

Do You Fear (For Your Child)? by Kyence

Author's Chapter Notes:

This was written as a flash fic of <850 words (the song lyrics bring the file total to 1000).

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

Theme: Doomite backstories of youth

Genre: Short-short, Comedy

Do You Fear (For Your Child)?

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"Rotten little scrub!" he pushed the boy to the cold metal floor.

"Hey, what gives?" the boy got back on his feet, rubbing his buttocks, a confused look in his yellow pupiless eyes. "I'm a Karavirs, a Duonulan noble!"

"Pssh, nobles. Your kind have no right to call yourselves that. I, Throk, am a noble, from a long line of viceroys. You, offspring from obsolete slave models, are a poor imitation. I will not be put in the same category as you," he pushed the azure-skinned boy down again.

"Take it easy on the kid, Throk. Remember, his family accompanied Zarkon for the official proclamation," a usually reticent Hazar spoke up, placing himself between the two. "Don't make a scene or give an excuse for things to get even worse," he whispered into Throk's ear.

"Things aren't worse, they're better!" the boy popped up behind Throk. Throk jumped forward, bumping into Hazar's chest, both grimacing at the close contact. They both took a step away from each other, wiping their green formal wear as though mud splattered on them. "Cossack Karavirs, shouldn't you be with your brothers and sisters?" Hazar asked.

"Aw, I just wanted to look around. What was your name again?"

"Hazar. Son of Chancellor Mozak," the adolescent Drule folded his arms and pursed his lips.

"Yeah, yeah, that's it, Hazar. I figured no one would notice if I gave myself a tour of the Imperial Palace. I mean, the Karavirs are gonna be part of the Drule Empire, so I should see where my Emperor chills!"

"These creatures are so intolerable," Throk moaned, rubbing his temple.

"What, you have a headache? You should take something for that," Cossack provided with a sincere, fanged smile.

Throk snarled. Hazar smirked at Throk's distress. He wasn't fond of Throk by any means, and while he was never partial to Duonulans, Cossack was looking to be fun company.

"I think I can show you around this part of the Palace for a couple of minutes, but we'll have to head back. We must be present for when DhM and Opachre are granted status as a Drule Kingdom."

"And King Zarkon will be a Viceroy, too! He'll have two titles. Count 'em, Throkles, TWO! Obsolete slave models mean more to the Emperor than you ever will!" He triumphantly thrust two fingers up in the DhM salute at a bewildered Throk.

Hazar laughed so hard white locks of his hair escaped his circlet. "He's got you there, Throk. Zarkon is cunning, convincing the Emperor to give him two planets, one the Duonulans have been fighting with us over for years, while granting any territories seized in the Denubian Galaxy DhM jurisdiction. Looking at Cossack here, I guess our ancestors made theirs a bit too wily to stay servants for long." He affectionately pat Cossack on the head.

"Yeah, Drules and Duonulans can live in peace together...now we can kick some HUMAN ass!" Cossack crowed, hopping up and down.

"I'm done here, I'm heading back to the farce. I've had enough of your insipid history lesson, Hazar," Throk dismissed them with a sweep of his hand as he turned to walk away. "And don't ever bump into me again, Karavirs, or you'll regret it."

"I promise I will," Cossack waved farewell. "Whew, is that kid uptight," he added, pulling out a flask and opening it. He took a swig. Hazar's nose wrinkled at the strong ester scent.

"Aren't you a bit young to be drinking that?" he asked.

"What? This is fruit juice, full of vitamins. It's what makes Duonulan boys and girls strong. Want some?" Cossack proffered.

"I'll pass."

"For a Drule going to the Academy, you'd think you could handle a fruity drink. Pretty embarrassing, a boy like me can drink something a teen Drule won't even taste," Cossack continued before Hazar snatched the flask and gulped some down, wincing at its strength.

"You can keep the rest, my gift to you. Let me play doctor with your sister, and I'll send you a caseload. Before you know it, you'll be a Commander!"

Hazar stared. "Uh, this will be fine, thank you. And how did you know I have a sister?"

Cossack grinned puckishly. "I do now!"

Hazar pointed to the corridor, uncomfortable with the notion of a Duonulan near Dorma.
“The tour, remember?”

“I changed my mind. Now I wanna see Viceroy King Zarkon standing next to the Emperor, making him look like a dwarfling!” Cossack rushed back towards the proceedings, pausing to run back and give Hazar a handshake and DhM sign. “See you later, Drule Brother Hazar!”

That night, Chancellor Mozak asked his young son, “How do you feel about today's events?” Hazar gave him the flask. Mozak emptied it into his gullet, “Yeah,” he said with a smack of his lips, “I couldn't agree more.”

Lyrics:

DO YOU FEAR (FOR YOUR CHILD)?

Written by Buzz McCoy & Groovie Mann

Published by SleazeBox Music / BMI

Vocals - Groovie Mann, Buzz McCoy, Debbie Deathbeat

Keys & Programming – Buzz McCoy

Guitar - Luc Van Acker

Who killed Cock Robin? Who killed Cock Robin?

I said the Sparrow with my bow and arrow

It was I, only it was I

Who caught his blood, who caught his blood?

Do you fear for your child?

Oh, o-o-o-oh

It was straight outta Hell

Do you fear for your child?

The crazies' demanding to shut out the daylight

Oh, o-o-o-oh

Soldiers are dancing on rotting empires

TV disease is making us tired

Death struts the streets, it's high on the bile

Do you fear for your child?

You look up to God, you find Venus diMilo

Oh, o-o-o-oh

You lose your soul and you lose your style

You talk to the world when it lies in a pile

You talk to the dogs, to the trees you exile

Do you fear for your child?

Ahhhh

It was straight outta Hell

Do you fear for your child?

You are not God! You are not God!

Oh, o-o-o-oh

Do you fear for your child?

Exploded on a thin line, you amble through space

Golden for the depths, the depths of despair

Standing on a threshold, a threshold of thought

It struggles to escape, to burden my brain

Do you fear, do you fear, do you fear for your child?