

# Insectoid Family Vacation

Story by: Teej and Champ

Teej

Insta: @The\_Crystalline\_Mythos

Champ M

Insta: @FilipinoPoseidon

*The Waiting Room*

*Insectoid Family Vacation*

*The Pop Stars Align*

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The Tickwilson family were a happy family of Nebuzalorian ticks living within the vehicle host-bodies of a happy American nuclear family. They drove a clean painted, red station wagon, and had a golden retriever named Charlie. Charlie was a powerful intergalactic entity, and though he had chosen a canine host, he was a being of unrivaled vision and power.

On the freeway, the children complained about the long drive, and the father was forced to pull over. Ford Hunt Tickwilson, the father, was becoming very angry. Internally, he was losing his sense of direction, but externally, he was only angry because of the annoying questions and constant bickering of his ungrateful family. His wife, Mary Jane Tickwilson, had been trying to fix and volumize her hair while looking in a small portable mirror. But, now the family had pulled over on the side of the road, and nobody would be allowed to relax until the noise and confusion were addressed.

“Listen children,” Ford said to his kids, “I need you to shut your goddamn faces, and stick to the protocols of the mission. We may look like a humble American family, but soldiers, we are on a mission from the Nebuzalorian hive mind, and failure is not an option! Don’t let your petty human emotions get in

the way of your higher insectoid selves! Your biological minds will have plenty of time for common recreation and human entertainment at the theme park, and we will get there when we get there!”

The son, Kurt Tickwilson, was serving as the vehicle host-body to a professional combat specialist who had never been very good at taking orders. Both the tick and the host were becoming upset.

“But I want to stop and get ice cream, dad!” He whined, but that was the boy speaking. The bug had other things to say. “Sir, I have not forgotten my orders. My host is getting hungry, and bored, and I believe I have to pee, sir. You have to understand, I’m doing my job the best that I can.”

“I’m hungry too!” The daughter, Hepburn Tickwilson exclaimed. “Daddy, can we get some chicken wings?” Her human hunger was making it difficult for her insectoid rationality to perform its proper control functions. But, eventually the bug in her mind regained its dominance. “Sir, I believe food must be consumed soon, especially if I am to remain vigilant in my ability to carry out my military and special agent responsibilities. I am the most trained elite operative in our task force, but if I don’t get chicken wings, I will fail this mission, sir.”

“Goddamnit soldiers.” Ford Hunt replied in defeat. “I guess we’re stopping at Curly’s”

The rest of the family was thrilled. “Curly’s! Curly’s!” they chanted. They were very excited for the establishment’s famous french fries.

When they pulled up to the restaurant, Mary Jane turned and pet Charlie for a moment. She was very aware that the dog could not come with them into the restaurant.

Charlie barked once, and that was all it took. His canine voice was so powerful that time ceased and consciousness shifted and evolved. Then, he wagged his tail, and shoved his dog nose in Mary Jane’s crotch.

“I’m receiving the mega transmission,” Mary Jane relayed to the rest of the family. “The dog is teaching me the higher truths and complexities of the cosmos. Allow me to articulate: The inflation of the observable universe is nothing more than a parlor trick of our limited sense making apparatus as biological entities. It appears that the infinite nature of the universe is much more infinite than we had previously expected. The inflation of any given sector of the cosmos is a phenomena caused by a bubbling within in the larger tapestry of a deep cosmic ocean. All possibilities and potentialities are relevant in a universe of this scale. Every conceivable reality occurs, and every inconceivable reality also occurs. The true universe does not discriminate between the infinite multitude of worlds and never-ending narratives. There is only all, and all is never-ending. Now, let’s get some french fries!”

The family entered the restaurant, while Charlie remained in the station wagon. Curly’s was a fun, happy atmosphere. It was the sort of diner where a family could feel relaxed and ready for their vacation. The servers were all smiling, and readily led the family to their booth seats. On the walls, images of Curly the Clown reassured customers that life was simply fantastic and that family was the most important thing. Curly was a remnant of the human world, just as this diner was. Like so many things, Curly’s

Chicken Wings had held up even as the world had ended. Even as the Nebuzalorians had colonized and enslaved the human race, Curly's had remained a family friendly chain-restaurant. It was the sort of restaurant that could always put a smile on your face—even if an insect was piloting your brain.

A waitress approached and handed the family brunch menus. Ford could tell from looking at the waitress that she had only recently become a Nebuzalorian Host. Unlike the Tickwilson Family, the waitress house a Space Spider instead of a Tick inside of her skull. Her face was mostly untrammelled by the natural decay processes of Nebuzalorian occupancy. But, there were still worms protruding from the eyes and nose, but the clean human smile was still very much intact.

“Can I get you anything, honeybuns?” She asked Ford Hunt. “Would you all care for some hot chocolate with marshmallows? It's cold outside. Might as well get toasty.”

