

SAFARI STU: WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?

Episode 6: The Threat (and episode length) Grows!

Deep inside The Hunting Lodge...

"I've lost before..." Safari Stu mulled the circumstances of Anarchy over in his mind. The gorilla that drives him to the ring stood nearby, listening intently.

"A few years back, I mistimed snatchin' up an echidna and a coupla quills got all up in me dacks. They spiked me where the sun don't shine!

This? This hurts more than that.

I can't help but feel like I let me dad down, y'know what I mean?"

"Oog," the gorilla replied.

"You always know just what to say, Gary."

"Oog ook," Gorilla Gary continued. Its eyes lit up with a brilliant idea and it scurried off across the room returning with a glass decanter.

Stu took off his boot and offered its opening to the gorilla, as is his people's custom.

Gary dutifully filled it with booze.

"I just keep playin' me dad's words over in me head. How can I expect to save the world from alien Nincompoops when I can't even save meself from a robo dodo distractin' me for that ginormous soulless yobbo Dom Durango to cleave me head off?" He took a mournful sip from his shoe.

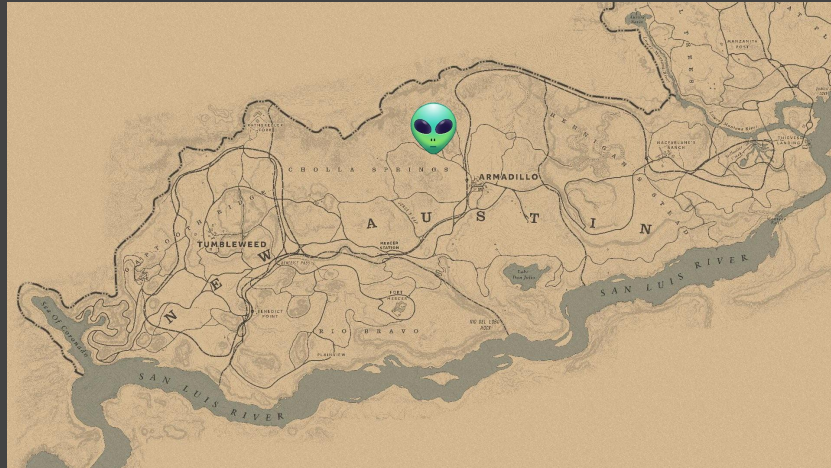
"OoOok," Gary said.

Alas, our hero didn't have time to consider his companion's sage advice. An alarm suddenly started wailing throughout Stu's secret base!

ALERT! ALERT! ALIEN MENACE DETECTED!

'You little ripper,' he thought to himself. His new planetary threat detection system was working!

An image of Earth whirled about on his monitor. Eventually, it settled on the location where a blinking beacon signalled the threat.



“New Austin?” He gasped. “That’s my second favourite type of Austin!”

Glass shattered.

Gary looked sheepishly (or whatever animal a gorilla would think was awkward and embarrassing—baboonly maybe?) down at the decanter he just dropped.

“Clean that up, later, Gazza!” Stu said. He rose and triumphantly put on his wide-brimmed hat. “To the SafariMobile!”

With that, he raced off through The Hunting Lodge to the fireman’s pole that took him down to the garage.

Gary grabbed his driving gloves and ambled after.

They climbed into their heavily modified Jeep and off they went to save the world!

Moments later...

Stu put a diesel pump back into its holder and climbed back into the SafariMobile.

And then they *actually* set off to save the world!

Many moments later..

The SafariMobile followed the planetary alert as it beeped louder and louder.

The trail took them off the well beaten path. A man shook his fist angrily as their wheels blew dust into his face, but in the rear view mirror Stu saw that the man quickly got back to work beating the holy heck out of the poor, defenceless path.

“Be careful, Gaz, it’s a lawless land out here,” he said, shaking his head.

By the time the SafariMobile came to a stop outside the entrance to a mysterious rocky cavern, the alien alert was a piercing screech.

The alarm turned off with the engine.

The screech did not.

It seemed to take on a human form!

