

## TALL CORN

I grew up on a small farm. 30 feet wide, but 40 feet tall. We grew corn. But not just any corn. Tall ass mother fucking corn. As momma would say at least. I would just call it corn. Cuz that's all I knew it as from the time I was grown, and I don't like to fucking swear. Some people say that's why I got so tall. My body thought I was around normal corn, so it tried to get me to the proper height relative to the stalks. If that's the reason I'm 7 feet tall and am in constant pain then fuck Jesus James Christ himself cuz that's about the most fucking wack shit I have ever heard in my entire god damned life.

When I turned 23 we had to change our farming tactics. Tall corn just wasn't doing it like it used to. We tried every which way to take advantage of the advantages of tall corn. Opened up a vertical corn maze, but the lawsuits over injured fallen children quickly overran whatever profits we made from that there business venture. And trying to sell the tall corn as a direct competitor to that normal short corn just didn't really work. After all, most of the height in tall corn comes from the stalk. Well, actually all of the height. Once you got the actual tasty part of the corn off of the stalk it was actually slightly smaller than your average cob of corn. We had tried some things, and we had run out of ideas. Luckily, our luck was ran up by a lucky happenstance when we had a dinner with our close friend Gery Gerlicker. He is an upstanding man and a true academic if there ever was one. He suggested we optimize for the seeds of the corn and sell it as a novelty plant. Well that was just about the best thing that ever happened to our little farm. We started producing those seeds and people started buying. Business was corn and the corn was popping. Hell, we got up enough funds to expand our little farm, we were doing better business than our straight up tall corn ventures had ever gotten us before!

Due to his great ideas, and the fact that he is a beloved family friend, we took Dr. Gerlicker, as I like to call him, he did get his GED after all, and he could be a doctor if the system wasn't a sham in shambles full of pink juice and lemonade nitwats, on as our professional consultant! He started making changes left and right as the new CEO (Consultant Every October). First off was a total rebrand of the farm. He talked to us about this fancy newfangled oldfangled throwback to the neon 80s or somewhat and how all the internet kids love it. So we repainted the barn a beautiful neon pink and orange, added a few disco balls, and good condition red Pontiac Fiero. I didn't really see how any of that would help us, but I trusted good ol' Gerlicker the Genius, as his great ideas gave us the financial flexibility to try this stuff out! Gery totalled the Pontiac drunk driving off of some of that good moonshine a few days after we got it, but who can blame him. Our funds were all but drained, but we knew good ol' Gery the Go-Getter was gonna be here to bail us out. He stopped returning any of our calls and we couldn't get into contact with him though. Maybe he got rattled from the Pontiac incident. But who could blame him, having an

accident in a car like that changes any man. So it was all up to me and the farmhand boys to figure it all out.

"Fuck it," I said. "Oh fuck me, sorry for swearing, I know I am known to not swear but it's tough when times like this bear down on the everloving soul of tomorrow's dreams of the days gone past." Fucking crickets from the peanut gallery. The farmhand boys were clearly not having it. I hadn't paid them in nearly 18 months, and I could tell they were getting impatient, but who could 'em. "Okay... I know we are in a tough position boys... But I am praying on the good Lord Jesus Jacob Christ the third, and when you ask from him, he taketh away, and we are just about ready to taketh off into a greatly successful thing!" Who am I kidding, I have no clue what we'll do, and as a matter of fact I just finished reading the Bhagavad Gita and I'm half near full way convinced Jesus Jones Christ ain't really come into my heart when I accepted him as my lord and savior. I'm nervously sweating. My pants are dog bum soaked. Momma always would say I had a condition where I only sweat from my crotch, I never believed her though, but who could blame me. But then it hits me.

"AGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!" I scream out bloody fuckin' murder. A calf cramp greater than any I had ever felt came upon me. "FUCK FUCK FUCK SOMEONE GRAB ME A 'NANA I NEED PASSIUM!!'" I can barely speak as I cry desperately to the farmboy hands, but as apparent from my bananaless hand, they have had about enough of me. With the last tidbit of smarts I have in me I remember my trusty lunch box. I sure fucking hope I brought a nanner today of all days. I use my paws to claw my way through the soil covered turf, dirt filling my nails fuller than a raccoon on trash day. I slap my hand onto that trusty ol' tin transformers lunch box and pull it over to me. \*clink\* \*clunk\* I undo the two latches and raise the lid. I quickly pull out a PB and J in a small off brand ziploc bag and a snack pack of Gardetto's Special Request Rye Chips. Some may think I am uncultured and without tastes for the finer things, and while that may be true of some things, I never skimp on the Special Requestetto Gardettetto's. Anywhat, after chucking the surface level snacks I quickly eye the banana laying on the right hand side of the tin, bruised in the middle from the weight of the sandwich. I pull the banana out swiftly and aim my grip for the butt of the banana, the most effective way to open it considering that's how them monkeys do. My hands shake violently though, and I can't quite put my hand on the prime cut of banana butt. I grab for it once, barely miss. A second swipe gets a little bit closer. Third swipe is just way off, and my body and brain are both calling it quits, they know I'm done for. The cramp spreads up my thigh and into my ball sack, leaving me thrashing and crying out in pain. "MOMMMAAA!!!!"

I awake in a hospitable bed. Doctor Gerlicker informs me that my entire body below my Tom and Jerry's had to be amputated, and I'll never talk again. I couldn't believe what he was telling me, but who could blame him, he's a doctor after all. From that day forward I vowed to make sure no man that was in that same exact situation as me would ever have it end exactly how it did for me. I started writing big ideas like a mad man while in that hospitable bed. Ideas no one would have believed if I hadn't told them. I am deranged, but I am not strange. I think I am learning what it takes to be a genius like Gery the that thing I just said.

The first day I am out of that bed I immediately get talking to Gery about my greatest idea yet. That fateful day that nearly ruined my life had one fatal flaw: a peel on the outside of my banana. So what better way to flip that into a fateful day that would nearly fix my life? Well, it's actually quite simple once you're a genius like we, you just flip the banana: peel on the inside, fruit on the outside. Gery absolutely loved it, and commended me for obviously having put in the work to become a certified near genius, even nearing his level of genius he said! Gery helped me wiggle out the kinks and whistles of the plan and we got to work.

We were to take a small amount of the small amount of funds we had left and buy dozens of bananas from the supermarket, darned cheap thankfully. I would take each and every one of those bananas and flip them the better way 'round. Then good ol' Gery was to take the rest of our funds to a big ol' advertising company to get the good word out about the most big and great new change in the fruit industry since tall corn!

I spent hours in the grueling heat, peeling bananas one by one, and delicately threading the peels through the inside of the soft fruit. By the end I never wanted to touch or smell a banana again. But I knew once this plan came to fruition, I'd never have to worry about anything again in my life. I never heard from Gery again and I found out I have something called Skit's a friend o' ya, but I tried to tell them his name was Gery and not Skit, but those dumb so called "doctors" didn't get it. But who could blame 'em, they weren't real genius doctors like Gery and I.