

Obsession Happily Ever After

By Michele Dutcher

The aging superstar fled across the crowded spaceport – and the obsessed fan followed.

“We need to be at the gate by 1500 hours,” she told the provoked iguana sitting on her shoulder.

It looked at her and nodded in agreement. “You worry too much, Margi,” he told her reassuringly. “He loves you and will hold the hover-yacht if we’re late.”

“I don’t like being late ever, Sawsa. It’s like I always tell you – ‘It is just as easy to be ten minutes early as to be ten minutes late.’” She tapped the reptile gently on its spicy green nose. “Am I right or wrong, Sawsa?”

“Right as usual, King Friday,” he clamored joyfully. It was true that provoked iguanas could talk and think for themselves, but most were simple, agreeable companions.

The fifty-something woman passed an advertising motion detector and it flashed a promotion for the holo-zine she always read. On the cover was a moving holograph of Margi’s true love and his girlfriend blissfully hovering over the Great Red Spot of Jupiter.

“Look at that skinny little witch, Sawsa.” Margi wrinkled her nose, as though smelling something revolting. “Someone should force feed her packets of cheeseburger rations, so she would gain about 20 kilos. Women look better with a little meat on their bones. Right or wrong, Sawsa – right or wrong?”

“Right again, King Friday,” sung the iguana, swishing its tail about slightly. Within another 750 generations, the provolving of iguanas would take a nasty turn and the talking reptiles would become unfriendly, hissing violently at humans while talking only amongst themselves. “You are so lucky you responded to that email at work. It looked suspicious – the whole ‘Spend a Lifetime of Joy with a Superstar’ in the subject line. I still can’t believe that he sent you that boarding pass to meet up with him at the spaceport. You are so lucky,” said Sawsa dreamingly.

“So lucky,” agreed Margi, hovering with the rest of the spaceport guests, racing towards their appropriate gates. “He must have read all my fan letters. I knew my proclamations of true love would win his heart.”

“The holo-zines say he watches all the fan-holos himself.”

Margi could see him now, her true love, standing beside his hover-yacht. He seemed to be agitated and nervous for some reason. She held out the boarding pass and the gate shimmered and let her through.

The superstar saw her now and ran to embrace her. “Thank god you made it! I thought I’d need to hold the hover-yacht for you! We’re headed first to Venus and then to Europa for their deep-sea festival of lights.”

They embraced again. Margi suddenly became worried.

“What’s wrong, Margi? – I don’t want anything to mar our time together.”

“What about your girlfriend and your children, Stevie Deep?”

“I’ve wasted enough time with that skinny witch, Margi,” he told her. “I’m tired of making love to a stick.” The Superstar put his arm around Margi’s ample waist. “I need a woman with a little meat on her bones! And don’t be concerned about my children. I have so much money that my children will never want for anything.” He stared deeply into her eyes. “I loved the screenplay you sent to me. You really are a spectacular author.”

They were hovering at the yacht’s door now, just a step away from an eternity of joyful bliss. Stevie Deep drew her closer to him. “After reading your brilliant screenplay, I watched all your fan holograms and realized we were meant to be together forever. I love you Margi, more than I could ever say.”

“I love you too, Stevie Deep,” she said. And they lived happily ever after. No, really – that’s the ending: and they lived happily ever after. Hooray!

The End