

You sprout thick black rimmed glasses. Your hair turns into a stylish black-dyed asymmetrical do. Your black dress pants turn khaki and your button up dress shirt grows an argyle sweater vest over top.

You are overcome with the sadness of this world and your fate. You crumble to the ground crying.

The spaceman cocks his head at you, then becomes disinterested and moves on.

Why, oh why, are you cursed with this feeble existence? You know you could be so much more. If only your family was more supportive...if only you had a girlfriend...things could be so much better.

The sorrow of it all is crippling. You kick a trashcan and twist your ankle.

It will be OK, you know. You will go home and listen to Saves the Day and you will be connected to others who comprehend this kind of loneliness.

Then you get stepped on by a giant walking carrot.
Serves you right you piece of shit.

THE END