

Captain Future's Difficult Life

by Sabina

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Disclaimer: Captain Future and associated characters and settings don't belong to me. The only compensation I derive from the stories I wrote are the fun I had writing them and maybe a few kind comments (or unkind, if you are so inclined.)

Captain Future's Misery

by Sabina

It was a beautiful, sunny day in spring when Curtis Newton landed the *Comet* at the space-port near New York.

The Planet Patrol had invited him and his crew to their annual picnic.

Since the gathering would be held in a meadow a few miles west of the city, the man commonly known as Captain Future steered the swift, little *Cosmoliner* from the space port to said meadow. It would be his first time in Earth's countryside.

Otho and Grag were arguing during the whole flight. They couldn't resolve the question of who of the two of them, being allegedly human, needed sun-creme more. Curt ignored the contestants after his first bid for silence. Neither Grag nor Otho were in need for sun-creme, but, apparently, they enjoyed their little argument, therefore, Curt allowed them to continue.

Fifteen minutes later the meadow came into view. Scattered here and there stood other vehicles, and in between colourful blankets marked where someone had already stacked a claim for pieces of land.

As the *Cosmoliner* drew near, Curt saw Ezra waving and pointing to a group of trees. Curt landed there. The marshal was wearing a soft shirt and slacks.

As he opened the *Cosmoliner*, Curt was assaulted by the heavy fragrance of the trees and grass in full bloom. Curt sneezed.

The next thing assaulting Curt was Joan. She jumped into his arms and happily embraced him.

"Oh, Curtis, it is so wonderful that you could come. It will be such a great day. I have already laid out the blankets at this perfect spot I found."

Curt would have liked to reply to her and complement her on the beautiful dress she was wearing, but he was seized by an endless fit of sneezing. His eyes started to water.

As the sneezes and sniffles continued to rake Curt's tall form, Simon flew over to him worriedly and said: "Boy, maybe we should return to the Moonbase and check you out. We have been to a number of unknown worlds recently, it is entirely possible that you picked up some foreign illness, which is breaking out now."

And so Captain Future returned with Simon to the Moonbase.

They left Otho and Grag behind, so that at least these two could enjoy their free day and keep Joan company. She would have liked to accompany Curt to the moon, but staying with him was far too dangerous in the face of an unknown alien illness.

Five hours later Ezra, Joan, Grag and Otho were deep into a discussion concerning the amount of chocolate a cookie should contain. Soft beeping made Ezra aware that somebody was calling him via his portable television.

Ezra opened the device and on the screen the blocky shape of Simon appeared, behind him sat a bleary-eyed and unhappy Curt.

"Hello, Professor Simon. Have you found out what is wrong with Curtis?"

Upon hearing whom Ezra was talking to Joan, Otho, and Grag immediately formed a semi-circle behind the marshal.

"Yes, we have found out where the problem lies. Unfortunately, we haven't found a way to heal Curt, yet," Simon made a small pause before continuing. "Curt has hay fever."

The End

Captain Future's Relief

by Sabina

Previously:

"Hello, Professor Simon. Have you found out what is wrong with Curtis?"

Upon hearing whom Ezra was talking to Joan, Otho, and Grag immediately formed a semi-circle behind the marshal.

"Yes, we have found out where the problem lies. Unfortunately we haven't found a way to heal Curt, yet," Simon made a small pause before continuing. "Curt has hay fever."

And now:

Joan chimed up: "Professor Simon, what about acupuncture? There is even the chance that his hay fever will be completely healed."

"That's an interesting idea, Joan. I'll immediately search for an acupuncturist who can help Curt."

Joan shyly smiled at Simon: "Maybe I could be of some help. My great-aunt was well-versed in the art of acupuncture and she taught me some of her skills. I think I could at least deal with the symptoms of Curt's hay fever."

"Currently, I'm certainly willing to try about everything," was Curt's nasal reply.

Otho and Grag returned with Joan to the Moonbase.

Joan was smiling encouragingly at Curt when she saw him in the Moonbase's med-lab.

"Don't worry. I'll heal you and then we can have a nice little picnic in a sunny meadow.

But it'll take a few sessions in the course of the next weeks, so you have to be patient."

"Joan, if you can free me from this plaque, I'll happily take you anywhere for a picnic.

Will you start now? Shall I take my shirt off?"

Joan took out her acupuncture needles and answered him: "Yes, taking your shirt off might be nice. Why don't you sit down on a chair?"

Curt took off his shirt, and after Joan had stopped eyeing his chest appreciatingly, she stood next to him.

Slowly she was tracing her fingers along his right ear and her soft breath was washing over it. Curt shivered.

