

pandagrín ([@pandagrín](#)) wrote,
@ 2004-02-22 10:33:00



Older and ongoing stuff: part two

This was something written simply to spite my friend Boag and his love for the open source character [Jenny Everywhere](#).

PAPERBACK WRITER

A JENNY EVERYWHERE ADVENTURE

1. A Hard Day's Night

Jenny never heard him.

She was concentrating on Ringo's face as he thrust into her. This was her third Beetle in as many nights and so far, despite his reputation, he was the best. Lennon would have to make quite an effort to beat this little session. She was still undecided whether to Shift over to their pre-Cavern days or Shift into the time just prior to the assassination and maybe get a little Yoko-pogo action going. She was lost in contemplation and the threat of yet another Liverpoolian induced orgasm when three things happened almost simultaneously.

One: Ringo came
Two: A tranquiliser dart imbedded itself in his neck.
Three: Everything went black.

2. The Long and Winding Road

Jenny awoke trussed on the back seat of her car. She shook her head to try and clear it of the fog that she was lost in but the movement only caused her to ache more. She groaned.

"Ah, the princess is awake."

The voice came from the front seat. She forced her eyes open and the back of a head came slowly into focus. She tried to speak but was suddenly aware that her aviator goggles had been quickly but securely improvised as a gag. She correctly guessed that the scarf missing from her neck was the material that was keeping her wrists bound together behind her back.

Her panties were probably still wrapped around Ringo's empty balls.

"Don't worry Jenny. We're almost there."

"Errrh?" she managed to grunt.

"Why, The City of the Dead of course. It's where I live."

This was bad.

Jenny had the ability to Shift from dimension to dimension, time to time and place to place but there were rules. Rules that this bastard knew only too well it seemed. Whenever she Shifted her immediate belongings always Shifted with her. Occasionally they would change to match the period but this chameleon quality did her no good in this situation. If she Shifted to escape then her loyal goggles, scarf and car would Shift in place also. They may all change colour and adapt automatically to whatever fucked up place she landed next but she would still be bound gagged and in the back of her own car.

She decided to risk it anyway.

At least she'd leave her captor behind and at the moment being tied in the back of a runaway car somewhere else was preferable to being taken to The City of the Dead. Wherever that cheese hall was.

She closed her eyes again and wriggled her pretty nose and the world dropped away.

3. Ticket To Ride

She opened her eyes and she was still on the back of her seat but the leather had changed from crimson to black. The goggles had a slightly metallic taste to them that hadn't been there a second ago and if she had been able to turn her head 360 degrees she would have noticed her stripy day-glo scarf was now white silk.

Her vagina was still exposed to the elements that rushed into the now suddenly open top sports car but at least the Beetle sperm was no longer running down her leg.

Thank fuck for small mercies.

"Neat trick. I always wanted to try that."

It was the same voice. But that was impossible. On previous Shifts she had run into people that were different incarnations of other people that she had met interdimensionally. However, the odds of her kidnapper's counterpart sitting in the exact same place in a completely different dimension were too large to calculate. Besides which, the very fact that he seemed to be carrying on a conversation with her across the Shift led her to a terrifying but logical conclusion.

He was Shifting with her.

"Worked it out yet, Jenny? I can see by the frightened glint in your eye that you probably have."

She strained to look up and saw his eyes caught in the rear view mirror.

The eyes of a madman.

They moved slowly to the road and then back to her, this time taking more of her in.

"I see that the rumours are true about that signature hairdo of yours being a dye job..."

Jenny looked down at her own tightly bound body and saw that the micro skirt she was now wearing had hiked up as she moved around on the seat and a flash of golden blonde hair was visible.

She blushed.

"Bad show Jenny! Cuffs and collars should always match!"

And with that he let out an almighty roar of laughter that was so fierce and unexpected Jenny automatically wriggled her nose to escape it.

4. I Am The Walnut

All in all she Shifted eight times and eight times he Shifted right along with her, his laugh growing more insane and louder with every change of scenery. Not that Jenny could see much. Twice she saw that they moved from day to night and one time the sky changed to a shocking neon pink colour. Through all of this her captor only swerved the car once, breaking off from his laugh to shout, "Get off the road you bloody brute!" Jenny was thrown to the right side of the car as she saw a quick flash of reptilian skin towering over them and the unmistakable roar of a tyrannosaurus rex filled the car.

Not being able to compete with the Jurassic vocals her kidnapper never bothered to pick up his laugh.

Instead he pulled the car into a tight skid that flung Jenny to the opposite side of the seat, giving her head a nasty wallop in the process, and turned off the engine even before the wheels had stopped spinning.

Blood trickled down her face.

"Ah Jenny. Sorry about that. But pain is refreshing isn't it? Lets you know that you are alive. It's time I introduced myself."

He turned around in his seat and faced her for the first time.

"My name's Sizemore," his face was a mass of facial hair and pizza crusts. "I'm a writer."

