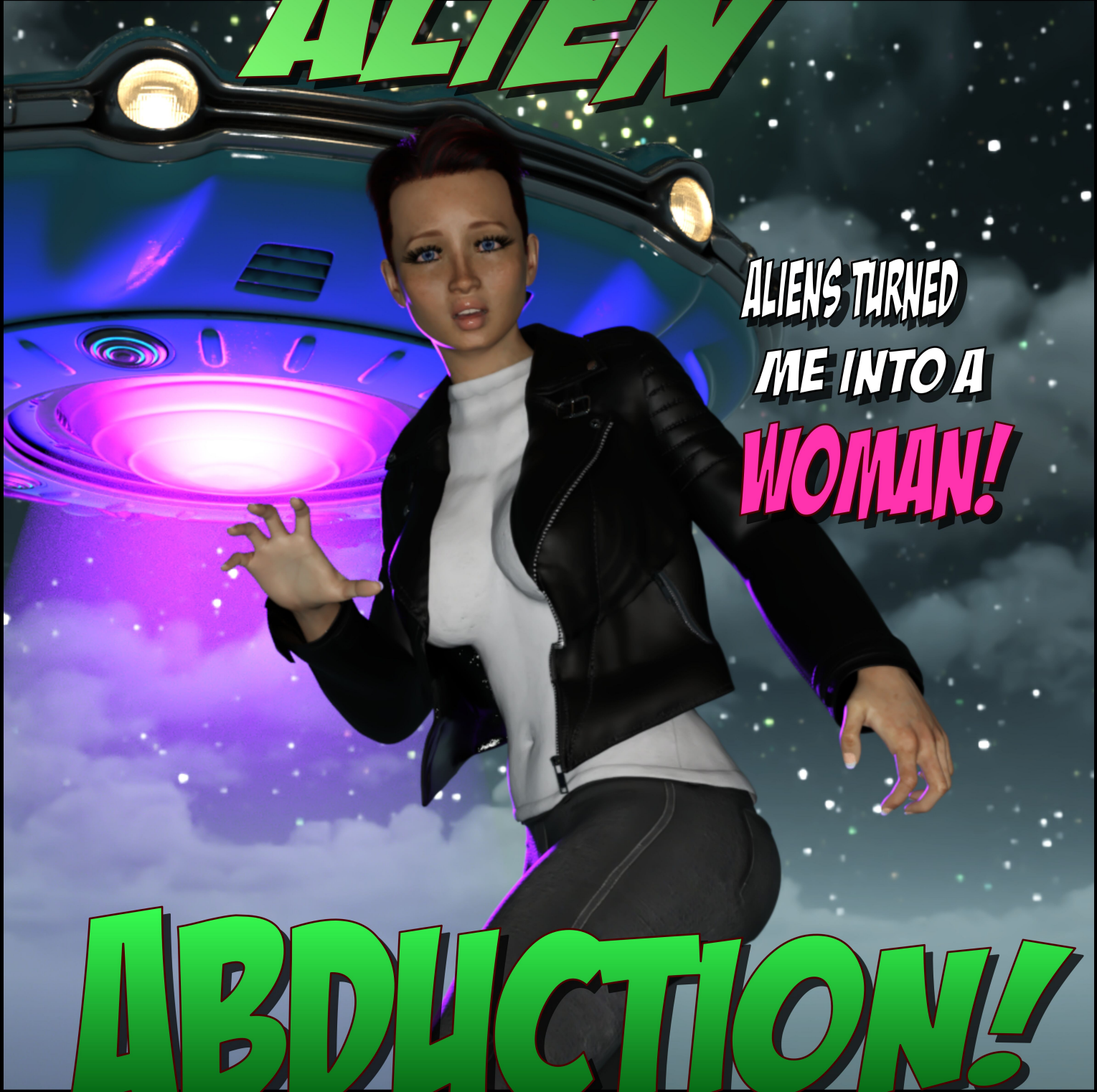


WHISPERS

You're going to want to sit down for this.

ALIEN



**ALIENS TURNED
ME INTO A
WOMAN!**

ABDUCTION!

FROM FIGHTER TO FRAIL.



"ON AUGUST 13TH, 1943, I TOOK OFF FROM JACKSONVILLE ON A ROUTINE MISSION SCOUTING FOR UBOATS OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA. I FIGURED I'D BE HOME IN TIME FOR DINNER," THE YOUNG WOMAN SITTING IN FRONT OF ME SAYS.

