

Toad War Three Foot

I need to mention that I wasn't always as charming and humble as I am now. Although I feel that I always had a good heart, there was a bit of a counter-productive aloofness to my character that often made it difficult for simple people to see my vision. This caused friction in my daily interactions with people and caused more harm than good. But to begin with my story.

There I was standing with my one leg stuck in a hotel door, dressed in my superhero outfit, minding my own business, when the two police officers arrived. The suit happened to be a Pink Panther suit I made myself and it irritated me immensely that the officers thought me to be a "nut job". I tried explaining to them that I was really finishing up their poor police work and that the suit was an intellectual metaphor for intellectual people, but they didn't understand. The door, I explained, was cheap quality.

I was dragged straight to the psychiatric hospital, which, by the way, quickly verified my sanity!

I was locked up the next morning for trying to break into a crime-scene and the defamation of a trademark[Pink Panther].

What I didn't know at the time was that the actual drug bust had gone wrong. It was in fact another police disaster. The drug lord wasn't captured and many petty foot soldiers were gunned down in a public place. With me wanting to break back into the crime-scene the courts found this, in conjunction with the psychiatric report to be more than enough evidence that I was in fact the drug lord... apparently stoned out of my skull. Although this wasn't true, you must understand that the police was trying to cover for a rather embarrassing piece of police work. The result: 15 years in prison for me.

Two years passed and I was getting along fine with prison staff and inmates. All a bunch of softies really. I had been selected as a good candidate for mars exploration, (because of my good behavior) and believe it or not; I was to be part of a team of astronauts destined to pioneer the first manned mission to mars.

In a way this has always been my dream and I thought it was destiny. Turns out it wasn't my destiny.

Animal rights groups have for years complained about the cruel usage of animals in space experiments, and as a result everybody was generally pleased when NASA then opted to rather use mentally stable, rehabilitated offenders. Because I wasn't a beloved animal, mentally stable and a perceived criminal, this description fitted me like a glove. None the less, I was still reasonably optimistic. Although the people in prison were reasonably nice, it got a bit crowded after a while. I thought that traveling through space meant that I was going to stretch my legs a little and see the universe. This was before I saw the "SHUTTLE".

Turns out the shuttle was really a shoebox with wings. If you had an erection, you literally couldn't turn around [I snuck in some porno... it gets lonely in space]. All bodily fluids needed to go through a recycler for reuse. This proved to be a little off as the gadget wasn't very good. It was supposedly all about saving weight and coincidentally one of the reasons why takeoff was scary as hell.

I had made an arrangement with one of the engineers to rather leave one of the liquid oxygen tanks filled with late harvest [sweet wine], and letting the baby [the shuttle] run a bit richer than usual. It worked alright, but takeoff without full propulsion meant that the shuttle was leaning a bit with the dead weight and as oxygen started getting a bit thin in the atmosphere the rocket engine literally started to shudder as it intermittently "flooded". In zero gravity one does not have the luxury of being grounded in one place, and as a result I was black and blue all over for not wearing my safety belt. Leaving the atmosphere at maximum thrust took a good 10 minutes, and if anyone ever maintained a good game of pinball for that long, they'd relate to how it felt for me inside the tin can.

If there is something that NASA can learn from German car makers, it's that long distance traveling and luxuries are really meant to be good friends.

Anyway... After takeoff I lined the sucker up in the general direction of mars thinking. "God I need a drink now". For a while I tried to work out exactly what mission control meant with coinciding orbits and resultant gravitational pull. I decided that such complicated calculus was in fact bullshit. The shortest way to mars was to simply fly away from the sun along radius and park near the mars orbit and wait it out until mars came around again. Although this plan seemed to work well in my mind-pictures it was in fact inaccurate by a couple of zeros. A big number nonetheless. Turns out the sun and the whole solar system was in fact moving at quite a pace. This I found out only later when reflecting on my mistake.

But as the quietness of space started to settle on me, I had the profound need to look out a window. This meant crawling backwards towards the bio-module [plants need sunlight, so they get windows] and there she was...

Mother earth. My home planet. What a beauty! Astronauts often complain about not being able to describe the sublime, divine feeling of seeing earth from space. Much like women bitching about giving birth being painful, this too is bullshit. It's easy.

When things are so quiet one becomes rather still inside there is a great void that the madness of the human race generally fills quite well. The absence of madness allows your heart to open again, and when you look back at "your family" on earth you look through the eyes unthreatened pure love. You see things for what they really are. Great rehabilitation, really, for a criminal.

It's a thing of beauty.

