

Editor's Note: This month there were actually two authors who contributed pieces called "Interview with the Cyberdemon." Both were quite good, and neither author had any idea the other was working on an opus with the same premise. Both are printed here for your enjoyment.

Mars Needs Women

An Interview with the Cyberdemon
(and a few of his friends)

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A disturbing trend has been noted back on Earth lately -- large groups of single, attractive women have been disappearing at alarming rates, with nary a Tupperware party or Filene's Basement sale in sight. Some have returned, despondent and quoting that article about having a better chance of being kidnapped by terrorists than getting married after the age of 35. But others have never been seen nor heard from again...

Until now.

We sent our intrepid reporter and chief archeologist Jacqui Kramer out to find out where all the good women have gone. Here's her report, originally broadcast live from Mars earlier this month. The second voice on the tape belongs to MDR editor Dave Kramer.

(Begin broadcast)

...We now go to Jacqui Kramer live on the Mars ActionCam. Jacqui?

Good morning Dave! It's 10:22 a.m. MST (Mars Standard Time) here on the Big Red One, which means that not a lot is going on yet. As you can see behind me, Mars is dry, there is a lot of dust in the air, and nothing is open after 5 p.m. Reminds me of Philadelphia back there on Earth (ha ha). Anyway, as you all know, single Earth women of child-bearing age have been disappearing in droves recently, leaving Earth men wondering who is going to cook, clean, and generally do all the things their mothers did for them until they left home at the age of 45.

Well, I'm pleased to say that our women are not only all right, they are having the time of their lives -- listen. [Crowd noises fill the background.] As you can see, there is a lot of excitement in the air, and here's why! In just a

few minutes, they will begin bidding on some of the most eligible bachelors available here on Mars. Now, these women are here of their own volition -- I want to stress that. They were shown pictures of some of the bachelors ahead of time, warned of some of the... physical differences they may experience when enjoying conjugal bliss, and they have signed waivers promising not to sue the promoters if their new hubbies demonstrate some common flaws.

Jacqui, what sort of flaws have been reported to date?

Well Dave, some of the women have complained that their husbands have only two hobbies, namely stomping around and shooting each other, while others are concerned that their true loves are not intellectually compatible. In a few cases, the husbands also have been accused of ripping out their wives' hearts after mating. Now, this has not been confirmed, but I can report that all potential husbands appearing in today's auction were required to complete a sensitivity course that included such topics as "Our Friend, the Toothbrush," "Chewing the Furniture: A One-Way Ticket to Divorceville," and, of course, "Don't Eat Her, She's Your Wife."

Well, I see we still have some time to kill (hehe), so why don't we take a look at some of the handsome devils that hope to get hitched today!

Now, this first one -- can we get a shot of this, Ted? -- this first one is expected to go really quickly. His name is Thor, and he is a 607-year-old Demon from the southside of Mars. His interests include Tasmanian Devil cartoons, hanging around in toxic bogs, and experimenting with sharp dental tools. He is disease-free, but I see that he has a history of mange. Maybe some lucky veterinarian out there can find a home, home on the mange (ha ha).

Next up is Dante, nicknamed "Bones," according to his card. I see Dante is a 900-year-old Revenant who enjoys Truffaut films, long walks on the beach, and having his cannons cleaned. Oh, and here is a quote from Dante: "I'm looking for that special someone who can turn my Hell-bound existence into a divine comedy." Watch out for this one grrrls, I hear he's a real lady killer!

Well, the auction seems to be delayed, so I guess I'll just keep going down the list. Let's see... Oh! Now here is one that I may have to bid on myself! This is Fabio, a 199-year-old Mancubus! Young and in great shape, 'eh ladies! Fabio says he enjoys gourmet cooking, working out at the gym, and quiet evenings at home with a good book. We should note that Fabio has a slight handicap -- his hands have been replaced with rocket launchers -- which could cause problems during marital relations. So whoever wins... handle this doll with care!