SHE GETS A WISTFUL LOOK IN HER BIG, PRETTY EYES AS SHE REMEMBERS HER PAST. "MY FIANCE, MILDRED, WAS MAKING LASAGNA," SHE RECALLS. "I KISSED HER GOODBYE, HAVING NO IDEA IT WAS THE LAST TIME I'D EVER SEE HER."

ONLY HE IS A NOT A YOUNG WOMAN AT ALL, BUT A 100 YEAR OLD MAN. HIS NAME IS CAPTAIN HARVEY HAWLEY. THIS IS HIS STORY.

PARALYZED!



I WAS CRUISING SOUTHWEST OF BERMUDA WHEN MY INSTRUMENTS WENT WILD, THE DIALS ALL SPINNING OUT CONTROL, INSTRUMENT PANEL FLASHING. MY ENGINES CUT OUT. I HEADED TOWARD THE HATCH INTENDING TO BAIL OUT, BUT MY PLANE DIDN'T FALL. IT SEEMED TO BE-- FLOATING-- AND A STRANGE SENSE OF CALM CAME OVER ME AS A BRIGHT LIGHT ENVELOPED ME, LIFTING ME AND CARRYING ME TOWARD AN OPENING IN SOME SORT OF SAUCER SHAPED CRAFT.

INJECTED!



I FOUND MYSELF IN A MEDICAL BAY, BLINDED BY BRIGHT, WHITE LIGHTS LOOKING UP AT A BUG-EYED ALIEN RIGHT OUT OF SOME CHEESY COMIC BOOK.

IT INJECTED ME WITH SOMETHING, RAN TESTS. IT SPOKE IN SOME REPTILIAN LANGUAGE, BUT SOMEHOW IT PROJECTED ITS THOUGHTS. I COULD UNDERSTAND IT.

"SHE WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT BREEDER," IT SAID.

WHO WAS SHE? WHO WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT? I AM AN OLD-FASHIONED GUY, OR I WAS, AND I THOUGHT THEY WERE HOLDING SOME WOMAN, THEIR EVIL PLANS OBVIOUS IN THEIR WORDS. I STRUGGLED TO FREE MYSELF SO I COULD SAVE HER, HAVING NO IDEA I WAS TO BECOME THE WOMAN.

MY BODY CHANGED!



EACH TIME I WOKE, I HAD GROWN SOFTER, ROUNDER.

