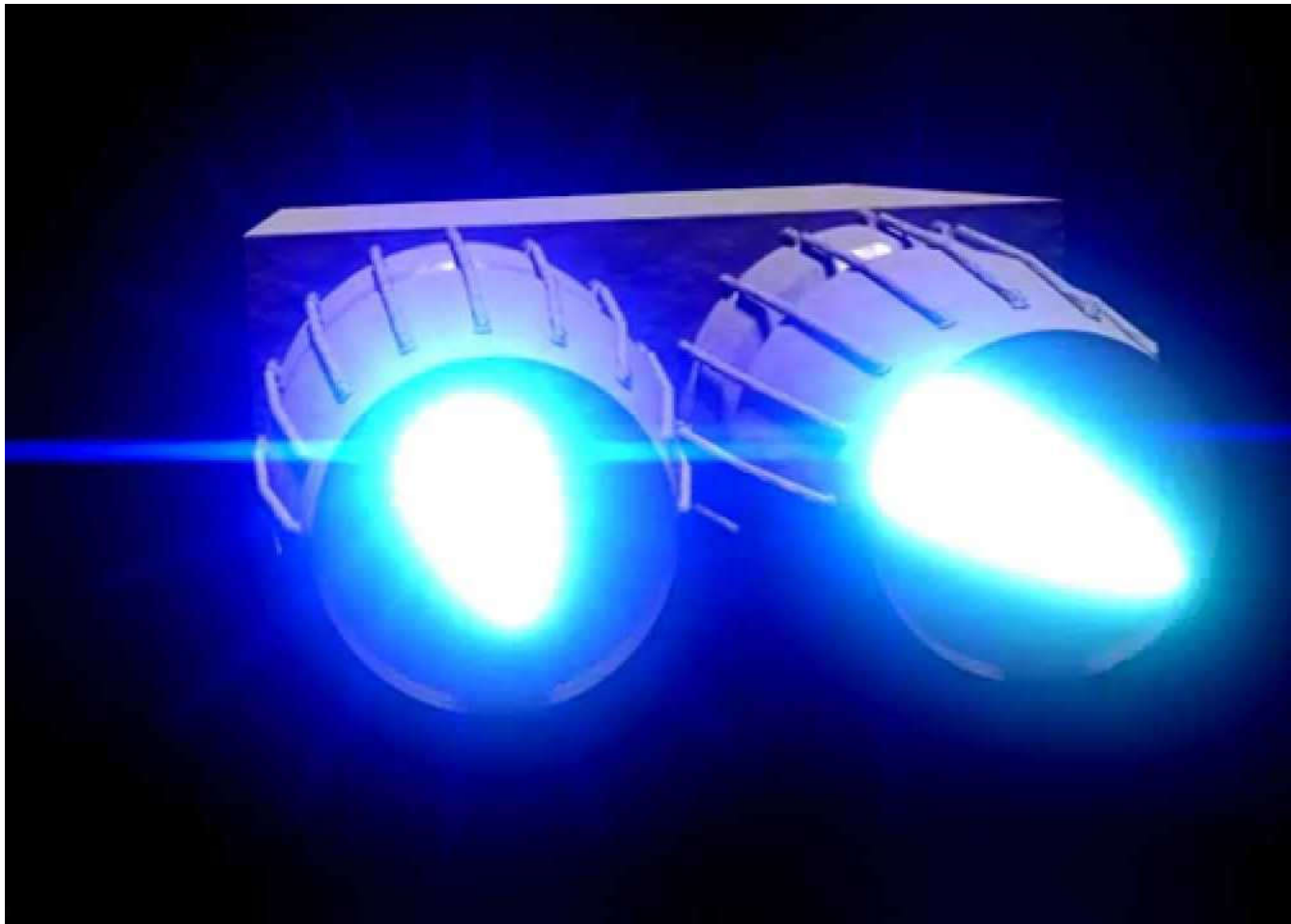




[Rako Studios](#) » [Media](#) » [Humor](#) » [Plasma Thrusters](#)

Plasma Thrusters

A parody sendup of bogus audio and the sales methods they use.