"Curt, this might prick a bit, but you'll feel better afterwards."

Joan stuck five needles into Curt's ear.

Twenty minutes later, during which Curt had tried to distract Joan from his exposed chest, Joan easily took the needles out of Curt's ear again.

"Uh, thank you, Joan. I feel better already."

"I knew it would work. I'll see you in two days. Try to stay away from any meadows.

Otho, could you bring me back to Earth? My fellows are probably wondering where I am."

After Joan had left the med-labm Curt asked Simon: "Why did I have to take my shirt off, when she stuck the needles into my ear? I thought she would use my back."

The End

Captain Future's Gratitude

by Sabina

Previously:

"Yes, we have found out where the problem lies. Unfortunately, we haven't found a way to heal Curt, yet," Simon made a small pause before continuing. "Curt has hay fever."

~*~

Curt: "Joan, if you can free me from this plaque, I'll happily take you anywhere for a picnic. Will you start now? Shall I take my shirt off?"

And now:

Today it had been exactly one year since Curtis Newton had found out that he had hay fever.

Today it had been exactly one year since Curtis Newton had promised Joan Landor to take her one a picnic once he was healed.

Curt surveyed the picnic site one last time. Joan would be here any second now. *Here* was the place where the whole thing had started.

Now it was time to test whether Joan's ministrations had worked. He had been here for three hours already, and so far he hadn't sneezed a single time.

After his first acupuncture session, Curt had considered searching for a professional acupuncturist, but Joan might have been terribly offended by this. And she had never again asked him to take his shirt or any other clothes off, she hadn't even mentioned the whole episode.

Eventually, he had asked her to acupuncture him for stress as well. Joan had been only too happy to oblige this request.

Curt couldn't remember a time when he had felt more relaxed and happy than in the last year.

Although he was always very tight and nervous during the acupuncture sessions. It was a bitter-sweet thing to have Joan leaning over his shoulder, tracing his ear to find the best spot for her needles, feeling her hot breath caressing his neck.

Curt shook his head. Now was not the time to think about such things. Especially since Joan had just arrived.

The secret agent was a lovely sight to behold. She wore a light dress with a butterfly print and flowers pinned into her hair. She looked like a fairy queen visiting the mortal realm.

While eating the cake and drinking the coffee Curt had brought to the picnic, they talked about all the adventures they had had over the years, they talked about politics and plants. And finally Curt got around to thank her for her efforts to heal his hay fever.

"Oh, Curt. It was no problem at all, but I think we should test whether your hay fever is really gone," she told him and an unholy mirth entered her eyes and she continued, "I have seen some bales of hay at the edge of the meadow. Why don't we have a little romp in the hay?"

Curt drew his breath in sharply and a pollen flying by tickled his nose. He sneezed.

Joan was drawing near to him and huskily said: "Poor Curt. It appears that your hay fever isn't completely gone yet. I'll have to take other measures. How about I try the acupuncture spots on your feet? I have my needles with me, you only have to drop your pants."

The End

Captain Future's Gold Fever

by Sabina

Previously

"Oh, Curt. It was no problem at all, but I think we should test whether your hay fever is really gone," she told him and an unholy mirth entered her eyes and she continued, "I have seen some bales of hay at the edge of the meadow. Why don't we have a little romp in the hay?"

And now:

Curt was lazily sifting through the golden cascade of hair.

Joan had snuggled up to him and he was now spreading out her hair on his chest. He had been doing so for the last fifteen minutes, while Joan slept on. Lock by lock he stroked her hair and combed it with his fingers.

Joan's hair was gleaming like spun gold and was nice contrast to the gold and brown straw around them.

He had been doubtful when Joan had suggested it, but no he was rather happy that he had agreed to this.

Arranging the straw to Joan's liking had taken some time and he suspected that she had drawn it out deliberately. He had taken the upper part of his uniform off while moving the bales of straw. Joan had sat on one bale, directing his efforts. Curt could not but be aware of the hungry gaze resting upon him. He thought he had heard her growl at one time.

He had been rather disappointed when she didn't try to sneak into the shower he had had to take.

But Curt had found out very fast what she had been up to while he was washing the sweat off.

The little minx had sat on the bed in the straw. She had worn a cowgirl dress, complete with a hat and lasso.

They had fed each other strawberries and talked about anything and nothing at all.

His reminiscing had to come to end now, Joan was awake.

"Hello, Joan. Did you have pleasant dreams?"

Joan was stretching languidly before answering: "Yes, my dreams have been very nice. You like my hair, don't you?"

Joan was eyeing one of the golden locks Curt had still in his hand.

