It had always puzzled Spencer why after the accident she hadn’t had any side effects. Everyone else seemed to have developed some strange traumatic brain injury, in fact some had even gone comatose. But Spencer, as far as she knew was fine. Spencer was always the bookish type, never really spent time outside; she was certainly charismatic and not what anyone would consider a shut-in, but her distaste for the outside was a notable feature of her personality.

A long day had passed, Spencer walked out of her court-mandated therapy that everyone involved in the accident had to attend. This was a stressful time for her. What was wrong with her; why didn’t she have any problems? Why was she destined to live when everyone she had been with that day had died? Survivor’s guilt seemed like such a strange concept to her until she was in the middle of it.

“God what is wrong with me!” she screamed out of exhaustion. She knelt down into the grass and did an action that some would consider the precursor to crying – not Spencer though, she hadn’t cried for months.

“Believe me, nothing is wrong with you,” said a strange voice. Spencer turned around expecting this to be possibly the beginning of one of those cheesy romance movies and it would be the man of her dreams saving her from her existential crisis. Curiously though, nothing was there. She turned her head, looked to see if there was anywhere anyone was hiding but no – just the green grass she had knelt into. For a moment, she felt filled with a piety she had never felt before.

“Ggggod? Is it you?”

“On the contrary you are the God.” Well this was it for Spencer, she had finally suffered her traumatic brain injury and no longer felt her guilt.

“I’m crazy,” she then began to cry. As she did this a small worm slithered up to her face and caught her tear.

“Do not cry goddess, you are safe among your people,” the worm seemed to say. Spencer screamed. Did a worm just talk to her? And more importantly did a worm just catch her tears (and if so how thoughtful)? “Spencer,” it said in its strangely high pitched voice, “you have been given the gift. The gift of wormspeech. Many years ago it was prophesized that the wormspeaker would come to us in the form of a troubled, indoors girl who would find her people among the worms”. Spencer, believing she had gone into a psychotic state simply went along with it. “Not only that, but you can control us, here come up boys!” Suddenly a group of five worms popped out of the ground and began to bow.

“This is Yarm, Harlo, Uback, General Tsao, and Peggy” the original worm said. “These are my siblings, and I, Campbell would love to be your worm liaison”.

“This can’t be happening to me,” said Spencer incredulously.

Campbell whistled a military grade whistle, “Friends of Spencer go steal that grey Toyota”. Suddenly an entire colony of worms emerged from the ground and found their way into the Corolla and started this car.

“See,” Campbell said, “The accident you were in, it severely damaged your friends because they could not handle this burden of wormspeek. You are different Spencer. You are the chosen one. You can control any worm to your bidding and for that you are our God”.