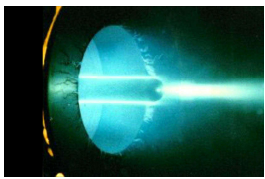
I never thought I had a chance with Cindy.

After all, she was the most popular girl in the office. She would brighten everyone's day with her cheerful happiness. She was so beautiful I was almost afraid to talk to her.

I couldn't see what a gorgeous young professional woman would see in "regular" guy like me. I'd overheard her telling stories to others in the office and knew she came from a large very cultured and very rich family. The cost of one month at that Ivy League school she graduated from with honors would have paid my way through the entire program at my trade school. She was always pleasant to me but I just assumed there was no way on earth we would ever get together. One day I overheard her telling a big boss at the office

about how much she enjoyed music, especially those old soul songs from the fifties and sixties. Well, the big boss made some suggestion to her about flying to Vegas "on business" where they could take in some shows "Just the two of us." I was so relieved when Cindy politely but firmly declined.

When it comes to music I consider myself a pretty serious audiophile and Soul music is one of my favorites too. I had just purchased a set of Plasma Thrusters Cables and was truly amazed by the sound they provided to the speakers.



Maybe it was the cables that gave me that little extra bit of courage to approach Cindy as soon as the big boss walked off. I guess I was being a little protective of her since I new the Big boss had a wife and three kids and a mistress in Seattle. I looked deeply and directly into her lovely eyes and said "I can't take you to Vegas but I've got a sound system at home that would put most casinos to shame and I love Soul music too and have a great collection on vinyl and CDs."

After I blurted that out there was a pause as composed myself and took a deep breath. I expected her to wrinkle her nose and say "Bug off!" Instead she gave me the warmest most endearing smile I've every seen. I had never looked so deeply into her eyes and I felt hypnotized and transfixed by her beauty. It was like an out of body experience when I heard myself say: "Maybe we could go to dinner sometime and then listen to some great music."

I felt like I was floating when she said: "I'd love to listen to some Soul music with you, but why go to a restaurant when we could just cook dinner at your place while we enjoyed the music at the same time?" Before I knew it we

were talking like old friends as we planned out the evening together. Of course I offered to cook and serve dinner, as food is right after music as one of my passions. She would have nothing of the sort and insisted that she do something to contribute. We agreed she would buy the groceries and wash the dishes as well as help prepare some of the courses.

I will forever remember the moment as I rested my hand on her silky shoulder and said with a big smile: "Well, if your going to buy the groceries I get to push the cart." She let out a laugh that turned the office from stale gray to technicolor as she approvingly shook her head. We agreed to do it three days from that fabulous Monday. Well, I spent the next three days cleaning up my apartment and listening to as much of my soul collection as I could in order to pick out the best songs for Cindy to enjoy with me. I know I must have gone to work but I sure can't remember getting anything done.

I said hi to Cindy but was too excited to talk to her much. It was quitting time on the "big day" when I went into her office and said in as casual a voice as I could manage; "Hey, so are we still on for tonight?" She looked up from her computer and reached into her blouse pocket and held up a crumpled shopping list and said: "I hope so, I've been planning it for three days!" Then she gave me a smile that sent a chill down my spine and put butterflies in my stomach at the same time.

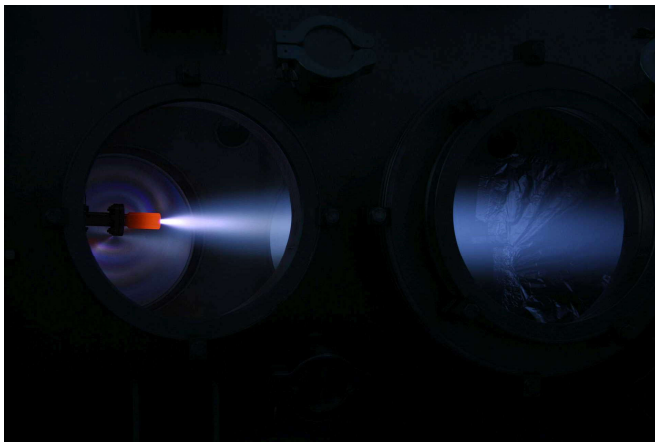
I couldn't believe that she even remembered our date much less looked forward to it as much as I did. I was in Seventh Heaven. Before I knew it, we had gone through the supermarket like a whirlwind and were at my apartment door. I felt so foolish as I tried to hold a bag of groceries in one hand while I kept fumbling with my keys in the other hand. Finally I let out a little laugh and sighed and looked at her and said: "I'm

sorry if I'm a little clumsy tonight, I'm really excited that your coming over."

