

## You Can Conjugate Nelson O'marr Anyway You Want

By Ryan Mitchell

In the living room of the Mcrgummer's household Nelson O'Marr sat and stared at the giant ebony cross that was adorned with a agonized Jesus. Mrs. Mcrgummer brought some black tea in a porcelain white pot and poured it into a cup.

"Frank will be home soon. You want some milk?"

"No thanks." He sipped it and he stared up at the cross again.

Nelson was born In Austin on January 3<sup>rd</sup>, a holy day for him.

The sound of an authoritative doctor was the first to greet his newborn ears and then it was drowned out by his mother's screams of panic.

The doctor had seen so many births he had grown numb and had lost any attraction to females. To him children weren't cute or miracles they were the second part of a stage. The first was the sperm and the egg colliding and it was to him, dull stage just as the birth was. He wasn't a bad doctor by anyone's standards he had just lost his way in boredom and was just going through the motions.

It was 7:15AM when he finished the operation and ended his nightshift as he always did by heading down to a coffee shop.

The sun was emerging over the cityscape as he hustled his way through crowded streets to the shop stopping only to pick up a newspaper.

There was so little left in his daily tradition and he never had the energy to try something new that there became a gap between the two leaving only a strange void of meaningless.

The irony of someone feeling meaningless was not lost on the doctor and he thought about it as he sipped his coffee.

The beans had been grown in a small hill town in Nicaragua. In the same hundred square feet radius of the tree where the beans had been grown there was perched condor sleepily on tree. Down in a nearby village a radio crackled on and she was startled into flight. She flew over the mines, towns and coffee trees.

A condor sees shapes in existence that humans can't see or rather there are shapes that exist to condors and not to humans. These shapes alternated their configurations along the road dancing within the shadows of the great palm trees. The shapes were silhouettes of spirits that pointed to the condor the way to food.

All the shape spirits pointed the way to a monastery in the north. She flew there and the sun shown onto grand slabs of stone and sheets of stain glass. The condor perched on the roof and that's the end of the condor's part of the story.

The sun gleamed on sister Marina as she read recited a prayer when suddenly she stumbled on her words and she felt afraid.

In order to find out why this occurred one must go back in time several generations to Marina's motherland, Spain.

A man with a brown beard was laboring intensively with an axe in a lumber mill outside a quaint little village in the time that had a violent war right smack dab in the middle of it.

The man with the beard wanted to slay the infidels so much. Every bit of his furry interior and exterior yearned to join the crusades but he was the eldest in his family and was forced to chop wood for the family business rather than fight.

In several hours dusk would fall and he would have to drag his weight back into the heart of town.

In the town's center pub amid great cheer and splashing ale the man with the beard had to congratulate his friend, lets call him "the missile". Because he would help launch a fate upon earth that no human missile could even compare to.

The Missile and The Beard had been the closest friends spending their time running through the countryside harassing geese and pretending to be soldiers.

Then The Missile's sister got sick and died and it put a change in his once military based mindset and there was a look of sadness in his face that night that if anyone was sober it would have been noticed.

In the holy land he found his trembling hand bearing a sword drenched in blood. He was in the middle of a battle scene and blood was spurting out rapid-fire out of his victim. He was so in shock he did notice the arrow fling through the sky and break into his jugular. He collapsed and lay by his victim but it was to late "the missile had been launched.

The man he had killed was not a Saracen but a member of the Sgrusatarium Queen's Operative Royal Exploratory Force / Scout Unit 45 Exploratory Mission: Earth.

These extraterrestrials were unaware that the man they had injected their agent to was about to be involved in a war with his Christian enemies.

The CO of the SQOREF/SU45 saw it as a human declaration of war and sent his spirit agent, a vaporous flow that resembled himself or a condor that resembled to Sgrusatarium Prime.

It took him 22 Sgrusatarian years to reach the planet and on the way he saw the birth and destruction of planets, stars and entire systems. He saw wars tear apart empires and new species emerge.

In the planetary palace he told the Queen about the attack.

“...Your majesty, these creatures are a waste of their resources that they devote manly to war and are never content unless their insides are pouring out...Let us annihilate them and utilize their spirit energies...It would fuel all our SVTUs (Spirit Vapor Transport Units) for the next billion years and we've done all existence.”

“No MualghuyCLXZ, you know the great rule of existence.”

He groaned and repeated in a bored tone.

“Everyone is everybody. There is no separation regardless of everything. We grand Sgrustarian's pledge for the enlightenment of all existence.”

“Yes so we shall not allow any rift between anyone because we are all one. And all strive in the search for enlight-“ An advisor whispered in her ear. “Oh that is a lot of Spirit Vapor. Never mind go kick their asses.”

The ships moved through the galaxy for what seemed like an eternity until they reached Earth. One fleet of ships arrived early and decided to launch an attack on a small town north of the equator. They dropped their bombs on several houses.

One was the Mcrgummer's house. The roof was the first to catch fire and then the flames caught onto the hallway trapping Mrs. Mcrgummera and Nelson in the living room to die senselessly. She started to scream and clutched the cross praying endlessly. Nelson figured it would happen just because he had had a funky feeling so he calmly sipped his tea and then was incinerated.

After Marina had tripped up her words she collapsed and the worried monks and nuns lay her shivering sweaty body on a pew. She shook as she spoke one of the most profound monologues she had made in her life.

“42 years... 42 years and will all be dead... Why, Why can; we see. It's madness... Were all one why cant just see that?”

Then she died and her gasping breaths were loud enough to scare the condor off the roof. She flew high into the sky and she journeyed towards the setting sun.