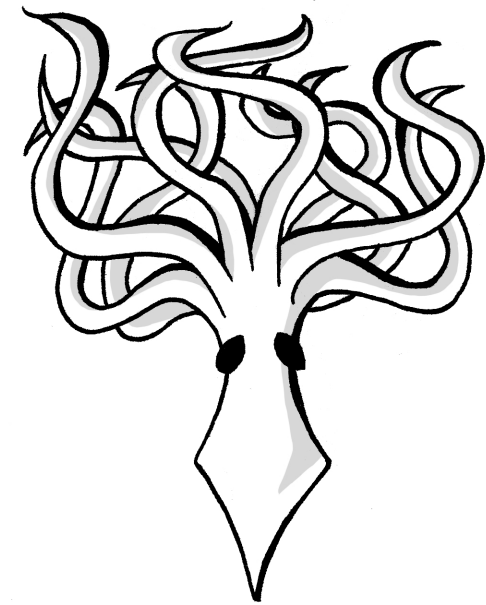


by
Maryanne Rose Rapke

Politics of a Twig featuring: Insects



You there! Leaves!

You dare defy me?!

I am Simon, and I declare this twig to be mine!

Then taste the wrath of my cosmic powers!

Simon.

What are you doing?

Simon! What did you do?!

Oh I didn't do it. It's Fall. They left.

Oh. Well then.

Very well. I'll go eat him now.

Simon. Marabelle wants you to stop using your powers on Edward and Luis.

Too late!

They're gone! Mwahaha!

Patrick, did you give Simon cosmic powers?

Yes. I plan on eating him later, and aphids taste better when drunk on power.

Well he's using his powers on Edward and Luis!

The leaves? Why do you care?

I was planning on eating ~~them~~ later, and leaves do *NOT* taste better when radiated with crazy powers.

Begone, wench. I have cosmic powers!

Taste their wrath!

Where did you get those?

Patrick.

Hm.