“I want macaroni and cheese!” Kurt shouted in excitement. “And I want a rootbeer float! Can I get a rootbeer float, too?”

“That's fine, son. I mean, soldier.” Ford replied. “And let's get some hot wings for the whole table.”

Mary Jane was less concerned with human food and decided to order a large plate of maggots and grubs. Apparently, the tick was calling the shots today.

But, Hepburn wanted hot chocolate, and she wanted a grilled cheese sandwich. So, that's what she got, and she only ate a few handfuls of her mom's fatty larval dinner of maggots.

It was all a lot of food, and though they all ate and ate, there was plenty of leftovers. In the end, Ford was forced to request a doggy-bag, which was good, because Charlie would need to eat too.

Back on the road, they drove on to their grand destination. The Tickwilson family was almost there. In a short while, they would arrive at the theme park known as Shat World Studios, home of Sylvester Squirrel and his merry entourage of Wiley Weasels. The Tickwilsons were very excited to be going to this theme park. They wanted to ride the roller coasters, and they wanted to see the live action entertainment.

The kids were chanting again. “Shat World! Shat World!” They would not shut up about it. “I'm gonna meet Sylvester! I'm gonna get cotton candy!” On and on, they blathered about every roller coaster, and every park attraction.

When they finally arrived in the parking lot, and paid for day parking, they got out of their station wagon, and stretched their human limbs. They put Charlie on a leash, which was embarrassing given his status as intergalactic royalty. Charlie was not used to having a leash around his neck. To be incarnated into the body of a dog was altogether strange for him. He was the Grand Emperor of the Omega Cluster of United Galaxies and never before had he been placed on a leash. But, Charlie knew the mission just as well as the Tickwilsons, and he was prepared to do what would have to be done.

At the ticket booth for the theme park, the family bought their wrist bands. At the metal detectors, they were quickly filtered through the line. The employees were all very friendly, and the Nebuzalorian Insectoids and Arachnids which piloted their weak human minds were also quite attentive. As far as the Tickwilson's were concerned, today was a vacation day. It was true that they would have to deliver Charlie to his proper dropoff, but aside from this core mission, the family could simply enjoy themselves. They were all quite thrilled to be getting out of the suburbs. Today was their day.

The kids were skipping and running towards the rides, completely disregarding their parents. Ford and Mary Jane just laughed to themselves, and shared a kiss and took a print out instant photo of their experience. The whole family even got a photo with a few of the Weasels who were walking around. It was a very good start to a very busy day.

Charlie got a special needs vest and harness that identified him to be a guide dog. This was extremely important to the mission, since dogs were normally not allowed in the park. Charlie was an asset. He was a canine of importance to an entire sector of the universe. It could not be understated how critical it was that Charlie would survive this mission. He would have to make it to his drop point. Entire cascades of star systems depended on it.

"I want to go on a roller coaster!" Hepburn demanded. "Please, daddy! Can we go on a roller coaster?"

Ford knew his mission, but it would have to wait for a few hours. He opted to buy lemonade slushies for everyone, and then they got in line for the greatest roller coaster in all of the park. The coaster was called Sylvestor's Haunted Castle and it was known as a terrifying ride. The line took a long time, but when they were finally seated in their carts, the excitement became visceral. They treated their way to the high arch which sped down to the loopy-loops. When they flew with incredible velocity passed the camera system, flash photos were taken, which could be purchased after the ride's completion. While the human bodies were enjoying this roller coaster tremendously, the tick hosts in their skulls were less enthused. For the ticks, the park attractions were simply tools to placate the human host aspect of their thinking. With their host bodies properly entertained, the organized insectoid overlord handlers could remain focused on the mission.

After that, the family went to the arcade, where Ford spoke to Mary Jane. He would be leaving her here with the kids, while he took Charlie to be delivered to the assigned location of the mission. The protocol had stated that Charlie was to be received at the Club, The Tenth Acorn. In human history, The Tenth Acorn had been an elite five-star restaurant, and even housed a high-end secret strip club for millionaires and billionaires. To the public, Sylvester Squirrel and Shat World had always projected a sense of wholesomeness, but once inside of the Tenth Acorn, the world took on a very different color. This was the elite underbelly of Shat World, where the happy-go-lucky veil was dropped and the hedonic epicurean longings of elite cultists and high status celebrities took priority. Digital Influencers and super models partied on a grand dance floor. These humans were all vehicle host-bodies to the Nebuzalorians, of course.

Ford Hunt Tickwilson entered the club with Charlie on a leash beside him.

“There are no pets allowed within the restaurant.” Said the greeter.

“This is no ordinary dog,” Tickwilson replied. “He is my guide dog, and he has been allowed inside of the park. He’s been my guide dog since I was a simple human. He goes where I go.”

