



# Martian Cat Reading

**Warning:** *contains vulgarity, swearing and other nasty-business.*

*The story so far...*

**Maddy** - the ill-tempered tough-bitch medic from Mars Resort - caves-in to the persistent whining about the Martian Cat from space engineer **Charlie Darling**, and agrees to undertake a comprehensive health analysis of the diseased animal. Mistaking the microwave oven for the *Martian Cat Health Analysis Device*, **Charlie Darling** accidentally nukes the Martian Cat, and then drops it on its head. Finally, once the analysis is complete, **Rachel** - the base computer with the voice of a 12 year old girl - delivers the results, and Maddy takes notes...

We suggest that you read through the story once, to see if you actually want to proceed. If yes, then practice the tricky bits:

- **VIV-VIV-VIV!** - the sound of an electric bone saw.
- **Impustulated** - covered I pustules

- **Multiple Canker-syndrome** - many open sores
- **Dessicated mucus** - dried snot
- **Imminent descruffage** - scruff of neck falls off easily
- **Posterior substructure** - the Martian Cat's tail
- **Posterior orifice** - the Martian Cat's smelly butt-hole
- **Anterior grippage** - front claws
- **aerosolised cat shit** - tiny particles of cat poo

Begin reading on next page.

**The Martian Cat**  
Chapter 32  
*Martian Cat Health Analysis*

Maddy rests against the workstation, ready to start noting the results of the Martian Cat Health Analysis. "Okay, Rachel. Let's do this thing," she says to the ceiling, addressing the base computer.

Rachel, the computer with the voice of a twelve year old girl, reports on the Martian Cat's health, using the technical lingo from the *Martian Cat Field Guide*. She says, "The Martian Cat been nuked-on-high and concussed by low-gravity droppage."

"That's your fault," Maddy growls at Charlie.

He shuffles around from foot to foot, embarrassed.

Rachel continues, "The Martian Cat has recently been tenderised."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Maddy says, dismissively. "Moving right along."

"The Martian Cat has a disconnected posterior substructure."

“What?” Charlie asks, confused. “What does that mean?”

“That means it’s tail fell off,” Maddy tells him. “Just concentrate. Keep going Rachel.”

“The Martian Cat is largely incapable of acquiring acoustic data.”

“The cat is deaf,” Maddy says, marking the manual with her pen.

“The Martian Cat has cataracts in both its eyes.”

“The cat is blind.”

“Ahhh... Like love,” sighs Charlie.

“No, Charlie!” Maddy snaps. “The Martian Cat is not like love. Unless love is a non-healing skin disease. Is that what you had in mind, mate?”

“Not, really, no,” Charlie looks at the floor, despondently. He’s getting scorned again.

“So how about you quit with the romantic poetry; it’s not welcome on this planet. Rachel. Continue.”

“The Martian Cat’s left and right nostrils are blocked by desiccated mucus.”

“It’s got double snot-nose.”

“The Martian Cat lacks pelt on a forward limb.”

“It’s been de-gloved.”

“The Martian Cat suffers debilitating complications caused by scabies, rabies and scab; as well as Multiple-Canker syndrome.”

“*Urrrgh!* F\*\*k my eyes! It’s impustulated!” Maddy, makes a disgusted grimace. “And you had this f\*\*king thing in your helmet?”

“Yuh!” Charlie agrees. “It was awful.”

“Did you wash the helmet, afterwards?”

“With what? There’s no running water on this stupid planet.”

“Whatever. I’ll sanitise it later. Rachel?”

“The Martian Cat suffers 30% detachment of anterior grippage.”

“Front claws are missing.”

“The Martian Cat has digestive malfunction leading to intentional and non-intentional out-gassing from the posterior orifice.”

“Oh, f\*\*k my life!” says Maddy, angrily. “You bought a flatulent cat into the Command Module.”

“It was attached to my face,” Charlie whimpers, feeling queasy as he is reminded of what happened inside that space helmet, not so long ago. He still has the metallic taste of the aerosolised cat shit in his mouth.

“What the f\*\*k were you even thinking?”

"I woke up with its front bottom in my mouth," Charlie whimpers.

Rachel continues, "The Martian Cat is susceptible to imminent descrufrage."

"Don't pick it up by the scruff of the neck," Maddy instructs, tersely.

"Why not?"

"Because it's f\*\*king neck will fall off, dumbf\*\*k. Aren't you listening?"

"Alright, alright," says Charlie, defensively.

"No, it's not alright, Charlie, this is serious shit! A Martian Cat has got inside the Command Centre. It ought to have been quarantined."

"The Martian Cat's mental function has been severely compromised by cosmic rays, micro-nutrient deficiency, abject loneliness and Mars Immiseration."

"The Martian Cat is stupid. F\*\*k, this goes on forever," Maddy snaps, angrily. "Rachel, let's wrap this up, can we please?"

"The Martian Cat has no teeth, it's fur is falling out, it suffers whisker-failure, it has green-tongue, it smells like gangrene mixed with blue-cheese, and it has sticky fur-balls and worms," Rachel concludes. "This ends the analysis of Martian Cat ID 4566-5-Alpha."

"Well," says Charlie, seeking to put a positive spin on things. "Apart from all that; it's in pretty good shape, really."

"What?" Maddy asks astounded, looking up from her manual where she has completed her assessment. "The cat is not in good shape, at all. It's Martian Cat Classification is S.S.F., as I suspected."

"S.S.F? What does that even mean?"

"It stands for Stupid, Skanky and Flatulent. That's the lowest grade of Martian Cat there is."

"But we can fix it, right?"



“You can’t fix S.S.F., Charlie – it’s bone deep. That animal is going straight into the autoclave, before it out-gasses and completely f\*\*ks the air quality of the Command Centre.”

Not happy with this answer, Charlie lolls over to the Health Analyser and retrieves the slimy critter from inside. The Martian Cat regains consciousness and its eyes swivel inside their sockets as it tries to regain what little of its senses actually work.

Charlie holds the diseased animal protectively against his chest and says firmly, “No way! If you put the cat in the autoclave. You’ll have to put me in there, too.”

“Well, that’s all the more protein for me,” says Maddy, reaching for the bone saw.

Charlie backs away with the cat, looking anxiously for somewhere to run to. But where does one run to in the portable-lavatory sized shit-hole that they call *habitation* modules? What’s he going to do? Go outside? Get a grip Charlie; you’re on Mars, mate.

Sensing Charlie getting his freak-on, the Martian Cat expresses fluids from its open sores, and it slips out of Charlie's arms, falls slowly to the floor and makes a run for it, hobbling away on three of its four legs that work properly.

"Oh, f\*\*k! It's escaped," Maddy snaps. She hurls the bone saw at the Martian Cat, and it strikes the floor making that electric-whirring *VIV-VIV-VIV!* noise, bouncing, and slicing one of the Martian Cat's ears clean off.

Earless and afraid, the cat increases its pace, and disappears into a hole in the wall that is big enough only for a small, emaciated animal.

Maddy rushes over to the hole and peers inside. "Well that's a right f\*\*k-up!" she barks, rounding on Charlie. "Now there's a flatulent cat on the run!"

"Run, little Kitty. Run." Charlie calls out. "Run and hide."

"You just don't get it, do you Charlie?" Maddy growls, glaring at him.

"I get that you don't care for your pets."

“Charlie, I think that it is time that I gave you the Mars induction that you clearly didn’t get back on Earth.” She ushers him to take a seat, and he sits, uncertain of what comes next.