

Armed with nothing but six strings and a whammy bar, Catbug was ejected into space.

"You'll be spun around ten times and then have to find your way home" said the MiracleThinker, the ImpossibleDreamer. And with it's two tallest fingers it pinched Catbug's cheeks (we're talking face here) and started him spinning.

"1..2..3.." it counted as it spun him round and round.

"Always going in circles like every true revolutionary" said the MiracleDreamer, "where's your straight line gone? I'd even settle for a squiggle".

The BigThinkingDream shot Catbug out suddenly from his orbit. It watched him beyblade and pinball his way through an asteroid field for a solid sixty seconds before pulling him back into rotation.

"7..8..9.." it began again.

Catbug got dizzy and his vision got runny. He got candida overgrowth and his gut felt funny. "When does it stop and where do I go?" he yelled as his voice swirled round him.

"Here" said MasterMiracle as it stopped him suddenly with the flat of it's palm. And with it's hand still laying on Catbug's head it broke into song:

"Learn to be a loser
and to relax your grip
On those you love who often slip
to foreign places where you'll write to them
and pray you never forget
how their names sound upon your lips".

Catbug was crying, still floating in space. Sobbing out songs of merci and thanks. And as he watched the DreamThinker drifting away, he said "ImpossibleMiracle, to it be the praise, NightmareRestrainer and AncientOfDays. Cause lookit! Now I'm now, now I'm here, now I'm saved. And every challenge in my path is what makes it a game. So all the funnest parts are whatever gets in the way".

And he looked around at the galaxies expanding beyond him. Saw arcing stars that surpassed his reach. Saw planets that dwarfed him where his feet couldn't land. He felt ok.

And bending his whammy he started to play.

"Love with your eyes closed".

