As in any artistic endeavor, not everything always goes according to plan, especially on the first try. I know many of you Curious Readers love to see the out-takes (the mistakes that are cut out of the final version) from movies and TV shows. They can be quite funny. Only recently have some animation studios made the out-takes from their animated/cartoon movies available; these clips are, in my opinion, hilarious.

In that vein, I have decided to offer you the opportunity to read some of the out-takes that have actually occurred during the course of writing my stories. I hope you will enjoy…
OUTTAKE
From Episode 6 – Cody the Boy Wonderful
Scene: Cody first meets MuscleMan in person, in the parking lot outside the gym:

“Don’t be alarmed, son. I just want to introduce myself to you.” That MuscleMan called Cody “son” was something of a joke actually– given that the superhero was only 25 years old himself. Be that as it may, his overwhelming presence necessitated a calming demeanor, and truth be told, the phrase did strike a pleasing chord in Cody, who had been fatherless since he was in third grade.

Cody swallowed hard. “…okay…” he squeaked out.

MuscleMan looked down at Cody’s ride. “Nice,” he said, using the same word he had fist spoken to the teen inside the gym-- as Eric. “You soup this up yourself?”

He wants to talk about my car? “Uh, yeah,” Cody said, looking in the same direction that MuscleMan looked.

“Would you mind taking me for a ride in it?” MuscleMan’s eyes twinkled.

“Oh…” The initial fear Cody had experienced when MuscleMan’s appearance had startled him began to return from the awe that had superseded it for a moment. “Well, are you sure?” he asked. “I mean…” He didn’t know what he meant, let alone what he felt.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to. It just looks like a cool car, though.”

“Thanks,” Cody offered. Hell, this guy is enormous! It would take forever for Cody to really wrap his mind around this guy.

MuscleMan took his left hand and placed it on the hood of Cody’s car. “You really pay a lot of attention to detail, Cody. You did a really good job on this.”

Cody’s ears seemed to have their own little orgasm as they absorbed the sound waves of MuscleMan using his first name so casually. He actually had a catch in his breath for an instant. “Oh-- th-- thanks,” he said.
“So,” MuscleMan said, removing his hand from the hood, “what do you think?”

“Think? Oh, well-- sure. Yeah, you can ride with me…” Cody knew his words bordered on incoherent, but at this point he was way beyond trying to maintain his composure.

Cody turned to open the driver’s door, but as he did, his peripheral vision caught the image of “something” huge standing next to him. Startled, he jerked his head and saw a man every bit as big as MuscleMan, wearing the same costume as our superhero. His proportions were just as inhumanly unbelievable as MuscleMan’s, and he was just as strikingly good looking as MuscleMan, but in a different way. Cody’s first impression was to compare him to a morphed image of Superman—he even had the little lock of hair curled on his forehead, just like the Man of Steel. He certainly could pass for a MuscleMan-type character, that was for sure. The really major difference between the two giant muscle bodies that flanked him was that his new guy had a thick matte of chest hair—a difference that was intriguing, to say the least. Oh, and there was one other difference; the new guy looked slightly confused, like he was wondering where he was.

Cody looked away from the new guy to see MuscleMan’s reaction. MuscleMan was surprised, but also a little irritated.
“I’m sorry,” the new guy said politely, “I was told to show up for the MuscleMan story. They said you would be needing a body double-- for the stunts.”

MuscleMan crossed his arms and addressed the stranger, “And you are?”

“David. David McAlister,” the man said politely. He looked like he wanted to shake hands with MuscleMan, but the superhero was on the other side of the car. Instead, he looked to Cody and shook the teenager’s hand. “You must be Cody,” he said. “I’m so glad to meet you. I’ve heard a lot about you.”

Cody, obviously taken aback by a man who certainly rivaled, if not equalled MuscleMan’s physique, just stood there as this David fellow shook his hand.

“Excuse me,” MuscleMan interrupted, still obviously a little peeved. “Who said I was going to need a stunt man?”

“Oh, my manager just said to show up here,” David said. He looked so innocent, but there was almost a hint of coy, mischievous pleasure in his expression. “I understood that you might need someone to stand in for the strength scenes.”

MuscleMan looked up into the sky, perturbed. “Sean?” he inquired.

SEAN SCOTT (--voice comes out of the clouds): “Sorry David. There must have been some confusion. We won’t be needing your services at this time. But thank you for coming.”

“Oh,” David said, his countenance falling. He looked at the two characters in the story and said, “I’m so sorry to have intruded.” He walked around the car and stood next to MuscleMan. God, it was hard to see who was bigger. David’s physique was amazing. “I didn’t mean to interrupt your scene. What an awful mistake to make,” he said. His mouth fought to hide a slight smile. “Well, it was very nice to meet you, Mr. MuscleMan,” he said, shaking the superhero’s hand. With that, he turned and walked across the parking lot and into the gym.

SCAN SCOTT: “Okay, guys, let’s take it from where you were going to get into the car.” There was a brief pause while MuscleMan and Cody got back into character...

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“Think? Oh, well-- sure. Yeah, you can ride with me…” Cody knew his words bordered on incoherent, but at this point he was way beyond trying to maintain his composure.

MuscleMan walked to the front of the car and around to the passenger side. Cody opened his door at the same time MuscleMan opened his…

OUTTAKE:
From Episode 7 – In the Men’s Department
Scene: The crane comes crashing down and MuscleMan saves the operator:

The construction crane screamed as the weight of the I-beams it was hefting began to pull it to one side. The scraping metal popped and cracked; the operator up in the cab turned white. He quickly reversed the motor, but it was too late. In a few seconds, he would be hitting the ground as the five-story-tall crane crumbled to the ground.

“It’s coming down!” someone on the street shouted. Others started running, some got out their cell-phone cameras to capture the horror.

At the bookstore across the street, Eric Armstrong stood reading from a sidewalk rack just outside the front door. He sat the book down and in the hysteria of the moment, no one saw him dematerialize. Milliseconds later, the huge, bulging arms of MuscleMan were prying open the crane operator’s locked cab door. As MuscleMan’s incredible body flexed and tightened, his cock swelled under the stress and pressure. MuscleMan looked down at his growing, thickening member-- he liked looking at his own body whenever he performed unbelievable feats of strength. Before he could get the operator’s door open, MuscleMan’s cock popped through the leg of his skimpy thong. Seeing his growing erection, MuscleMan grabbed it, letting go of the crane. As he floated in mid-air, the huge superhero began to get off on his own body, letting the crane fall to the ground in a catastrophic bang, killing the crane operator and three people on the ground.

MuscleMan, still holding himself, stroking slowly, looked down at the scene below. “Oops,” he said.

The dead crane operator and the three other dead people lay motionless, then eventually resurrected. They looked up at MuscleMan, floating five stories above them; their expressions full of indignation and confusion.

“Sorry ‘bout that,” MuscleMan called down. “Can we try that again?”