

SABER TOOTH TIGERS

ROLLIN' LITTLE MAMAS



THEY DIDN'T ASK FOR A
STARE-DOWN WITH THE DEVIL...

...THEY SURE AS HELL WEREN'T
ABOUT TO BLINK

MONSTER BEACH PARTY

A PULP NOVEL BY: LAZLO ALHISA

ART BY: NATHANIEL MILLJOUR



Saber-Tooth Tigers : Monster Beach Party

Saber Tooth Tigers :

Monster Beach Party

Part # 1

By:

Lazlo Aluisa (Story)

and

Nathaniel Milljour (Art)

Based on Characters created by B. Aluisa in 1990

Story copyright: B. Aluisa 2007

Book copyright: B. Aluisa 2010

© Port Jolly Roger Publishing

Atlanta . GA 2010

The Saber Tooth Tigers TM B.Aluisa / Port Jolly Roger

Chapter One

It had been a pretty routine match by standards of the South-East League. “The Spitfire Demon Girls” came after “The Saber Tooth Tigers” Roller Team with all of the underhanded tricks of the trade that you’d expect out of a team on such a long losing streak. The hair pulling was fierce. The rib jabbing wicked, and the side slamming brutal. But the Tigress pride held together tight. It was nothing they hadn’t seen before, and there were certainly no elements of surprise that a desperate pack like the Demons could put passed them, no matter how they tried to dress it up.

Victory was in the air and Sheena Black reveled in it as she made one last whirl around the rink in appreciation of her fans. “We love you Bamps!,” a group of junior high-school girls shouted as she flew by. This was short for Bampira, which was her league name... the moniker the public had come to know and love her by. “Bampira Furrrever!,” squawked an old biker couple.

Yep, things were surely in full swing tonight. There was electricity in the air that bordered on frenzy, and it was nice as ever to feel the love and adoration of such supporting fans. So, then what was the reason for the dark and foreboding feeling that seemed to be hanging over her shoulder, following just behind her? What was this slightly sickening sensation that seemed to gnaw on her bones at the subatomic level? It was a feeling somewhat similar to the strange and contrary first burst of spring-time that brings on the rush of the new life while, at the same time, heartlessly and systematically devouring the last clinging traces of winter’s decay.

The sensation made her slightly faint and would have taken down a more common woman. But her alabaster mask held firm and stoic as usual, and any slipping of

composure was regained when she saw her team-mates Trixie and Kiki standing and waiting for her near the exit/tunnel just ahead.

“So, are you gals with me for slamming down some Zombie cocktails tonight over at Doc Voodoo’s?” inquired Trixie in her usual voice of impish persuasion.

“You and your sweet, syrupy rum, drinks,” retorted Kiki with the brass and sass she was known for. “I’ll leave those candy ass drinks for you two. It’s nothing less than a Tequila night for me!”

“It’s starting to look more like one of those ‘Hosenoff’ nights, if you ask me.” Bampira chimed in with a slight snicker.

“Hosenoff?” asked Kiki. “What? Is that one of those sickly green German beers or something? Ick! No thanks.”

“More like what happened the last time I saw you two wicked sisters this lit up.” chuckled Bamps. “If you don’t pace yourselves better, I have a hunch I’m gonna’ end up having to hose the both of you off all over again.

“Ya, you should be so lucky.” smirked Kiki.

“So, what’s with the soap box trip?” snipped Trixie. “A girls gotta’ blow off some steam every now and then. As if, you ain’t the Queen Steam Engine yourself!”

“Ya ya...” continued Bampira. “It’s just that I seem to know how to ‘blow off’ steam without ‘blowing out’ chunks at the end of the night.”

“Ya, ya!” sneered Trixie, discarding the gems of Bampira’s life wisdom, in favor of the secret knowledge that she, herself, would somehow live forever.

Bampira and Kiki threw back their heads and shared a hearty laugh. Trixe rolled her eyes.

“So, Bampi,” inquired Kiki, “then, what's your poison for the night? Just what are you up for?”

“Not sure.” she answered with a slight reflection of the darkness that had made its-self known to her just moments before. “I guess you can say I'm in one of my strange and restless moods. Can't say if I even know what pill is gonna' ease my ills.”

But before she could be completely taken by any bout of melancholy, a handsome young buck on skates glided by her and onto the rink.

“On second thought,” She continued, “maybe a cure isn't quite as far away as modern science once thought.”

“Hullo!,” added Kiki, as a couple of his friends followed just behind him.

“Now, that's what I say!” rejoiced Trixie.

The girls took off in pursuit. It didn’t take the guys too long to pick up on the fact that they were being followed. They looked back, smiled shyly, skated halfway around the track, and then all stopped... leaning back against a railing waiting to talk to the girls as they approach. Just as the girls were about to approach their handsome young prospects, they were suddenly cut off by Spark, a short, scrappy, yap dog of a girl from the other

team, who skated up to Bampira.

“Bampira, I'd watch my butt if I were you.” yipped Spark, her eyes bulging nervously. “Hammer-Head Marge is out for yer ass! Said you've been sniffin' around her Billy Ray a little too often for her liken'.”

“Now what would I need with a piece of burn-out roadie trash like Billy Ray?” cracked Bampira. “Besides, if she doesn't want any other prey sniffing around, she should keep him tied up in her yard for a change.”

“Well ya' bitter' not do it. That's all I got ta' say. Ya' bitter' not do it!” Spark rambled on.

“If Ol' Hammer-Head feels so strongly about it, why doesn't she tell me herself? If I wanted to deal with a yap weasel like you I'd start my own breeding farm!”

