

Big Mama Stories

by

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BIG BLACK MAMA AND TENTACLE MAN

One day Big Black Mama was walking along, minding her own business, walking up and down over the rises and through the valleys that mass makes in space. She took care to stay away from really massive objects, big stars and large black holes, so the gravity slopes she climbed were comfortable, just right for a saunter.

The galaxy was all around her like a great swirl of diamond dust; and at her ankles — zip! zip! — were the STL ships of people who didn't know about FTL. She watched carefully, stepping over or around the ships. Not a single one hit her in the ankle, which was a good thing, since they could deal a nasty shock, if they were going fast enough. Not to mention what her ankle would do to them.

Big Black Mama kept walking along, enjoying the crisp, cold vacuum and faint popping noise that particles make as they go in and out of existence. Maybe she wasn't paying enough attention to where she was going. In any case, she came around a big, dark cloud of interstellar dust; and there was Tentacle Man, twice as tall as she was and ugly as oppression.

"My, you are a fine looking woman," he said.

This was true. Big Black Mama was tall as the sky and black as space. Her eyes shone like a pair of G2 suns. Her

lips were as wide and red as the tulip fields on the planet of New Holland. The best melons in existence—giant, mutant, hybrid Persians—could not compare with her breasts for size and firmness. As for her hips and thighs, there were no adequate metaphors—though walls, towers, mountains, and planetoids came to mind. The best part of her was her brain.

Tentacle Man went on. “Just looking at you makes me want to ravish all your orifices with my tentacles and then eat you with my big mouth full of ichor-dripping fangs.”

“Why would you want to do that?” Big Black Mama asked, gauging the situation. Tentacle Man looked fast and mean to her, but he didn’t look smart.

“The universe is large, dark, cold, uncaring, and dangerous,” said Tentacle Man. “There’s no place in it for people who can’t do the math and figure the odds.”

“We’re not talking about the universe,” said Big Black Mama. “We’re talking about you.”

“Well, then,” said Tentacle Man. “I want to do it, and I can do it. That’s reason enough.” He slithered forward on his tentacles, opening his mouth wide to show the ichor-dripping fangs. It was a nasty sight. The man could use a dentist.

His dental care was not Big Black Mama’s problem; but his intentions were. She held up a hand authoritatively. “Wait just a minute! If you think I’m a morsel, you ought to see my sister, Big White Mama. Everyone agrees she’s prettier than I am. For one thing, I’m fat. Big White Mama has curves; I’d be lying if I said otherwise. But she doesn’t have bulges.” Big Black Mama tapped her hip to demonstrate what a bulge was.

"You look fine to me," said Tentacle Man. "There's more to savor." And he slithered a little closer on his tentacles.

"Well, then," said Big Black Mama quickly. "You must have noticed that all truly refined and civilized people, the ones with the very best taste, are pale."

Tentacle Man, who had every nasty color you can imagine on his spotty, grotty skin, looked puzzled.

"It's true," said Big Black Mama firmly. "If you want elegance and delicacy and a really good flavor, go for the white meat! It's always best. Human men know this. Ain't one of them alive who doesn't start barking when Big White Mama lets down her golden hair."

Tentacle Man considered. "That may be, but she's not here, and you are."

"If you let me, I'll go get her and bring her here," said Big Black Mama.

"I may look stupid," said Tentacle Man. (He did.) "But I won't fall for that. As soon as I let you go, you'll run off so quickly that you'll shift from black to red; and I will never see you again."

"Let me send her a message," Big Black Mama said. "It won't take long. She's sure to come. In the meantime, we can play poker."

"What's poker?" asked Tentacle Man.

"It's a game of memory and mathematics. I'm sure a clever man like you will do just fine at playing it."

As Big Black Mama suspected, Tentacle Man was not bright; but he was greedy and vain. The thought of having two beautiful women to ravish and eat appealed a lot. He wasn't worried about them ganging up on him, because he had a high opinion of his strength and intelligence. The idea of learning poker appealed to him as well. He liked

games, and he thought he was good at them, especially ones that involved math.

So Tentacle Man agreed, and Big Black Mama sent a message to her sister. She used tachyons. The message traveled faster than light into the past. It arrived at Big White Mama's house long, long before it was sent and set off her transtemporal alarm. This was a nifty gadget, which all the Big Sisters had, so they would know when anything interesting was happening and could go take a look. Big White Mama was home. Of course she took a look.

In the meantime, Big Black Mama pulled out a pack of cards and showed Tentacle Man how to play poker. It was hard work, because he was dumb as a brick. But Big Black Mama was an A-1 poker player and made sure he won most of the hands. This kept him busy for while. In the end, however, he got restless and began to look horny and hungry. Just then, when Big Black Mama was starting to worry, Big White Mama arrived. She had taken a shortcut through time and space, because the message sounded serious.

"Yo, girl," she said to Big Black Mama. "What kind of trouble you got yourself in this time?"

Tentacle Man's beady little eyes bugged out till it seemed he must have eye stalks. Big White Mama was something to view! Her eyes were blue and shone like a pair of Class O stars. Her cheekbones were razor-sharp ridges. Her mouth was fresh and lovely as a field of pale pink tulips opening in a northern spring. Her golden hair hung over her fine, tight ass. Her breasts were as round and smooth as the best giant mutant hybrid apples. As good as everything else was, her best part was her brain.

