

CANDYLAND ON MARS

A SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL IN EPISODES

BY
GLENORCHY MCBRIDE III

I.
PURPLE HAZE

Red sand.

It was not yet soil in some places.

The planet was beyond its initial terraforming stage. An oxygen atmosphere.

Red sand. Candy land.

-o0o-

A strip of liquorice is rolled over the landscape.

In front, the inky black strip rolls on over hill and dale to the red mountains that form the edge of *The Screeching Cliffs*.

Two ends of a black line across the landscape, disappearing into two horizons?

Behind, on the black line, and moving up through the landscape, a dust devil of red. The crimson fire of a mars whirlwind.

Moving up the black thread of fate in the wide open red madness. And as it gets closer, a tune, music...

California Dreaming?

And then it bursts out from within the red whirlwind of dust fire.

Arrival.

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A glittering disco-purple and red hot-rod car. A fantastic predatory speed trapezoid coming into focus. Shaped as an evolution of the 1980's Lamborghini Streetcar with a caterpillar wheel-base of eight wheels ~ four along each side. Wide racing tires on the wide black strip of liquorice.

On the roof of this high speed freeway car, a 360° gun turret ~ a single automatic cannon nosing forward into the Mars wind. The vehicular cannon is a classic arms model from last season's line at *Uncle Abraham's Auto-Stop 'n Gunnery Shop!*

On Mars, girls drive fast cars with big guns.

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With a screech, the armed freeway race car swings from its forward momentum at the middle of the landscape, out into a graceful circular skid. Coming to a stop on the red sand that stretched to the horizon on either side of The Freeway.

The angular disco-glitter purple and red race car crouches in the smoking sand. The driver's side wing-door swings up and opened.

A girl in silver-purple-red body armour lightly and smoothly leaps onto the ground, a compact hi-tech pulse rifle machine gun with under-rifle gyro-sluggers in her hand. She scans the surrounds through the digital lenses of her impenetrable glittering purple helm.

She turns her attention now to a tiny easily overlooked feature of the bleak red landscape.

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Laying upon the ground, purple plastic among the red pebbles, its shiny photovoltaic panels glittering as they drank in the light of the red sun above, was a self-recharging cylinder of purple sherbet candy. In the red wasteland habitat.

The tall slender girl with the powerful automatic pulsegun looked over at her partner, a slightly shorter delicate girl with a long, precise sniper rifle.

“Another one.” The driver says significantly to the co-pilot.

Behind them, the race car’s engine *purred* in amusement.

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II. THE DEVIL'S TAINT

The target stood before the main counter in the vast foyer below.

He was signing *The Death Waiver* ~ to absolve consequences, should he die in tonight's autoduelling event.

A rich boy with an expensive car ~ *The Storm Hawk*, it was called. And he had been showing it off in the arena's famous car park, for the past week.

That is where he met Black Crow.

And fatally offended the indigenous shaman.

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A spell had been cast ~ gathering all the taint and race pain in his blood.

And Black Crow now watched as the rich boy walked away from the counter.

His money would not help him, tonight. Autoduelling arena events were by "divisional" ~ each division represented a price limit on the vehicles competing.

The rich boy had entered to compete in the highest divisional level ~ where the cars were fantastically expensive, and the arena events commanded the greatest television coverage.

Only the most successful drivers, or the richest dilettantes, competed in this division.

Every driver had equal money to construct their car ~ some drivers chose acceleration and manoeuvrability with powerful ram plates and axel blades, others drove rumbling crawling armoured cannons on wheels. But every driver had the same limits and potentials within which to design and build her or his vehicle.

The Storm Hawk was fast, but rigid. A high-speed attack car, more suited to the freeway than the arena. But the rich boy was not really a talented or experience pilot, merely the recipient of expensive lessons that he had learned to repeat.

Black Crow slid from his vantage point, back round the corner and out of sight.

He slipped from his pocket, the long cylindrical mechanical pump syringe.

He gazed at it with a strange smile, and then held it against his arm.

