



Samples

from

MAYAN CALENDAR GIRLS

The Great Meso-American Novel



Intriguing cover, huh?

Light, vital reading to kill what time we have left.

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From: "Stone Temple Harlots"

"The fascinating part of the calendar is what nobody seems to care about. August 13, 3114. Before Christ, like he had anything to do with it. How many peoples have an opening date?"

Winston was wound up, lolling crossways in his matrimonial-sized *henequen* hammock, tripping his brains out and just dying to share it all. As he usually did, he rocked back and forth in the hammock, each swing bringing the tip of his toe to a bamboo pillar where it could propel his next rock with a mere flick. Beyond that, each swing slightly flexed the hammock's stanchions, which also supported most of the palm thatch *palapa* that provided shade and shelter on his handbuilt floating island. It was like a combination, he'd said, of a sovereign country and a waterbed.

"So let's look around the world of the times, where dates are a little sloppier, but more historically sanctified. The first Egyptian dynasty circa 3100, "Uruk" the first city of Mesopotamia about the same time, though nobody claims they found the cornerstone. Kali Yuga in India, 3102. It was a time of beginnings all over the world. And you can trace them through the ages of fire, earth, air and water. And now we're looking at the age of ether, the Fifth Sun, the Age of Center.

"Your people didn't just do things when it looked good, you see. They timed it all out to the stars and Milky Way. Channel islands of the Pleiades, where they claim your people came from. Our system aligns with Alcyone in the Pleiades every 52 years, the exact length of the Calendar Round. You're a race of astronauts, illegal aliens."

Xchab stood up smoothly, though she'd been squatting on her heels for over an hour. She gazed at Winston Bacon, ranting on the bed, and shifted her weight just enough to give her pose a sexual tilt. She rocked her head forward, then shook it, her hair slithering around to hang in front of her the way he liked, her nipples staring out as round and black and beckoning as her eyes. She lowered her brow and stared at him from under her silken lashes, wetting her lips slightly. She said, "Hey, Winston, why don't you shut up with that crazy *Indio* shit?"

From: "Hospitality Sweet"

The Irish girl walked in and pointed to the mirror, stood with her hands on her slim hips awaiting more laughs with her new pal. Who made a sinuous shrugging move that somehow released her shift to slither down in a pile at her feet.

She gawked as Aphra, naked except for a red Brazilian *tanga* that was kind of like "naked plus", did a turn, checking herself out. Slapping her own ass, which gave the tuned-up report of a ripe watermelon, then lifting her breasts and peering at them. Then up into the eyes of the flight girl, who suddenly felt like the small bathroom was very tight and warm.

"So you think you know what they're after, huh?" She turned and moved a little closer, a sheeny black presence amid all the white ceramic and linen. "Maybe you can explain it to me?"

"Explain what men want?" The attendant had stepped back, her bare thigh touching the top of the toilet tank. Suddenly in rabbit mode, wary but captivated.

"Nope." Aphra stepped closer yet. "What I want."

"Well, I'm starting to get a glimmer." There was something very fierce about the black woman's face, but her body was a shiny, plush invitation to stroke. She was confused, wanted to go get another drink. Wanted something, for certain.

"A glimmer, huh? That something in the neighborhood of a gleam in the eye?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that..."

"Know what I'd say?" Aphra was standing with her plumped purple nipples only inches from the white girl's tits, feet placed outside hers; a control pose. "I'm standing here naked and I'm sweating; all this Mexico heat. And you got clothes on and shit, must be sweltering. Look ahere, sweat kind of running along that ginger down on your neck there. See can I do something about that."

She leaned forward to place her hands against the wall on either side of the white girl's head, leaning in to erase those last few inches between their stiff nipples, her long tongue already extended. She could feel the quiver as she slid it up the soft, pale neck, lapping the salty dew and ending up with a little fillip around the earlobe.

"You got any other excess moisture anywhere," she whispered, "I think I can take care of it for you."

