

EYES



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By Kenneth Leigh

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The spotlight picked out the lone figure of a sad-eyed, tuxedo'd gentleman standing at the side of a darkened stage. He was greeted by loud screaming as he spoke in a well modulated, but somber voice, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Ted Solomon, your host for your Big Show for tonight. For our first act, for the first time on nationwide television, we present those newest teenage heart throbs, the delectable, the fabulous, the fantastic, EYES, doing their hit single, "Don' Ya Wanna?"

He gestured to the curtain that was rising to the rafters, and as the spotlight dimmed, he faded from view.

Then, a single spot circled a girl's blonde head as she sang, "Oh, baabeee, don' ya wanna make love t' me t'nite?" This inane verse was met with even louder screams of ecstasy from the audience than had greeted Mr. Solomon, if that were possible.

As the spotlight widened, another blonde head appeared and she joined the first with the same lyrics, "Oh, baabeee, don' ya wanna make love t' me t'nite?"

The audience's screams almost drowned out their singing as the spotlight widened even further to reveal a third singing blonde, and eventually, at its widest, showed that there were four performers on stage; a singer with a guitar, an electric pianist, another guitarist and a drummer.

The four girls were dressed identically in cut-off gold spandex-satin, sleeveless, muscle crop-tops that barely contained their breasts while leaving their stomachs bare, with ultra short gold spandex-satin mini skirts that barely fell to the tops of their shapely thighs. Three of the four girls were dancing in place while wearing high heels, and it was obvious

that they had had many hours of practice wearing heels as they moved easily through their choreographed steps, their loose, shoulder length blonde hair dancing wildly as they shook their heads in time to their inane lyrics and music. Then, the three girls laid their instruments aside, locked arms and began dancing and high kicking in time to the drum beats as the audience went wild!

The dance continued for a minute or so, all to the accompaniment of loud screams and shouted lyrics from the screaming audience. After a three-minute rendition of basically the same words repeated over and over, the girls leaped into the air and came down with a thump, ending up on the stage in simultaneous splits.

The spotlight faded and Mr. Solomon returned to the stage. "They'll be back later on in our show, in the meantime, for your enjoyment, we present..."

Again, the audience screams drowned out his words.

It was obvious that he was greatly annoyed.

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Once more the spot centered on the sad-eyed, tuxedo'd gentleman standing at the apron of the stage. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, as I promised you at the beginning of tonight's Big Show, here they are again, doing a classical medley, without further ado, I present to you, EYES!

The spot faded as his image faded away, his gesturing hand raised to the rising curtain.

Sounds of a string quartette came from the darkness as the spot once more picked out a blonde head and slowly widened to show, one by one, the other three blonde heads, all attached to bodies dressed much differently than the first time! This time, the four girls were wearing ankle length pencil skirts and white blouses with wrist length sleeves, high neck-lines and frothy lace over their swelling breasts.

One girl played a violin, another a viola, the third a classical guitar and the fourth was plucking a harp.

The screams from the mostly teenaged audience faded to a trickle as the girls played. Their medley segued from an etude to a waltz to a sonnet to a concerto to a dirge, finishing up with a classical hymn. The audience listened in rapt silence as the spotlight closed and the curtain lowered, closing out the scene as the music faded away.

For an instant, all was reverently quiet, then scattered clapping began in divergent parts of the vast hall, until others joined in and the whole audience rose to its feet, clapping and yelling and screaming, "Encore! Encore! Encore!"

A moment later, the curtain raised to show the girls dressed in their original costumes and playing their original instruments. Once more, inane lyrics washed over the screaming teens, "Oh, won' you take me, please..." repeated over and over.

And once more the three girls laid their instruments aside, locked arms and danced and high kicked in time to the drumbeats. More than one male in the audience experienced an embarrassing arousal from the sight!

The screams continued all through the girls' performance until the girls leaped into the air and came down in perfect unison in crotch thumping splits. Once more, the tuxedo'd gentleman reappeared in camera view. "That's all the time we have tonight, folks! Tune in again next week when we'll have the hilarious comedy duo, Jack and Jill, as our guests! Good night!"

His words were drowned out by the screams as the television monitors went blank.

Mr. Solomon turned to the stagehand standing behind the curtain controls. "Get those fucking brats the Hell outta my theater!" he muttered angrily as he stomped off.

"Yessir," the surprised stagehand replied.

"Goddamn fucking cunts, stealing my thunder!" Mr. Solomon muttered in disgust.

The stagehand had never heard Mr. Solomon swear before!

EYES received no more invites for an appearance on The Big Show with Mr. Ted Solomon!