The mechanical device filled with his blood ~ the blood of the curse he had cast.

He turned back round the corner.

And watched as the unwitting rich boy walked carefree toward the mezzanine stairs.

Where Black Crow waited above.

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"Ouch!"

The rich boy said in surprise.

As Black Crow's shoulder and body slammed into him.

It was not a heavy slam. Not even enough to knock him over. More like a bumping collision really.

With a little sting, hidden therein.

The rich boy rubbed his arm.

"You?" He said in surprise and disgust.

"How dare you touch me, nigger."

Black Crow merely looked at him.

Hidden meanings indecipherable in his eyes.

"Sorry, masta." He said in pigeon talk.

Bowed his head.

And went on his way.

-oOo-

"Of course, I'll win!"

The rich boy announced, leaning against the expensive cream-white European *Storm Hawk* in the carpark.

"Superiority is in the blood, and my blood is Sacred." He told them.

It runs through every cell in my body.

In it is all the private beauty of my childhood memories.

"My blood is pure."

Pause.

"No longer." Said another voice.

The uninvolved spectators turned to see who was speaking.

Black Crow was sitting upon the low long old and scratched, but beautifully maintained and powerfully rebuild heavy cycle. A veteran and survivor of scores of road duels.

"Who gave you permission to talk, abo!" The rich boy sneered.

Black Crow watched him silently. Enigmatically.

"You too are part aboriginal." He finally replied. There was something within him. Unseen. Hateful and frightening in its silent intensity.

"Rich boy." He added.

The rich boy's brow furrowed a little at this seemingly illogical answer.

"No, I'm not, you daft old crow." The rich boy sneered.

Black Crow watched him silently. Unmoved. Amusement? Then said.

"I have injected my own blood into your veins, and tainted that blood with *The Curse*."

The audience of the uninvolved turned back to stare at the rich boy.

First, a sneering confusion.

"What?" He said. No longer so condescending. Worried?

Black Crow's lip turned but the slightest touch. A loveless smile.

"You are no longer separate from my Hate." He watched the rich boy.

"My hatred is now present in every cell in your body and your brain, every thought you will ever again think."

He watched the implications roll over the idiot's face.

"Every cell in your body." The Crow of The Death Crow's Call.

"None escape."

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The blind animal, in a fury of anger, flew at The Black Crow.

But The Black Crow understood blind animals.

He stared into its eyes, raised his palm to its face, and released the sonic blast of his voice into its blindness.

A single word, loud and focused sound.

"SATAN!"

The blind animal stopped in its tracks, and blinked.

Its amygdala brain had been immediately disengaged.

Black Crow leaned forward.

And spoke.

"The Blood Curse of Mars." A Gateway to *The Nihil* opened in the blood of its victim.

The rich boy knew what it meant.

"*The Devil's Taint*."

Red Sand. Candyland.

Since *The Curse of The Devil's Taint* had been discovered, this ritual had been used by every person who had reason to dislike the pure blood obsession of The Genetic Separatists. The Separatists could not return the favour ~ for the impure have ever desire to share blood with the pure.

The implications were known throughout Mars.

The victim would begin by telling himself that it was merely biological phenomenon, and wouldn't affect his personality.

But a year from then, and he would be unable to look his parents in eye for shame of what his hate folly had unnecessarily brought upon the pure and precious gift of life and blood they had given him through birth and nurtured in him through childhood. The bloodline he had been entrusted to carry for a generation.

The psychological implications were a destabilization of his will and identity ~ and he would become "accident prone" as his "will to hate the nigger", began to find outlet within his own being, targeting and materializing its curse within himself.

His gates were now opened ~ not only to receive the curse of his own separatist hate, but also receive the hate and curses of The Impure.

By three years, his personality would disintegrate. All of his former certainty would be fracturing from its core, and he is left unable to escape *The Taint* that now resides in every cell in his body. His respect for

himself has been blasphemed, and he has come to recognize that he has passed through a point of no return.

Passing through a point of no return.

As the creator of that curse must have been doing, when he engineered it, back during the terrible nights of The Gene Wars, over a century ago.

