

Zorks

by Robert Crisman

The way things are looking, we haven't got long on this earth.

The whole human race is in trouble. And forget global warming, the ground wars all over, the death of the oceans, Pat Robertson, that shit. Those are *annoyances*, man. I'm talking *trouble*. I'm talking Zork the Galactic Destroyer.

Zork plans on making our planet a snack for him and his boys.

Why us, you ask? Well, by the end of the '60s, Zork and his legions had noshed through millions of planets like candy, and had now worked their way to this neck of the woods.

And they wanted us *bad*! This was true for two reasons. First, their home planet was toast. They'd chewed it to mud. Nothing but mud--like Elbonia in Dilbert cartoons.

Their home planet, Zork, had once been much like the Earth. It had trees, grass, and bugs, and small woodland creatures, a couple of oceans, and Zorks, who were sort of like people. Except that Zork guys had three dicks and Zork women looked sort of like Nixon...

There's something eerily *way* fucked up about *that*. You'd think the guys would be dickless or something! I mean, women who look just like *Nixon*? *Weaugghhh*! No wonder their kids look like blowfish!

Anyway, like people here, Zorks fought like baboons. And what happened was, they started with rocks and ended with anthrax and death rays. Kind of like us, but *way* space age, man. We're still like monkeys compared with the Zorks.

Ghengis Khan? Romans? Mere punks!

So the Zorks were blasting each other and falling like flies, and after awhile the the whole fucking planet was shit on a stick, a toxic waste dump like New Jersey. Everything smelled like dinosaur dookie. And, funny thing, all that weird stuff that the Zorks had cooked up in their labs for the wars? If we even *think* about breathing that shit we fall over dead. But the Zorks--they sucked it into their DNA, man, and--turned out they liked it! Some kink in the

genes, them being, you know, E.T.s and all.

Charles Darwin was right! Say, take some species, they're pooping along and it's same-o, same-o, and then the wind changes. The skies all fall down, and the guys get bent over like boomerangs, man--say that's the case--and now their heads are grazing their shins or some weird shit like that and, next thing you know, the Queen Of the May is wearing her tits on her *feet*!

A guy's gotta see what he's grabbing for, right?

New conditions, new needs, new tools to get the job done!

Same with Zorks and that anthrax. They learned to use it as food. It tasted like ribeye. They sprinkled it over their cornflakes and stuff. Cornflakes and ribeye, a real taste treat! Their ads on TV made it look like it all came from Spagos.

By this time, however, the rest of their planet was pretty much *hasta la bye-bye*.

Same with all the rest of the places they raped. One minute bunnies, the next minute mud. The Zorks were voracious! They *needed* their anthrax! They searched out the planets that stockpiled the stuff. And then, in 1972, the year we gave Nixon four more, they found Earth.

Kinda fits...

And the Zorks all got *woodies*! Earth was a *sump*! The oceans were landfills, the rivers caught fire! People ate plastic and absolute shit: Mickey D's, Herfy's, the frozen foods section at WalMart, and so on.

Fort Dietrich alone made them drool for a week!

Zork hot dogs wanted to blast in right *now*. But Zork the Galactic Destroyer told them, "Put it all back in your pants, for Chrissake! Let's give it awhile. Half of these nitwits'll clown their way into the nuthouse by 2001 and then, after that, we can blase on in and scarf the place up like a tunafish sandwich."

Zork knew his business. By the '90s, with Clinton trying to redefine sex and telling the world he didn't inhale, it was a cinch to all but the brain-dead that our ragged shit was scrap city.

Then came the 2000 election. We handed our hats to the Forrest

Gump of malevolent dipshits, George Walker Bush. The Earth began to curdle like bacon, with wars, global warming, and so on.

On the Zork battle cruiser, the Starship Zabonga, the betting, at two-to-five odds, is Zorkian takeover of Earth in 2012, when Palin gets in.

As Zork the Galactic Destroyer made clear to his guys in the wake of the '08 elections, "This is a broad we can *work* with!"

I suppose they'll want us with mayo on rye, with some anthrax and cucumber dip on the side...

