?"

"Rigel 2" said the man, "Today as soon as possible. I understand you have a policy of no questions asked?"

"Just the two I have already asked, and also if there is any reason I should avoid the regular space lanes or the Ranger Patrols. Also I like to know the names of my companions, it makes it easier than shouting HEY YOU everytime we need to talk."

"Agreeable, I am well, just call me John Doe, and this is my uhm, er wife, Jane."

Obviously aliases, I thought, but figured that's their problem not mine.

"As far as trouble with authorities, well we would like as little contact as possible. We have plenty of money and will pay you half up front, and the rest when we get to Rigel 2. An extra bonus if we can get there in seven days."

"Okay, fine with me, but I haven't set a price yet. I need to get my permits, file the flight plan. By the way how much luggage?"

"Just one bag each, nothing heavy. As far as permits and flight plan, well, I'm sure you can think of something."

With that he man pulled out a wad of galactic dollars (GD) and said, "Price is no object, let's say 100,000 GD up front?"

I gulped and almost spit out my coffee.

"Sure why not, let's say we leave at 1300 hours local time?"

"That is satisfactory." With that the couple rose bowed and left.

As I was leaving I ran into Shaun the owner of the bar and restaurant.

"Hey Max, I need you to do me a favor, I'll pay of course."

"Of course I said, what is it my old friend?"

"If you aren't doing anything the next week or so, can you swing by Rigel 5 and pick me up 1000 cases of that great Rigellian Plum Wine everyone is crazy about these days?"

"Sure, but how.." but I cut myself off and decided I rather not know how he knew I might be heading that way. Besides it gave me a reason to be out that way. That solved my problems, or so I thought.

John and Jane Doe showed up at the ship right on time carrying small flight bags and scurried on ship taking notice to see if they were being followed or if anyone saw them get on board.

That is when I felt a bit anxious, and should have seen trouble, but all I saw was the 100,000 GD in my safe, with another pile coming in seven days. Greed can be an evil mistress.

Chapter 3

The flight took off without any problems, no gruff comments from Jordan the traffic controller, so that in itself should have told me something. But away I went with my two mysterious passengers in their cabins and not a care in the world, when I was summoned by a ranger Patrol. The Ranger's were basically the police force out in this region, keeping eyes out for smugglers and first line of defense in case of pirate attacks, and they routinely stopped ships for inspection probably to relieve the boredom.

The visiscope came flickering on and there was my old nemesis Sergeant Monas. We go a long way back to the old work farm and school where we grew up. He was always a bully and it was no surprise that he chose to become a Ranger so he could legally vent out his tendency for violence.

"Monny my man", I said flashing a grin. "What can I do to brighten the day of the protectors of the flyways?"

"Oh it's you Toric, I should have known by viewing the crate that only you would fly something that

space unworthy."

"Hey say whatever you want about me, but lay off the "Metallic Feathers", she's a fine ship and better than any of those dingy things you used to pilot."

"Yea, yea, enough of the genteel small talk. We need to inspect your ship and cargo before you leave the sector."

"But I have no cargo, only a couple of passengers."

"Well I would have to see that for myself, we are coming aboard,preparing your docking bay."

I knew better than to argue, as if I disobeyed they would track me down and I wouldn't be safe. Plus once I was caught they would take my ship, my baby, my life, my "Metallic Feathers" away from me. I couldn't nor wouldn't let that happen.

Monas and his sidekick came on board and I greeted them in the docking bay and led them through the ship. Monas appeared disappointed in not finding anything to contradict my statements and proceeded to the cabin area to see my passengers.

Monas looked them over and then spoke,"Let me see your papers."

The man replied, "Here you are, is there a problem officer? My wife and I are on a trek back to Rigel 5. We were caught short of money and this gentleman was nice enough to offer us a ride."

Monas looked at me wryly at the word "gentleman", and gave a derisive snort.

"No, no problem, we are looking for weapon smugglers headed for Rigel 2, you probably heard of the rebellion out there. Also two of the rebel leaders were rumored to be in the area and we are looking for them as well."

"Oh dear", said the woman, "Are they dangerous?"

"Yes if you believe the newscasts. Funny thing is no one really know what they look like as there are too many contradictory identification reports. Enjoy your trip, and stay away from Rigel 2 as it is war zone."