"What man doesn't like gold, especially when it is adorning a beautiful woman."

"Flatterer."

"Now, I only state the truth." Curt continued to play with Joan's hair.

"It seems, Curt, that you have the gold fever. Unfortunately, I don't know any acupuncture spots for that. Maybe it'll vanish on it's own when you have found enough gold?"

"Somehow I doubt that, Joan."

Curt slowly trailed one hand down Joan's shoulder. The little romp in the hay had been a good idea.

Maybe he should make the straw a permanent fixture of his bedroom.

The End

Captain Future's Cabin Fever

by Sabina

Curt threw Joan another sideways glance.

She appeared to be sleeping, yet, he knew otherwise. Joan was wide awake and probably suffering like he was.

Curt looked around the room, the other ten people with them sat just as dejectedly as Joan and Curt.

He should never have listened to Ezra. The marshal had said, that it would be fun. That it would be a challenge and that it would give him some time alone with Joan.

Time alone with Joan had been rare lately, for one, he never could get enough of Joan, on the other hand his crew-mates had demanded to see their friend Joan as well.

So he had to share with Otho and Grag the scarce time Joan could take off from her newly promoted position as the head of her own division at the Planet Patrol.

And then Ezra had told Curt about the little mountain race a group of secret agents did each December. One of their teams couldn't come, therefore, they needed another pair of runners.

Joan had been all fire and go about it, and Curt had thought it would be nice.

In the end they had won the race to the first station, but now the whole runner group was snowed in in this little hut that was supposed to serve as the first station.

They had been here for five days, the outside world would know by now that something had gone wrong. Their first runners should have reached the finish line a few hours ago.

At least they had enough food.

Curt took another look around the room.

Small talk had been exhausted a long time ago.

There was nothing else to do. Everybody was getting edgy. Feigning sleep was the only chance to at least pretend to be alone.

Real sleep was hardly possible. Some of the other agents were snoring so loudly that it was a wonder they hadn't been found yet.

Joan was snuggling closer to him.

They had had to endure a three hour razing on their relationship after the first night, when Joan had sat down next to him without a second thought. The room wasn't even big enough for any of them to lay down.

Joan took this moment to crawl into his lap, by all outward appearances she was just getting comfortable, with her head against his shoulder and his arms to keep her from falling down.

Curt was trying to stay calm and disinterested. Joan was nibbling on his neck. The hand that was protected from view by her body was drawing small circles on his chest.

"You know, Curt. Once we get out of this hole, I'll have to be instantly treated against cabin fever. You don't happen know just what might be best to help me?"

Oh, Curt could easily think of some ways to rid Joan of her cabin fever.

And when they all were rescued five hours later, the other racing agents found out that they would never have stood a chance against the pair of Joan and Curt.

The two of them had hurried away as if they needed to prevent Armageddon.

The End

Captain Future's Dead Faint

by Sabina

Curt was panting rhythmically, but all he received for his efforts was a glare from Joan.

Her face was sweaty and flushed from exertion, yet, she never utter even one sound.

He could tell when the next wave of pain hit her, because she gripped his hand as if she wanted to crush his bones. Curt groaned.

Never had he imagined that it would be like this. The whole procedure was pure torture to him and it had been going on for hours.

Anybody who dared to say something to Joan was hit by a glare promising a painful death. Curt himself seemed to receive his share of glares whether he said something or not.

A towel blocked Curt's view and somebody whipped the sweat from his brow.

In the beginning it had seemed so easy, but now Curt happily would have turned back the time to prevent all this from happening.

Joan's grip on his hand relaxed. He could relax, too, for the time being.

Somebody said something to Joan and received the death glare. Curt couldn't hear what Joan was being told, but the deep, calm voice reassured him. He felt like his head was stuffed with cotton and everything had happened so fast, but now there was this agonizing wait.

Theoretically he knew what was happening, but to read about it or to hear the funny stories others told was one thing, actually partaking in it, was a totally different matter.

The doctor shouted: "One last time, Joan! Come on, you can do it!"

Curt risked a glance towards the doctor, all he saw was red blood, then everything went black.

From far away somebody familiar was calling his name. Slowly he opened his eyes.

Otho's worried face was hovering over him.

In an instant Curt was wide awake and gripping the arms of the android.

"How is Joan? Is she alright? Can I see her? Where is she? What happened?"

Simon's annoyingly emotionless voice came from Curt's side: "Calm down, lad. There is nothing to worry about. You fainted. Apparently a nurse caught you."

"Yeah, they had a bet going, on how long you'd make it before keeling over," whispered Otho.

"Joan is fine and you can see her right now. Everything is fine, Curt."