From: "Telemathy"

"Know what I'm wondering?" Winston said mildly.

"What you were just talking about?" Frac minced out cattily.

"Nope. What the hell *I'm* doing here. Is this some sort of reality show?"

"I doubt you've showed anywhere near reality since Altamont, Mister Natch."

"So everybody's wondering the same thing," Loris put in. "Do you have any hunches?"

"I saw him in a dream. Big gold, glowing skull hovering right over this very table. He told me to come see him. Bring shrooms."

Everybody goggled a bit except Loris, who purred, "And did you?"

"Wouldn't you?" Winston shrugged. "A summons like that?"

"Won't you sit down?" Loris pushed out a vacant chair and caught the waiter's eye. "You and your friend?"

From: "Lady Bee Good"

And the Pops did have beehives. For generations they had husbanded the rare, stingless Yucatan bees as the Maya always had, harvested the treasured black honey.

Puch nodded and motioned towards the back of the property, where the hives were set among the blossoms of the jungle. But his gesture stopped in mid-air as he stared at Xchab, now standing directly above the tapering ridge where Ganzo had seen a headdress goddess head trying to emerge from the limestone, looking down at their temple construction and moving in a slow, silent dance.

And behind her, like a moving black shroud, a living version of the mantle of the Virgin, was a swarm of bees. She moved like a swimmer in thick syrup, her movements stately and composed for such a young girl. And each time she swung an arm out from her side, it was the lead edge of glistening black wing. When she clapped her hands over her head, two columns of bees clashed behind her, splashing upwards into the sun. She twisted and trotted and windmilled her arms, all shadowed by that teeming cloud of wings.

Mama Puch watched her for over a minute, then turned to Puch, not looking at Ganzo. "Find the boy a place in the shed with your workers and ball-players," she said, turning away towards the house. Over her shoulder she added, "The girl can have Yoli's old room."

From: "Secret Asian Man"

Denny Mercer sized up the Worthy Oriental Gentleman who'd moved stealthily into his office. If the tattoos peeking out at the cuffs and throat of the bespoke Nathan Road suit, the two missing fingers, and the Dragon Lady slinking in behind him hadn't been a clue to this being a major Triad warrior, the outline of the oh-so-concealed hatchet under his burly arm would have been the big tip-off. Denny looked up at him coolly, if not actually coolie, and spoke around the crumpled unfiltered Camel, "I suppose you're the longest dong in the Hong Kong tong?"

Narrowing his already narrowed eyes, the sinister Narrestling nodded with underdated menace and pushed his calling card across the desk. Of course his *real* calling card would be one of the shirikin stars in the glove leather sheath up his sleeve. Denny got ready to bust a move.

Meanwhile, in real time: Denny slouched in his chair concealing the still-smoldering roach of the spliff he'd just obliterated, staring through glazed pupils at the slightly-built, middle-aged Chinese guy in work clothes and his dumpley, shuffling wife. It's not like he really owes you any explanations, but it's a boring job and Denny is prone towards a rich fantasy life. It's why he became a Confidential Investigator in the first place and doing the computer skip-tracing and photo peeps that Seattle offers to freelance snoops hadn't slaked that impulse toward the melodramatic, so he trips out a lot. The weed just aggravates the situation.

From: "Strip The Light Fantastic"

If the clinging slut dress and Doc Martins remodeled Xchab's self-image from Mayan Village People to the fozy punkerita, what she saw in the glass after Copper's do-over stripped her threads, popped her gaskets, and blew her doors. Fast and deft, Copper had gathered most of her anthracite cascade behind her into a single braid as thick as her wrist, but bound with a chrome watchband a foot from the bottom to create a wide fox brush capable of dangerous swishing and brush-offs. But it was the middle two inches on top that held her attention: gelled into punkrocker rigidity, but not the usual vertical crest. Instead, it swept back in a ridge like a cock's comb, separating into porcupine spikes to the rear as it gradually descended to meet the braid. The obsidian fin of a sea-creature, the cruel wing of a rapine bird, the mane of some equine alien. As she stared at the foreign creature that had clawed its way out of the shell of her old tribal self, Copper shook up a can of spray paint and quickly frosted the needle-sharp tips of her crest with bright gold.