"This is Tentacle Man," said Big Black Mama. "He wants to eat you."

Tentacle Man began to slither forward on his tentacles, still holding his cards.

“You know,” said Big White Mama. “This is not a good idea. Everyone says I’m pale, insipid, and over-civilized. I have no Soul. I have no fire and passion. The music I play is boring. I can hardly dance.”

“I don’t want to dance with you,” said Tentacle Man irritably. “I want to eat you.” He noticed he was still holding the cards and lifted his tentacle to toss them away.

“Don’t do that,” said Big Black Woman. “I think you’ve got a winning hand.”

Tentacle Man paused, looking confused, and kept the cards (five jokers) in his tentacle.

“What you want,” said Big White Mama, “is my sister Big Red Mama. Wild meat has the best flavor; and brother, she is wild!”

“Big White Mama has a point,” said Big Black Mama. “Red’s my sister, too. She is fiery and also respectful of men. That’s a fault that White and I share. We just aren’t respectful. But Red likes a warrior, a guy with machismo.”

“What’s machismo?” asked Tentacle Man.

“A big penis,” said Big White Woman.

Tentacle Man looked worried.

“Or big tentacles” said Big Black Mama. “That will do just as well. We can see you have those all over.”

Tentacle Man looked proud. Then he frowned. “But she isn’t here, and you two are.” He glanced from one to the other, trying to decide which woman looked more tasty.

Just then, as he was looking back and forth and having a hard time making up his tiny mind, Big Red Mama came walking around the dust cloud. Big White Mama had sent her a message, which had gone a hundred million years

into the past. By a curious coincidence, that's where Red happened to be, wading through a lush Cretaceous marsh and looking at dinosaurs. They were her favorite animals. The message from Big White Mama said, "Trouble." So Red took a quick trip through time and space and arrived not even breathing heavily.

"Yo, sisters," she said. "What kind of trouble have got yourselves in now?"

Tentacle Man's beady eyes bugged out again. Beyond any question Big Red Mama was a vision—as tall as her sisters with fire-red skin and hair that fell to her ankles like black rain. Her eyes were dark and deep as space. Her lips were as red as Big Black Mama's. As for her breasts—well, there are no words for them, except maybe *zkgfzl*, which isn't in any human language. (In the language of the *Zk*, it means a sight so remarkable that you will instantly metamorphosize into your next life-stage upon seeing it.)

Not being *Zk*, Tentacle Man remained his ugly self. He was starting to become uneasy. The three big women stood on three sides of him, and he couldn't keep them all in view. Granted, they were female and all so lovely that his mating tentacle became painfully engorged. But put together they massed more than he did; and he was beginning to notice how tough they looked—their eyes flashing like stars or comets, their feet set wide, and their long, strong legs reminding him of space elevators rising up and up and up.

"You know," said Big Red Mama in a soft, husky, friendly voice. "We come from a large family, and I sent for the rest of us as soon as I got my sister's message. Here they come."

Zap! Big Yellow Mama arrived. Zap! Big Brown Mama arrived. Then the rest came—as many colors as a rainbow, since humans had evolved a lot as they spread out

across the stars. There was a sky-blue Mama, a grass-green Mama, a Mama as deep red as burgundy wine, a Mama as orange as sunset, an indigo Mama like the deep blue, briny oceans of Earth. On and on the arriving went, till Tentacle Man was surrounded by a wall of Big Mamas. Now he was really nervous.

“I meant no harm,” he said through closed lips, so no one could see his ichor-dripping fangs. “I was just kidding. I wouldn’t ravish and eat anyone as lovely as you ladies.”

Just then Big Ugly Mama arrived. She was larger than all the rest; and she wasn’t pretty, though she was smart. She loomed over her sisters and glowered down at Tentacle Man. “WOULD YOU RAVISH AND EAT ME?” she boomed.

Tentacle Man cowered down, most of his tentacles over his spotty, grotty head. “I wouldn’t think of it,” he whimpered.

Big Ugly Mama reached down and picked him up by the scruff of his spotty, grotty neck. “I THINK YOU’RE LYING ABOUT YOUR INTENTIONS.”

“No! No!” cried Tentacle Man. “I wouldn’t harm you! Why, you’re just like me! Neither one of us is a looker, though I think we both have character.”

Big Ugly Mama laughed her booming laugh. “UGLY IS AS UGLY DOES. I MAY HAVE MY FAULTS, BUT I DON’T THINK WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON.” Then she knotted all his tentacles together—making him into a spotty, grotty, lumpy ball—and tossed him into the center of the interstellar dust cloud.

They could hear him shouting and thrashing around inside, but they had no pity, because the universe *is* large, dark, cold, uncaring, and dangerous; and our only hope

and help is one another. If you don't recognize the bond that ties intelligent life together, and if you try to use the universe as an excuse for your antisocial behavior — well, you deserve what you get.

All the Mamas grinned and gave each other high fives; and then they went off to the end of time to party, which they did well, as they do everything they do.



Note: In case you are wondering, there are Big Poppas. They are as large and smart and colorful as the Mamas; and all these wonderful, colorful people love each other dearly. But the Big Poppas don't come into this story.