He would be sure of that when he saw it with his own eyes.

Otho led him to a room. Slowly Curt opened the door and peeked in.

Joan sat there exhausted. Her hair was sticking into every which way, but she was smiling happily.

Curt walked to the bed and took a look at the bundle she had in her arms.

It was the ugliest creature he had ever seen, purple and all wrinkly. It was a face only a mother could love.

"Curtis, meet Clarissa Flora Landor," the loving mother proclaimed.

He hoped the books were right and the girls skin colour would change to something more fleshy and that the wrinkles would smooth out.

The End

Captain Future's Common Cold

by Sabina

"But, Joan," Curt all but wailed.

"No, Curtis. You will go to this conference, like you promised to do. Now, go! I will have Grag drag you there, if you don't leave right now."

Curt was looking desperately from Joan's angry face to Flora sitting on the couch.

Joan knew what he saw. He saw a little four year old girl near death who needed her daddy. Unfortunately, said four year old girl was twelve years old and the last tendrils of a simple common cold were hardly plaguing her any more.

"I will go. But if you need anything, or anything happens, you will not hesitate to call me, no matter what time of the day it is."

"I promise, Curtis, should something untoward happen, that we will call you."

Two long strides took him to his ailing daughter.

Tenderly he kissed her forehead and stroked her hair. After one last suffering look at Joan, he left her apartment supposedly to get to the space port and his conference about pre-eminent predilection of quantum glarbs.

Joan leaned against the door. Getting rid of Curt had exhausted her.

She looked to her daughter who sat on the couch. Flora sniffled a bit and then took another tissue to clear her nose.

"I thought he'd never go. He has always been so overprotective. I just didn't expect that he would come here to say goodbye and then find out about your cold."

"Yeah, but now he is gone for two weeks. We should have enough time to prepare everything," was Flora's nasal reply.

"Are you sure that you are fine? I can do this on my own, you know? I don't want you to have a relapse or worse."

Joan's daughter rolled her eyes.

"Mum, don't you start now. I'm fine. Just some sneezes or sniffles from time to time. One or two days and I'll be as good as new."

Joan wasn't entirely convinced, but arguing wouldn't bring anything.

She went into the kitchen and unearthed the papers that were hidden in the farthest corner under the sink.

Back in the living room she split the armload with her daughter and settled in her comfortable armchair.

"Where were we before Curt interrupted us?"

"I had just *sniffle* compared the guest list with the list of acceptances. So far *cough* everybody is coming, except for a few people from the bottom of the list, who either claim a prior engagement or who haven't responded yet."

"Good, then, could you take a look at the shopping list and see whether you can find anything we need for Curtis' birthday that I forgot to write down?"

"Sure, Mum. No *sniffle* problem. ... Uhm, Mum, what do you want with thirty bales of hay?"

The End

Captain Future's Green-eyed Monster

by Sabina

Steel gray was meeting forest green.

And forest green was properly frightened.

Exactly as planned.

Green Eyes flinched when Curt drew his eyes together and growled.

Curt didn't intend to leave even a sliver of doubt as to who was the dominant alpha male here.

He had practised in front of a mirror.

He had practised for years, aware that the day would come; and now, The Intruder would know that there would be no friendly welcome here.

The Intruder would be under Curt's watchful eyes and he wouldn't slack in his observation. Every flaw, every slight was noted and stored for later analysis.

Yes, The Intruder was trying to appear harmless and innocent, but Curt knew, that The Intruder would try every trick to break through the defences Curt had erected.

But The Intruder hadn't counted on Curt meeting him head on.

And now The Intruder practically reeked of fear.

Curt saw several beads of sweat on The Intruder's forehead.

Well, if The Intruder couldn't stand the heat, The Intruder shouldn't have come here.

Curt had thought about this long and hard.

He had calculated every possibility.

He knew exactly how much time he would have before The Intruder's backup would force Curt to retreat, but till then he would have made sure, that The Intruder would hesitate twice before trying to intrude deeper into Curt's territory.

"Curtis, could you come into the kitchen, please. I can't reach the large pan."

Damn, less time than expected, Curt would have to speed up procedures.

He drew nearer to The Intruder.

The green eyes widened.

Curt put his mouth directly next to The Intruder's ear.

He growled: "Just let me remind you of the ground rules."

He had the other's complete attention.

"No close dancing, no touching, no kissing, no alcohol and you would have better brought her back by ten o'clock. Am I understood?"

The fifteen year old boy swallowed and then nodded forcefully.

"Good, and should I find even one hair on my daughter's head out of place ...