His will must have been implacable, indeed ~ to sacrifice everybody he loved, to achieve his objective.

No limits.

He chose not to have children. He said that humanity were bottom-feeders, and he denied them the treasure of ever experiencing the ability to think as he could think.

To impoverish their collective mind.

He said they would never recognize that that was the greatest curse he had inflicted upon them.

A punishment.

They didn't deserve to ever experience the wonder of his dreams ~ a wonder he had carried for near three thousand years, since an ancient temple, lost in the mists of pre-history.

He was a wizard who wrote that curse. A wizard who began his life shy, gentle, and quiet beyond any other thing, yet his passions were strange and deep and hidden.

A rose that blooms in the night.

But the separatists saw only his dark eyes, and like dogs, they barked blindly at some symbols, just as they wagged their tails stupidly and automatically at others. And they had pushed him and pushed him and pushed him, until he turned upon them in a rage so dark and terrible that it tore the patterns of humanity's Fate, and threw the destinies of all into a chaos of death and terror and the cries of burning surprise from those who thought themselves immune.

Like the Islamites who had destroyed Planet Earth, the separatists believed that their destiny and god would sustain them better than oxygen.

And thus did they walk into his trap.

For he understood them.

He understood them.

Over the years they hurt him, he released many permanent curses upon them, echoing through history. And his shadow is still feared by The Separatists, over a century later.

And probably will be ~ for the rest of history.

Yet they had created him, by their poor leadership and their blind arrogant belief that their god and their religion were bulletproof.

From the beginning, they had attacked him unprovoked. Sought to steal his Art, for they had no original ideas of their own.

Thus, was the curse of *The Devil's Taint* a reminder for The Separatists to carry through the remainder of their history. Stinging them, over and over. Tainting their lines and offspring.

A reminder of the dangers of pointlessly and profitless kicking one shy, quiet, unarmed, and soft little dark eyes.

A warning to all bottom-feeders.

The victim of *The Taint* would pass through dozens of religions and rich-boy loving cults, crying for a way to clean the reality of the hateful accursed Negro blood from his body and soul.

Unclean.

But a curse like this can't be undone.

Every cell in the victim's body ~ never to be free, again.

The Devil's Taint is now a part of the victim. Forever.

The rich boy knew the implications. The curse had been discovered in a scroll in a bottle, floating in the purple seas of Mars. Since then, all over Mars, rich boys who preached separatism had been tainted.

And there had been plenty of opportunity for psychiatrists to observe and experiment and write papers on the phenomenon.

As they searched for a path to healing.

Hundreds. Thousands. And more? How many pure individuals would be tainted over the centuries to come ~ as every aboriginal who was hurt silently returned the favour.

A path of healing had to be found.

But in life, there are many actions that have no return.

The victim would pass on *The Taint* to his offspring.

A Curse of *The Abyss*.

A Curse against Separation.

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The rich boy stumbled backwards in shock.

"You didn't!" He tried to command.

But like the bottom-feeding separationists who first motivated the creation of this curse ~ it was too late.

Their artistically primitive coprophagic god had not saved them from *The Devil's Taint*.

This curse was born from crimes against Art.

And *The Devil* is a lover of Art.

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Stay tuned for Chapter III.
The Black Brew of Cybele.

Dedicated to neo-aryan bottom-feeders, their primitive views on Art, and their paedophile empire where non-aryan children don't even have the RSPCA to protect them from their yokel superiors.

When the oxygen is gone, the great white coprophage claims that they will be able to breathe his prayers instead.

Art is Love and Creation. But when violated....

Art is Death.

I invoke The Screech Owl
I invoke BRIDGET
I invoke LILITH
I invoke HATE

-o0o-

This is a great way of venting rage. I think I will keep writing chapters as an act of self-therapy,
Whilst I am waiting for my Art Journal is returned.

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Crowley said that if one is doing one's true will, one cannot be harmed.

Let us test that hypothesis.

Data Point #2 *The Devil's Taint.*