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And the Land Rebelled

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And The Land Rebelled

by Valerie Jean Potts

Valerie Jean Potts is a Biology major and a judo expert. She says "I write to let my feelings out; some people scream!" She became very interested in writing last semester during her creative writing class at UNI.

The earth rotated as usual. It revolved around Sol as usual. The inhabitants scurried through their lives . . . as usual. The great oceans patted their confining beaches gently, gently. As usual.

Somewhere two armies fought; feeding the land precious blood.

Elsewhere a forest was razed; cement and asphalt were planted in its place to thrive and multiply.

Deep within herself Terra grumbled. Her anger had been growing only a short time; maybe for two thousand years. No more. But it had been growing. Terra tried to control her anger. One more emotional outburst would be disastrous.

History had recorded some of her previous temper tantrums. Earthquakes, floods, volcanoes: all resulted from childish fits of temper. But now Terra had evolved into a full-grown world, and with her the parasites which inhabited her had evolved.

These parasites had been a growing irritation to Terra ever since they formed upon her surface.

From the beginning they had seemingly taken control of her. Dissatisfied with Terra's naked beauty, they marred her surface leaving irreparable scars. They created toys for their amusement, sometimes at a high cost to themselves.

The parasites tired of playing on Terra's surface. Some of them left her protective bosom to torment her child Luna. Others decided to probe farther into Terra's vitals. Thus a new game was invented. Little atomic toys were exploded in Terra's center. The first of these gave her slight indigestion. The games didn't stop with these, however, larger more potent toys followed with increasing frequency, making her ulcerous.

In middle age, Terra lost patience quickly. These new toys were the last straw. Terra lost her temper for the last recorded time.

That last toy had caused her to burp several times. Now in her anger, steam arose from these spots. She threw up undigested toys with the lava she belched. The rumbling in her stomach caused many more wrinkles and crevices to appear on her surface, but they also leveled the parasitic structures which had defaced her.

Lastly Terra wept. She was washed once, twice, three times with her own tears leaving a freshness behind she had not known in millenia. She cried herself out and fell asleep.

Meanwhile Luna and her tormenters watched this outburst with fright. Never had Luna seen her mother so angry. But Terra was quiet now. She had never seemed more young or beautiful to Luna. An appealing youthfulness had come. Few of the old scars would be seen and all of the parasites were gone.

Terra was at peace. Luna fell asleep next to her mother. As usual.