

My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult: *I See Good Spirits & I See Bad Spirits*

Theme: Doomite backstories of youth

Genre: Monologue

Easy Girl, by Kyence

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I always knew I was special, different from my older sisters. We all had the Gift, the Voice, inherited from our Mother and beyond, but mine was strongest. Without any arrogance, I can easily say I had my wits about me even at the tender young age when girls in your patriarchal society play with little dolls; I made it a point to not let a single one of them know how powerful my Voice was.

You chuckle. Ah, wondering how I was able to figure it out? It started innocently enough on my part: a little babe, howling for wet nurse's milk. One time, I forgot to cry out and merely thought at her. It was certainly more effective than indiscriminate crying; I was given exactly what I needed from that point on. Now, you non-telepathic types need to understand that there are many forms of psychic power. Telepathy has many aspects: some communicate through images or sensations, while others use "language", that is, access their target's mind where their brain processes spoken language. Yes, the "voice inside your head, commanding you to do all sorts of things you really don't know why." No, I'm not bothering myself with you in that way now. Keep sitting, and listen!

You say it's a wonder I learned to speak aloud at all? How trite of you. For a slick Prince, you can be rather brutish. Anyhow, when my wet nurse was sent away, the farewell moment was rather unfashionable: I cried, I ran up to her, I pawed at her legs. There were tears in her eyes as well, but my Mother, the Queen, could not be disobeyed. We do nurse our children a bit longer than some other cultures, to ensure their strength, but there is a distinction between strong and coddled. I thought, screaming in my mind, my heart, and my lungs, demanding that she stay. And she did, in that one spot, frozen, holding her head. She then screamed in tune with my own. It was enough of a ruckus for my second eldest sister, a young woman in her own right by then, Calphila, to give me a sound hit in the buttocks to break the connection. When told of it, my Mother was said to have laughed for an hour, for she herself had done the same during her weaning. At that, they stepped up my verbal instruction. It is probably one of the few times in a Döfflin Amazon's life that if she has the Voice it is suppressed by her teachers, and I was no exception.

I see that look, my fiancé. That cruel sneer of yours, so handsome and so nasty, all at once. You summate that I became Queen and Goddess of the Night by murdering all of my sisters. How impetuous you are!

My eldest sister was a lot like you. Yes, you remind me of her, though you certainly have a better sense of decorum. Dear Sadella, I respect her memory, but even I cannot describe her as anything but butch. Utilitarian was her philosophy in life, and it served her well enough as the Crown Princess and first in line for the monarchy. You would have not liked her much at all, Lotor. Her hair was a deep magenta she clipped haphazardly short about her head so it wouldn't obscure her eyesight in battle or otherwise. She was a couple inches shorter than you, deep eyes that looked orange; her pupils were always a bit wider

than you'd expect, her vigilance never ceased even when light tried being generous and honest. She had the Voice, but it was weak and the visual type to boot. In battle against an opponent or during "diplomatic" moments, she brought her adversary to hysterics with the images of violence and bloodshed she vividly implanted in their heads. Yes, she tended to me more than Mother did, since poor Sadella had a bit of trouble conceiving. She would tell me stories of conquest, of distant, strange worlds, and strange beings that found their way to our Döfflin Empire. She even told a tale about your father.

Surprised? It is a wonderful farce. You may not recall how long your father retained his youth before senescence ambushed him. Yes, yes, of course you are curious, Zarkon always was a bit secretive about his past before becoming King of Dhm. Well, as his son, I'm sure you know that he was a vagabond Space Pirate for a spell. At some point during his travels, his ship ended up being caught in the middle of a battle between my ancestral kingdom and that of an old enemy kingdom. The frumpy yet formidable Queen Nizeth, she was enthralled by your father. The story goes he was not, and was quoted as saying he'd had enough of "people trying to cage him like a wild animal." He and his crew were granted political asylum by my Great-Grandmother, forming a loose alliance before his departure, hence our affiliation today. Nizeth was so furious at his refusal, her large voluptuous body could not take the stress, and she dropped dead from the anger. I mentioned it in passing to your father. He grimaced at the name, but sighed relief without a hint of guilt at the woman's death. In fact, his thoughts were so strong I could hear them without any effort: "If I had known she died, I would have taken her kingdom myself." It worked out wonderfully for my family: the Empress mandated our annexation of Nizeth's heirless kingdom.