With that the man thanked Monas for the warning, and he and his wife went back into their cabin.

Monas and I walked back to his ship.

"What was that all about?", I asked.

"We had reports of the Rigellian rebel leaders being in space port and that they were trying to charter a ship. I'm sure you've heard of the problems and Civil War they are having there. SO far it is only on Rigel 2 where the capital of that systems lies, and our government is trying to remain neutral in the fight."

"Oh yea I thought I heard something about that on the news."

"Well we are under orders to check all flights out of port and find them and stop them if we can."

With that he boarded his ship and took off. it made me wonder about my passengers and what trouble I could be in if they were who I thought they were. I guess I could always call Monas back and tell him my story, but then I would be out a couple 100,000GD's, and I really do need the money.

The rest of the flight was smooth as I knew a safe route away from the main shipping lanes where the pirates loved to prey on freighters like mine. All the while I grew anxious about what was waiting at the end of the line. But the thought of all that money, well that buys a lot of peace of mind.

Chapter 4

I decided to "look in on" my passengers and to see if they were getting along all right. I haven't heard or seen them, except for the small bit with the Rangers, during the flight. They would eat in their rooms and they just seemed to trust me to take them to the destination. I guess they were lucky that I happened to be "just honest enough" so as not to throttle them in their sleep and release their bodies into the vacuum of space. But no I am not like that, and besides I was just a bit intrigued to find out who they really were and why the secrecy.

I knocked on the door and John answered.

"Uh, I just wanted to let you know we are coming into Rigel 5 and I am going to load up the Plum wine for my friend back at space port."

"Thanks, I was wondering why we were slowing down. Are we still safe staying in here?"

"Sure, I can't think of a reason for anyone to come on board, except for the loaders, but they should only be around the loading bays."

"Just the same, it's best that we aren't bothered or any mention of us being here."

"Sure, no problems." I just stared at the door as he shut it and left me wondering again just what I had gotten myself in for.

The loading went smooth. No authorities snooping around, just a few dock workers and their foremen. One foreman, George, a man I knew from past runs wanted to talk a bit, and seeing how the loading was taking a bit of time I decided what the heck I might as well catch up on the local gossip.

"So Max, hows the trading life?"

"Oh not bad, I make a decent enough living, and no real cares in the world. what's up with you and your lot these days?"

"Well with the turmoil rumored in the capital over on Rigel 2 we don't get as much news as we would like. It appears that all we get is sanitized and censored dribble. I have noticed a bit of a slowdown lately, and was surprised to see you."

"Well you know, anywhere to make a quick buck."

"Sure that's the meaning of life isn't it?

"Yea that and a good temporary companion from time to time."

George let out a hearty laugh.

"Ah for the single life again. But do yourself a favor and stay away from the main planet as it is not safe. they say that the leaders of the revolution are at large and may be heading back this way. So far no one has seen or heard anything certain, but you should be wary and careful. They say that there is a huge price on their heads, dead or alive, preferably dead, and the government is serious about their capture."

"Hmm, what do they look like?"

"A man and a woman. He's about 6'5", slender, golden eyes and brown hair, around 50 or so. The woman the same, but about ten years younger. They are considered dangerous, but I think that is just official speak for not wanting to give up power."

"What makes them so dangerous?"

"Oh they want to make the system more democratic, maybe even have it so the individual planets have more say over their own affairs. More of a loose confederation than a dictatorship."

"Hmm what do you prefer?"

"What ever allows me to make th most money with the least amount of red tape in running my warehouses."

"Ah but hasn't any of the violence affected the other planets?"

"Surprisingly no, but then again I think most of the other planets here support the rebellion and the government is hard pressed to find support except among the ruling classes. We working stiffs and other peons don't care about politics, just leave us alone."

"You know I did think I heard something about this last week on the visiscope but you know me I just let things like that float over my head. I know my system's government is officially neutral, but I think they really want the status quo kept. People elsewhere might get strange ideas if not."

"Yea that's governments for you. Hey it looks like you are ready to go. Take care, and next time stay a bit longer will ya?"

"Sure, maybe I will. Say hello to the wife and kids." With that I quickly scanned my cargo, and got ready for takeoff to destiny.