I guess she was tired of the smooth-talking con artist types I always had seen buzzing around her like flies. She gave me that beautiful warm smile and I could have sworn her eyes got a little wet. She said "Me too; but I'm sure we can manage things together." Then she helped prop the groceries up with her elbow as she put her hand on mine as we finally managed to get the key into the lock.

We set the groceries down on the little table in my studio apartment. I was embarrassed by the tiny little place I called home. I'm sure it was smaller then one of her closets. I apologized for the small size and she said: "I think it's just perfect, it's absolutely beautiful."

Remembering how my honesty seemed to impress her a few seconds ago I smiled and said: "Well, it hasn't looked this good in a long time." She rewarded me with another sweet smile. We went over to the entertainment center and I showed her the stereo.



I pointed out my new Plasma Thruster Cables and explained why I liked them so much and how I was sure she would love the sound. She said with a giggle: "Well lets play something!"

I told her that I though it would be simplest to put on some Motown compilations and some Temptations while we prepared dinner and ate, but there was an R and B song from the 50's that I wanted her to hear. Boy did I ever want her to hear it. I had stayed up till 2 AM every morning using headphones so I wouldn't disturb the neighbors through the paper-thin walls of my dinky apartment. I had listened to hundreds of my favorite songs thinking of her. I was easy to do since I had been able to think of nothing else but her for three days.

My soul music was the soundtrack to the dreams of our date. I had worked out an agreement with my neighbors that it would be OK to crank up the volume on Thursday nights. After a while I had the neighbors loving my music as much as I did. They would ask me to leave the door open so they could hear the music better. I pulled the old 78-RPM record from its protective jacket. As I set the turntable up I realized I had only listened to the record through the headphones or my old super premium audio cables but never through my new Plasma Thrusters. A strange foreboding came over me. What if the sound wasn't right with the new cables?

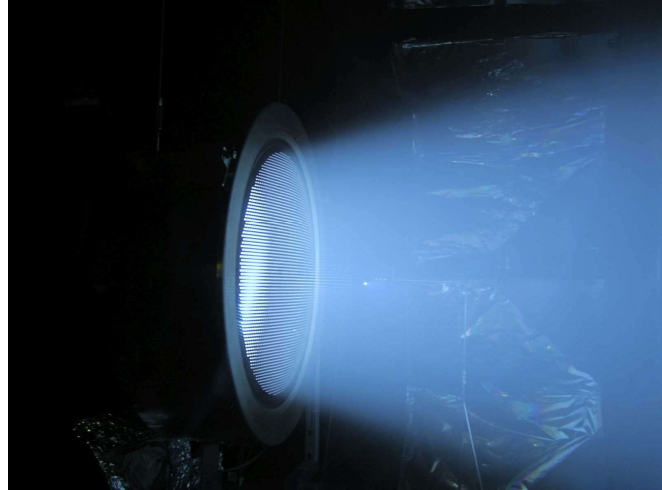
I'm pretty much an audio perfectionist and I remember hesitating and fumbling with the controls for a few seconds until I remembered that I was with a woman who appreciated total honesty. I looked at her and said " I've never heard this song though these new cables so I guess we'll get to both experience this for first time tonight." She said: "OK, well, lets see how it sounds."

I'm sure she knew I went to a special effort to pick out this first song. Maybe she expected something suggestive like Marvin's "Let's get it On". I would never be so presumptuous with such a wonderful woman. I had chosen a

simpler song from a simpler time, The Thurston Harris 1957 recording of "Little Bitty Pretty One". It was a buoyant joyous celebration of the feelings that had been running through my heart for three days. Well it was the moment of truth as I set the needle down on the specially mastered original shellac recording. Most people are shocked to learn how quiet and powerful a clean record is. I had the volume up pretty high but one of the things that made this song seem perfect was that it started very softly and then builds into a mesmerizing wall of infectious rhythm.

