

Little o

Such an unfortunate thing it was that Little o did not listen to her daddy, Big O's, heeds and without hesitations, had swallowed the seeds. Because all fathers will tell you- and make no mistake, they too had to be schooled by their daddies, who were told of the grim admonition by their daddies too- that the orange seeds should be disposed of in an appropriate manner, and should never (ever) be swallowed.

Because- and that's just commonsense if not just a simple factual fact (and Big O will testify to that)- should you be uncaring and uncaredful, or rebellious in some sense, and swallow a seed, it won't be long until an orange tree will sprout in your stomach, indeed.

So Little o ignored her daddy Big O's reiterate warnings, for she thought them frivolous and lacking of gravity, and so very boring. And to be honest, she was also somewhat unruly, and so she swallowed the seeds. Swallowed them whole and undamaged. And then she went to sleep.

Now, our protagonist, Little o, slept quite well that night, for she was, as already mentioned, a bit disobedient at times, and the rebels- everybody knows- they always sleep fine. In any case, she slept like a rebel and dreamed of nothing at all, and when she woke up in the morning she yawned wide, and she stretched and she sorted in her mind through all her latest and greatest juvenile wishes. And then it took her but a second to realize that something was tickling her nose.

And that something insisted and persisted until young Little o jumped out of bed, because she felt something strange, no, not just that tickle, but something very unbecoming and unfitting.

And so, she went to the mirror, and turned immediately pale; she wanted to scream, she really wanted to yell. But she couldn't. She wanted to run to her daddy, Big O, for redemption, but she couldn't. She couldn't do all that, because she simply couldn't move. So she clutched the mirror so hard staring aperture, until her knuckles turned white.

And of the horror, and the dismay that seized our Little o right then and there, well, we couldn't really tell you. Because how can you really describe the horror and dismay one experiences when staring in the mirror, staring at the grotesque, disturbing reflection of a tree climbing up one's mouth, protruding through one's nose. But we *can* tell you, and be delightfully accurate, that our poor Little o, well, she doubtlessly went through some uncomfortable thoughts.

So when her brain had repossessed itself again, and her limbs regained elasticity, she knew what to do. And what was to do but the right thing of course, and the right thing was to run to her daddy Big O for salvation, for he would know what to do. Because all daddies do, that is, know what to do.

And so she did just that. But before she did just that, she made sure to squeal a boisterous squall. For the whole world had to hear of the dread and the panic, and the misfortune that struck her. And a good, gutful scream it was, as the entire neighborhood would later tell you that they thought that someone was being killed.

So straight to her daddy Little o ran, and her daddy who was doing what daddies usually do on a fine morning such as that morning was, he too went pale and dumbfounded and dismayed. Because right there before him stood his Little o, howling like a rabid dog, and an orange tree spearing out of her mouth, branching out through her nose.

But her daddy recuperated quickly, exactly like daddies should do in situations like those. He swung his big HR6 6-Inch Shrub Clipper off the tool board in his shed, and snip-snap, he snipped and clipped and sliced the intruder to pieces.

But, alas, that wouldn't do. The prowler wouldn't yield. The sly clung with teeth and claws and sprouted new branches again so swiftly, waiting not even a moment longer. Then the leaves came flagging on the branches, budding quickly like mushrooms after the rain. To everyone's dismay, it was obvious that the tree was there to stay. "That's no good," said Big O, and scratched his head while Little o stood there, yelping and sobbing through a cacophony of growth.

And speaking of no good, we should also mention that crying is an action often found to be no good at all, and more exactly- useless. And in this case specifically it

happens to be counterproductive, and even dangerous indeed. Since the more Little o wept, the more the tree expanded diligently, for every tear had only re-quenched its urgent thirst.

But Little o's daddy, he decided that this odd affair must expire. And he knew exactly what to do, because that is his job, like it is all other daddies' jobs too- that is, to know what to do.

Well, if truth be told, he didn't *really* know what to do, in the true sense of knowing what needs to be done. But at least, let's just say that he knew who *would* know what to do, in the right sense of the word. And if you consider this unbiasedly, this *is* a true form of the art of knowing what to do.

So he took action, and put his Little o in the back seat of his truck, and headed to the hospital. For there they will know certainly and undoubtedly, what to do. And then, when Little o sat all branching and twiggling on the white chair in the white room, the doctor scratched his head, and while mulling the options in his educated head, he whispered to the dad, "There isn't much to do but to operate." Then he paused and sighed, and added out loud, "I have never seen anything like that."

So operation was the choice of the day, the main course on Little o's table, that is, literally on the surgery table. She was rushed into the OR the same exact day, and was there for 8 hours and 16 minutes. And while the chisels and the knives incised and sliced, and severed barks and twigs and skin, Big O sat sweating cold sweat in the green, dimly-lit waiting room.

And after 8 hours and 16 minutes of agonizing wait, the doctor finally excused himself into the room and dourly shook his head. The green lights flickered and pulsed with every beat of Little o's daddy's heart, for he was quite, as you could imagine, anxious.

So the doctor shook his head, and said, "I am sorry, but there was nothing we could do. It is entrenched too deep. The roots spread and took over her entire interior, and there is just no way... It's obvious, Mr. O, that it is there to stay."

At that Little o's daddy, Big O, he asked, "Nothing at all?"

"Well," said the doctor, "we *could* take out the stomach. You see, that is where it is stemming from." The doctor paused. "It would be quite a simple procedure too."

Surely you could understand Big O's rush refusal for that. In any case, it was clear that this wasn't the right place. They needed to go somewhere else.

Their next destination was the garden store, into which the two walked in, asking for an expert who may know what to do with this mighty strange case. The expert was found soon thereafter, grooming and pruning, and crooning delightedly over a small pink brush.

"Uh-hum," Little o's daddy, Big O, he cleared his throat as to attract the expert's attention.

"Why! What is this?" the expert cried exuberantly. "I have never seen anything like that. That is just," he paused, "too great!"

"We were hoping you could help us set this straight," Big O said, nervously clutching his hat and standing there, drooping as a defeated animal.

And the expert, he examined the tumor and scrutinized the situation, and then happily concluded, "Well, I could give you the strongest detergent. But- I would hate to do that. This phenomenon is too wonderful you see-"

"And that detergent-" Little o's daddy, Big O, interrupted, "is that safe, I mean for humans?"

"Well, no, not really," said the expert, "but it will surly terminate the intruder."

So it seemed that hope was short lived, and no deliverance was found. After that, many methods were tried and different techniques were applied, such as hypnosis and a plethora of herbs, Chinese acupuncture and even exorcism was exercised upon poor Little o.

Now, we could tell you that eventually one of them had operated correctly. We could tell you that the battle was finally won, and our little protagonist was tree-free, but then the moral will be lost, and we all know that a story with no moral is no story at all. So for now, let's just say that Little o had learned her lesson, or rather, her *lessons*- as you ought to do as well:

First and most importantly, that kids should always listen to their daddies. And second, as for the seeds, you should know very well what to do with them by now, or more accurately, what not to do.

So the next time you eat a seedy fruit, remember Little o and her daddy Big O, and think about what's appropriate to do and what is not, too.