Chapter 5

I now had a clue about my passengers and what I was up against. Now of course I had a dilemma. Do I turn them in to the authorities and collect my reward or do I deliver them to their own group and let

them lead their revolution? Do I care either way what happens out here? It's not like it matters that much to me, and no one knows they are here, so what do I do? I have two days flight time to decide.

Going at the slower intra system speed limit I had plenty of time to think over my problem. If I get caught do i tell them that I was going to surprise the government with my quarry? What if I tell them and they turn out to be rebels and they object? what if they plan to terminate me anyway as I am a witness? Would they turn me in?

I reached for a bottle of that wonderful plum wine I had brought up, for quality control purposes only of course, and decided to let the wine do the thinking for me.

Meanwhile the planet of Rigel 2 and the conflict crept closer.

"John" decided this was the time to come out of his cabin and have a talk.

Chapter 6

"You are a brave and heroic man Max."

I jumped after hearing his voice. I wasn't expecting anything or anyone so the noise startled me.

"Uhm, oh hello there."

"The time has come for you to make a decision on the future. You hold the destiny of this system in your hands. I am prepared to tell you all now, and I can only trust in your humanity and sense of fair play."

"Well I don't now about that, but you can trust my want to fulfill my agreement and collect my fee." I said wryly.

"No, I think there is more there than you know. I can see into your soul. You are a good man and I think you care even if you think you don't. Yes, I can trust you with this knowledge."

"Well I guess there is only one way to find out isn't there?"

"Yes there is." With that he went on to relate his and his wife's story.

Chapter 7

John started into his story:

"We were once the rulers of this system. The King and Queen and were beloved by our subjects. We had a very prosperous and peaceful existence. Trade within and outside the system was abundant and profitable for all. We ruled over a loose confederation of the 3 planes that sustain life in this system, Rigel 2, 5 and 7. Each planet had its own assembly elected by the populace and each had a prime minister who advised us in our court."

"About two years ago we were thrown out after a bloody coup by despotic military clique. We barely escaped with their lives and organized a rebel opposition lead by loyal officers and ministers. They

suggested we leave the system for our own safety and they would let us know when it was safe to return. Of course there was a huge bounty on our heads, and you could have made ten times what we paid you if you turned us in to the junta."

I cursed to myself for not be political and not paying attention to the newscasts.

"We were very careful in our choice of ship captains and finding you was a stroke of luck. Almost an act of providence as we were notified that the time was ideal , and there you were."

"Uh, why me?" I asked.

"Because you aren't political, and though you think you are just in it all for the money, your aura says different."

"My aura?"

"Yes every being in the Universe has an aura that surrounds them. It is sort of an electro-magnetic field that emanates from a person's soul. It doesn't matter what or if you believe, it is there. It takes a special person to see it, but everyone can feel it even if they don't realize it. have you ever come across a person whom you don't know, but immediately liked or disliked but didn't know why?"

"Well yea all the time now that you mention it."

"That is your senses picking up on their aura. Well my wife could tell hat you were one we could trust."

"Uh thanks I guess."

"She also used her telepathy to convince your friend Shaun to ask you to pick up wine for him, and then to rush through those permits. It helped that the clerk in the permit office was one of our sympathizers, and was willing to do so anyway."

"Is that why the police didn't bother you at the stop?"

"Yes, we both used our telepathy to convince him he needn't see our papers. However it only works to help people do something they are willing to do anyway."

"I see, so if I didn't want to take you you couldn't force me?"

"That's right. But now our fate and that of our people is in your hands. Do you turn us in or do you take us to our people and let us reclaim our planet?"

All I could do was stare at first, then nod in agreement, then ask where exactly he wanted to land.

Chapter 8

Where he wanted to land was in a dense forested part of the western hemisphere of Rigel 2. There was a clearing of sorts and I set down according to his instructions.

"What a desolate place", I thought, "Oh well if this is where he wants, who am I to argue".

I didn't have time to think anything else as we were immediately accosted by a host of uniformed armed soldiers. Well uniformed is a bit of an overstatement, but armed they were. In fact they were storming my ship! I immediately jumped into my chair and was reaching for the starter, when John grabbed my arm.

"Don't worry, they won't hurt you. They are my army. Do you have external audio system?"

