

Winter 3-1-1996

Who Cares About The Martians, Why Is Her Head So Big?

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Recommended Citation

Clendenin, Curt (1996) "Who Cares About The Martians, Why Is Her Head So Big?," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 16 : No. 1 , Article 32.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol16/iss1/32>

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Who Cares About The Martians, Why Is Her Head So Big?

Yes, you could say Sally has a fairly large head. Last Friday, fifty witnesses in a small town saw a spaceship land on top of it while she stood fishing at the end of a pier in Madison, Wisconsin. A little metal hatch opened up on the side of the spaceship, and seven blue ten-inch tall martians holding wooden spoons stepped out. The crowd stared in wonderment. Sally continued fishing: Bait, cast, catch, unhook, throw back. The small blue martians spoke in unison, like a barbershop quartet singing on a street corner, "Take me to your leader." The crowd gasped as Jim Bob, the local one-armed paperboy, stepped out from the crowd and stated, "We hain't got no leaders 'round here sir . . . 'cept mebbe the ice cream man, Mr. Bonaparte, an' he hain't closer than another sever miles, er so . . ." Sally continued: Bait, cast, catch, unhook, throw back. The small blue martians spoke again, "Take me to your ice cream." A confused look formed on their faces, as Officer Jim John, the local deputy and police chief, stepped from the crowd with his hands out in front of him, and said "Just tell us what you want, little buddies. Nobody's gonna git hurt. Just tell us what ya doin' here, an' everything'll go, as grandma used to say, smooth as butter." Sally still continued: Bait, cast, catch, unhook, throw back. A pondering look formed on the faces of the blue martians and, in complete unification, started beating Sally on her head with their little wooden spoons. A petrified expression formed on the crowd's faces, as they all took an immediate step backwards. Without so much as a blink of an eye, Sally persistently continued: Bait, cast, catch, unhook, throw back. The tiny blue martians entered their spaceship, and flew off into the direction of where they thought the ice cream man lived. The crowd stared in astonishment.

Bait, cast, catch, unhook, throw back.

-Curt Clendenin