

## How I came down to Earth

So there I was stuck... in retard Toad-Ville. Armed with a hundred and forty four liters of late harvest, a cabbage stem and freezing my behind off in Toad-Ville planet.

When I bailed on the traumatized toad militants I had left my space suite and matching helmet behind in self absorbed guilt. Earth bacteria had killed off millions of the toad race and turned the earth black and I felt a little edgy or perhaps a tad guilty. Nothing a couple of litres of late harvest couldn't fix.

Was I really responsible for the bacteria? Honestly? Was I really responsible for their trauma? Sure I felt responsible. Of course I wanted to right the wrongs. But why should I take all the blame? Had it not been for my keen observation many more toads would have died? Was I to blame for them thinking I'm an evil god. I just crash landed on a strange place. That's what happened. It was a trial and error venture.

I enjoyed the power trip [I'm also a bit of a slacker], but to be honest: You can only instruct so many toads before they start driving you nuts. In the end people need to start thinking for themselves again. I wanted to heal the toads at first thinking that they should just go back to being toads and live according to their old toad ways. But that didn't work. They were terrified, damaged, toads and they had no interest in taking life on alone ever again. Their culture of mutual and shared thinking froze up. Information was no longer freely available. They needed instructions to serve simple purposes. "Yes, toad, you may shag... you are blessed as a couple"; "Yes toads, you may eat... your cabbage is blessed"; "Plant that seed in the soil... the earth is blessed". I was too glad to hand my spacesuit and matching helmet over to the toad king. Take it. Become independent. Well, I didn't actually say that. I just bailed with my late harvest squeezey. But you get the general picture.

But at the same time it was getting colder. I needed my spacesuit. I decided to return to the regiments of instructed toads. Boy, was I in for a shocker!

The toad king, who had snatched my spacesuit, had grown a bit horizontally, or laterally, if you know what I mean. I was never getting him out of the suit. He was literally stuck inside the spacesuit. Surrounded by armed guards, there was no way I was going to cut the suit off him either. Things were definitely beginning to take after earthlike madness. I so understood my own people better. I so understood my own craving to be a superhero better. It all made sense. Being in touch with people as equals meant you learned and lived as teams. That felt safe. Being broken meant you felt inferior and weak and this made you follow instructions. This also drove you to want to dominate, because all people are slackers. The result: Hierarchy. But while philosophy was a thing of beauty, I still needed to survive in reality on the toad planet.

I was stuck, naked on a foreign planet. But for that I had wine. I could think of only one way to infiltrate their society to get my spacesuit back [without showing my face]. Banking.

When I had left them the regiments were being controlled with imaginary stones. Simple instructed toads traded their crafts with imaginary stones. Imaginary stones was their currency, and provided that they never see me, I could bank imaginary stones, with benefits. And I could regain power that way without the spacesuit. This is how my scam worked:

I would bank imaginary stones, and I would reward toads with imaginary growth minus a little imaginary something for myself. All the toads started to bank, thinking that they would have more imaginary stones for what they had worked for. They didn't think that it was dishonest, and I wasn't about to tell them. I would make up more imaginary stones and give everybody a grown imaginary stone. Of course this was all BS because a cabbage toad would still only produce two cabbages. The carrot farmer would still produce only two carrots. With every trade cycle I gained an imaginary slice of the cycle. By the time they traded carrot and cabbage prices would have gone up, as the demand [tiny little me] had grown higher, but the stones had had lost buying power because there was simply more of it that resembled a static amount of produce. Where 2 cabbages and 2 carrots started of as being worth 4 imaginary stones (1 stone per cabbage or 1 stone per carrot.) the stones had grown imaginary interest minus the imaginary little something for myself.

After a trade cycle I would have .5 stone and the 2 producer toads would each have 1.25 [per carrot or cabbage] stones in the bank which added up to 1.125 + 1.125 + 1.125 + 1.125 plus my .5 [1.125 \* 4 trade cycles] imaginary stones.

So instead of 4 stones representing 4 products there were now 5 stones representing 4 products. I thus gained 10% power in the community.

But as you know there were more than two toads. There were millions! For every million toads, I had the power of a hundred thousand toads.

The regiments didn't produce, and this helped my cause. For every non-producer the imaginary stone would devalue, and the more aggressive toads would price, and the more aggressive they would invest or bank. The more toads that committed crimes the better. If imaginary stones were stolen, I'd imagine more and the result was gain off a bigger number. The bigger the number, and the bigger the populations... the more actual power I would have in reality.

This scam I programmed into my spaceship's computer and it simply ran by itself. Toads would bank their own imaginary stones, and they would extract their own imaginary earnings, police their own crimes and I was literally drunk most of the time, without lifting a finger.