Moving right along, our next lucky bachelor is... an Army man! Yes, I see he's a Former Sergeant who is preparing to retire and wants to find an old-fashioned girl from back home. He says he is tired of the singles scene here on Mars, and just wants to mate with his own species again. Apparently he has had a hard time determining which barflys were male and which were female, leading to some major "Crying Game" moments. His hobbies include reading "Militia Life Today," surfing the lava pits, and terrorizing Imps, which he refers to on his card as "proof that someone should have put a bullet in Darwin's brain during that damn trial." I guess his ideal date wouldn't include a trip to see "Inherit the Wind" on Broadway, eh Dave?

Jacqui, we're going to have to take a break, but we'll be right back.

OK Dave! I'll see if I can round up a few of these tantalizing men for a personal interview.

(Brief commercial break for Planet Hollywood, Mars)

Jacqui: And we're back! Standing next to me is one of today's eligible bachelors. What's your name sir?

Alien: Cragmar.

J: And where are you from?

A: East Mars.

J: And what type of Martian are you?

A: A good one! (Heheheh)

J: No, no, I meant --

A: Silence, Earth woman! I know what you meant. Ladies, I'm a hot-talking hybrid who's smmmmoooth on top and furry on the bottom, and all Hell Knight, if you know what I mean.

J: Delightful. Tell us a little about yourself.

A: Well, I'm the sensitive type. I enjoy baseball, eviscerating inferior life forms, and of course expressing my male superiority in various ways.

J: Well, you sound like a real catch --

A: Are you making fun of me?

J: Why no I --

A: Look (censored), either you start showing me some (censored) respect or I'm gonna (censored, censored censored) you until your (censored) intestines spew forth.

J: Well, my money is on you sir! Thanks for chatting with us. Moving right along, we have someone less-threatening but nonetheless available. What is your name sir?

Alien #2: Icarus.

J: And what breed of Martian are you?

A2: I'm a Cacodemon. Leo with Sagittarius rising, a double fire sign!

J: Well, I bet you are just hot stuff!

A2: (giggles) Well, you know, the chicks dig that I can fly. But I'm tired of being used as a taxi service. I want someone who wants me for me -- Icarus, the soft, spongy guy. I'm a blue blood, you know.

J: I've heard. What would your ideal date be?

A2: Well, first I would pick her up at the appointed time, because I'm a gentleman. Then, we'd fly on over to Planet Hollywood -- did you know Bruce Willis was here last week? He was on some shoot -- anyway, we'd hang out, have a few Imp kabobs, and then head back to my place for a little... romance.

J: What if the lady would prefer to do something else after dinner, like go skinny dipping in the toxic waste pools?

A2: Who wouldn't want to get into my spores?

J: Hypothetically speaking, of course.

A2: I would tear the ungrateful wench in half and spew forth fire until she was as toasty as the Imp kabobs we had for dinner.

J: You sound like a fun date. Thanks for helping us out today, and good luck!

A2: Frag you.

J: Well, we have saved the best for last! Here he is, the king of the show, the most desirable bachelor on Mars, Satan!

Satan: Beg for mercy, inferior life form.

J: I beg your pardon?

S: I said, down on your knees and beg for your pathetic, puny existence to continue beyond this very day.

J: I hear you are expected to bring in some major dough at today's auction! So tell me, what is a date like with the Big Kuhuna himself?

S: Is that microphone on?

J: No, no... I'm just practicing. I'm here for the auction, and I have to tell you, I've had my eye on you.

S: Really?

J: Oh, yeah! A big, strong, Cyberdemon like yourself? What woman could resist?

S: Well, just between you and me, I'm lonely.

J: Oh, I find that hard to believe. I bet you have to fight women off with a rocket launcher.

S: No, no... Everyone just assumes I can have any woman I want, and then I never get any dates. Most of them won't even talk to me (sniff sniff).

J: There, there, Mr. Satan -- don't cry. Here, take my hankkerchief. [Deafening noise.] In fact, keep it.

S: Thanks.

J: Why don't you tell me what it's like being the Supreme Being here on Mars.

S: Well, like they say, it's lonely at the top. You have all these syncophants running around -- "Can I polish your leg, Mr. Satan?" "Can I kneel down and shield my eyes from your almighty power, Mr. Satan?" "Please don't crush me, Mr. Satan, I'm only 900 years old!" Blah blah blah... Same thing day in and day out. I'm just an ordinary guy, really. I just want a slave woman to do my every bidding. A woman who understands that, if there is too much starch in my horns, I will have to punish her with death. I'm really a sensitive guy.

