

Captain Future Quickies

Volume 1

by Sabina

Introduction by Author

The following five stories are just small idea snippets and aren't related to each other.

First Flight originated from a comment Amanda made on one of my other stories

First Day at the Academy and *Captain Future and the Futureers* are part of the "Captain Future and Child"-week I decided to have. They are apart by two weeks, but well, it was already Tuesday when I started. The other three stories are unfortunately in German, therefore, they are not included here.

I wrote *In Charge* on Father's Day to honor that day, sort of. The basic idea came from the planetary file of Futuria, which I think is a great planet. I do have notes for a longer version with sequel and sequel to the sequel.

Last Journey came about when someone reminded me how sad and melancholy the last Captain Future stories are, but in the end it became more hopeful then expected.

Finally, *Captain Future and the Futureers* is a re-write of a little fake ending I wrote for a German story. I go the idea because one false sentence stuck in my head.

I hope you like the stories.

Have fun reading!

Sabina

Disclaimer: Captain Future and associated characters an 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.)

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First Flight

by Sabina

Curtis Newton, whom the universe knew only as Captain Future, was on a mission.

He had just been introduced to Joan Landor and now the secret agent was accompanying him to the Megara prison, which served as a temporary holding place for the humans that had been change by the space emperor.

Curtis flew the lithe *Cosmoliner* with a recklessness that bespoke of how familiar he was with the fast vehicle.

His lightning fast reflexes were keeping the *Cosmoliner* from hitting trees and hills as Curt flew the *Cosmoliner*, swiftly, close to the ground and without any detours, to the Fire Sea.

Curt turned to Agent Lan ... Joan to tell her, that she would be responsible for tracking the lava flares, which could become dangerous to them.

The blonde woman was clinging to her seat. Her knuckles were white, her face was ashen, although Curt thought that her cheeks had a decidedly green colour. She didn't appear to be a very happy flyer.

Curt landed the *Cosmoliner* as fast as possible, then he opened the front window.

Joan kept sitting and stared straight ahead, her jaws muscles were jumping.

Slowly and carefully he pried her fingers open and made her release the death grip she had on her seat. Moments later he had carefully lifted her out of the *Cosmoliner*. His attempts to set her on her feet failed, her legs seemed unable to support her. She had her eyes closed and clung to him. He helped her to stay upright by keeping his arms around her waist.

Curt guessed that her stomach must have become upset by his flight manoeuvres. Maybe the fresh air would help her.

Half an hour later her face showed some colour again and she was more steady on her feet.

"Thank you, Captain Future. I fear I'm not accustomed to such extreme flights, as long as I'm not the pilot. Please, take it slow for the time being." Big, blue eyes were staring beseechingly into grey eyes. How could Curt deny her anything?

"No problem, Joan. We can practice such flights at another time, and then you can also show me your flight skills."

"I'd like that, Captain."

On their way to the prison Curt found out that slow flights could have their merits as well. He

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didn't have to constantly watch out for obstacles in the *Cosmoliner's* flightpath, therefore, he could spend precious moments watching Joan who sat beside him. Her face lit up in a smile every time she caught him staring at her.

Curt thought it was the most gorgeous smile he had ever seen.

The End

First Day at the Academy

by Sabina

Mark Lanton stood ramrod straight, as did all the other cadets in his row.

The welcome speech had just been finished.

Mark heard someone whisper next to him: "So, that's Captain Future?"

The Captain turned towards them and went right to Mark's neighbour.

Mark desperately tried not to be noticed.

"Cadet Henderson, it seems I'll have to take measures to assure, that you won't forget your instructor's name. I am Captain Joan Landor, try to remember that while running three rounds around the compound. The rest of you are dismissed."

Captain Landor was seriously angry and no cadet moved a muscle till she was out of sight.

Mark knew of the Captain's reputation with her fellow secret agents, nobody ever teased her about her relationship with the famous spacehero.

The last one calling her Mrs Captain Future was currently on a five year mission cataloguing the reclusive ice hares on the frozen planet Thanatos.

Mark certainly didn't want to get one her bad side and he certainly didn't want to draw any attention to himself. It had been difficult enough to persuade his parents to allow him to attend the Space Patrol Academy. Mark didn't need any incidents.