Spark stewed on this while the Tiger Girls shared a hearty chuckle at her expense. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, Hammer-Head Marge rolled in and nailed Bampira dead on in the face, knocking her flat on her back. Her reflexes brought her back, almost suddenly to a sitting-up position but it took her a moment to un-cross her eyes and regain her composure. Her face twisted into a grimace as she made her way to her knees and into a squatting position. “Alright, you hussy,” she let out in a reptilian like growl, “I sure hope the Devil likes a worn out piece of ass like you! Cuz, I'm getting ready to send you to him!”

Hammer-Head Marge was a ‘Hoss’ of a gal who had quite the reach on Bampira. But, despite this, Bampira was able to duck clear of the long side kick that was sent her way. Back in full form, Bampira managed to bounce into a boxer position and deliver a series

of wallops to the sides of Marge's big fleshy head. But her head was as dense as it was massive and they didn't faze her in the least. Marge moved forward in a bum-rush that started to knock Bampira back once again. Before going down Bampira managed to grab her foe by the fabric of her shirt. As she fell backwards she was able to use this backwards momentum to send them both into one swift judo back-flip. This landed Marge hard enough to cause a partial knock-out. Bampira immediately took advantage of the situation. Pouncing on Marge, she took a huge handful of hair with one of her hands and started clobbering her with the other.

The remaining fans hovering in the audience gathered around to watch the spectacle, as did various team and crew members. In addition, and un-noticed in this crowd were Xaxis and Zoë, two ultra pale and patent leather clad oddballs who observed the fiasco with a certain insect like detachment. Through thick black goggles, Xaxis looked down at the action, viewing it through the top view finder of what seemed to be a vintage, early 1900's model camera. Though ultra calm and collective, Zoë ran her black lacquered claws up her own wrist as if trying to evoke some sort of human sensation as she watched. This gave her a slight, momentary thrill but she just as quickly returned to her original statuesque pose. Xaxis continued his disjointed monitoring of the event, while elsewhere in the world the scene that he framed could be seen through the murky depths of a crystal ball. A single hand with long black finger nails, and long boney fingers, ran briefly over the crystal. A foreboding fugue of heavy and sickly breaths wheezed out of the lungs of this unknown voyeur as they watched on.

Bampira continued to pound Hammer-Head Marge until some team members thought it to be enough and started to pull her off. "Sucker punch me?" she growled "You friggen' witch! I'll drink your blood! You hear me witch? I'll tear your friggen' throat out!" "You'd best stay away from him, you here me?" yelled Marge as her teammates pulled

her to her feet. “Go find yer own!”

“Aw, you dried up ol' hand bag.” sassed Bampira while starting to calm down a bit.
“Need to get a grip.”

“You OK Bamber?” asked Trixie with sincere concern. “She nailed you pretty hard with that first one.”

“Ya ya! I don't need an instant replay!” Bamps scowled with her usual air of independence. “And I sure don't need no wet-nursin',” she growled as she shrugged off the hand that Kiki had put on her shoulder. “Now let's see... where were we? Oh ya...”

The girls looked over to see that the guys they were talking to were now gone. A closer looked revealed that they were slipping off with some of the girls from the other team.

“Awwwwww heck!” sighed Bampira in disappointment. “Well, it looks like it's another night with just me and my fellow mug-shots. And suddenly that Tequila isn't sounding so bad after all.”

“Amen to that sister!” Kiki nodded in agreement

“Sa-luuuu-te' !” added Trixie.

Saber-Tooth Tigers : Monster Beach Party





As Xaxis and Zoë made their way across the rink, another male skater whizzed by and brushed carelessly against Xaxis, knocking his camera to the ground and shattering it into pieces.

“Ehhh, watch it dude!” was the only apology that he managed to offer as he skated on down the line. Little was he aware of the blood-thirsty snarl that came to Xaxis’s face as a primal reaction to this, or of the small ritual ankh handled blade that Xaxis pulled out with readiness to retaliate. But Zoë was quick to catch his wrist and to stop him in his tracks.

“He’s not going to like this one bit!” Xaxis growled in an attempt to persuade her. “Not at all.”

“Right you are. But he’s going to like it even less if we lose site of what we are here for. Don’t forget,” she reminded him “we’ve got bigger fish to fry.”

“Right you are, My Pretty,” he broke a slithery grin as his wits began to gather. “But don’t you mean that we’ve got bigger cats to skin?”

“Indeed I do.” she smiled as she moved a step towards him. “And indeed we shall.”

Together they giggled as they grabbed at, and violently ravaged each other. There was intensity in their embrace that almost resembled passion. Revitalized in purpose, they were then off... on their way to hunt other night-things.

Does this foretell of an inevitable doom that is heading Bampira’s way? Is this the unfolding of events foreshadowed in those foreboding feelings of angst that seemed to loom over her earlier in the evening? Or, is a knock-out at the hands Hammer-Head Marge the only “other-worldly experience” that she really needs to worry about?

[Click here](#) to read the continuation of our story in the next 2 chapters (combined/compiled with this one, for your convenience). Also included are **MORE ILLUSTRATIONS** and special, bonus, **Hi-Def Printable Posters** by Nathaniel Milljour of the deliciously luscious [Studio Noire](#) .

Brace yourself for more chills, thrill, and whiplashing whirls around the rink as we

Saber-Tooth Tigers : Monster Beach Party

continue

SABER-TOOTH TIGERS : MONSTER BEACH PARTY