

# The Unbelievable Ms Extra And The Gargantuan Bear Of Stonewall

by Jake Martin

## Highly Commended

How I became this way is still hazy. When people ask the question, I like to tell them I got bitten by a radioactive drag-queen or my parents, Gay-El and Felicia, sent me here in a Disco-ball spaceship from the dying planet of alien Drag Queens: "Homotropolis".

My fake-boobs began ringing as my body gyrated with inhuman speed, giving the Imperial stage its best performance ever. I waited until my big finale, my signature pose: strong, smiling, feet apart, one hand on my hip, the other hand on my head with a peace sign. As the curtain fell, I reached into my bra, my hands fumbling around the jiggle. Several condoms, sticks of lipstick and five-dollar notes fell out before I struck phone. Out came a pink, bejewelled flip phone.

'Extra's the word,' I answered.

'Have you seen the sky tonight?' the voice replied. I recognised that voice anywhere: Destiny Whorechild, a rising star in the drag scene. The only bitch who knows my secret identity.

I strutted outside the back of the club to the alley and illuminated in the sky was my signal: a giant penis. It only meant one thing: queer Sydney was in trouble.

'Can't the police handle it?' I said into the phone.

'No gorgeous,' she explained. 'There's a monstrous bear holding a go-go boy hostage at Stonewall.'

My jaw dropped and I gasped, clutching my pearls. 'I'm on my way,' I said, snapping the phone shut and shoving it back into my bra. I powdered my nose and super-sashayed through the alleyway in the brisk moonlight, removing one article of clothing after another. My body glistened as I transformed, shedding one skin for another.

In the neon lights of Newtown, I emerged as Ms Extra.

I reached down, adjusting myself. My shimmering unitard with my big rhinestoned exclamation point was riding a little high. The last thing I wanted people to say when they saw me in the sky was:

"What's that in the sky?"

"It's a rainbow!"

"It's a peacock!"

"No, it's Cameltoe!"

I fluttered my cape and my body zoomed over the top of the city. I touched down moments later, a block from the club where the police taped

off the area. I scanned the crowds for the voluptuous skyscraper that was Destiny. No surprise, I found her outside the bathhouse.

She waddled towards me in her purple silk gown, squealing, 'Darling!' 'Skip the love, Dessy. What am I dealing with here?'

'It happened during the midnight show. He appeared out of nowhere and tore the club apart. Rude. He was big, hairy, chained, harnessed and leathered. Once everybody was safe, we realised one of the boys wasn't with us. You must save him X. But take care Sugar, he was packing one hell of a punch.'

I whizzed to the ruins of Stonewall. It was strange to see Oxford Street deserted.

I barged through the doors like a drunk cowgirl on crack. The club was empty, but music was blaring. I sauntered out onto the dance floor, jeering to draw him out. That's when it slapped me in the face like an engorged cock in a glory hole: my "Queen-O-Vision" was quivering. I flipped out of the way as the Bear torpedoed from the ceiling, bringing it down with him. I dodged the falling rubble, deflecting the debris with my sass-shield.

The Bear got up and tried to escape. 'Well I guess a fuck's out of the question,' I crassly said.

I lip-synced for my life, generating forces to subdue him and at my strongest, I gave it to him, hard.

WHAAAAAACK!

BAAAAAM!

SHAAAABLOWWWWW!

'Stop!' he pleaded, hands high and curled-up in a corner. Odd, because he hadn't taken damage. That was when he began to shrink. The pulsating veins disappeared, the muscles leaned, and the hair departed back into the body.

In shock, the contents of my bra exploded out like a geyser. 'You're the boy I'm here to save, but – how?' I stammered, trying to ignore his nakedness since the stretched leather no longer fitted.

'I'm learning to control it. Sometimes when I get horny, my large friend comes out to have a play. What are you going to do with me?'

'Sweetie, its Sydney. Horned-up twink with bears inside them are a dime a dozen. Your secret is safe with me.'

And so, once again, the gay is saved, thanks to ... Ms Extra!