

“The History of the Universe  
( Well, Not Quite )”

by M Hanlon

Note to commemorate the event:

There was a disclaimer on the original version of this story, which went off to my editor at Vassatire, thanking Douglas Adams in that fawning sort of hero worship way you get when you're young, impressionable, and basically ripping off someone else's style. Exhibiting good judgement and great restraint, the editor at the time struck that bit of text for it's fawning and awkward prose, rather than the sentiment. Why the rest of the story wasn't struck for it's own special awkward prose I'll never be able to guess, really. Though, now that I'm the editor and in charge of striking or including text, I guess I get what amounts to the last laugh.

In memory of Douglas Adams.

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The Earth is boring.

No, I take that back; it's only boring if you look at it on one level. It wouldn't be so if you were a meteor, streaking towards this big, mostly round object, with no control over hitting something soft or something hard. Of course, it probably wouldn't be boring if you were a person that particular meteor was streaking towards, either.

And that was exactly what was running through Max O' Reilly's head as he spotted the chunk of rock hurtling towards him, “ Geez, I guess I'm not *that* bored anymore, and I should go out and do something before that meteor hits me...”

Unfortunately, from that thought's initial pattern it was calculated that it would have unravelled the mystery of why humans were put on Earth, but it was ended by the sudden,

and rather hard impact of the meteor.

However, away from this incident the Earth doesn't get too exciting save for the occasional cow uprising. This kind of occurrence is what this story is all about.

It all started on a dreary Tuesday morning, why Tuesday I do not know, it just hadn't been a good week and something was bound to happen. Anyway, this Tuesday morning, Farmer Frank Nugenstatzen showed up to milk his cows in his bright orange bandana and his bunny slippers. As you know, this combo is a well-known cow aggravant and a few theories have been put forth as to why Farmer Frank wore this deadly combo. One theory that was particularly intriguing involved a devious-minded rooster, a bad cup of coffee, and the 37th song on the Top 40 charts that week.

As he entered the stall he was brutally poked in the back of the head with a very sharp clothespin. Some sources say this pin was obtained through an anti-human underground organisation, but the more likely case is that Mrs. Nugenstatzen left it out after doing the laundry on Sunday.

This vicious blow knocked Farmer Frank out of action long enough to allow the cows to savage the bunny slippers and lock the farmer in the hay loft, barely alive. Once this point had been reached there was no turning back, their's was an all-or-nothing mission.

By nightfall, McDonald's, Burger King, and Roy Rogers were all taken control of and all the ovens had been shut down. Over at the Wendy's, workers were battling back with salad bar items, but once the cucumbers ran out it was all over. The cows rushed in, seizing the counter and stamping out all the Dave's Deluxes. This massacre of the beloved fast food restaurants has been analyzed as either a cry for help because of the poor living conditions of cows or the utterly bizarre reaction the cows had to the Iran-Contra Hearings. Anyways, the fact remains that the fast food restaurants were closed down and supply trucks, loaded with burgers had been detained outside the town's limits by fear of another vicious cow attack. And this is how the night began, with the cows setting up inside the restaurants and making plans for later that night.

These plans were being anxiously awaited by the huge masses of people that had clustered at the outskirts of the parking lots of each of these restaurants. They milled about silently, each person wondering to themselves what fiendish things the cows had in store for the people. Each person, that is, except for the one guy who sat on the kerb, getting really bummed because now he wouldn't be able to get a good burger.

Eleven o'clock rolled around, and the parking lots lay empty. That guy sitting on the kerb had finally gotten up the courage to speak up about the horrible injustice being done by these cows and the crowd was just getting worked up into a frenzy, and were just getting ready to charge the stores when the guy suddenly remembered that he had left his car in a No Parking zone, and that he really couldn't afford another ticket. He rushed off to rescue his car and left the crowd standing there, very bewildered. Slowly, they filed away, returning to their houses to try and let what was becoming known as "The Cow Mishap" go away.

A little past eleven the cows ventured out on what would be their last great offensive. The people that lived in the houses at the end of the streets saw the flood of cows entering the first few houses, but it didn't hit them until the cows had come halfway down the street what they were doing. The cries of just-awakened people and the angry thumping sounds that came from the homes could have meant only one thing. Yes, the cows had gone People-Tipping. There was no question about the motivation behind this action, no sir. They had come to seek revenge for all those cow-tipping expeditions that hick-town kids the world over take for fun and excitement.

These attacks continued until the early morning hours, people being violently thrown out of their beds and deep slumber to the frightening sight of a cow running away, its hooves on the same level as the person's face. At dawn, people were awakening, for the second time, tentatively looking out their windows, in fear of seeing the cows still running wild.

However, nothing was to be seen, that is, no cows were to be seen, just their path

of destruction leftover from the night before. The people searched all the restaurants, all the streets, even all the public museums, but there was no sign of the cows. Extensive searches were launched looking for evidence of the cows' having left the town, but none was found, all the cow crap was within the town's borders. The people had no clue where the cows had gone. Luckily, some farmer was going back to his barn to milk his cows, purely out of habit, he had absolutely no recollection of the time in the early hours of the morning when his bed was flipped over and he was tossed across the room by some of the cow posse. This incident had not woken him up, and evidently this had happened to him before and he thought nothing out of order when he woke up against the wall with his bed flipped over. Anyway, when he got to the barn, there they were, all his cows back in their stalls, leaning non-chalantly against the walls of their stalls. After this rather startling find, part of which the discovery of a cow's 'non-chalant' expression, brought scientists running from all corners of the globe. This discovery was so big that it even brought scientists running from the middle of the globe, who normally don't come, unless it's *really* important. It has been determined from a lot of research that the cows, too, found the world boring and when Farmer Frank came in wearing that ugly combo, they just snapped. It was either that or the cows were just looking to have a good time and figured that this occurrence would be the way to do it; this story differs slightly from cow to cow, though, so that explanation is pretty much universally discarded. Of course, not *everyone* rejects that theory, there is Herman Howard, a dentist that lives in Hingham, MA, but he really doesn't matter much.

So, this is how the story ended, the tale of how life can become almost a little exciting at times, even on a Tuesday. I have to include a disclaimer at this point to free myself of any blame certain groups may place on me after possibly misinterpreting this text and/or totally not understanding the point of the story at all. I have made an agreement with certain high officials in various terrorist organisations, and they have agreed to take all the blame, if any is placed. First of all, I grew up in a cow-dominated town or two, so don't accuse me of an anti-cow angle on the recording of events, I was taught to respect the cow

early on in life. Secondly, in no way at all is this an attack on Oklahoma, or any other Mid-western states with a reputation for having a large population of cows. Please don't get mad if these events resemble anything that has happened in your area, Mid-western residents. Lastly, if you derived any meaning or cultural significance from this story, that's great! And if you didn't, Oh well, there really wasn't anything there anyways.

**For Fan Club Info:** Uhhhh.....no. You'd better seek psychiatric help, it's not that great a story.