

Emperor Wenki dismounted his hoverbike in front of Minki's laboratory, and paused at the door, rehearsing what he would say to her. He always fought with Minki, and she, being his spoiled sister, was just as stubborn as he was. "Minki, I have decided how the species for gold mining should look." He repeated it in different ways, finally deciding upon the aggressive way.

Wenki threw open the door of the laboratory and stormed in. "MINKI!" he shouted. Priss pricked up her ears, whinnied, and ran straight at Wenki. She stopped in front of him barking violently and stomping her front hoofs. Priss was a one-of-a-kind horsey dog Minki created, that could breathe fire. Minki kept her as a pet. Priss liked Andromeda most of all, and she was very protective of the laboratory and everyone working there.

"Nice Priss," Wenki said clutching his heart with one hand and reaching out to pat her with the other. Priss bared her teeth and growled at him so he quickly pulled back his hand and stepped back out. "Minki, call off Priss!" he shouted to her.

"Sit Priss," Minki said, not looking up. Priss sat obediently where she was, at the door, guarding the lab. Wenki sneaked in, staying as far away from Priss as he could. Just as Wenki thought he was safely past Priss, Priss turned and let out a gust of fire out that set Wenki's turban ablaze.

"EEEEEEHH!!!" Wenki shrieked as he ran around slapping at his flaming turban. He knocked over several petri-dishes and jars sending them crashing to the floor. One of the assistants jumped up and grabbed a bucket of water. He chased Wenki around until he was able to dump it on his head.

Priss, splashed by the water, let out a deafening yelp. She darted forward and tripped Wenki. Wenki fell on Priss, and Priss squealed in pain and scuttled under a table.



Minki, Andromeda, the lab assistant with the bucket, and three other lab assistants ran over to coddle Priss. "Oh poor Priss!" Andromeda cried with tears in her eyes.

“POOR PRISS!?” Wenki gasped, dripping wet and coughing. “Poor Priss!? What about poor WENKI? Minki, that's it! You've had enough fun, making those pets of yours,” Wenki hollered at Minki pointing at Priss. “Stop making all these stupid creatures and..”

“Get out!” Minki hissed. “Get out, Wenki! This is my lab. You barge in here, disrupt my work, break my equipment, destroy my work, and you hurt Priss! How dare you! I make creatures for you, and what do you do? I'm going back to Nanau if you can't behave yourself!”

“Calm down,” Wenki said smoothly. “I just came down to your lab to tell you something, and I don't think I deserved this attack!”

“Wenki-,” Minki returned, ready to scold him further.

“You've been making all kinds weird creatures that you can't even control; serpent-dragons, unicorns, winged horses, birdy-women, and that -that dog of yours! These creatures are useless! And they cost us a lot of time and resources to grow. Some have escaped, and we can't get them back. They've all gone wild now. I came to tell you we should stop mass production in the pods and wait until the right species is created.

“Wenki, it doesn't cost you anything, the slaves I created for you do all the work!”

“Listen Minki, after much thought...”

“I hope you didn't strain your brain too much.”

“Grrrr!!! I have decided what the most useful creature would be for us. Let them be in our likeness; with arms and hands for mining and farming. And make them wise enough to understand money and the work we give them, but not so wise as to rebel against us. Make them small, so they will look up to us as their masters, but larger than the elves and other Earth races, so they are a superior race. They will be like children to us that we can watch over on Earth.”

“You know I've been working on it. Our genes won't mix with the elves or dwarfs. We have different math in our DNA, and I haven't had any luck making creatures like us. I am modifying our DNA with Earth animals all the time,” Minki said, walking over to the computer to show him her results.

“Well, just hurry, and, um, don't make them too smart, like some of the others you've made.”

Minki raised an eyebrow at him. “You want dim-witted minions?” she asked.

Wenki nodded.

She took a numbing gun and a scalpel and grabbed Wenki's arm, “Then I'll need some of your skin!”

Wenki tried to grab his arm away, but Minki had already used a numbing gun on it, and he couldn't feel his whole arm. “Ow! You're killing me!” Wenki howled.

“There, it's done. You're such a baby; you didn't feel a thing. It's just a little bit. I'll see what I can do with it.”

Tears streamed across Wenki's face and he cradled his numb arm as one of the lab assistants used an instant healing tool on him.

*Excerpt from “The Nanuki Creations”*

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