

Story #12: His Head Popped.

“If you don’t have anything nice to say, then don’t say anything at all.” Nathan Mulligan’s Mom said. He hadn’t had anything nice to say in the 12 years of being around, so he decided to not say anything at all. Nothing. Zip. Zilch. Nada. No, nothing never. He clammed up. Shut his face. Zipped it. Wouldn’t talk to anyone. Ever again.

He didn’t talk at school, nothing nice to say there. He didn’t talk at home, nothing nice to say to any of them either. Oh, he used to have so much to say to everyone. So many many things to say. For example, some of his favorite things to say were:

“You’re stupid” or
“You’re a big stupid-head” or “
You’re a big dumb stupid-head” or
“You’re a big-fat dumb stupid-head” or even,
“You’re ugly.”

Just plain mean things were all Nathan Mulligan could think to say. Nothing nice. Not even if you stretched the definition of “nice” to mean... mostly nasty, but a little teeny-bit nice.

So, he didn’t say anything at all.

Now, when you don’t talk, but you really really want to, those words have to go somewhere. If they just stay all bottled up inside you, they don’t just go away. They start to build up inside you. This is what happened to Nathan. The nasty mean words he wasn’t saying built up inside his head, and his head began to get bigger and bigger.

He first noticed it one wintery Wednesday morning, when he tried to put on his hat, and it didn’t fit. “Strange.” he thought.

“Maybe your head’s getting bigger, Nathan.” said his sister Brooke.

Since Nathan had nothing to say to Brooke about that he kept his mouth shut, and the words just collected making his head bigger.

His head got so big, he couldn't walk through doors anymore. He had to leave his room by the window. After a while he couldn't even leave his room that way.

His brothers and sisters called him “Big-Head.” That just made him keep more words inside. His head kept filling up until one day it popped.

POP

All the words he had kept in came spewing out in one big yelp. “Jerk-Slime-Dirt-Nerd-Dweeb-Spugly-Stupid-Dumby-SprinklerFace-Dodo-NoNeck-BellyRubber-FaucetFace-...” on and on the words flew out. “Two-Toed-Idiot-Goo-Goo-Eyes-Freakboy-Numbskull-...” all night long.

In the morning, Nathan woke up... without a head. It was completely gone. He searched around the room on his hands and knees. He ran down the hall, but since his eyes were missing too, he missed the top of the stairs. Down he fell into the front hall, sliding across the marble floor into the grand piano, making a perfect D sharp chord.