

An Essay on People who Behave in a Slimy Manner

by Phoebe Wilcox

Once upon a slime there was an Edenlike place that existed inouterspace all by itself. It was lonely, this little rock in space, but not for long because soon enough procreation became really popular. Tiny little outposts in the middle of nowhere grew to villages and villages expanded into cities and cities connected from one to another with giant webs of suburban sprawl. There was polyester and penicillin. There were plastic utensils and peep shows. There were ballet productions and pie-eating contests. Riots and melees. You name it, this planet had it. Even boasting having once supported an ecosystem that included giant--and I mean GIANT green and grayish (we think) monsters who slopped around in the mud all the time and ate each other with big teeth. Do you believe that stuff? Hey, if you can believe in a dinosaur, I guess you can believe in God, right? Anyway, I digress.

This story is about people who are mean. You know the type. Instead of trying to do something productive with their time like rescuing baby animals or writing a good poem, they decide to lay into their colleagues or their girlfriends with the emotional equivalent of big sharp teeth. What's to be done about this? Turn the other cheek? How many cheeks does one person have anyway? Four? Yes, I guess so. What happens when you've turned them all, each a couple times? It's confusing. I mean, where do the vindictive people go when they die, to MEAN HEAVEN? They're not quite horrible enough to have their skin seared off in hell, are they? What happened to the dinosaurs? Are they all in DINOSAUR HEAVEN? I mean, what the hell?

Well, if thoughts are things, just keep trying to think good ones so

they don't go KA-THUNK, KA-THUNK all the time. Love thy creep as thyself. No, that's setting the bar way too high. Just do the best you can.