"Sure, here's the controls."

With that John spoke:

"Freedom fighters of Rigel we have returned. Please welcome a new addition to our family, Captain Max. He was kind enough to bring us back and deserves all our thanks."

With that the crowd outside let out cheers and John and Jane lowered the ramp and walked out to the crowd. I stayed inside and was looking at my visiscreens when I noticed a blip coming at us in a stealthy manner.

"I don't like the feel of this", I thought and decided to arm my laser cannon. True it was a small one, and was useful in defense against smaller craft like pirate vessels, but still it made me feel better.

Over the horizon I noticed a small ship bearing down on our location, when it started opening fire on the crowd. I quickly shot back and after a few bursts the ship was obliterated. I went out to John and saw that he was fine, but Jane was wounded.

"What was that?" I asked.

"A government air cruiser, must have picked us up on your approach", a voice in the crowd said. "We picked up their transmission, but they were alone and were just checking things out. We don't think they got a message back, but who knows."

"Well I don't think it's a good idea to stay around here do you?"

"No Max, you're right, you'd better leave."

With that he shouted towards a group and they brought the rest of my money and loaded it up on my ship.

"Good Bye Max, and Thank You" said John. "The revolution will succeed thanks to you. If you ever are back here, you will always be welcome."

"How is Jane?" I asked.

"She is going to be fine, but it may be a while before she will walk again, but that is a small price to pay."

With that I shook hands and the crowd merged back into the forest. I quickly fired up my engines and took off. I didn't care about speed limits and took the fastest path out of orbit. Luckily I wasn't followed

and relaxed once I was out of the system and headed back to Europa and the space station I liked to call "home" via the long slow route. Sure it might take me a couple more weeks, but then I had time and needed to sit and meditate on the current situation.

Chapter 9

I went into my favorite dive, where it all began a month ago and ordered up breakfast. Shaun came over and sat down.

"Well I see you made it back. Have you heard the news?"

"No, tell me what happened now has Jeanie and Brett broken up again over the billing of their newest holomovie?"

"No, but that was a good guess, I think that might be next month when the holomovie actually comes out. I was talking about the situation on Rigel 2. It appears that the government was overthrown and they thank an unknown starship pilot for returning the leaders and saving their lives. Our government of course was more than glad to recognize them and pledged immediate aid. I think there is going to be lots of money made transporting goods there."

"Hmm, I guess I should look into it." I replied. "By the way I have that Plum Wine you wanted. Were should I drop it?"

"Oh yea that stuff, bring it around this afterlunch, and we'll settle up. You know I almost forgot about that stuff, and I am still not sure why I ordered it."

"Well you did seem strange, I mean stranger than usual that morning, then we all were weren't we?"

"Yea, I guess, but a deals a deal."

"Sure I said", mouthing a fork full of eggs.

"Say", said Shaun, scratching his head. "You know I think I remember a strange couple here that day, and didn't you go off to the Rigel system that morning?"

"What you getting at?" I asked.

"I'm not sure." came the reply and with that he left me alone with my breakfast and thoughts. Here I was the most non-political person I ever knew, yet I am a hero of a revolution just because I couldn't resist a few hundred thousand GSDs.

I guess greed can be good after all.

#####

The Museum

By Michael J Renner

"Welcome to the Gornack Museum of Natural and Unnatural History. We have displays of human history and art from throughout the history of human existence. We are particularly proud of our display of late 20th and early 21st century artifacts recently acquired from a dig in the western hemisphere. I am Jonas the expert in this primitive era of human history, so please come along and feel free to ask questions as we move from exhibit to exhibit."

"First up is some art. As you can see the favored medium was oil on black cloth, I believe it was called velvet. You can see why they chose this as the colors of the oils really stand out from the darkness of the velvet, probably a reflection of the dark mood at this precarious time of our species existence."

"Yes a question from the back?"

"Didn't they have holograms back then?"

"Ah good question. There is no evidence of holograms, but then they weren't invented, as we know them, until the 27th century. No other questions? Good, back to the lecture."

"The two main subjects, from the volume of paintings, were animals and their clan leader. The main animals were tigers and dragons, both of which have been extinct now for the past 3000 years. It must have been a very dangerous time to be out and about with these fierce creatures roaming in the wilds."

