

Like, It Totally Happened!!

Holt Hunziker*

Literary Theory and Philosophy, 5621 Delmar St, Apt 201, St Louis, MO 63112 St. Louis, MO, United States

*Corresponding author: Holt Hunziker, Literary Theory and Philosophy, 5621 Delmar St, Apt 201, St Louis, MO 63112 St. Louis, MO, United States, Tel: 6603140097; E-mail: writaobscura@gmail.com

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Commentary

Spontaneous or supernatural creation?

Inspiration can come from anywhere and in an attempt to make fun of President 43 I meshed the polar opposite ideas of Darwinism and Creationism to explain why we came from goop.

Like, for no reason at all, something occurred.

Lightning struck on the ocean's surface and something sparkly sunk to the shallow depth of two feet and five point three millimeters. It was a cosmic mistake - that didn't have a universal return policy - but it was an epic moment in the history before history; a single cell organism came into existence. Furthermore, the life spark that created it would be passed on down to future generations.

As pure and faultless as this Earthen first was, it occurred too soon and it existed long enough to realize it was burning to death! The Earth's baking temperature was still too high; add more water, set to simmer for at least five million millenniums.

The next single cell organism to occur was a flop; which, thank the life spark, is why every sequel ever created since then has been a total flop. Yet, to understand why we came from goop you need to understand the total randomness of Instant Existence Evolution (Instead of using the tongue-and-brain twisting scientific jargon to explain the miracle of Darwinian-Creationism, something more common will be used). Does a Fish-o-Fillet belong on a Big Mac? Or how about toothpaste for the special sauce? Rocks should replace sesame seeds you say; obese oscillating orifices say nay. A Big Mac can only be created with the right ingredients placed in a specific order - it's not a Big Mac if you don't put meat on it! In McDonald's speak, this is how random particles were electrically protosized under the right conditions that created Earth's second living life form.

Ah, existence. What else is there to do other than eat and poop? Being the first of, well, anything, this single cell organism munched on the stuff that it watched float around in the big ole empty ocean.

The inert intelligence of its activities soon led it to weighing slightly more than an ostrich egg. This is when it discovered that it could do a fifth ability - mitosis! Or, in laymen's terms, the Big Mac had sex with itself and became two equally tasty Big Macs.

It was not long until the two became four, the four became eight, the eight became sixteen and on and on in this exponential manner. Even though the community grew, they never branched out to start new settlements. All the single cells mimicked the first single cell's

moves since they were too dumb to know any better; when it ate, they ate, when it jiggled to the right, they jiggled to the right.

Then one day the first single cell organism noticed everyone was copying it and that realization made it crazy-mad with power and, like all dictators of defunct domains, it made its descendent constituents dance like the puppets they were.

They jiggled to the left, they jiggled to the right and they jiggled up, down and all around all night. It was a frenetic frenzy of fanatics that fought the flow of the fluid for no Freudian factor. Eventually, some of the single cells in the back thought that their obliviant, omni-potent leader couldn't see how well they were following the dance steps so they turned themselves from clear to bright purple.

This caught the attention of everyone and some of them turned green with envy. Others found their own unique solid colors while many clearly stayed loyal to their leader. Infuriated, the first single cell organism sprouted straight, tiny tentacles. Those that had turned purple in support of their leader saw this as a snub and sprouted massively long frilly tentacles and jiggled to the left when the leader jiggled to the right.

The dance of life had turned into a dance of war!

Staying in their huge mass, they competed against each other with their varying dance styles. Colors changed from the mundane to the Monet. Some sprouted larger tassel tentacles, laced with suction cups or tipped with poison, while others morphed their bodies to fit the new dance craze they had just created. The dance moves were no longer the old up, down, left and right; they had now become intricate and meaningful moves that allowed them to greatly advance their capabilities to become better, faster stronger.

And then someone grew a tooth.

Jellied bodies transcended into scales or shells and tangly tentacles evolved into fishy fins or cretaceous claws. And some of them said screw this dance war craze, performed non-violent sit-in protests, shouting, "Make love, not War!", and they became the potted plants that would eventually fuel the life cycle of energy needed to continue this billion year old dance war.

The rest, as only one vocal organism - named George Bush - would say, "There is no doubt in my mind when history was written, the final page will say:"

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