

Ash Wednesday

Collaboration: Mark Nowak and the staff of GDT

So I was in the elevator the other day, laughing to myself (this freaks the faculty out), and I went down to the sub-basement level of one of the academic buildings. Instead of the meat locker I expected to see, I was in Asgard. Stuff like this happens fairly regularly to me. If you ever want to try it for yourself, my advice to you is: make sure you take a ride with a faculty member and when the door closes, club 'em, I can't guarantee it'll be Asgard for you, though. The next time I tried it, it was Candyland. I lost.

Anyway, I walked in (or maybe out) and Thor was there. Though his physique was absolutely marvelous (hey, I'm strictly butter-side up, but when you see a god, it kind of makes you weak in the knees), he was sulking. How can I put this delicately... I found out he was omnipotently impotent.

"VERILY," he thundered, "I JUST CAN'T SMITE ANYONE ANYMORE. I CAN SEND THOSE THUNDER BOLTS OUT, ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY JUST FIZZ OUT. MAYBE I WOULDN'T BE SO MIFFED IF THE BOLTS DIDN'T COME SO CLOSE, BUT THEY GO FLYING DOWN RIGHT AT MY NONVICTIMS AND JUST DISSIPATE MICRONS ABOVE THEIR HEADS. SURE I CAN TAKE IT OUT ON MY DOG, BUT IT'S NOT THE SAME. HE JUST SITS THERE LOOKING UP AT ME YIPPING, AND WHEN I GET PARTICULARLY NASTY HE LICKS MY FACE. A DOG IS SUPPOSED TO BE MAN'S BEST FRIEND, BUT I'LL TELL YOU, THEY JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO TREAT A GOD. WHEN I SMITE SOMEONE, I WANT THEM TO STAY SMITED. I DON'T WANT THEM BRINGING ME MY SLIPPERS..."

He let out a soft reminiscent sigh, "AHH, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT IN THE OLD DAYS...SOMEONE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT ME AND, ZAP! JUST SMOKING SANDALS. HOW I LONG FOR--"

"Can I interrupt this soliloquy?"

"-NO. THE DAYS OF-"

"What are you going to do, zap me (sort of like telling an impotent man to "Go screw yourself"?)"

"BE QUIET YOU! WHY... I CAN STILL CURSE UP A STORM! I'LL BLUDGEON YOU WITH MY ELOQUENCE! I'LL... I'LL--"

"What? You'll talk my ear off?"

"**I! LONG! FOR! THE DAYS! OF SACRIFICE! AND WIPING OUT VILLAGES!**"

He was big. I shut up.

"NOBODY BELIEVES ANYMORE. SO NOW I GET AN "HONORABLE MENTION" IN A LED ZEPPELIN SONG, WHICH YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE LYRICS TO ANYWAY! IT'S ALMOST NOT WORTH EATING GOLDEN APPLES ANYMORE. SO BUGGER OFF, BEFORE I WRAP YOU UP LIKE A BIRTHDAY PRESENT IN YOUR OWN SMALL INTESTINES!"

So I headed for the elevator again. Of course, it was the wrong one but it looked the same on the outside. Instead of the science building, I was in the kingdom of the elves of Neibelheim (which, incidentally, smells remarkably like a dissection laboratory. It was like....Pittsburgh). I had to go through a whole cycle of Wagner operas to get back, but I thought I should tell you this. Keep nonbelieving (except for those lusty love goddesses. Rrrrrrrrrrr... Let's bring them back.), but only in those irritable gods. Once you stop believing in science, you end up a music major at some backwater college with your professors telling you to be an engineer.

Huh. Ended on the letter "r" and started on the letter "s". Kind of brings it full circle. Neat huh?