Then Copper turned to rummage through her pile of semi-clothes again. She came up holding something that looked like a chrome egg necklace and tossed it to Xchab. Who saw it was a *garment* for Chaac's sake; stiff, reflective silver fabric fashioned into a form-defining lid for the female genitalia—complete with a little pre-molded cleft—and connected to a forked loop of woven black cord slim as pencil lead.

"Slip into that, sportster. And we're on our merry way."

Xchab stared cowlike again, drawing an exasperated scowl and "get on with it" gesture. She steadied herself against a pillar while slipping the straps over the big boots and tugging up the sub-G-string. Actually there was something wickedly winning in the feel of it rolling up her thighs.

"Nice girls don't let their pussies out into public view," Copper chirped as Xchab made the final, uncomfortable adjustments of the shiny new hair up her ass. "Certainly not for free."

From: "Bung Fu"

Her landing cushioned by the abolishment of Chango, MeiMei fell to her knees on his shoulders, then quickly slid down his back into the saddle. In the moment's grace bought by the sheer novelty of her arrival—naked Asian poon from the heavens being rarer than meteor showers in that area—she tugged the inert Chango around, grunting *do-jo* monosyllables at the exertion of heaving him into the drink while his buddies watched, stunned.

Fortunately (as we've seen) operating a JetSki doesn't require top-drawer intelligence, so she quickly figured out where to put her hands and what to do with them. The hopped-up response of the super-souped Kawasaki JS750 literally scared the piss out of her when she racked the throttle around. But even more so "Chimi", wastrel scion of the Ronchel lineage, whose SeaDoo RXP-Turbo was directed in front of her. The hyper-turbo Kwaski hunkered down and bolted almost out of the water, the hull mostly dry as it smashed into Chimi and ran right over him, converting him and his RXP into an *ad hoc* ramp for an awesome jump that brought cheers from nearby yachts where attention had been gathered by the gunshots. She blasted straight over Chimi, carved a turn to port that terrified her, and became the proverbial blue streak.

Stung by having frozen up, infuriated by the demolition of their two comrades by some gookporn ninja who was pretty blatantly a mere woman, the remaining Lords recovered their usual aggressive velocities and pelted behind her. She headed towards where she'd last seen Curtis.

And caught a glimpse of her, lolling over a swell, hair a faint yellow carnation floating in her headlight, surrounded by a nimbus of blood. She saw no signs of life—quite the contrary—and quickly realized that if she stopped the only result would both of them falling back in the hands of these assholes, and if Curtis wasn't dead already, she would be soon enough. She blasted by her accomplice, the Kawasaki's wake rolling her over into a face-down float that spoke of finality.

Leaning low for less resistance, MeiMei felt tears being torn from her face by the force of the wind. The California girl had just been so cool, so vital, so... alive. And now? Last seen face-down in a slick of blood. Because she got sucked into this lunatic Mission Improbable scheme to loot the artifacts. She cried silently as she shifted her weight, searched out as a position of low profile that didn't kick her butt as she skimmed the waves, a kind of jockey crouch.

There was something oddly soothing about the jounce across the open sea. After a half-hour MeiMei had regained her usual inner calm and outer watchfulness. She was realizing that she had an edge over her pursuers. Her craft was just a fast as theirs—in fact, it dawned on her that in a male motorhead ratpack like that you *couldn't* have a slower vehicle or they'd sneer and drum you out—but she was substantially lighter and offered less wind resistance. There were no tricks or techniques that would help them out in open water: this race would be to the swiftest and she had an advantage. The problem was... race to where?