Unfortunately, it appeared that he had no luck. For one, his instructor was Captain Joan Landor, she was a legend in all known parts of the universe. During Mark's flight to the academy he had heard whispered stories about the incredible adventures she had with Captain Future and his crew, he had heard excited recounts of her solo missions.

It was an unbelievable honour to have Captain Landor for an instructor, but one Mark could have done without.

Mark was sure that nothing would get past the so called 'Bloodhound of Planet Patrol'.

Drawing no attention to himself was difficult enough with Captain Landor here, but Mark had heard rumours that Captain Future and his crew would come for a few weeks and teach the young cadets some of their techniques.

Even a few of the older semesters had registered for the first level classes again in hope of working with the famous Futuremen.

Mark had the dark premonition that with the Futuremen here, he wouldn't have a quiet year,

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there would probably be a big fuss. It would mostly likely please his father who had wanted him to follow in the family business. Mark's mother had been strangely quiet on the topic, and father and son had had to fight out the matter on their own. Finally, Mark had managed to convince his dad that the Space Academy would be a good place to pick up many different skills and to build up his character. Mark could always go into the family business after he had finished his term at the Academy.

Now Mark was at the Academy and the added interest, due to Captain Landor and Captain Future, everybody had in his class was very unwelcome.

~*~

It was late at night. Mark was laying awake and listening to the soft snores of his room-mate: Ramirez Henderson. The poor guy had been terribly tired when he finally got back from his run.

A small noise drew Mark's attention.

There was slight scraping sound at the window.

Slowly the large frame slid open and a large body crept into the room. Mark kept utterly still and didn't betray that he was awake, that way he stood better chance at surprising the intruder.

Suddenly the door to the room flew open and a voice Mark knew only too well shouted: "Freeze! Did you think, we wouldn't detect somebody creeping into the building?"

Captain Landor flipped the unknown person with practised ease to the floor and turned on the lights.

Mark couldn't believe what he saw. Apparently Captain Landor couldn't believe it either, she gave an astonished: "Oh, dear!"

Laying on the floor, Captain Future smiled cheekily at her and said: "It nice to see you too, my dear. It seems you ruined my little surprise."

Captain Landor helped the fallen hero to his feet and they both stared dreamily into each others eyes.

Ramirez had woken during the commotion and stared at the couple, that was so obviously in love. If one saw the two Captain's together like this, it was easily apparent that the steamy rumours of them having an affair were by far exceed by reality.

Mark hoped the two of them would get to Captain Landor's room before they became too involved with each other.

His own room-mate turned his wide-eyed gaze to the boy he shared the room with.

Mark knew in that instant that his time at the Academy wouldn't be a quiet one.

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After this night it would be useless to hide behind the fake name his father obtained for him. The blonde hair and gray eyes showed everybody with eyes in her head who the parents of Markus Landor Newton were.

The End

In Charge

by Sabina

Curtis Newton was awaiting the return of Otho and Grag.

The two of them had recently flown to the new Planet Futuria. When Grag and Otho had left the Moonbase, they still hadn't known who of them would lend his name to the new capital. Curt hoped that they would now finally stop fighting over this topic, although the two artificial beings probably found something new to argue about within no time at all.

Curt checked the news channels, still no mentioning of the naming of the Futurian capital, but one anchorperson remarked that the crime rate was at an all time low. Curt had seen this trend too, it was as if all criminals and space pirates and evil scientists had suddenly decided to go out of business.

He was weary of this quiet, all these ill-minded people were surely up to something.

Something pricked Curt's neck, but when he struck after it, it wasn't a mosquito that had fled from the bio-lab, instead, he found a little dart.

His senses started to dull and his sight swam.

But it was impossible that somebody had entered the Moonbase without his knowledge. After the last time such a thing had happened, the Futuremen had severely tightened their security.

~*~

Curt awoke.

Two women helped him to his feet.

Otho, Grag and Simon were in the room with him.

Another woman came in.

"You are awake? Good. Our Mistress awaits you."

Something was going on here, Curt had to find out just what.

"Who are you and why are we here?"

"We are the FiC, that means 'Females in Charge'. Our group has decided to no longer tolerate the mindless war and crime man so thrives upon. We have taken over the government, from now on the kind and gentle hands of women will lead the universe into a bright and peaceful future."