I think she must have seen the reaction on my face. The soft vocal harmonies had started and I already knew how good the Thrusters were working. I remember thinking "Oh my God!" as the rhythm kicked in. That's all I remember thinking because before I knew it Cindy and I were dancing and smiling at each other like Cheshire cats. I don't dance much in public but when I crank my system up I love to kick up my heels and get a little crazy. The song was so happy and lifting and the sound through the Plasma Thruster Cables was unlike anything I had ever heard. We whirled and twirled and jumped for joy during the whole song. When it was over she was laughing and just sort of fell into my arms as she put her hands on my shoulders. She was still breathing hard from dancing and I could feel her breathe cascading down the vee of my canvas work shirt.

When our eyes met I thought we would break our faces we were both smiling so hard. We both said: "That was great!" at the exact same time and started laughing again. I said: "There's plenty more where that came from. I just fed the cables last night." She screwed up her face and said: "Fed the cables? What on Earth are you talking about?" I explained that I had purchased the recently invented Bionic Plasma Thrusters Cables that would glow in the



dark with the sound of the music. This required an intravenous feeding tube since the light was provided by algae that would glow when stimulated by electrical currents going through the cables.

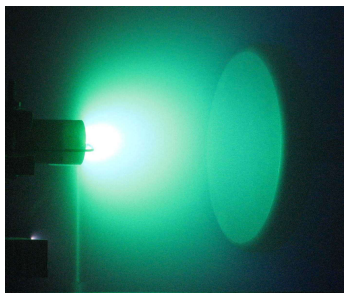
She said that she didn't see them glowing during Little Bitty Pretty One. I explained that the glow was very subtle and that we would have to turn out the lights to see it. By then I had a good Motown compilation CD on and we had walked over to the kitchen. Our conversation shifted to the job at hand, which was preparing dinner.

I know we had worked out some agreement as to who would do what but it really didn't matter as we both went into a flurry of activity helping each other do the tasks necessary to produce a fabulous dinner. Time flew by and it seemed if there was a lull in the conversation the great songs from my system would fill in just perfectly.

I'll never forget the one moment when we just looked into each others eyes, both too contented to even talk and as we both drew in a breath to speak the stereo began playing "If You Don't Know me by Now".

We both just smiled and listened to the whole song without saying a word. When it was over she got up to do the dishes and I stopped all her objections to my helping her despite our deal by smiling and saying: "Hey, If you don't know me by now, you will never ever really know me." She smiled and did the vocal harmony; "Ohh oh oh ohh." She washed and I dried.

Afterwards we went over to the sofa and sat and talked about everything and everyone. She



noticed a bottle of the Bionic Nutrient Compound for the Plasma Thrusters on the end table. We started talking about the Cables and she asked if they really

glowed in the dark. I said sure, and proved it by turning off the lights.

The next thing I know we were both laying on the carpet together next to the right speaker holding the Plasma Thruster Cable in our hands and watching it glow in time with the music. Soon we're both laying there propped up on one elbow holding up our head and still having a great conversation.

I have to believe the Plasma Thrusters kind of hypnotized us. I remember feeling so light and happy and not having a care in the world. The soft glow from the Plasma Thrusters Cable cast the most beautiful light on the face of the most beautiful woman I had ever been with. I remember the song that was playing was Marvin Gay's "How Sweet it is to be Loved by You".

A lock of Cindy's hair had fallen across her cheek. I didn't want to interrupt her so I just reached over and brushed her hair back with my fingers. As she finished the sentence I felt her

hand press against my side just by my ribs. Then we were in each others arms gently kissing and listening to the music under the pulsating glow of the Bionic Plasma Thrusters.

I don't want to go into any details but lets just say we never did get back to the office to pick up her car that night. It's been a few months now and I'm proud to say that Cindy has set up great sound system in her summerhouse up north. I remember when she got the Plasma Thrusters she commented about how expensive they were. I just put my arms around her and said: "Yeah, but I just won't scrimp on the things I care about." Darned if she didn't get that same wet look in her eyes.