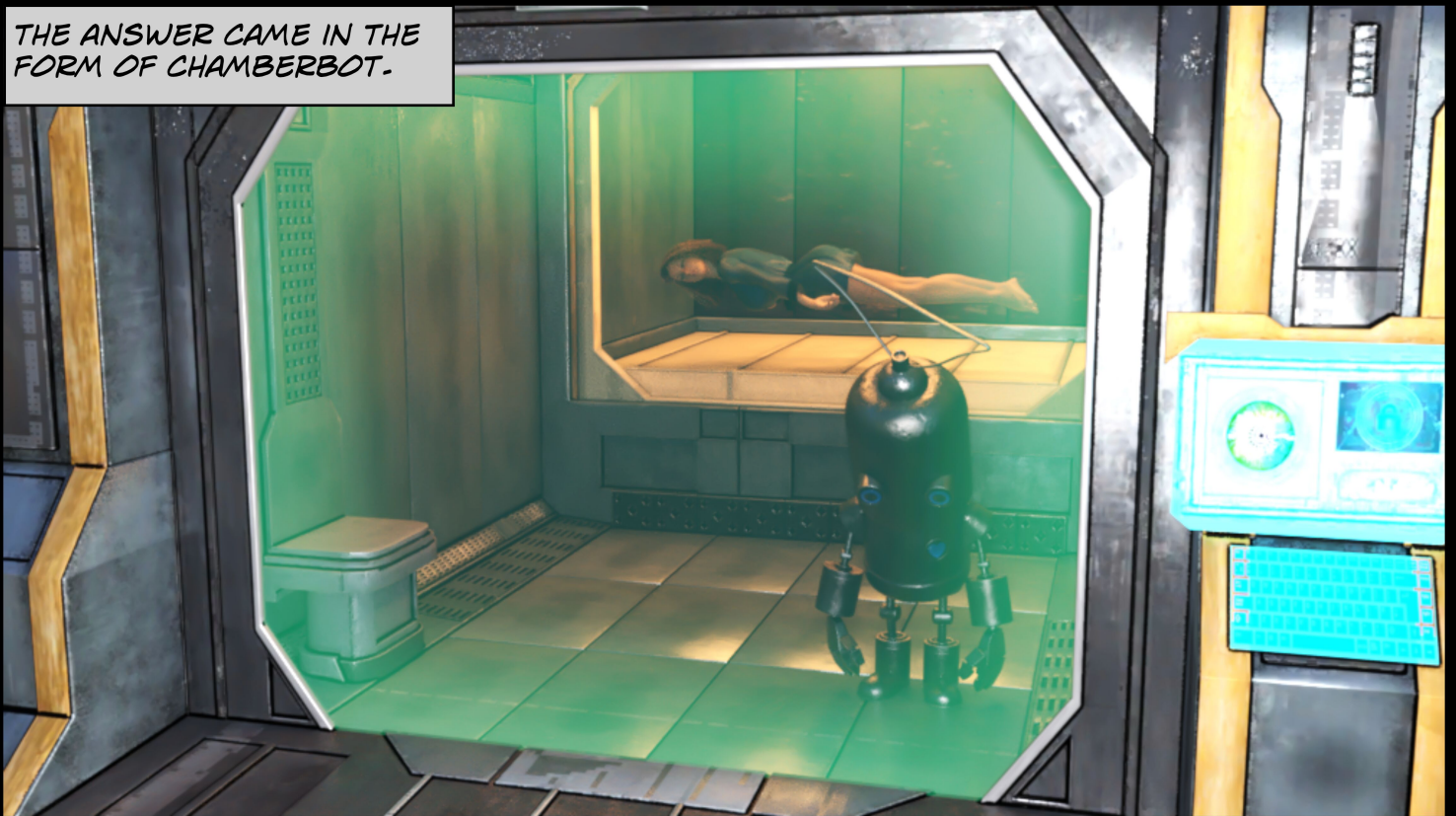


EVENTUALLY, I COULDN'T DENY IT; I WAS BECOMING A DAME.



I REMEMBERED WHAT THEY HAD SAID ABOUT "HER" BEING AN EXCELLENT BREEDER. I REALIZED NOW SHE WAS ME, AND THESE DISGUSTING ALIENS INTENDED TO TURN ME INTO SOME KIND OF BROOD QUEEN FOR THEIR UNHOLY OFFSPRING. I VOWED I WOULD NOT ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN. I WOULD FIND SOME WAY TO ESCAPE, BUT HOW?

THE ANSWER CAME IN THE FORM OF CHAMBERBOT.



HE'D BEEN THERE THE WHOLE TIME, CLEANING AND SERVING ME FOOD. THE DAY I WOKE TO DISCOVER I HAD BECOME A BROAD IN EVERY DEPARTMENT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, I SCREAMED IN HORROR. I WAS SURE THOSE BUG-EYED FREAKS WOULD COME FOR ME SOON, AND THEN I'D HAVE AN ALIEN BABY INSIDE ME.

CHAMBERBOT, WHO HAD NOT SPOKEN A WORD, SUDDENLY SAID, "WHY ARE YOU MAKING THAT SOUND?"

A MACHINE THAT COULD TALK? I WAS STUNNED, BUT I TOLD THE ROBOT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE A WOMAN.

HE RESPONDED, "WHY NOT? YOU ARE VERY PRETTY."

SEDUCTION!



DAYS PASSED. I LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR OF THE DAY THE ALIENS WOULD RETURN. WOULD THEY REALLY-- MATE-- WITH ME? THE THOUGHT MADE ME SICK.

REALIZING CHAMBERBOT HAD EMOTIONS, I SET OUT TO SEDUCE HIM. I WAS THE DAME NOW, FLIRTING WITH CHAMBERBOT THE SAME WAY MY FIANCE HAD ONCE FLIRTED WITH ME. WE DANCED. CUDDLED. I GIGGLED A LOT AND MADE SURE TO GIVE HIM PLENTY OF LOOKS AT MY NEW ANATOMY.

CHAMBERBOT FELL UNDER MY SPELL. FINALLY, WHEN I THOUGHT THE TIME WAS RIGHT, I STARTED CRYING. I FOUND IT EASY NOW THAT I WAS A WOMAN. WHEN CHAMBERBOT ASKED ME TO EXPLAIN MY TEARS, I TOLD HIM HOW MUCH I FEARED AND HATED WHAT THE ALIENS HAD PLANNED. THEN, I BROKE HIS ROBOTIC HEART: "I GUESS IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. THE ALIEN TOLD ME I'LL DIE IN CHILDBIRTH." IT WAS A LIE, BUT I WAS A DESPERATE GIRL.

HIS EYES BEGAN TO FLASH RED. "I WILL NOT ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN."



WHEN AN ALIEN CAME FOR ME, CHAMBERBOT ATTACKED. I SCREAMED, TERRIFIED FOR HIM, FOR ME, FOR US.