"Here are a bunch of portraits of their leader. He was a king, as you can tell by this one's inscription above his profile. He was obviously giving a very passionate speech captured brilliantly by the expressions in his face. here is one that identifies this "King" as Elvis. Here he is in his royal white clothes, as opposed to his regular black jacket. Of course you can see in this one his royal scepter, very odd hourglass shape with strings and a long protruding handle."

"He must have reigned for a long time, and recently we have deciphered from the official literature of the day that he was actually the first human to leave with what at that time were called extra-terrestrials, off-worlders in our language. This definitely has caused an uproar as we have been taught that Earth wasn't brought into contact with other races until the 25th century! What a find, and revelation that was. In fact it was reported in their "Global News" that he would come back regularly and walk amongst his people in places they called "Supermarkets". These places were primitive warehouses where the population would go and pick up their food. We believe they were government run centers, but we're still checking on those, and exactly how the food stuffs were delivered and processed."

"Any more questions? No? Okay then on to the next subject."

"Here we have evidence of two of the main clans that inhabited this area known as the upper Mississippi. You can see the tattered battle standards. We have found many of these as well as clothing and weapons."

"The first is called the V'kins. They seemed to be live predominantly on the western side of the river."

We haven't found any that have the full name visible, but you can see that they favored purple as their color of choice. the other was the P'kers, who were mainly on the eastern side, who preferred the more suitably camouflage of green. We are sure that these two clans fought for supremacy in this region and they were probably intermixed as well."

"Here is an example of a battle helmet for the V'kins. You will notice the way it would cover the whole head and the ears. We are still debating what this cage is for up front, probably a holder for a breathing device as we now know of the awful state of air quality in those days. we also have evidence, recovered from tombs, of statues of famous warriors from each clan. here you can see some of them in poses depicting their actions in brutal hand to hand combat. Yes it was a very primitive time. "

"In fact here are some of their crude weapons of the times. The first is some sort of club, as you can see it is slender at the bottom wit a small knob to keep the hand from slipping off. The deadly part of this club is the bloated barrel. We have found many of these and they seemed to have been personalized by someone called "Louisville Slugger". We are not exactly sure who he or she was, but whoever this Louisville was they were one of the major club makers of the time. Trade must have been predominate as we have found these weapons all over the region."

"Some more weapons include these little leather covered orbs. They were obviously used as projectiles slung from leather slings. Some historians argue that these orbs could have been used in conjunction with the clubs, but most intelligent observers pass that off as poppycock."

"Of course there are these "Ping" weapons. They are a bit more refined than the clubs we have seen before. As one can see these have a carbon shaft, with a head of different sizes. Again we aren't sure whether these are actually weapons or some sort of religious icons. Some have huge metal or sometimes wood heads with strange names like "Driver" on them, others have numbers like 2, 3, or 5. The lesser ones are always metal and have names like "Mashie", "Sand Wedge", "Putter". Again the argument persists what use these weapons had or if they were just items used on special holy days and rituals involving strange and colorful clothing."

"In this case we have some of the ways the warriors of those days carried their food into battle. They were made of leather and we believe the food was put inside and then sewn up. You can still see the laces on the one side. The oblong rounded shape was perfect for carrying around in the crook of the arm. We believed again that the maker of these carriers were "Rawlings". This particular one was personalized by some on called "Brett Favre" who must have been one of the era's biggest heroes because we have found this picture of him carrying his food container in his full battle gear."

"Again if only we had the historical records, but alas most of this period's records were destroyed in the "Great Environmental Catastrophe of 2012".

"Next we have a collection of domestic utensils. they are very strange and we have analyzed them and found them to be made of certain Carbon compounds. I believe they were called "plastiques" or something like that."

