

A curious ship landed in downtown LA. Strange creatures emerged, they were obviously in trouble staggering about and gasping. There single eye was crimson red with green streaks. Their leader communicated with us. They were the walking dead from Saturn's largest moon Titan. Our air was poisoned to them(Join the club). They breathed only pure methane. We quickly found a supply of natural gas. They choked on it, but it would have to do. Their leaders said they came in peace; if we would refill their ship with methane they would leave. In midsentence, some idiot let a cigarette and blew the whole damn bunch away.

Methane Zombies from Titan

They told him it was impossible; you can't genetically engineer a super human clone. Those words only drove him. Without a funding source, he'd have to go it alone. After two dozen failures, he finally got it right. Then he discovered something was terribly wrong. He had created a creature with a blood lust. The monster ate three of the professor's graduate students. Fearing that he would be next, he lured the monster into a trap. When the beast tried to catch him, the professor threw a switch. A million volts arced out and fried the monster. If you are interested in the details, you can find the professor's article in the journal "Nature."

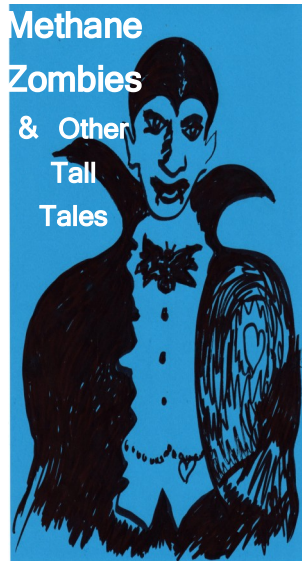
Mad Professor

Screaching to a halt, I was confronted by this hideous, vile thing. It reeked-- putrid like something dead. It looked like a giant oyster with one giant bloodshot eye. It had scaly flaps on each side. After two dozen failures, he finally got it right. Then he discovered something was terribly wrong. He had created a creature with a blood lust. The monster ate three of the professor's graduate students. Fearing that he would be next, he lured the monster into a trap. When the beast tried to catch him, the professor threw a switch. A million volts arced out and fried the monster. If you are interested in the details, you can find the professor's article in the journal "Nature."

It

Ten feet tall, a giant mantis emerged from the university's experimental lab. A ravenous insect, it promptly gobbled up three lab techs. Foraging for more food the mantis made an attack on Oshkosh, snarfing up everything and spitting out the bricks. People died of fright and the mantis quickly polished off their remains. Three guys in a cafe where dining on fiery hot Thai curry. Seeing the mantis, they froze and became its next meal. After eating them, the mantis slipped to the floor and began to flail, clawing wildly in the air. It made agonizing sounds as it thrashed. When the thrashing stopped, the mantis stood erect. It wobbled and began a frenzied clicking sound. Running this sound through the universal translator it discovered the mantis was saying, "Damn, that curry was hot."

The Mantis that Ate Oshkosh



Mike Berger

Mutant Ants

The nuclear waste site wants to be impervious to any assault. Unfortunately, the designers didn't count on the tenacity of little red ants. A colony burrowed into the site and they were exposed to massive doses of radiation. They quickly mutated to the size of a Volkswagen Bug.

They came out of their massive tunnels; gnawing and chewing. They ate everything in sight as they moved relentlessly and with military precision. They devoured anything organic.

Their tough hides and were impervious to bullets; a few were cooked by a napalm drop. Farms and factories succumbed. It appeared that nothing could stop the giant ants.

One bright scientist had an epiphany; he saw images of his younger days. He had a construction company build a giant steel robot that was immune to the ants' bites.

The robot stood in the sun and with a humongous magnifying glass as he focused the sun rays and fried them one by one.

Cannibal Grapes

The nuclear reactor went haywire. They contain it before melt down. It, however, released a blast of radioactive gas.

A vineyard was directly in its path. The grapes absorbed a massive dose. They immediately mutated. There soft white skin turned turquoise; they were as rough as a cob. They grew monstrous mouths.

They ballooned into enormous size; each grape of pick up truck They broke free from their vines and advanced on our town. I watched one of them eat a yeller dog; then it came after me.

Those grapes marched in precision, gobbling as they went. Terrified people fled. A group scientists suggested that we torch them turning them into raisins. One sage scientist had a better idea: using flame thrower, drive those grapes into an abandoned quarry and have a giant robot trample them into wine.

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Origami Poetry Project™

Methane Zombies & Other Tall Tales

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