J: What is Satan's ideal date?

S: Well, a few hours of glorious adoration, followed by dinner. After she finishes feeding me, maybe a little entertainment. You know, goring, hunting inferior breeds, throwing Imps and Demons into an arena and starting a fight. The usual date fare.

J: Sounds enticing. Well, I know you still have a lot of preparation ahead -- thanks for stopping by, Mr. Satan!

S: Bid on me, please...

J: I certainly will. Thanks again...

S: I'll give you the money, just bid!

J: I promise, I'll be the first one up with a bid.

S: Make it a lot of money!

J: An obscene amount. Now run along.

Whew! I thought he would never leave. Well, time to go find me a husband. I think this has all been very enlightening. It also says something about the sanity of Earth women. Or maybe it says more about the available Earth men. Who knows. You be the judge. This is Jacqui Kramer, live on the ActionCam, on Mars.

Back to you, Dave.

Interview with the Cyberdemon

y Two Gun Mojo
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Two Gun Mojo: Let's start off by asking what, exactly, is your job, and do you find it rewarding?

Cyberdemon: Well, put simply, my job is to scare the bejeesus out of Our Hero and kill him if possible, or at the very least, bring him so close to death a good hard slap will do him in. As for the rewarding part? Not really... lots of long hours standing around, waiting... oh, the endless waiting!

TGM: What do you do to pass the time?

CD: It varies. Sometimes there's games; poker... pin the rocket on the Hell Knight... we also play a variation on Shuffleboard using Demons, or Mancubi if we get real wild (I prefer them, actually. At least they fire back!). Lately, we've been doing role-playing where one of us is picked at random by drawing corpses, whoever gets the one with the most armour left on it "wins." Whoever it is then goes to the starting room and pretends to be Our Hero, and attempts to fight his way through the WAD and get to the final exit.

TGM: Really? Who usually wins?

CD: Well, I do naturally! The Arch-Vile gives me a run for my money though. Of course, Former Humans don't usually make it very far, which always amuses me so. That's why when a Former Human is picked, we just kill him on the spot and immediately draw again, you know, to save a little time...

TGM: Yes, but you're also a bit taller than the Arch-Vile, and Our Hero, for that matter... how do you manage to fit through some of the tighter areas that Our Hero does?

CD: Ahh... Next question, please?

TGM: Mmm... yes...OK... With the release of Doom on the Mac, some friendly (and not so friendly) competition has developed between PCers and Mac users. Which version do you prefer?

CD: Oh, definitely the Mac version.

TGM: And why is that?

CD: Well, you see... Because of my extreme vanity, I prefer the higher resolution of Mac DOOM.

TGM: How's that?

CD: Well, I mean, I look better! You can see my eyes and my cyberware much more clearly and distinctly.

TGM: What about loyalty to the platform that spawned you?

CD: Loyalty? In Hell? You've got to be joking!

TGM: OK... so, what is your favorite WAD?

CD: Any one I'm in.

TGM: Could you narrow that down a little?

CD: Sure, all of them.

TGM: Right... So, how do you feel about Quake?

CD: A bit miffed. I mean really, they could've found room for me somewhere in there! I'd like to see some Quake player take me on in full 3D! They wouldn't stand a chance in Hell (if you'll pardon the pun)!

TGM: Yes but apparently they've got even more terrifying monsters, like Shub-Niggurath itself!

CD: Pah! Piker! I'll show'im who's boss! Bring'im on!

TGM: All right, one last question. With all these flashy new 3D shoot'em up games coming out, like Quake, Dark Vengeance, Marathon Infinity, Descent 2, Duke Nukem, etc. what do you see for the future of Doom, and yourself? Do you see a Wolfenstein-like cult following likely to develop?

CD: That's two last questions. As far as Doom's future, I think you're pretty close to the mark. In 2010, people will still be my slavish devotees and I shall forever rule their every waking thought! Ahh ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! You should've brought more than just two guns Mojo, because now you DIE!!!

TGM: NO!!!

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrggggggggggggg!!!!!!!!!!
SPLAT