

You remember a time before all this – when you were just a baby carrot growing in the ground. You would spend the day soaking up nutrients with your roots and snuggling in the warm dirt.

But then the men in white came and took you away. They were what the other carrots called *humans* – the vicious eaters of Rootkind. They took you from your home and family and experimented on you. They subjected you to blasts of radiation and forced your roots to drink stale tap water spiked with a chemical cocktail.

You grew large and strong and became more like your hated oppressors. You developed arms and legs.

You felt new things. The world of carrots knows only love and peace. You learned hate and anger.

Soon you towered over your oppressors, but they kept you locked in colossal cages to protect themselves from your wrath.

Then the flying saucers came and took you away. They made you even bigger and stronger than you were after the humans *improved* you. You were then dropped off in one of the human-populated, nature-perverting cities.

You raised your orange arms into the air and roared. The people, little black dots, fled from your magnificence.

You attacked their buildings, the monuments to their own destructive tendencies, leveling them to rubble.

You have been working on this city for a few days now. At one point the humans tried mounting a defense, but their weapons of war had no effect on your carrot-hide.

Not only have you been laying waste to buildings, you are herding the survivors like sheep to one central spot in the chaos. Soon the fires will burn everything down, leaving new fertile ground.

You can feel the beginnings of flowers in the greenery atop your body. Soon they will bloom and with them will come seeds. Then you'll put the humans to work in the new fresh fields.