Anyway... it was time for drink. Cracked open my 150 liters of late harvest and not a drop came out. At first I was horrified, thinking the engineer forgot to fill the tank, but later I smelled the wine. That's when I realized that there's no gravity. Wine only flows in gravity...A while later I figured out that if I blow into the tank it builds up pressure and if you have your squeezezy ready you are able to catch a jet stream of late harvest in mid air. Spillage was a bit of a problem. Again I found that NASA could not come up with a cup holder... idiots. With the squeezezy floating and spilling wine all over the shuttle, I decided to just abandon the cup idea and started drinking straight from the tank.

This activity continued for a couple of PO's. [I had no way of telling what day it was, so I calibrated time in terms of pass outs. I would drink, pass out, sleep it off, and drink again.]

It must have been 5 or 6 PO's later when I was beginning to feel rather off.

I'm not too sure what happened next. I was busy filling the fluid-recycler when I heard a funny noise. It sounded like insects were running on the outside of the spaceship. I could literally hear those little eight-eyed exoskeleton legs scraping on the outside of this rather large pressurized can. Was I loosing my mind? Was there still liquid oxygen left in the tank when the engineer filled it with wine? Maybe this was just some form of weird intoxication.

I decided to have another look out the shrubs-window and found that I was in fact attacked by insects... But what was even weirder, was that I had landed on an alien planet [this explained the heat and the all-round crap feeling I had]. I must have slipped through some sort of a worm-hole.

Thank God, I thought! This was my moment. I slipped on my space helmet, which matched perfectly with my spacesuit. Pretty cool suit if you ever wanted to feel important and stuff. I unfurled my flag, and unlatched the pressure door. Stepped outside and checked out the spaceship. It was all intact, parachutes deployed and everything. This was important. How crap it would seem if one traveled to an alien planet, and upon arrival they laugh at your ride?

But all intact without me lifting a finger. Good engineering! I realized that I was never going back to earth and my life now depended on my supply of oxygen.

Once outside I realized that the pressure was in fact close enough to Earth pressure. The space suit seemed to dent quite easily if I pushed it with my finger and meant that I could risk taking a quick sniff of the atmosphere. In a way this was disappointing because I had just put on the cool suit, but at the same time I was seriously concerned about the rest of my life. Was I to live only for the duration of my oxygen supply, or was this planet human friendly?

I took off the pressure helmet and took a quick sniff. I couldn't help but notice that I was stinking up the place. I smelled like wine and urine [from filling the fluid-recycler]. At least the atmosphere wasn't poisonous. If this was in fact oxygen I may have landed in

paradise. Gradually I adjusted my oxygen mixture lower and lower to see if I could feel any difference. I was concerned that I was feeling a bit heavy in the head, but again... Could that be attributed to the wine?

By that time I realized that the alien atmosphere did in fact have enough oxygen to sustain intelligent consciousness, but by this time I was more worried than excited. One generally takes breathing for granted, but really when your life depended on it, it becomes very important.

It was time to plant the flag, just in case something else bad happened. The flag was now my only legacy and I became obsessed with finding a good spot.

Where is a good spot to plant a flag, if a planet is round? Does it matter? Ultimately people must be able to find it and say wow. "There's his flag! What a great and dead guy!" It then occurred to me that the flag would be weathered, and that it will probably fade away before someone would find it. The best place for it would be inside the spaceship... sealed.

But there I was. Stuck in the middle of who knows where. It gradually occurred to me that I'm not going to be a hero astronaut pioneering a trip to mars. I didn't know where I was and I wasn't going back. Being depressed and feeling a bit off I decided to just take a nap. I used some of the liquid oxygen and hydrogen to burn down a dry tree with a makeshift blow torch. I cut up the tree and made me a nice fire[by nice I mean not nice.]. Since no one could bitch about it I decided to just burn the whole tree. I must say, all it needed was some good rock 'n roll music. At least I could celebrate pioneering pollution on an alien planet.

The one plus in this whole ordeal was that I could use my squeezy again. I could run myself a good charge of wine like a civilized person with gravity and I could enjoy the biggest fire ever!

Woke up the next morning. As far as I could see all the plants had turned black. At first I thought that I had burned down the planet but closer inspection revealed that it wasn't burned. That's when it occurred to me that my hangover of before was in fact alien flu. Alien bacteria had slowly entered the spaceship during one of my PO's and I was able to adjust. However my bacteria didn't slip out slowly enough to the alien vegetation. With me kicking open the door, flag in one hand, squeezy in the other, stinking of wine and urine I had acted as a biological warhead killing just about everything as far as I could see and further.

Started off the morning [Which coincidentally was nice again; It was getting quite annoying not knowing what day it was] with a good charge in the squeezy and decided to examine the damage I had caused. It was nothing short of a celestial disaster, but at least I could take a leak while standing upright again!

