

## The Glaxen

It was the end of the spring break vacation. Brad had been to Luster paradise, a planet near the center of our Milky Way. Brad did not care where it was exactly. It had been girls, girls, girls and beer, beer beer and Brad did give a damn about where those two met up with him. Luster paradise was planet with an average temperature of 29 degrees celsius and 14 hours of constant sunshine. It had no seasons, but a lot of sand and surf. So it was the ideal place to spend your spring break. So it was packed with cheap hotels and cheaper bars and with millions and millions of college grads.

But alas, all good things come to an end. And now Brad was sitting on a transfer station near Luhman16 waiting for a super jumper to get him to the Andromeda Galaxy and then on to the University of Cambridge exploration and education spaceship. It was located near NGC206 to study the type O stars there. Brad had spend all his cash on the vacation itself and therefore had to take the cheapest route, which meant staying 14 hours on this godforsaken transfer station.

Humanity had taken to the stars at the end of the twenty first century and now a hundred years later was taking his first steps in another galaxy. In the Milky Way it had encountered no sentient beings. The planets with live were eithers millions or billions years behind in their evolution or in some cases further. But apart from numerous clues, hints and archeological sites the more evolved aliens themselves were never found. So humanity was now master of the universe. That is, this part of the universe.

Brad was listening to some music and looking around. There were some two dozen other passengers in the waiting room, which was filled with plastic bucket seats. Two hundred years of progress since their creation had not been able to rid humanity of these back breaking monstrosities. One could not sit, hang or ly in them. A mix between those three was what people tended to do and so was Brad.

After studying for two hours Brad gave up. He would not remember a thing. He was too tired and his back ached. So he got up and started shambling through the room. After a minute or two a beautiful woman entered the room. Brad was taken aback by her. She smiled and took a seat just across from where he had been sitting. Quickly he went back to his seat.

The woman was wearing high heels, a short dress and stockings. On top of that she wore a blouse, which was ever so slightly transparent. Brad could not be certain if she wore a bra, but he was determined to find out. What to do? What to do? He could best take out his study pad, which was a bit transparent and start studying. He could then watch her without drawing too much attention.

And so Brad had a new way to kill the time. The woman took out a pad and started reading. Brad did not read a damn thing. He at first was fixed on the bra issue, but then when the woman put one leg over the other could not quite see if she wore any underwear. SO that was his next mission.

Time passed and Brad did not see what he wanted to see, nor did he see a fat man enter the room and take a seat just next to him. Vaguely he became aware of the man, but that was quickly swept away when the woman bent over to undo the laces of her heels. Brad could see into her blouse and did not see any signs of a bra. The she sat up and lay her one

leg with her ankle on the knee of the other. Brad could see no underwear, but unfortunately no details of what was there. His trousers were starting to become too tight.

"Is it hot or what," the man next to him mumbled to him. Brad ignored him. The man started to wave fresh air to himself and wobble his fat arm within view of Brad's line of sight. Also the odor of the armpit of the heavy sweating man started to invade the nose of Brad. 'Ignore it!!' Brad yelled to himself. The woman massaged her ankle with both hands and her bosom tested the strength of the buttons of her blouse. Then she put her foot on the ground and bent over again for the other heel. Again Brad could take a look into her blouse and again no bra was spotted. 'Yes!' The woman sat back the same way as before. If she wore any underwear it wasn't white.

The fat man did not want to be ignored. "It's super hot, don't you think." He said to Brad. Brad nodded and mumbled: "Yes, it is." The man had caught an audience. The started to wave his arm more ferociously. "It's like forty degrees." Brad took a quick look at the fat man and replied: "Yes, yes, it is." and then looked back. He saw the woman leaning over with her legs spread and her head down to let her hair fall over. She was putting a ponytail in and should eventually sit up again, but for now Brad missed it. The fat man made Brad miss it. 'Ig-no-re the man!!' he screamed at himself. And so he did. Brad did not hear the man. He did not hear man complaining about burning up. Or about not feeling so well. Brad did see the woman slowly lift her head up again and like the sun coming up slowly see more and more of her legs and her crotch come to view. 'Yes! Yes' he happily thought.

But then the man jumped up, yelling, and tore the clothes of his swelling body. Brad skipped to another seat and held up his arms in defence. The woman started to scream. An alarm yelped and the room was sealed. A man trying to flee at the last moment was cut in half by the closing door.

The skin of the man started to show fissures where slug-like creatures started to erupt from it. The beautiful woman tried to climb over her seat - Yep, no underwear - but was engulfed by the small blobs. Glaxen, they were called. Glaxen would take a large bite, swallow it and fall to the ground. There they would dissolve rapidly into tiny spores, which would disperse within seconds and contaminate everyone within twenty meters. Those who were infected either died instantly or become comatose until the Glaxen formed. Then, those people unwittingly would be, like the fat man, time bombs.

But the beautiful woman would not live to suffer that fate. hole after hole was formed by the bites of the Glaxen. She tried to wipe them away with hands that were losing their flesh until they were mere bone. Brad could just make out that she did indeed not wear a bra before she collapsed into herself. All the supporting tissue was eaten away.

Brad looked around. More people were devoured rapidly. The room quickly filled with the spores. Only Brad and one other person were equipped with a Glaxen shield. They were shielded from the attacks and from the spores. They would survive the Glaxen attack, but the scorching heat that the health inspection would use to cleanse the room would sometimes not be negated. Batteries run out or people would buy the wrong stuff.

When the last Glaxen dissolved the temperature was raised instantly to 400 degrees and stayed there a minute or so. This would kill all the spores. The other living person started to scream. His flesh started to bubble and melt away. Brad dared not to move afraid his shield would give in as well.

And then it was all over. Everyone in the room was dead except for Brad. Agents from health inspection entered the room in protective suits. They surveyed the room.

“Mister! Step over here.”

Brad followed the given orders and was cleared ten minutes later. Brad still had twelve hours of waiting to do. He went to a recharge point for his Glaxen shield and threw up all over it. He wanted to see all of the woman, but not her bones. Now he could not even look at people without fearing they would explode in a cloud of blobs or melt away. Perhaps space was empty of sentient beings because the Glaxen had eaten them all.