“Well, you can go right back out the door,” the greeter snapped. “There are no dogs allowed within this establishment. This is not just some regular theme park attraction. This is the Tenth Acorn, sir. Do you even have reservations?”

“No, I do not,” Tickwilson responded. “But, the dog does. He’s been given the password.”

The greeter scoffed. “What absurd notion. Very funny, sir. But, I don’t have time for such a game.”

Ford Hunt looked at Charlie and said, “Go on, boy. Tell him the password.”

Charlie ran up to the greeter with his snotty wet nose and his tail wagging behind him. Then, the dog stuck his nose in where it usually did not belong, and transmitted the utmost secret password.

“Oh dear...” The greeter said. “Oh, dear... He knows the password!” The greeter's hands flailed in surprise and anxious excitement. “He actually knows the password. This is amazing. I’m going to have to alert my manager. We will have a V.I.P. table set for you. If there is anything that you two require, don’t hesitate to let us know.”

“We want booze.” Said Ford Hunt. “We want drugs! Sniffs! Whiffs! Hookers—curvy ones! We haven’t got all day so step on it.”

Ford Hunt and Charlie were taken to a big leather booth in the back of the club. From there, they had a front row seat to watch the night’s entertainment. It was a lounge band. The lead singer was a brunette in a sparkling red dress. She was very beautiful, at least in terms of her human half. There was a family of scorpions living behind her eyes. And, though her eyes were absent, the rest of her face remained human, and her singing voice was superb.

When the jazz drums cracked, the standup bass began. She sang:

*I'm the kind of gal who treats her man proper.  
I'll call you papa. I cook you lobster.*

*Yes, I'm the kind of gal who never... let's you go!*

Symbols and crashes emphasized the crescendo of the song.

*I'll NEVER! EVER! ... Let you go....*

The crowd erupted into applause. They screamed for more, but she only blew them a single kiss, and exited the stage.

Back at the booth, Ford Hunt and Charlie were enjoying their drugs, booze, and women of the night. But, the brunette in the sparkling red dress soon approached. Ford Hunt was amazed at her beauty. He stood up, and removed himself from the table, fixing his hair, and wiping the powder from his mustache and nostrils. Even the spider in his skull had a glint in its eye at the sight of the brunette singer.

“Hello, sugah.” She said. But, she was not speaking to Ford Hunt. In fact, she had no interest in Ford Hunt, at all. This was about Charlie.

She pulled a dog biscuit, which had been hidden in the crevice between her breasts. As an offering, she gave the biscuit to the dog. When Charlie accepted the treat, she was honored. It wasn’t everyday that the Emperor of the United Cluster of Galaxies accepted a dog treat.

“It is a great gift to finally meet you, Emperor Charlie.” She said. “My human vehicle body speaks with a certain southern hospitality. But, these are grave circumstances, in which we have met you. Don’t be fooled, sugah. There is a danger that we must discuss. The Scorpionoid echelon has been attacked by the Legion of Silhouettes. If we do muster and unite, they will take us out, clan by clan. They use a divide and conquer strategy. For aeons, the spiders and scorpions and centipedes and other insects have all coexisted in this world. But, we have all kept to our own ways, never united under a single ruler. This is our great weakness against the Shadow.”

Ford Hunt watched as Charlie spoke with his true voice for the first time.

“What you say is true.” Charlie answered. “I do not present a definite outcome. But, if we are to defeat the Thing in the Shadow, we also call upon humanity, and the lifeforms of the earth. Though it your function to live as parasites within human and mammalian hosts, your nature has accumulated great karmic costs. I am not here to pass judgement upon your kind, but to facilitate balance within my intergalactic jurisdiction.”

“I trust your wisdom.” the singer replied.

“Good,” said Charlie. “I request that you take to me to the stage, so that I may address the elite membership of the Tenth Acorn, and thus, all of the world.”

As the brunette singer walked with Charlie to the stage, the dog looked upon his the beings that it was his responsibility to address. They were high rank Nebuzalorians masked behind the smiles of powerful human hosts. Among these faces, there were politicians, business people, celebrities, professional athletes, and deep state officials. This was the place they could come to relax, and to do the real deals and to push their true agendas. This was the hub of the Nebuzalorian inner circle.

Once on stage, Charlie asked the singer for her name.

“Betty’s the name.” She smiled, and took to the mic. “Hello everyone. I believe Charlie has a transmission that he would like for me to help convey to the audience.” She turned to Charlie, exposing her leg.

Like a police dog, Charlie bit and latched onto the singer’s leg. With the bite, the dog had attached itself as an alien host. The singer was now possessed by the mind of Charlie, and when she spoke, she spoke with the knowledge and perception of the extraterrestrial being which until now had been housed within the body and likeness of a simple canine.