Different crafts started to spring up like little black daisies. Home loans, legislation on home plans, poop legislation, water legislation, air legislation etc. Pretty soon toads could literally not take a crap without it directly giving me more power in produce-reality. Imaginary stones had infiltrated every aspect of their being and all the profits, aimed at covering imaginary credit, everything played into my hand. Toads started to work smarter and started to work longer. But in the end it simply meant that bigger numbers would give me bigger results in reality.

This skewed toad life even more. Producing produce was no longer a useful venture. All sorts of other imaginary crafts seemed more "profitable" or easier. Police-like crafts seemed better. Military crafts seemed easier. Counting crafts seemed to be easier. More and more toads were less interested in producing things and more interested in getting hold of imaginary stones directly. This was the opportunity I had been waiting for. Slowly but systematically I started to buy into essentials. Food security, lamp oil, weaponry. While they focused on imaginary crafts and crime I started getting my feelers onto reality. As I gained power I could start trading on my terms.

I would offer imaginary development loans to foreign toad countries. I would subsidize conflict and war. The one hand served the other and the less people produced the more power I gained. I would lend help in terms of imaginary stones to foreign countries and they would have to pay imaginary interest. But I would buy their leaders, and I would swap their materials, their diamonds and gold for bullets and flour, trading on my terms.

Pretty soon I had an empire! I had all the power and all the toads were my slaves. Sociologically they completely annihilated and they literally started hating each other. They could not stand the sight of each other. They hated shopping, they hated driving, and they hated working. They loved violence, loved profit [theft], and they loved dominating each other sadistically.

They lived in hate and they loved it.

Then one day a little toad took an enormous loudspeaker and started climbing up "Toad Mountain".

For two days he had climbed up the highest mountain with a loudspeaker. Other toads laughed at him and said that he was crazy. They enjoyed hating him together, giving him a hard time every step of the way, but the little toad with his loudspeaker kept on going. Once at the top he lined up the loudspeaker in the direction of his village and screamed from the top of his sincere voice:

"BE NICE"

It echoed for kilometers. The toad town came to a grinding halt.

The toads started talking amongst themselves"

"Be nice... that's a nice new instruction! It's nice. Maybe this little toad was linked to the mystery divine!"

The next day the toad had another message

"BE HONEST, TREAT YOUR ENEMY AND YOUR BROTHER AS YOU WANT TO BE TREATED"

Again the toads started talking amongst themselves:

"Be honest? Does the young lad mean we shouldn't trick each other with lies and profits? We should not ask profit? We should not accept credit? He instructed us to be nice and honest! He must be linked to the calm sky... Is he from toad heaven?"

By day three a million toads were at the foot of the mountain... Waiting for the next positive instruction:

And again the lad didn't disappoint:

"FORGIVE ALL DEBTS"

The million toads cheered loudly:

"We must forgive all... we all are victims of the negative imaginary stones. We all did bad things because of it and it was really nobodies fault! If we forgive each other we are all free."

By this time the young lad was getting hungry. It took him three days to get down again, and by that time he was weak. He walked to the temples and flipped the imaginary stone tables over.

"GIVE ALL THE IMAGINARY STONES BACK TO THE BANKER! If he has all the stones we are free to live as toads and love as toads again. We can live as a team again. We can love each other and love it. We can solve our problems and meet our demands. We can help our enemies and they will become our friends."

The little shit. I had under estimated him. He was beginning to threaten my scam and I needed him dead. I was loosing power, and toads would turn on me. They were dangerously close to living in love and were dangerously close to think again. They needed to be traumatized with out of this world cruelty. They needed to hate again.

I bribed the king toad with matching spacesuit and helmet to have him publicly tortured to death as slow as possible and mount his corpse on a pole for all to see what happens to positivity and true toad nature.

For years the underground toads chanted: "BE NICE, BE HONEST, FORGIVE DEBTS" but gradually I corrupted their interpreters, their specialized traumatized leaders and pretty soon the scam was in full swing again. It was again like my home planet Earth. I had come down to Earth

## Happy Easter!

I dedicate this piece to Jesus Christ, who to my knowledge, clearly understood that honesty and human decency go hand in hand. Criminal or antisocial behavior is the result of financial abuse and corruption skewing productivity. Imaginary things become more important than people and this fractures the sociological fabric which is man at his most beautiful.

For those at the top of the hierarchy... There's plenty of technology available that can automate slavery in terms of programmable GPS coordinated drones. There is enough technology available that can literally print homes, produce food, self service and save fossil fuels for another 1000 years. The hierarchy isn't efficient as too many checks and balances consume natural fuels. Humanity is at a cross-road. We can either become the most miserable bunch ever, or we can apply our talents differently and have a far more efficient result in terms of produce. We can literally code [program] our climate, code our demand and code our supply.

You may even get bread from the local distributor and not resent paying or see him feel guilty for "taking profit". We may even heal our souls and have time for our kids. You may even crack a symmetrical smile and feel whole.

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