"Hey, guys, we're a hit!" chortled one of the blondes as she pulled her top over her head to reveal her braless breasts, glistening with sweat.

"Yeah, Iris," another girl agreed. "Did ya hear alla them screams? They was all for us!"

"Yeah, they really liked our high kicks," Ivy yelped over the noise that filtered in from the still screaming audience. "It was a good thing that you thought of it Reenie!"

"Well, I hated to see alla that ballet dancing we learned go to waste," she giggled.

"Oh, boy," another giggled. "I guess that'll show Miss Prissy just how good we really are!"

"Did someone mention my name?" A rather buxom black lady shoved her way past Brutus who was guarding the door.

"Hey, Lady, this here's a restricted area," he protested. "Wha'd'ya want?"

"Hey, yourself, man mountain," she retorted, smiling, "I belong here, remember?"

Brutus stared at her for a minute, then nodded his head. "Oh, yeah, g'wan in. I din' recognize ya fer a minute there."

"Didn't recognize me?" the woman asked in astonishment.

"Yeah, alla you manager fellers look alike to me."

"Well, I never!" the woman sputtered in pretended outrage. "Imagine gang, comparing me to that scumbag Jeremy Saint Clair!"

"Yeah, I can see the resemblance myself," the same girl chuckled.

"Oh, you can, can you?" the woman turned to her latest tormentor, "and how would you like it if I told you that you guys stank out there tonight?"

"What'dya mean, Clyde?" asked the fourth blonde. "How 'bout alla that screaming?"

"They were just happy to see you go!" she retorted.

"Yeah, I bet!"

"Seriously, Priss," the tall, bearded gentleman broke in, "what did you think?"

She turned to the tall, bearded gentleman and grinned broadly. "Well, I sent that demo to the recording company I told you about, George, and after they saw the girls' performance tonight, they offered me a two and a half mil album contract!"

"That's wonderful," one girl squealed, throwing her arms around the woman's neck and kissing her madly all over her face.

"Hey! Ya wanna wash alla the black off? Gimme a break, kiddo!" she protested weakly.

"I'll give you a break, baby," the girl grinned. "Just wait until I get you alone back in the apartment. We'll just see who does what to who!"

The woman looked at the girl worshipfully. "Yes, Mistress," she whispered.

"OK, Reenie," the tall, bearded gentleman cautioned. "You don't have to broadcast everything right out here in public!"

"Who cares? Everybody here knows," she alibied.

"Hey, I don't know!" the first girl smiled. "Lay it on me, girl!"

"Oh, shut up, Ivy, or I'll tell Brute on you!"

"Go ahead, darling," Ivy grinned. "I can handle that big ape with one hand tied behind my back!" she boasted.

By now, all four girls were out of costume and wandering around in just their snug, silky panties, totally unconcerned about being almost naked in front of the tall, bearded gentleman and their lady manager.

"Irish, we've got to find a way for you to join the dancing," Prissy mused. "That will just make your performance all that much better."

"OK, baby," Reenie chuckled. "We'll work on it. But now, I'm hungry and I wanna eat."

"OK, where should we go?" Prissy asked. "There's a nice place just down the street."

"Sounds good to me," the first girl chimed in.

"Me too," the second added.

"Sounds like a plan," the third agreed.

"I wanna eat," Reenie continued, "but not food!" She stared steadily at Prissy.

That woman started and blushed. "Er, Reenie... please?"

"OK, since you ask so nicely, I wanna eat YOU!"

"That will be quite enough of that kind of talk, girl!" the tall, bearded gentleman cautioned. "Don't forget, I can still blister that fat ass of yours!"

"Gotta catch me first, Unca George!" Reenie laughed, dancing away. "And my ass ain't fat neither!"

Wait'll I get done with it!" he threatened.

"C'mon, guys," Ivy interrupted. "Let Reenie do her thing and let's go to the diner before I faint from hunger."

"Yeah, Irish chimed in, "Faint! Hunger!"

"OK, get dressed and let's go!" the tall, bearded gentleman agreed. "But we'll have Brutus drive us somewhere where we are not so obviously from this theater."

In moments, the girls were dressed in almost identical mini-dresses and were being shepherded down the outside hall towards their waiting limousine. Brutus was in the fore, pushing the waiting fans out of the way as the group of seven passed.

"EYES!" screamed one girl. "Lemme touch her!" And she reached under Brutus' arm to catch Ivy's skirt, ripping the flimsy dress from her body.

"Hey, bitch!" Ivy shouted angrily. "Gimme back my dress!"

"EYES!" went up the cry in full force and all four girls were in just their panties when they were finally safely inside the armored limousine. It seemed an eternity to the girls, but it was actually less than ten seconds from dressing room door to limousine door!