“Crikey! I think that’s a damsel in distress!” And in a flash, Stu was strapped with various weaponry, paraphernalia and unexplained doohickeys, and was halfway towards the cave.

Gorilla Gary stayed with the vehicle as Stu ducked inside. Dom Durango and the threat of failure crept into his mind again so he held tight to his rifle as he plunged into the darkness, unaware of what he was even hunting.

It was the damsel’s screams that kept him going.

He crept closer and closer, pieing each corner he encountered.

One final turn found his rifle pointed right at the singing face of—



While Stu tried to figure out what was going on with this ‘singing’ ‘damsel’, some sudden movement caught his eye. “Ahhh!” He whirled the rifle at several lizard-like aliens who scurried into the dark.

The red-headed man jumped in front of the gun barrel. "Hello everybody but mostly you because you're the only one here, my name is ANARCHY TAG TEAM LEGEND Roger and hold on a tick there buddy you shouldn't be pointing a gun around like Uncle Tommy Tom at my mummy's birthday party when my cousin Jaxxon XIII the 2nd with two Xs (three if you count the Roman numeral) was having a wee dance of the chicken when he bumped into the gravy castle and spilt it all on Uncle Tommy Tom's schnauzer's trousers and you definitely shouldn't be scaring my friends like you just did either."

Stu paused. "...Friends?" A reptilian poked its head out from behind this Roger fellow.

"Well... most of them are my friends except for Blake who pushed me into the swimming pool when I wasn't ready—"

Another reptilian popped up in the background and started making weird clicking noises.

"SHUT UP BLAKE I WASN'T READY AND YOU KNOW IT! DON'T MAKE ME LET THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN I'VE JUST MET SHOOT YOU!"

'Blake' ducked back down, guiltily.

Stu took an aggressive step forward, rifle still drawn. "Are you hurt, mate? Have you bonked your noggin'? Is that why you were soundin' like you were stranglin' a cat? Has one of these lizard-people got into your skin?"

An offended gasp escaped the mouths of both Roger and the aliens. "First of all that's a rude way to talk about my rendition of Chumbawamba's worldwide smash hit Tubthumping which netted me back-to-back silver medals in the north-west division of foggy London's infamous underground karaoke sweepstakes in 2017 and 2018 and second of all that's also very rude to my friends because these guys don't identify as lizard-people they prefer the term '*people-who-are-lizards*' and they don't eat babies because they're vegans and they don't try to conquer worlds and make sex slaves of everyone because Stacy actually has purple hair so you know they're super inclusive of all the different kinds of sexy stuff."

A person-who-is-a-lizard—with a purple flower on its head—waved at Stu from Blake's general direction.

"Sounds like somethin' a lizard-person would say..."

Before Roger could defend his humanity, the little alien who had been hiding behind him popped out again.

In a wavering voice that struggled to make human sounds, it managed two words. "Spiny tail."

That activated Stu's encyclopaedic knowledge of the animal kingdom. "Spiny-tailed lizards. Genus: *Uromastix*. Found throughout North Africa and the Middle East. Diet... *herbivorous*."

The realisation hit him like a goon sack spinning on a clothesline. Not all lizards ate baby meat. So maybe not all lizard-people did either?

Roger confirmed his thinking. “Yeah they pretty much just want to sit around and eat kale and put stuff in each other's butts.”

Suddenly, Blake popped up again, clacking in protest.

Roger rolled his eyes. “SHUT UP BLAKE I KNOW IT'S CALLED A CLOACA BUT I'M USING PERSON-WHO-IS-A-PERSON LANGUAGE INSTEAD OF PERSON-WHO-IS-A-LIZARD LANGUAGE SO GET OFF MY BACK ABOUT COLONIAL MICRO-AGGRESSIONS THEY'RE PART OF MY CULTURE AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BE A BIGOT NOW WOULD YOU?”

Blake clicked and clacked some more. Then nittered and nannered.

Then a laser beam blasted a hole through their head.

Hordes of famous faces—Alec Baldwin, Barack Obama, Peter Thiel, and so on—began to pour into the cave through crevices in the rock that normal humans could never squeeze through.

