

Earth's Greatest Export

by Xenny Diemes

It is the last days off the Queen Alpha's visit of Earth after her decision to extend her original one-week stay to learn more about the world her people once called home. Solterran High Councilwoman of the UCE, Aisling Ozuruna arrives at her suite/makeshift embassy of the Direan Republic guarded by troops who stand taller than a mack truck but allowed the well-endowed politician in, for she is called in for a special meeting. It has been months since she has last seen her after their meeting as she is "host" to her guest while staying in her region. As she enters the door Aisling calls out for the queen while she sees her staff pack her things including several large boxes.

"Your Majesty?" Says Aisling. "Are you around? I heard that there is something you wanted to show me."

"Oh, High Councilwoman, I'm glad that you are here in time before I make the trip back, I do have something to show you but it isn't something you would expect." Says Aurlenanath, hidden from view as she sounds if she is struggling to put her clothes on.

"I would know I be very impressed considering that we only met briefly, I hoped you enjoyed your extended stay on our home planet and learned as much as you intended." Says Aisling, curious from the sounds and muffles in her tone of voice.

"I do, particularly one part of your culture. This thing you call a 'gym'."

"A gym?" Says Aisling, confused.

"Yes, especially those all-day ones. I came across one, a long time ago, never before I have seen beings get strong simply by picking heavy things up and putting them down, over and over again. You have already know that my race is already strong by nature and we have a military force that trains to be strong. But never as a hobby or a for purpose of a showing of one's strength."

"Don't you have gyms back on Veradirus, your majesty?"

"No, was never a thought of one when everyone already has naturally large muscles, or the idea you can make them bigger and stronger by doing these things. GRRRAHHH! Phew! I think I'm done."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, it's kind of hard to get into my royal garb now, may need to ask the tailors to accommodate my new... size."

"I'm sure that it's not something that they can... great maker!, Queen Kinsa?, is that you?!" Says Aisling shocked at what she is seeing before her.

"You like, councilwoman? I'm amazed at the results as well. How do you earthling say it? Oh yeah, I'm totally ripped!"

"You definitely are. Queen. How..."

"The gym, I told you earlier? Well with the help of the patrons who were there, they taught me how to better use the machines and weights and since then, there has never been a day I had skipped to... 'pump iron' as you call it, though how could you pump iron? its not inflatable, its solid metal." Says Kinsa, showing her minor naivete of terminology and then looks at her new arm as she flexes her new bigger bicep. "six months ago, they used to be so floppy, now I can barely fit in them."

Getting distracted by the incredible mounds of muscle the direan head of state now possesses, Aisling snaps out of her spaz and diverts her attention to the boxes her staff is carting off. "Say, what inside those boxes."

"Nothing really, just thirty tons of gym equipment and weights, I'm going to have my own private 'gym' in the palace and bring this 'gym' to my people. Surely among technology, people, culture and wonderment of your

nation, this surely will be your world's greatest export."

"I don't think that's the case, it's just a sport and activity."

"Don't be so modest councilwoman Ozuruna, it will be a blast among my people, who would have thought you can make your muscles bigger through lifting weights and not just because you were just born with them. I can't wait to bring this home. Thank you High Councilwoman, you've been a great host and hope that we meet again, who knows, you might confuse me with my titan guards one day." Says the queen as she leaves the loft-like suite with her things and special cargo.

Weeks later, back on Veradirus, Queen Kinsa calls for a special meeting with her council of high lords and mistresses, all with their jaws dropped at the sight of their queen, maintaining her poise and posture while at the same time the council should duck and cover out of fear she might pop in front of them.

"My fellow lords and mistresses, my extended stay on Earth has taught me so much about their culture, their lives and their feelings, I've been very humbled by their experience and decided to move forward with further extending our diplomatic relations with the alian..." She stops half-way looking at the members staring at her dead-eyed and in shock.

"What?" Says the Queen. Then one of the lords speak.

"Your majesty, I speak for all of us in saying... what has happened to you?"

"What do you mean, lord?"

"Well, your body, when you left for earth months ago you were smaller and fit, now you appear before us nearly twice as big as Lord Fenier."

"Oh, heheh..." says the queen with nervous laughter. I was going to get to that.

"Was it magic?" Says one lord

"No."

"Is it something in the atmosphere that effected your body and swole you up?"

"What?! No! I just got introduced to something called a 'gym' and another thing called 'bodybuilding' and well you already can see the results. That is also why I want to implement encouraging the populace to using these 'gyms'."

"But your majesty, we already have gyms."

"Wait, we do?" Realizing that she had not been around to realize her own world has gyms too.

"We'll yes, my queen but very few of course often mostly used exclusively by the military." Says Lord Fenier "I just finished my last session before coming to this meeting."

"Well there you go, if the titans are using it, why can't everyone else? I want to expand this gym idea to the public so that everyone can experience what I had and I also brought books in learning how the earthlings do it that are much different than ours." Says Kinsa as she tosses some workout books and magazines in front of the council. "I also propose that every five years on the royal court we hold a special competition we our finest warriors pose in front of the people showing off their progress. A 'bodybuilding competition' as they say back on earth. I'm just so excited I can just..." Then the sounds of ripping clothes filled the hall and the jaws of the council dropped again over the sight of the queen flexed and ripped out of her sleeves and top. Quickly covering her bust with her muscly arms.

"Uh... that is all, dismissed. Oh and Lord Fenier?"

"Yes my queen?"

"Do me a favor and call for my tailors on your way out, I ripped another one again."

The end.