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824 words.

(86 kind of potatoes grow in Peru, 86 different kinds. Humans can meet all their nutritional needs from potatoes.)

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Rotten Potatoes

He felt sick in his heart, the way the world was, the way it was going, war, corruption, dis-ease, disease. He withdrew from the world and read a lot, philosophy, history, religion, thought.

He began to know he could do anything he wanted, if it needed doing, just by thinking about it enough. He found that power in his reading, in his thought.

We all have that power. We just need to tap into it. We need to know what the world is and what it could be. We need to know what is right, through all our existence, through all existence. As we can change our thought, we can change the world.

He thought through how he wanted things to be and created the world over again, glorious and balanced, beautiful. He ended warfare, cleaned radiation, carbon dioxide and smoke, poisonous chemicals from our environment, fed everyone and healed everyone. Satisfied with his work, he slept.

He dreamed of murder and war, woke and read news on the internet. Everything had reverted to violence and chaos. The moment of peace was so brief, almost everyone didn't see it, didn't even know about it. A few saw it and grasped at it, but it disappeared as fast as it appeared, leaving nothing but a fading image, as with a fading dream. The world was as dirty, violent, ill as ever.

"Well, that's rotten potatoes, worst-smelling stuff there is," he said.

Some of his friends had talked to him about the power of prayer. It was different from just straight- through thinking. It had God in charge. God was the one who could change everything, if you just prayed right and enough.

He researched prayer a while, in many different books, so

he'd know how to do it. He prayed for peace, for a clean world, for all human needs met.

As far as he could tell, what he saw around him, Nothing changed in the world.

"More rotten potatoes," he said. He thought about it a long time. He finished thinking about it.

"Potatoes rot in Denmark, even here, in this state." he said. "I tried. I did what I could. It looks like I'm not The Christ. Well, I'm not. Maybe I don't even understand what that's all about. Well, I guess I have to accept that." He thought about it a long time. "I do accept that."

He bought a new electronic notebook. He investigated and found new games he could play on his new notebook. "I wonder how much I missed on t.v.," he said.

He texted friends. Some of them didn't remember who he was. He phoned around.

Samuel said, "I thought you was dead and buried, we didn't hear from you so long."

I got catching up to do, he thought.

He started working on catching up. He texted a friend, then another and another.

He bought more new games. He listened to postings. When you're gone a while, the internet changes a lot.

He still smelled potatoes, rotting in every direction. He started incense burning in every direction. He bought so much new stuff, his bank account dwindled. That alarmed him.

He thought about it.

He could build a really good computer game.

He knew enough code. What more he needed to know, he could learn. He had learned more about how to learn with all his concentration on saving the world. He had learned how to learn fast, because the world needed saving, fast.

He had all the ideas for the game. He could see it in his mind. His game was really complicated. That was good, complicated.. The whole world is a complicated game, so a complicated game in the world, about the world, that's good.

He would learn what more code he needed to put his ideas into code, and he would build a computer game out of that, a video game.

He would put the smell of rotten potatoes into a game. He

would call it “Rotten Potatoes.” That would catch attention. Everyone would want to know, “Rotten Potatoes? What’s that about?”

When they saw what the game was all about, finding all the rotten potatoes and cleaning them up, they’d buy it, a lot of them, most of them.

Everyone would smell the potatoes rotting all around them, even besides the game. Even in a world of many foul smells, they’d be conscious of the smell of rotting potatoes all around them. Maybe they’d find ways in real life to clean up some of the rotten potatoes.

Mainly though, they’d buy his game.

He’d make big money off it, off the smell of potatoes rotting, off putting that into code, into his game.

He’d replenish his bank account and then some. He’d be okay. More than okay. He’d be fine, really fine.