“*THOSE ARE LIZARD PEOPLE!*” Roger shouted. He skidded towards them with his arms windmilling and an all out melee ensued.

Lasers cut down people-who-were-lizards all over the cave. Safari Stu returned fire, picking invading lizard-people off the walls, but there were too many of them! “Retreat!”

Roger started windmilling backwards. Only he, Stu, and a few people-who-are-lizards made it out.

“Ogao!” Gorilla Gary called, kicking the SafariMobile to life when he saw them.

The group sprinted towards the vehicle.

Stacy, with the purple hair, died running right next to Stu. His heart sank. Maybe losing to Dom Durango truly was an omen of his inability to win the war against aliens.

But he dug deep. He had told Dom that his hope couldn't be vanquished! *But the lizard-people could be.*

Stu braved the laser fire and turned back to the cave. He spied the little reptile who had stood up to him just minutes before. Behind it was a crocodilian Tom Cruise doing what Tom Cruise and Tom Cruise lookalikes do best—preying on people too young for him!

And Stu did what *he* does best—he *hunted that croc.*

One bullet ripped into Tom Cruise's haggard, leather-skinner face.

The next ploughed up Tom Cruise's cloaca.

And the third found a loose lodestone at the top of the cave entrance that brought the whole thing crashing down!

The lizard-people were defeated and the people-who-are-lizards were no longer oppressed thanks to the fortunate intervention of a white male saviour!

"Yippee!" Roger grabbed his person-who-is-a-lizard friend and whirled them in the air for a cuddle. He kissed Stu on the cheek too! "You saved my hatchling for the first time ever!"

"Hatchlin'?! So you ARE one of 'em?"

"No as I said me and my half-brother whose name is That Bitch Joseph Gordon-Levitt are on a quest to save our mummy who exploded into a thousand butterflies by uniting the 49 other Rogers and 49 other Josephs our mummy gave birth to."

"...You didn't say any of that."

"Not today but I said it a different day and as it turns out our mummy once met a person-who-is-a-lizard and so I came here to save the Roger-who-is-a-lizard and this time it actually worked unlike the 38 other Rogers I have found so far who all died horrible deaths and it's all thanks to you how could I ever repay you?"

"Oog ooh ooh," Gorilla Gary suggested before setting itself to helping the surviving people-who-are-lizards into the SafariMobile.

Roger was dumbfounded at the gorilla's wisdom as he and Stu also climbed in. "Wow so if I just heard your friend correctly your name is Stu and you're trying to have a save of the world from alien Nincompoops and this is your friend gorilla whose name is Gary and he thinks you and I make a pretty swell team and I could repay your sweet and tender heart by helping you save all of mankind because if I don't then my Molly who is really humongous now as she is 33-months pregnant might get eaten by a creepy old Tom Cruise or worse."

"We *do* make a beaut of a team," Stu agreed.

"But why did Gorilla Gary so articulately say that we have to have a fight of FELLOW ANARCHY LEGEND Centurion just conveniently around the corner here in New Austin?"

"Because like you said, Cent's a legend. The crafty bugger's got the most wins in XWF history and yet... he's handin' over his in-ring strategy to his daughter who's been in less scraps than a roo fresh outta the pouch. And now there's this mysterious non-bino ninja who keeps tryin' to confuse us all with a weird spellin' of their name and Cent's actin' like a stunned mullet about it all as if he hasn't made a career of fightin' for those very kinds of people against people like Boots Lichter and Nathaniel Idenhaus.

Somethin' feels dodgy to me.

I think it's all a ruse, Rog.

I think Cent and his new mates are gonna scream discrimination if anybody tries to look into what they're really doin', but it's all to cover up that Centurion has been replaced by an alien.

I think he's become...

A Nincompoop."

Roger gasped!

So did one of the people-who-were-lizards, but that was just because they had started eating kale and putting stuff in each others' cloaca and that was A-OK with Stu, Roger and Gary because that's inclusion!

But as worrying as the Centurion situation was, at least Stu could rest easy that he had won today's battle.

Dom Durango hadn't killed his hope.

At least... not yet.