The more I walked over this planet, the more I realized how powerful and destructive I was. I destroyed everything, simply by existing. Nothing threatened me at all. In fact, it

was all very beautiful. But I had become an evil god. At the same time I felt so bad about it. Seeing the dead plants and animals, die for no reason really. Death everywhere. How could I possibly fix this?

I couldn't fly back. The ship wasn't designed for landing... I know. Its pathetic. I couldn't warn the trees or simple life. I could basically just sit and watch it die and hope that the planet would develop its immune system fast enough to make a comeback, which unfortunately it did.

Day four I was woken up by a three foot toad who had thrown a cabbage at me, hitting me square in the face. I'd been off foul language for a couple of days now but this incident required immediate intervention.

To cut a long story short, the toad was in fact a toad king. The cabbage was a sacrifice. They somehow worked out that I was responsible for the massive destruction of life on the planet and thought it a good idea to try and bribe me with their produce. However, being a keen observer I noticed that this cabbage didn't turn black, and I explained to the toad king that he must eat the damn thing, as it was resistant to my bacteria.

A week later many toads came back and it was clear that they were beginning to worship me. So there I was... king of a planet. Everybody worshipping me. In the beginning it was awesome because I'm a bit of a slacker, but it quickly became so boring. Really. It gradually started to dawn on me that my aspiration of being a super-hero on earth was in fact a waste of time. I never really wanted to have a world empire, or be a god, spoonfeeding a bunch of obedient retards. I just wanted friends.

With my arrival as the prince of trauma, toads on the planet simply seized to think for themselves. The trauma of my existence fried their little toad brains, and they now sought approval in everything they did. Not only that, they started to become competitive to suck up to me and a hierarchical structure started to develop among the toads. Suddenly only leaders would think, and it all eventually defaulted back to me. I had the final say in everything. Every quarrel, obstacle, fear had to be addressed by me. They simply defaulted to worship and the result was a pain in the arse. Suddenly the toads were unable to swim in water, unless I assured its safety. Every god damn piece of food needed my approval and they thanked me for every bite, even though they had created it. Every frog wanting to shag needed my blessing. It was just endless stupidity. They couldn't work anything out for themselves.

The more I helped them, the more insecure, useless and unhappy they became. They were brainless zombies and eventually they became afraid of the simplest of things. It was driving me nuts.

I decided to run away. I topped up my squeezy, took off my space suit and left.

Things were relatively quiet for a week or two and I started to worry about the toads. I decided to sneak back and much to my disgust something terrible had happened. On the

hill I saw a three foot spacesuit giving orders to the other toads, and they were forming regiments. The toad king had taken my place and in the void of intelligence they had started to form power structures. These mindless toads now needed to be controlled, and at the top there was a three foot power battle going on. Some of the smarter toads had worked out that I had left and they wanted to rule. This created a scenario where groups of toads were being organized and armed to enforce rules and instructions for the non-thinking toads. Some of the toads didn't like the rules and they formed their own gangs and groups and in the end they were battling it out for power and the result was earthlike madness.

I could see the flaw in my superhero fantasy playing out before my eyes. Back in the day I wanted to be important because my world had suffered a trauma and it had damaged me and the result was the urge for dominance. Dominance and trauma led to stupidity, and the result was control. Control led to jealousy, revolution, superheroes and war. I decided to study them for a while, but at the same time felt so sorry for them.

If only the toads could relate to each other again. If only they could know what I had learned. They were no longer social and they no longer had enough savvy to trust each other and they found no joy in each other. They eventually started trading their individual efforts with stones and the stones became better friends than other toads. The toad race became fragmented and as individuals they craved only for the stones. Anti-social behavior started to develop, and they started stealing each others stones. This led them to create imaginary stones and eventually stones no longer represented things in reality. They started killing each other because there wasn't enough imaginary stones and although this was just hilarious, it weighed heavily on my conscience because I had seen how beautiful their children still were. There was still plenty of hope.

How could I undo their anti-social hierarchies and their power madness? I needed to instill self-worth and confidence in all toads again, so that again they may think like toads without a need for regiments, eat and create toad food without the need for imaginary stone-growth[much like compounded interest], have toad friendships and toad festivals. They had neglected the reality of being a toad and they couldn't function because they had grown obsessed with their imaginary stones. A full scale world war broke out on the alien planet and toads from all around the planet committed to killing each other because of minor technicalities.

It occurred to me that they were "nut-jobs", but in telling them so they would feel more alienated and afraid. Instead I decided to just write down their story in the hope that one day they would read it and understand the origin of their disaster and their madness... but they never did. They had grown too insecure and too stupid to understand its importance anymore, and as a result they were all killed.

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