Well, you shouldn't even try to run. The *Comet* is the fastest known ship. Believe me, I will find you if anything happens to Flora."

Curt turned around to go to the kitchen. His little girl was too young to go to school parties. She was only fifteen, but Joan had ended any and all discussions concerning the topic.

The End

Captain Future's Wrath

by Sabina

It was a wedding picture.

The photographer had taken a picture of the happy bride, the bride's mother and the groom's mother.

The bride wore a lovely frilly white wedding dress. She radiated absolute happiness, flanked as she was by the two older women.

Both mothers appeared to be genuinely happy, too. Their dresses were much simpler than the wedding dress, for it was extremely rude to outshine the bride on her big day, yet, their smiles equalled that of the bride's.

The picture depicted a truly lovely scene.

Joan turned the page of the photo album.

There was the other wedding picture.

The picture showed the groom and the "four" fathers.

The groom and his father were prominently in the middle of the picture. Both of them wore a haunted expression. They seemingly tried to make themselves as small as possible. Behind them loomed Grag, Curtis and Otho.

The three wore smiles, as well, but they showed so much teeth that it seemed like they wanted to bite someone in the next instant.

Their eyes were screaming murder.

The groom looked like a little sheep about to be devoured by the big, bad, scary wolves.

Joan's sigh was echoed by her daughter's.

Both women sat on the couch in Flora's house. They had spent the last two hours looking at photo albums and reminiscing.

"I remember how you had Grag and Otho scrubbing the whole Moonbase and how you made father sleep on the couch for a whole week, as punishment for that picture."

"It wasn't only the picture. They three of them had been snipping and complaining about everything since early morning. They should have been happy for you instead of trying to separate you from a man who is just perfect for you."

"Well, I suppose, it wasn't easy for dad or the others to let go. What with their history and all."

"They had the twenty years since you were born to get used to the idea."

"There is that. Still, it is almost funny. Dad tried to scare off Anthony for years and now they are inseparable when they meet."

"Yes, I think, Curtis started to come around when Tony refused to be transferred to Jupiter, so his wife needn't spent less time with her father. And then, how could Curt resist, when your husband asked him to help with refurbishing that old car."

"Tinkering on the old thing really made them bond. As nice as it is to see them together without dad growling at Anthony, sometimes I wish they would spend more time with us and less time with that thing."

Both women looked out of the window, where Curt and Anthony were taking care of the car. It had worked when Anthony had bought it. It didn't now.

The End

Captain Future's Capture

by Sabina

A last glance into the mirror showed that no white stubble remained.

Curt put his shaving equipment away and combed his hair. As was the price for living, it was now totally white, but it still was as thick as ever. A fact for which Curt was eternally thankful.

Finally done with his morning routine, he stepped out of the bathroom and into his bedroom.

The room looked like a battle had taken place there.

Curt smirked.

A battle indeed had taken place in his bedroom. What else but a real pillow fight would have been a proper ending for his great-grandkids holidays here on the Moonbase?

By now the three young, energetic children would be on their way to their parents on Earth, Mars and Megara.

Two weeks with them was enough for the time being, Curt wasn't getting any younger and those three never seemed to run out of energy.

Today he would relax, tomorrow it was back to the drawing board and inventing useful trinkets for Captain Future. One of his grandsons had taken on the mantle of Champion of Civilisation. Therefore, Curt had now all the time in the world to explore worlds and to conduct experiments.

But no work today, Grag, Simon and Otho were taking the kids back to their parents. They wouldn't be back before tomorrow.

Now Curt only had to find his quarry and the fun could begin.

Fortunately, there were not many places he had to search through and the most likely place was just next doors.

Stealthy, Curt opened the door to the office and slowly crept to the large desk which stood in the middle.

A quick push of a button and all monitors cleared and only reflected an astonished female face.

"Curtis Newton, just wait till I get my hands on you. These were the reports from the last two weeks and I was almost done."

Joan angrily stared at him from the other side of the desk.

"Ah, my dear, I'm sure your office slaves did well without you. The reports were probably perfect, especially after the last pep talk you gave them for misplacing commas."

Joan had stood up and slowly advanced around the desk.

"That is beside the point. You know you are not supposed to interrupt me while I'm working. Come here and accept the responsibility for what you did."

Curt was slowly backing away.

"I don't think so. Come and catch me, Miss Top Agent."

Smiling enticingly at Joan he turned around and slowly walked back to the bedroom door.

Joan was following him just as fast. From time to time she would lightly run her finger tips across his back, but never did she grab for him.

In their youth they would have had a merry chase through the whole Moonbase, but now that energy would be diverted to a much better cause.

The End