Yes, Sadella loved me, so much so that she had decided to name me her successor when she inherited the throne. An ambitious person like yourself can guess how much Calphila detested this arrangement. Mother was still alive, but ill enough to the point where abdication was imminent, so she acted. I wasn't there, I was attending my private studies, but the official story was this: Sadella tended to her collection of giant Ratites: flightless birds, Lotor, a term I borrowed from humans. You were not aware of this? Something excited them, drove them into a frenzy that ripped her apart. I can imagine the fear she felt only reinforced their panic if she had tried to control their thoughts, that even as she killed a few, they outmatched her. Calphila's Voice was always more effective with animals and birds. She could turn the most pampered pet into a raging killing machine, and vice versa. I knew the murder was her doing. How I mourned Sadella, there was so much damage done to her body and her face! A golden death mask was placed upon her for the public wake. It broke Mother's heart. Calphila was next to inherit; by our laws, since Sadella had died before becoming Queen, any potential successors she'd named were moot. Calphila had nothing to fear from me. So, she had thought.

Listen now, Lotor, listen well. When I looked at my beloved sister's corpse, the golden mask hiding the mangled face even after the funeral pyre dimmed, I plotted my revenge. My heart turned black as Sadella's ash that day, my dear Prince. My Voice was fueled by my hate for Calphila, her thoughts were a never-ending stream flowing through my mind. I would humiliate her. I would crush her. I was young, a girl entering adolescence, but I was not weaker for it. Sadella had taught me how to fight with the sword, to develop my muscles. I set my plan into motion soon enough.

Calphila had a weakness, like you: she had an insatiable appetite for the opposite sex.

She liked them dark, to contrast with her pale skin. Yes, she was the most beautiful of the family then, though my legendary looks would eclipse hers were she alive today. She wasn't a fighter, but shrewd enough to use the weaker aspects of her Voice to great effect. I tread carefully about her until the time of the Pilgrimage to the Empress. The Empress always resides on a world that is devoid of any males; each kingdom has property designated on this land. No, not even a man as handsome as you are allowed, Lotor, I can see I have not humbled you enough. It was easy enough; my Voice, a phallic serpent, suggested endlessly that she take a few men along, smuggle them dressed as women. Fornicate wildly in the Palace of the Empress! The looks of horror on all the faces in that Great Hall as an enraptured Calphila straddled her lover, ripping his disguise clear off! It was all I could do not to laugh, to break my tide of thoughts on her. None had bothered to consider someone in that Hall was controlling her, no one bothered to test the air, see if a Voice was permeating it at a mind's whisper! I finally stopped, the evidence of my tampering gone. My thoughts at that moment were to punish the murderous, blasphemous Calphila.

She was pulled up by the guards, her mind lucid and terrified of the consequences. How she pleaded to the Empress. "Please spare me! I was a mere puppet! Someone was controlling me! I would never do such things!" She was silenced by an elbow in her gut. Gasping, she beseeches me. "Merla, my little sister, please, vouch for me!"

I stood there, pretending to ponder. I turned back to the Empress, made a perfect gesture of respect. "Empress, Goddess of the Cosmos, Calphila has insulted the Empire and shamed my family. I request that I reclaim the honor she has taken away from us." Ha ha! The look of horror on dear Calphila's face as the Empress nodded. How her lower lip trembled as I drew my sword from its scabbard. The guards threw her forward. I did not give her the chance to parry or sidestep. I ran her through, the last thing she was ever penetrated by was my cold blade. The last thing she ever heard was my Voice, laughing as she fell into oblivion.

I returned home the remaining heir. I stayed faithfully by my Mother's side until she officially abdicated rule to me, her only living child, her daughter, the Goddess of the Night.

You had asked about my rise to power, and so I have answered. I do not fear retribution; as a male, your word means nothing against mine. I can compel you otherwise. My tale is a warning to you, lustful Lotor. Do not cross me. Do not give me reason to plot against you. Pleasure is lovely, but controlling another's is ever lovelier.

Lyrics:

EASY GIRL

Written by Buzz McCoy & Groovie Mann

Published by SleazeBox Music / BMI

Vocals - Groovie Mann, Debbie Deathbeat

Keys & Programming – Buzz McCoy

Don't go

What's the matter with you?

Don't go

Oh don't be ridiculous

Religious whore, mystic harlot

Waltz me down, these streets of grime

Exposing her mind for the pleasure of freaks

What's the reason, what's she here for?

Easy girl

The wicked world lays on her back
And the wicked world lays on her back
And the wicked world lays on her back
And the wicked girl lies on her back

How we doin'?

Okay honey

Okay, alright

Can she feel, but tragic visions?
There's no one here to kiss her mouth shut

Easy girl

The wicked world lies on her back
And the wicked world lays on her back
And the wicked world lays on her back
And the wicked girl lies on her back

Don't go

What's the matter with you?

Don't go

Oh don't be ridiculous