So that were the FiC, till now nobody had known what the abbreviation meant. Curt had heard about them.

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Joan had been sent to investigate this new organisation, but this was the first that they seemed to have taken any radical action, so far the group had only held knitting sessions and baking hours. Just their rapid spread had led the government to send one of their secret agents to find out whether the group was benign or not.

"Our Mistress will see you now, but first you have to change. There are strict fashion dictates while being in the presence of Her Who Sees The Best For Eternal Peace."

The conviction in this words, made Curt shiver in fear. Rational argument wouldn't get him very far with these women.

He just hoped that Joan had penetrated the group deep enough and would come to their rescue soon.

~*~

Ten minutes later, Curtis Newton was outfitted with a tuxedo, as were Grag and Otho. The two of them had argue that the other wasn't a man, but that they themselves were. The woman in charge had said to her colleagues that the Mistress had ordered to indulge them in any way possible, and soon enough Otho and Grag were wearing tuxedos, too. Even Simon wore black and a hat.

Now they all stood in front of the door leading to the ruler of all these women.

Slowly the door opened and all Curt could see was white.

There in the middle of the room sat a person surround by the white of her huge dress, Curt had thought it impossible that such a large white dress even existed.

One of the woman urged Curt forward and as he stepped into the room, he heard the bridal march being played in the background.

Finally, he stood before the figure in white and she lifted her veil.

There sat ... JOAN!

"Hello, Curtis.

It so nice to finally have you here. This is the culmination of months of planning. You probably want to know what is going on here."

Curt could only nod.

"It is quiet simple. You once told me, that we couldn't be together before you hadn't exterminated the bad and evil.

I founded FiC to take care of that, and now we can live together in eternal peace and happiness.

Now you can finally marry me."

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At these words a scared cleric came to stand in front of them and Simon, Grag and Otho were pushed to hoover or stand beside Curt.

Upon a small flick of Joan's hand the cleric cleared his throat and started the ages old recitation.

The End



Last Journey

by Sabina

The rain was pounding down relentlessly, crushing the flowers laying in front of the marked stone and soaking the lonely visitor who had brought them.

Soft footsteps hailed the arrival of another. A willowy figure halted beside him and extended an umbrella to protect both of them from the rain.

"I knew, you would come."

"How did it happen?"

"It happened shortly after you left. A routine assignment, capture a few space pirates, nothing difficult or dangerous. A stray shot caught him. There was nothing anybody could have done."

Curt read the name and dates on the grave stone again.

There was nothing he could do now, after all this time. He turned to Joan. She was watching him, without doubt seeing the marks time had left in his face.

The fifty years he had been away, were starting to show in her face as well. Yet, in these times, she surely had another hundred years ahead of her.

"Have you found, what you searched for, Curt?"

"Yes, we have found the ruins on Deneb. The place where all human civilisations started.

There were so many things to see and to explore.

On day at breakfast Otho remarked how long we had been gone from Earth."

"How are Otho, Grag and Simon?"

"Simon hasn't changed in all this time. Otho and Grag are still arguing over everything. Grag has a few more scratches on his metal hull.

How have you been, Joan?"

"I'm fine. Had a few adventures and near misses, climbed the ranks.

It has been a long time since you went away.

You didn't return because you grew homesick, did you?"

"No, I realised that the ruins on Deneb are bigger than one man can uncover in his lifetime. I have come back to tell the government about my findings and to ask them to send an expedition to Deneb.

I came to see how things stood here."

"You needn't worry about us. You have been an inspiration for many fine people. They strive

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to follow your example and fight for a better future."

"Good, because I came back for another reason. The ruins on Deneb held the hints to find the place where all life in this universe started. But it will be a journey from which I won't return and there are still things on the Moonbase that mankind isn't fit for yet.

I came to destroy the Moonbase."

Curt was looking at Joan, searching her face for any of the countless answers that ran through his head. Would his leaving forever mean anything to her? Had she gone on with her life? Was it really okay to leave everything behind?

Joan was smiling at him.

"I understand. You must follow your heart and find this place.

There is one thing, though.

Curt, take me with you. Take me with you on this journey beyond all imagination."

He was shocked, he hadn't expected this request.

"Joan, I won't return from this voyage. I don't now which dangers await me out there. What about your life here?"

