

Bumpy The Slug

The day was just beginning as Bumpy the slug began to arise from his slumber. He woke up with a yawn that could be heard through out the tribe. Bumpy is not your average slug. He is much larger then any slug you or I have ever seen, or ever will see, for that matter. He was an astounding three feet tall and weighed five hundred pounds. He was a bright green and his skin gave off a slime that was thin and slippery. It smelt somewhat like rotting fish and wet dog. The smell was very offending to the other slugs in the tribe, and along with his size, this lead to him being an outcast to his peers.

Bumpy rose out of his bed which was constructed with many tree limbs he had broken throughout the years when trying to climb them. His room was simply the underlying of a small maple sapling with a moist dirt floor. It possessed only his bed and a small rock that Bumpy had found in a stream as a young slug. He was going to take it today, as he believed it was of luck, on his journey to the next forest.

He had been planning this journey for a month or so, believing it was the only way to escape the bullying amongst his tribe. He had heard every insult in the book but did not want to lash out. It was his mother's dying wish for Bumpy to stay peaceful in every situation. It had been almost a week that Bumpy had lost his mother to a screaming six year old. She had been killed with the deadly, painful, and awfully feared table salt. He witnessed her dying but was too late to save her. Letting down his promise to stay peaceful to his mother, was the last thing Bumpy would ever want to do. This journey being his last resort, he knew it was the only way to escape.

“Hey fatty!” yelled a small slug as Bumpy scooted from under his sapling.

“Where you going with that rock fatty? Going to throw it at someone?! Oh wait.. no. You're just a fatty!” insulted another slug next to the small one. The slugs began laughing as they scooted away from Bumpy as he kept quiet.

The insults were nothing new to him. He had been hearing them ever since he was young and realized he was much larger than everyone. But he was now older and was starting to get sick of it. He had tried many different ways to cope with it, but it all became lost after his mother was murdered. This was the main reason why Bumpy was leaving the tribe.

As Bumpy continued out of the village, the insults kept coming. With each one, his eyes went lower and lower, up until he could no longer see what was in front of him. He simply just looked down at the dirt trail leading to the river which separated the forests. All around he could hear song birds and the chants of slugs mocking him. He just continued on slowly trying to think more positive thoughts of being alone. Somewhere that he could hear only the song birds and nothing else. A place where he didn't have to know he was about to be made fun of for how he looked or smelt. His mind became filled with these thoughts as the warm breeze fell against him on the path.

The rushing of water became louder and louder as he reached the river. The smell was fresh and the air was cooler here. No other slugs were around him and this was the first time in so long, that Bumpy was finally feeling peace within himself. A smile crept across his face as his mood began to brighten. He was finally free. Just across the river, and he was all to himself. Isolated from others who just tried to hurt him.

It was impossible for slugs to cross the stream due to the fast rapids, but with Bumpy's size, it took minimal effort. He trudged into the water and sighed relief as the water ran onto his skin. He simply knew he had to cross the river and travel to a spot he had once known as a young slug. It was so close now and he felt his spirits lifting.

He had made it to the other side in what seemed to be no time due to his mind being filled with happy thoughts. The breeze seemed to be cooler and the sun warmer. It smelt like pine and maple. The grass was more green than Bumpy had remembered and the trees smaller. He took a deep breath of air but was interrupted before he could exhale by a shriek up stream.

“What in God's name is that thing?!” yelled a boy. He seemed shorter than the one who had

killed Bumpy's mother. His hair was a bright orange and his skin as white as paper. His face had a horrified look on it. He wore cloth over his torso and some sort of silk set on his waist covering his legs. His eyes were a bright green and wide as saucers.

"Well I'm a slug," answered Bumpy, surprised to have gotten the attention of a human.

The boy quickly tried to turn but fell hard into the sand. Bumpy scooted as quickly as he could to the boy. He slowed as he came closer to him and looked at him contently. He noticed the boy had only three fingers on one of his hands while their were five on the other. He looked at the boys face and noticed he was asleep. Bumpy continued to overlook him with curiosity.