“I come to you now as an ambassador of the programmer gods. I may look like a dog, but I know the will of the ones who have sculpted our world which has been plagued by apocalyptic tidings. To the humans of the Lost Green Earth, the coming of the Nebuzalorian Spiders is a horrible atrocity. To the Spiders and Centipedes, the doom of the Auros Boros is seen as a godsend and a gift. But, these are only perceptions. It is obvious that the word “dog” spelled backwards equals “god”, but I assure, there are beings of greater power than I. I am simply a messenger. My message is this. The humans will survive this era. Many will die, but the species will continue.”

The audience was composed of Nebuzalorian Zombies. They appeared like humans, however deformed and decrepit, but there was a clear delineation between the Nebuzalorians and the humans of Earth. Charlie’s statement was beginning to scare the Nebuzalorians.

“As for the spiders,” Charlie continued. “Your numbers are fated to be greatly diminished. While you drive the humans underground, they continue to think and plan for their future. They will strike back. This is not not a warning. This is a fact. The realm of the Lost Green World is not the proper place for the creatures of the Nebuzalorian Axis. You have your own dimension, and that is where you belong.”

In that moment, the Nebuzalorians realized that Charlie was not the sort of being that could be trifled with. He was of a higher significance in the great cosmic drama.

“But, for now, you are here on the plane of the Earth.” Charlie explained, “You are living in the skulls of the dead. But, why? Why are you all here? I am here to tell you. It is because of a man named Rutherford. This man alone had walked through the Dark Gate into the abyss. From there, he was possessed by the mind of Nebuzalor, and thereafter, he returned to the Earth. That is why you are all here.”

A voice shrieked from the audience. “So what are we to do?!”

“Run, if you can. If a portal opens, run back to the Nebuzalorian Dimension. It is dark there, and there are flies to eat, and webs to spin. It is safer for you there. This is your only warning. Otherwise, you are subject to the same fate as Rutherford. Whatever happens to him will happen to you. This is my warning.”

When the vision was completed, the dog stopped biting the singer's leg, and the singer addressed the audience.

"Now we understand," she said. "The great drama of the universe is real and true. We Nebuzalorians come from behind the veil, but we are not keepers of darkness. There is a duality of good and evil inherent to the universe. This same duality cuts through the hearts of all living beings."

A Nebuzalorian man in a suit and tie stood up from his seat. He was a strong, powerful looking man, and appeared very high in status.

"Charlie, you are an angel amongst spiders. This is clear," the man said. "We are arachnids and centipedes. We are parasites, goddamn it. We move planet to planet, to enslave alien races of all kinds, and we love this conquest. It's what we do. This is what we are. You can't expect us to pack our bags and go home."

The dog appeared disappointed, "This is very difficult for me. I am pleading with you. I care for the wellbeing even of your kind. My love extends to all conscious beings in the grand simulacra. But, I cannot impede upon your free will. If you still intend to conquer the humans, then your defeat is predictable and your fates are sealed."

Charlie left the stage, returning in the direction of his liaison, Ford Hunt. But, just as the dog was about to step off of the stage, he lifted his ears high, and howled. It was a final warning to the Nebuzalorians.

"*Doom!*" Charlie howled.

Once Charlie was finished, and returned to his owner, the band resumed the music. The brunette singer began to sing once again.

Ford Hunt took Charlie and returned to his loving family. Charlie sat and watched as the Tickwilsons enjoyed the many theme park attractions. They went on roller coasters and spinning tea cups. They watched as animatronic squirrels and weasels sang jingles. The Tickwilsons seemed so happy.

But, Charlie did not share in this happiness. The dog was saddened for the fate of the world. He could see the great folly of the Nebuzalorians, and yet, he could not change their nature. The simulators had not given Charlie this gift. Likewise, the simulators had not given the Nebuzalorians an escape from their own wretched existence. For this fate, Charlie shed a tear which flowed down his doggy face.

However, a nearby man in a Sylvester Squirrel saw Charlie and pet him. In that moment, Charlie realized that this was not another Nebuzalorian. This was a human, hiding amongst the crowd, hidden within the mascot's uniform.



Suddenly, it became clear that Charlie could not look to the Nebuzalorians for assistance. He would have to look to the few human survivors who hid among them in secret. He would have to follow this squirrel suited man. This was his new mission.

“Hey, where’d the fuckin’ dog go?” Ford Hunt said to his wife. “Did you let him off his leash. I told you—you can’t let the dog off his damn leash!”

“I don’t know, Ford.” Mary Jane replied. “Why ya always have to blame everything on me, you worthless bastard. We came all the way to Shat World, and you’re making the kids cry!” Mary Jane turned to look at her children. “Come on, kids! Your father fucked up again. Let’s go get some damned ice cream.”