

The story of the little blue planet (a bedtime story):

Do you already know the little blue planet? No? Well, then I will not hesitate to tell you a little story about him:

He was the only blue planet far and wide and that he was rather proud of. Although it was not down to him. Like all planets he had been going through a turbulent childhood. But now he had made himself rather at home, near enough to his sun to bring the laundry once a week, but far enough so that she would not drop by every now and then cleaning the windows or giving tiresome advice.

This little planet had a hobby. At some point he had become apparent that he enjoyed letting grow little things upon his surface. Because sometimes he felt pretty lonesome, this single blue planet far and wide.

So he invented this game, that as I said consisted in letting crawl all sorts of things upon his skin. That was fun and it tickled so nicely.

Especially funny he considered these things growing and prospering, reproducing, passing off again, being born again. Developing. This entire nice swarm he called „life“.

That did very well for quite a long time now. In the mean time he couldn't even remember, how, when and why he had been hitting on that game and that name.

Everything went fine straight away and could have last for eternities like this. But some day he caught something evil. Just at a time when it was most beautiful.

But this tiny new creature, which at first had been showing so much promise and of which he had been pleased so much in the beginning, in fact was a dangerous pathogen.

“Mankind”. Too stupid!

In the beginning it had just been itching strangely here and there. But then everything evolved terribly fast. The incidental itching had increased overnight to an ulcer that already had spread all over his whole body, emitting toxic fumes and threatening to give him the finishing stroke.

He already had become pretty grey. Where the hell was all the beautiful blue? Deeply he lay in fever. By a hair's breadth it had carried him off indeed.

In order to nurture him and to ease at least his chills a little bit luckily the sun came by who simply could not longer stand watching all this mess. She beamed and beamed. And it grew warmer and warmer.

Not that the sun had been studying medicine and stuff. But obviously her intuition had found out exactly the right method, while the warmth deprived the germs from their breeding ground and so they simply extincted after a while.

So our planet finally was saved by a bell...

This is a fortnight ago now and the little patient was already able to keep down his first clear chicken stock. It definitely looks like he will make it.

However he will have to abstain from all his other little nice toys right away. For they have been wiped as well along with this drastic cure. There was no other way.

But as I suppose he is quite fine with that. After all. Maybe one day he makes himself some new ones. If his blue returns, that is.

In two years or so, maybe.

Keep your head up high now, little silvergrey planet. You'll do it. Either way... ..

So, my dear, this was the story of the little blue planet. Turn off the lights now and sleep quickly.

Tomorrow is a new day, as a matter of fact.

[Christian Brockmeier, 2007]