"Damn!" Ivy muttered. "Now we gotta find something to wear before we can go eat."

"Don't worry, Li'l Boss," Brutus turned his head. "They's clothes in the trunk. Just wait'll I get youse all outta here and I c'n find a place to park where you c'n get dressed in safety."

Ivy reached over the seat back and patted Brutus fondly on the cheek. "You think of everything, Brutus, my lovely, lovely man!" she praised.

"Aw," Brutus blushed rosily. "Yer jus' sayin' that 'cause it's true!"

"OK, Prissy, where do you and Reenie want out?" the tall, bearded gentleman asked.

"My BMW is parked right around the corner," she replied.

"Good thing too," Reenie commented. "Gimme the keys, baby," she ordered.

Wordlessly, Prissy handed the keys to her car to Reenie. There was no hesitation on her part. She may have been EYES manager, but she was Reenie's woman!

"Good girl," Reenie smiled and caressed Prissy's cheek fondly. "Yer awri', girl!"

Brutus swing around the corner, stopped until Reenie and Prissy had alighted.

"Rehearsal at 10:00," the tall, bearded gentleman reminded Reenie.

"Don't wait up for me, Unca George!" Reenie laughed as she and Prissy hopped into the waiting car and drove away. Only then did Brutus put the limo in drive and take the

remaining members in his charge across town to another area where they found an all-night diner that was full of police officers.

"This looks safe enough," the tall, bearded gentleman commented.

And, aside from some appraising glances from some of the younger officers, there were no screaming fans to spoil their happy mood.



Let's go back about four years to the roots of this melodious foursome and see how they got together.

It was not an easy task to bring them together by any means as the four had greatly divergent back-grounds and interests, so different that it's a wonder they got together in the first place!

It was a bright spring afternoon when a small boy with long, blonde hair and wearing a snug t-shirt and girlish shorts, approached a sandlot baseball diamond and sat timidly on the lowest tier of the bleachers to watch the action on the field.

"C'mon, he can't hit!" one of the players shouted as the pitcher threw the ball. There was a loud crack and the ball flew high in the air, going foul and landing right in front of the surprised boy in the bleachers.

The catcher threw off his mask to reveal a mass of blonde hair swirling around a pretty girl face. "Hey, kid, toss me the ball, hunh?" she called.

Moving quickly, the boy picked up the ball and threw it to the catcher who caught it easily. "Here ya go!" he shouted.

"Hey, you got a good arm, kid!" she shouted. "D'ya play any ball?"

"No, I've never played baseball, all we ever played in my old neighborhood was basketball," he shouted back.

"Ya were wasted! Ya should'a been playin' baseball!" the girl snorted.

"Can I play with you?"

"Can you hit?" she countered.

"I dunno, I never tried," he admitted.

"Hey, Brute, let'm bat next. Let's see what he's got, OK?"

"OK, Reenie," the pitcher replied. To the boy, "Take yer position, kid!"

Hesitantly, the boy took a bat and approached the plate.

"There ain't nothin' to it, kid," the catcher whispered loudly. "Just wait for a good one and blast it, OK?"

"OK, I'll try," the boy replied uncertainly, shaking his head to get the hair out of his eyes as he stepped up to the plate..

"OK, Brute, toss it in here!" the catcher called, slapping her mitt.

Brute wound up and let fly.

The ball sped straight and true for the catcher's mitt that was poised and waiting behind home plate.

The hard thrown ball never got there!

CRACK!

And the ball sailed over the center fielder's head who stared at it in stunned amazement, then started to run backwards, only to watch it disappear into the weeds far beyond the farthest mowed area.

Brute stared at the boy in disbelief as he jogged around the bases. "Hey, yer lying t' me! You been playin' for a long time!"

"No," the boy explained, "I just have a natural eye-hand coordination, that's all."

"What ever ya gots, kid, I hope it's catchin'! You can play on my team any old time!" Reenie praised.

"Thanks."

"Hey, I'm Irene Carney, but my friends all call me Reenie."

She stuck out her hand and they shook gingerly.

"Hi, I'm Ivan, Ivan Snarklea, Ivan Marie Snarklea. My mother's middle name was Marie and she thought it would be nice to name me after her because she knew she could never have any more children."

"OK, Ivy," Reenie began.

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," Ivan protested.

"OK, is Marie better?" she teased.

"Oh, heavens no! That's even worse!"

"Then how about Snark or Snarky?"

He laughed good-naturedly. "Those're the worse of all!"