"First off is something that looks like storage containers. They were very flexible and had these neat little handles at the top. We think the writing on them identified the various contents of these containers. We are still working out the meaning of these and it might be ears before we do. Of course his one has a nicely preserved label, but what a "Quickie Mart" is, well that is another thing we are trying to decipher. We know these were everyday items by the vast amounts uncovered in supposed

habited areas. "

"Next are metal containers, made out of what is believed to be aluminum, that we have discovered were the main nutrients for the people of this time. You will notice one says "Beer", another "Cola", another "Orange Soda". We believe that people took their nutrients this way because of the lack of fresh food available at the time. Either that or these were items used for certain spiritual or social ceremonies. The historians cannot agree to the significance, but all we know is that we find vast amounts of these as well just scattered throughout the region, as well as other dig sites. "

"The next item is of course how they were able to get drinking water. It appears back then water was only available in, again what we call, plastique bottles. Yes they were again found scattered everywhere amongst the ruins. "

"Yes a question in the back?"

"Didn't they just drink from the streams and lakes like we do?"

"Ah good question. It appears that because of the poisons they put in their lands and air that the water was unsuitable for drinking. That is why they had to use so many of these bottles. It appears that they haven't figured out how to reuse the containers either. We have found further evidence that they would just pile these containers into mounds and then move on. They probably ran out of habitable lands and died out under mounds of their utensils and from the lack of clean air and water."

"Like I said it was a sad and primitive time for the human race. "

"They had everything we have available for energy and land use, but alas they just weren't smart enough to know how to use it all. Or maybe they were just too conceited and lazy, either way they all but doomed the planet and the race to extinction. "

"Maybe their King Elvis came back with better technology and procedures from the outer worlds, and we are the better for it today. I know I would have hated to live back then, breathing poisons, not being able to drink the water, and all those dragons and tigers, and running from the primitive V'kin and P'ker warriors, oh my."

Classified Ads

Want to be published in the July issue? Well don't forget our monthly contest. Submissions will be taken until June 15th (August issue submissions start June 16th, so don't despair). See the guidelines at <http://www.geocities.com/gudbudie/contest.html>

"The Inquisitive Explorer's Internet Marketing Primer", by Michael J Renner

More and more people are turning to the internet to start businesses. In fact it is one of the fastest growing sectors in our economy as more and more people find themselves disillusioned with or released from corporate America.

"The Inquisitive Explorer's Internet Marketing Primer", by Michael J Renner, is a resource that shows the ways that a beginner can map out their marketing plan. The book shows how to build traffic to one's site using a variety of techniques, from Niche marketing to Search Engine Optimization and more. It is written in plain easy to understand English, not techno-babble.

We all know that the key to success in running a business online is getting customers to your site. How does one go about getting these customers? In "The Inquisitive Explorer's Internet Marketing Primer" I share strategies, tips and techniques to build up traffic and getting customers to come to one's site. The techniques shown here can be used offline as well as online.

to order your copy today:

<http://wwwcreatespace.com/3342397>

To order the ebook version:

<http://www.renspubhouse.com/business.html>

How would you like to get started today in the fascinating hobby of astronomy? Let "Be A Stargazer" take you by the hand and guide you on your memorable journey through the universe around us. "Be A Stargazer" will provide you with an understanding of astronomy and the universe around us. From our closest neighbors, the moon, sun and planets to the distant reaches of the universe, the stars and constellations, "Be A Stargazer" is your ultimate guide.

For more information and to order your copy today:

<http://www.renspubhouse.com/funstuff/stargazing.html>

Receive 6 Fantastic Ebooks That Will Help You Learn How To Play The Guitar, Tune Your Instrument, Read Sheet Music, and Play some Super Rock Tabs that'll Blow Your Friends AWAY!

Here's What You Get:

LEARN TO PLAY THE GUITAR EBOOK

LEARN TO READ MUSIC EBOOK

LEARN TO TUNE A GUITAR EBOOK

GUITAR CHORDS EBOOK
TOTAL ROCK GUITAR TABS
MAKING IT AS A MUSICIAN

For more information and to order your copy today:

<http://www.renspubhouse.com/funstuff/guitar.html>

No patch of land is too tiny to create a superb home vegetable garden. And Home Vegetable Gardening is the perfect book to help you get started on the right foot. If you have always wanted to grow your own delicious, mouthwatering vegetables, fruits and berries now you can do it with a little planning and care and the excellent advice you will find inside this book!. After you have tasted how delicious homegrown vegetables are, you will never settle for that ordinary store-bought produce again!

For more information and to order your copy today:

<http://www.renspubhouse.com/funstuff/vegetable.html>

To place your ad contact us at :

rens@renspubhouse.com