

Story #6: Then Her Eyeball Fell Out

It was a Wednesday afternoon, and SusieAnn Mulligan had just returned from school. The day had been long with facts and figures. Tidbits of information about South American Aztecs and Pythagorean theories. She'd had a lot of information stuffed into her brain that day.

SusieAnn sat down in front of the TV. Her parents weren't home, and neither was her brother. The only creatures in the house were SusieAnn, her pet snake Alphonse, the house cat Mr. Pitters, and the TV. She watched and watched.

Game shows, Talk shows, Cooking shows, Sitcoms, Cartoons, and Home Improvement shows. Commercials, commercials, and commercials.

She sat closer and closer, and took off her glasses to sit closer still until she was three inches from the screen. Alphonse, her snake, left the room to look for a snack... perhaps a dead mouse, or some tapioca pudding.

SusieAnn sneezed.

Now, SusieAnn had always had trouble with allergies. Allergic to cats, dogs, dust, pollen, grass, carpet, trees, paint, orange juice, wood, sponges, scissors, ink, and noses. So when she sneezed it was no big surprise. SusieAnn was used to sneezing. Sneezing at the drop of a hat... to which she was also allergic. But this time when she sneezed with her eyes wide open. Sneezing while staring inches away from the TV with her glasses off caused her right eyeball popped out.

Pop. Squirt. Splat. It rolled across the living room floor. Thwack thwack thwack thwack. And down the basement steps. Thump. Squish. Thump. Squish. Thump. And into the mouth of Alphonse the snake who was waiting at the bottom of the basement steps for just such a snack.

Boy was SusieAnn upset. Really, wouldn't you be? She ran down the stairs, bumping into chairs and walls, counters and toaster, doors and rugs. She could only see half as much, so she bumped into twice as much stuff as she normally would.

She followed the trail of eye-juice, that her right eye had left behind, as well as she could and made her way to the top of the basement steps. There she heard the unmistakable sound of a pet snake licking his lips with satisfaction. She thought she might have heard a little snake burp. SusieAnn knew what had happened.

Without thinking, because that's the way SusieAnn did most things, she ran straight forward towards the sound of her snake Alphonse. SusieAnn forgot that she was at the top of her basements stairs. Thump. Crash. “Oooff”. Thump. Crash. “Ooooo”. Thump. Crash. “Doink!”. Susie and fell step by step down to the basement floor. She bumped her head, she bumped her butt, she bumped every part of herself on the way down. When she got to the bottom of the stairs, little one-eyed-SusieAnn landed feet first on Alphonse the eyeball-full snake. Out popped her eyeball and it was flung straight into the furnace and burned like a marshmallow on a campfire.

She never watched much TV after that.