"I have no reason to stay. Everybody knows my face, which is the death stroke to any secret agent's career. All I do is training new recruits and proofread reports.

I imagine you could need another set of nimble fingers and a keen mind on your voyage.

Besides, wouldn't it be nice to have somebody to distract you from Grag and Otho's bickering?"

Curt was still unsure.

Joan laid her free hand onto his chest.

"Would you break the promise you gave me?"

He was puzzled as to what she meant.

"A long time ago, you promised me that, once you had made the solar system a safe place, we would live together on this little lonely asteroid of yours. Now, that you will never come back, you won't be able to fulfil this promise.

Please, Curt, take me with you. Show me worlds I never could imagine. I won't be a burden to you. I'll do whatever you say, just take me with you."

Curt was looking into her brown eyes for a long time, finally he sighed and took the umbrella from her.

Joan smiled at him, while she took the arm he offered her.

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That night the people on Earth saw a bright flash on the Moon's surface and a swift, tear-drop shaped space ship sped towards the outer edges of the solar system, answering neither call nor hail.

The End



Captain Future and the Futureers

by Sabina

Captain Future lay bound like a trussed turkey.

It had been by pure chance that one of the gigantic sleeping mosquitoes of Narf had bitten him.

He had woken up five minutes ago and was by now hoping that a mosquito would bite him again.

The bumbling wannabe villain, with a flashy cape, nonetheless, had drowned on the whole time about how he would have Captain Future stuffed like a plush bunny and how he would display him everywhere in the whole universe and how all the other crime bosses and gang leaders would fall at his feet and worship him as god, for he had "neutralized" Captain Future.

Captain Future silently begged for help. Right now he was willing to be saved by anything.

"It's time --"

"-- for trouble."

"Make that --"

"-- quatrouble."

Anything but that.

A twelve year old boy with a green shirt announced: "I am Futuro and it is time for you to fall into a black hole, you space scum."

His twin, wearing a blue shirt, shyly said: "I am Futuru and you a going down in a gravitational well."

A girl in a yellow dress struck a pose, coyly batted her eyes at the villain and simpered: "I am Futura and you would be real cuter in chicken suit."

"That pun is terrible, don't you have any others?"

Then the fourth member of the quadruplets stepped forward. She curtsied in her pink dress and proclaimed: "I am Futuri and you will not swim in the Missouri."

"Girls just don't know how to pun properly."

Finally silence settled over the place and Sharkfishflippersoup, aka the villain, was drawing a breath to speak again. The two girls glared at him and he didn't utter a sound. Futuro hoisted a six year old child in a grey spandex suit over the tree the child wasn't able to climb on its own.

Flushed from the effort the child panted: "I am Future and we'll give you a good thrashing."

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Captain Future to this day didn't understand how he could have allowed Joan to name their children and it didn't stop there, she had found a weird set of second names, too.

He groaned and tried to hide from what was to come now.

The five formed a circle and each put his or her hand in the air.

The screamed: "Gravitation"

"Matter"

"Anti-Matter"

"Time"

"Love"

Each of the five wore a ring on his or her finger and those rings lit up as the Vowel Five said their keywords.

A ray of light shot from each ring and where the rays met, they formed a ball of light. From within the sphere a voice came, sounding eerily like Captain Future: "By your powers combined, I am Captain Future!"

A person burst from the sphere and he was, indeed, almost looking like the real Captain Future. The only differences were that the new Captain was hovering in the air and had light green skin.

The new Captain whirled his arms in an intricate way, before shouting: "I am Captain Future, and in the name of the Moon, I'll punish you.."

With these words he brought forth a sphere which was about as large as a fist. He threw it at Sharkfishflippersoup and cried loudly: "I choose you, Eek. Moon pup action!"

The thrown sphere split into two halves and Eek jumped right at Sharkfishflippersoup and bit him in the nose.

A few seconds later Joan arrived, read Sharkfishflippersoup his rights and cuffed him. The villain would be sent to the nearest hospital to have his nose set.

His children freed Captain Future from his bonds.

The Captain swore silently that he would make Otho's worst nightmare come true, for the android had created the five rings and the apparition that resided in them.

The End

Special Disclaimer: Additionally, the standard disclaimer also applies to Pokemon, Captain Planet and Sailor Moon.