"What are you?" whispered the boy as he quivered in the face and turned over and sat up.

"A slug, my name is Bumpy," answered Bumpy.

"A slug? But.." the child began confused until Bumpy interrupted him.

"Yes. I am very large. I hear it all the time," began Bumpy, "That's the reason I'm actually here, trying to escape being made fun of. But less about me, what are you?"

"A boy," the child answered, "My name is George. I can't believe you... You're a slug. And you talk? What is this? Am I dreaming?" asked the boy as he began to pinch at his skin.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked Bumpy quickly.

"I must be dreaming," replied George.

"No. I am as real as you," the boy looked at Bumpy as he spoke. "Now thinking of it though, what happened to your hand?" asked Bumpy out of pure wonder as he caught a glimpse of it again.

"I.. Well.. It got messed up in a car accident" the boy looked down as a tear streamed down his face. "I didn't just loose fingers either."

Bumpy was still wondering what a car was as he noticed the tear on the child's cheek. "What's the matter? Does it still hurt?" he asked surprised.

"No. Well my hand doesn't at least," answered the boy as more tears ran down his face.

"Then what is it?" asked Bumpy surprised at the boy's tears if he wasn't hurt.

"I lost my mother too," the boy said as tears flooded out of his eyes. "She was everything to me. She helped me when the kids would mock me at the playground for being so short, but there's no way you would understand. You're a slug. I don't even know if you're real or not. You couldn't have feelings also!" he yelled as he became more and more upset with the situation.

"I can too relate," replied Bumpy as he studied the boy's face. His green eyes seeming more green as the tears flowed from them. The day seemed to become less warmer and the sun less brighter. Bumpy's mind began to fill with thoughts of what was all beginning to happen. He realized that he was not alone and the boy was having the same feelings. This was what Bumpy needed. Somebody who could again relate to his pain and be understanding. "I too lost my mother. She was also the person I went to."

The boy looked up and began to speak but was interrupted by the smile quickly growing on Bumpy's face and the boy became confused. "Why are you smiling?" he asked.

"You're whom I've been looking for. A person to talk to and to help me. We have such similar pasts and only we understand each other! Don't you see it?" Bumpy asked as the excitement grew in his voice and in the boy's eyes.

The boy opened his arms and went in to hug Bumpy when suddenly he was struck by Bumpy's horrific smell. "You smell awful! What have you gotten in to?! It smells like you rolled in a week old sushi bar in the middle of an asphalt road in July! Get away from me!" the boy quickly turned and ran as Bumpy's heart broke.

Rain drops began to fall slowly at first and then harder as Bumpy began to drift into a depressed sleepy stage. His mind pondered upon many thoughts and questions revolving around why no one liked him. He fell asleep as he had had a long day of many emotional fluxes. The rain pitter-pattered on the river as Bumpy lay there.

Soon, the boy again had returned after evaluating the situation and realizing he was too an outcast. He too did not achieve everyone's thought of normality. He spotted Bumpy still lying in the

same spot as he was when the boy had ran off. "Bumpy! I'm sorry! I'm back!" the boy yelled as he ran to Bumpy, "I'm here! Talk to me! I am so sorry!" Bumpy did not respond as the boy began to wiggle him. "Bumpy?" the boy began to wonder why he was not waking up. He wiggled him harder and harder each time. He then pressed his ear to Bumpy's body and heard absolute nothingness. No heartss beating, no stomach turning. Nothing.

The boy began to cry as he sat there looking at Bumpy. He soon figured out what had happened. Bumpy's heart had broken. All his hope had been to an extreme high and the boy let it all drop. Bumpy was now dead and the boy was heart broken also. He went home as the sun went down behind the tall forest and fell asleep after having such an exhausting day.

The next morning, the boy woke up, and carried out his normal routine. Bumpy was soon forgotten about in the mind of the boy. The boy soon had put Bumpy off as a trick of his imagination. Or was it truly an epiphany? That there always is someone there who has it worse off then you do.