"OK, we're back to Ivy," she grinned, then, after a moment's reflection, added, "No, Poison Ivy 'cause o' the way you can hit the ball!"

And from then on, Ivan was called Poison Ivy, or Ivy, for short and he became someone to be feared, a batsman who could put almost any pitch over the fence for a home run.

"Hey, you guys gonna jabber all day er play ball?" Brute demanded.

Play resumed with Ivy now playing third base. He proved to be as adept at fielding the ball as he was at hitting it!

After the game, Ivy and Reenie were seated on the bleacher, just talking about whatever came to mind.

"Wow, that was some clout! No one has ever hit Brutus' fast ball like that!"

"Thanks."

"How'd ya do that?"

"I dunno, it just sorta comes natural to me."

"Where do you live, Poison Ivy?" Reenie asked.

"On Oakwood Drive, with my Aunt Marilyn Snarklea," was the reply.

"Hey, I live on Oakwood too, with my Uncle George Carney," Reenie enthused, then added, "My parents are dead. That's why we live with our uncle."

"My parents are dead too," Ivy replied. "They died in some sort of explosion at the lab where they were working, doing some sort of secret research for the government. They wouldn't tell me what."

"That's tough," Reenie agreed.

"Yeah, but Aunt Marilyn's OK," Ivy hastened to add. "She's a little funny about some things, but she really means well... I guess."

"Yeah, Uncle George's the same kinda funny," Reenie agreed. "But he's all right!"

"Yeah, well, it's better'n that darn group home they wanted to put me in!"

"Or living in the street," Reenie added.

"Yeah, I guess!" They both giggled at the thought.

"What do you do in your spare time, Poison Ivy?" Reenie asked.

"Oh, nothing much exciting. I practice the piano and violin and read and do my school homework and my house chores and like that. I just moved here and I don't know any kids my age. You're the first one I've really met," he admitted shyly.

"No foolin'?"

"No fooling."

"You said that you play the piano?"

Ivy nodded. "Sure do."

Just then, Brute sat down next to his sister. "Who's yer new friend, Reenie?" he asked.

"Poison Ivy, this here's my big brother, Brutus Carney. Brute, this here's Poison Ivy."

"Hey, Poison," Brutus greeted.

"Hey, Brute," Ivy responded.

"You play the pyanner? Hunh, only sissies play the pyanner!" Brute snorted.

"Hey, watch yer mouth, Brute!" Reenie warned. "I play the piano and I ain't no sissy!"

"Yeah, but yer a girl! Girls're supposed to play the pyanner, not guys!"

"Did you ever hear of Stevie Wonder or Ronny Milsap?" Ivy asked.

"Sure, who ain't?" Brute sneered.

"Well, they play piano and no one ever called either one of them a sissy!"

"Yeah, but that's different!"

"How so?" Reenie asked.

"'Cause they's musicians, that's how."

"Well, we're musicians too!" Reenie insisted.

Brute lapsed into silence. Then, "Boy, that was some clout you got fer a li'l guy! I never seen anyone hit one o' my pitches like that!"

"I was just lucky," Ivy grinned.

"Yeah, lucky my left hind hoof!" Brute snorted. Then, "Hey, did the Squirt here tell you that I'm gonna try out for the Birds starting line-up next week?"

Ivy shook his head. "No, are you?" he asked with a new respect in his voice.

"Yep, and Squirt's gonna be my manager and take care o' alla my money for me. Ain't that right, baby sister?"

"Yeah, Brute. Sixty-forty. Five dollars for me and half a buck for you, right?"

"Whatever you say, baby sister. You know alla them numbers hurts my head!"

"Brutus used to be just as smart as you and me, only he got hit in the head by a line-drive two years ago and it scrambled his brain a little," Reenie explained. "He acts a little stupid sometimes, but he really means well, but once you're his friend, you can't get rid of him! Right, big brother?"

"Yeah, what she said," Brute agreed, shaking his head. "I jus' wanna play ball for the Birds!" he repeated.

"Hey, Ivy, what're you gonna do right now?" Reenie changed the subject.

"I don't know," the boy admitted. "I'll probably go home and practice a little bit or do some chores or something like that."

"Hey, wanna jam instead?"

"Sure," Ivy agreed readily.

"Hey, nonna that there funny stuff wit' my li'l sister!" Brute exploded, standing.

"Oh, shut yer cake hole, Brute," Reenie hissed. "All we're gonna do is play music together and see how it sounds."

"Well, whyn't ya say so?" he demanded.

"She just did," Ivy laughed. "Jam is what we musicians say when we get together to play."

"Sounds a li'l nasty to me!" Brute insisted.

"Well, it isn't!" Reenie exclaimed.