She coughed a little at this. She'd been kidnapped by someone with a porn name who resembled a fat Viking. It was all too much. Tears trickled down her face and began to pool in the cups of her goggles.

5. Helter Skelter

Sizemore reached over and pulled the goggles gently from Jenny's mouth. She looked up and again found her voice.

"Is this The City of the Dead?"

He smiled, "I'm afraid I made that up. I was playing with the readers."

"What readers?"

The smile turned wolfish.

"You really don't know do you?"

Jenny swung her legs off the seat and managed to sit herself upright.

"Know what?"

"Jenny, my dear dear Jenny Everywhere. I hate to be the one to break this to you but you're not like other girls. You're fictional!"

Great, Jenny thought. The guy was a whacko. "Sure I'm fictional! And you have a girlfriend!"

That smile again. "Right on both counts. But if you think it's hard to believe that a monster like me may have time for a loving caring relationship why don't you take a good look at your own life?"

"My life is fine thank you." The sentence was delivered without a hint of irony despite the fact that she was tied up, half naked and could smell dinosaur excrement.

"Not a tad... how should I put this? Episodic perhaps?"

The weirdo had a point. It did seem like she'd been jumping from one crazy adventure to the next with increasing frequency lately. It was a little like one of those crappy sci-fi TV shows like...

"Like Sliders?"

She was not used to other people finishing her thoughts. She was the one girl that was usually way ahead of the pack.

"Nice trick. Are you a mind reader?" She'd unmasked a charlatan mind reader once before during The Case of the Horn Rimmed Actress Affair Adventure.

"Nothing so clever I'm afraid. Like I said I'm just the writer."

"The writer of what exactly?"

"Oh lots of thing's. A lot of dull political tracts, some book reviews, short stories. Wrote a terrible novel once, I'm currently working on a magazine and that's how I was introduced to you."

Jenny took a good hard look at him again.

"We've never met before."

"Not quite what I meant. Let me read something to you."

He reached into his pocket and came up with a folded piece of A4 paper. Her stomach dropped away and she struggled again with the stupid scarf cutting into her wrists.

Sizemore either didn't notice or didn't care and in a startlingly quiet voice he began to read what lay on the page.

6. Altogether Now

"The character of Jenny Everywhere is available for use by anyone, with only one condition. This paragraph must be included in any publication involving Jenny Everywhere, in order that others may use this property as they wish. All rights reversed."

7. Hello

Jenny vomited into her own lap, at last covering her split tail from prying eyes.

"Sounds familiar doesn't it? Of course it was never intended that you be confronted with it. That's the problem with open source though. It never turns out as you imagine."

And he was right. Those awful words were familiar. A half glimpsed sign behind her local bar, a note half lost in a pile of papers that had been kicked over in a kung fu fight with a Nazi lawyer, part of a tattoo she had seen on the severed arm of a man that had she had used as a club in Paris.

What the fuck was going on?

"Watch and learn."

Sizemore took a pile of paper from his other pocket and began to scribble notes, pausing to hold them in front of her puke dripping face before moving on to the next one.

'UFOS SWARM OVER HEAD BEFORE VANISHING'

Jenny looked up to see an armada of alien ships hover for a moment before blinking out of existence.

'JENNY SUDDENLY REMEMBERS HER AUSTRALIAN CHILDHOOD'

Images of Sydney swam in her mind, the gardens over looking the harbour, boats beneath the bridge, the heat and her first sexual encounter with another girl while working in the Koala reserve at the zoo...

'JENNY GRASPS THE AWFUL TRUTH AND FEELS HER MIND BEGIN TO SHATTER'

It was too much. She felt dizzy. Was the car moving? Where was her bi plane? What had happened to Krypto? Who the fuck was she?

'BOAG MAKES AN UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE AND TAKES A SOUVENIR BACK TO GLASGOW WITH HIM.'

"Scuse me," said a Scottish flavoured voice from the window. Jenny jumped and turned to see a giant friendly face looking back at her. "Sorry about Mike. This is all kind of my fault, He gets carried away sometimes."

"Don't you have a train to catch?"

Jenny looked helplessly between the two, drooling slightly.

"Aye, that I do Michael." He leaned in and gave Jenny a kiss on the cheek. "The guys on Barbelth will never believe this."

He smiled and made his way out of the story. No one mentioned the specks of vomit that clung to his sideburns.

"Time to put you and the readers out of your collective misery I think"

One last card.

'JENNY EVERYWHERE, OPEN SOURCE HEROINE AND SCOURGE OF THE COPYRIGHTED, CEASES TO EXIST'

And it's over...

8. Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)

Sizemore yawned and looked at the computer's clock. 1.30 am. Jess was already asleep and the alarm would be going off much sooner than he liked to think about. He quickly read through the story and checked for spelling mistakes and dumb Americanisms that may have slipped in.

Scratching his head he thought about pouring another coffee and then dismissing the idea as a terrible one he started to shut down the laptop.

"Fucking Boag!" he whispered, "Always putting dumb ideas in my head..."

[\(Post a new comment\)](#)