CHAMBERBOT'S FIERY WEAPONS SENT THE ALIEN REELING. IT COLLAPSED TO THE FLOOR AND DIED, SMOKE RISING FROM ITS GREY SKIN.

"COME. I WILL LEAD YOU TO THE ESCAPE POD," THE ROBOT SAID. I TOOK HIS HAND AND RAN ALONG BEHIND HIM. WE RACED THROUGH THE TWISTING CORRIDORS OF THE ALIEN SPACESHIP.

WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE ESCAPE POD, CHAMBERBOT LET GO OF MY HAND. "GO," HE SAID. "HURRY. I HAVE PROGRAMED THE SHUTTLE TO TAKE YOU HOME."

"WAIT, YOU'RE NOT COMING?" I SAID, FEELING LIKE I'D BEEN PUNCHED IN THE GUT.

"MORE OF THOSE YOU CALL ALIENS ARE IN PURSUIT. I MUST HOLD THEM OFF."

"NO! YOU HAVE TO COME. I-- I-- LOVE YOU." IT WAS TRUE. I HADN'T REALIZED IT UNTIL THAT MOMENT, BUT THE WHOLE TIME I'D BEEN DANCING AND FLIRTING WITH HIM, TELLING HIM MY SECRETS, I'D BEEN FALLING IN LOVE. I'D SET OUT TO SEDUCE HIM AND HAD FALLEN INTO MY OWN TRAP.

"GO!" CHAMBERBOT SAID. "LIVE!"

I LEANED DOWN AND KISSED MY HERO. "I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU," I SAID AS TEARS ROLLED DOWN MY CHEEKS.

GUNFIRE ERUPTED, CHAMBERBOT CHARGED. I RAN.



A SHOCKING DISCOVERY!



THE ESCAPE POD CRASHED IN THE DESERT. I CLIMBED FROM THE RUBBLE HALF-NAKED, STARVING, THIRSTY. AFTER A VERY HOT DAY AND A LONG, FRIGID NIGHT, I SMELLED SMOKE AND FRYING BACON. I FOLLOWED THE SMELLS AND CAME TO A CAMPSITE, BUT IT LOOKED WRONG-- THE TENT WAS MADE OF SOME STRANGE MATERIAL, AS WERE THE CLOTHES WORN BY THE MAN I SAW THERE. WAS THIS AN ALIEN PLANET?

HUNGER OVERCAME MY FEAR, AND I APPROACHED, LETTING MYSELF CRY, KNOWING THE EFFECT A WOMAN'S TEARS HAD ON A MAN, IF HE WAS A MAN. I WAS AFRAID THOUGH. I WAS JUST A HELPLESS FEMALE NOW. WE WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. WHAT IF HE HAD-- BAD INTENTIONS? THERE WERE SUCH MEN. I KNEW A FEW IN THE ARMY, THOUGH I WAS NEVER ONE OF THEM. I HAD BEEN RAISED TO RESPECT WOMEN. RESPECT WOMEN. THE THOUGHT STOPPED ME COLD. I WAS ONE OF THEM NOW. A MEMBER OF THE WEAKER SEX.

HIS NAME WAS ANDY, AND HE TURNED OUT TO ONE OF THE GOOD ONES. HE GAVE ME HIS COAT, COFFEE AND FOOD. I COULD TELL HE FOUND ME ATTRACTIVE, THOUGH, BY HIS FURTIVE GLANCES. IT DISTURBED ME TO KNOW A MAN WANTED MY BODY. STILL, HE DIDN'T TRY ANYTHING. HE JUST WANTED TO HELP.



A NEW LIFE!



WHETHER THE ALIENS HAD MADE IT HAPPEN OR SOMETHING IN ME HAD BEEN AWOKEN, I DISCOVERED I WAS NOW INTO GENTS, ESPECIALLY ANDY. WE STARTED OFF AS FRIENDS. THEN, WELL, ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER, NATURE TOOK ITS COURSE, AND WE WERE MAKING WHOOPIE .

WAS IT WEIRD FOR ME AS A MAN, OR FORMER MAN, TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER GUY? YESSIREE, BUT I'D GOTTEN A SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE, AND I WASN'T LET ANY HANGUPS GET IN THE WAY OF THE SECOND SHOT AT LOVE.

TRYING TO HELP ME ADJUST TO THE MODERN WORLD, ANDY EVEN BOUGHT THE BROWNSTONE I'D BEEN BORN IN, AND WE LIVE THERE NOW. THE WHOLE BLOCK IS EXACTLY AS IT WAS IN 1943, ONE OF THE ONLY THINGS THAT HASN'T CHANGED SINCE I WENT OFF AND GOT TURNED INTO A DAME.



THE END