

Big Ed



Although Big Ed towered over everybody around him, he was really just a little boy at heart. And like a little boy, he sometimes got mad and threw temper tantrums. Especially if people were mean to him. Like just now, when those two men kept taking his picture. They said they'd give him a big bag of solder if he'd just pose for them. Well, he didn't *want* his picture taken! But the men starting taking pictures anyway, snap snap snap. It just made Big Ed nervous, and after a minute, he had to pee really bad. It took every ounce of reprocessed magnetronic energy for him to not wet his pants. Finally they stopped, but instead of giving him his solder, they walked quickly away. "Hey!" cried Big Ed. "Solder! Want my solder!" But the bad men didn't give him any. They just ignored him and ran back to their car. Well, that was too much for Big Ed, and he ran after and grabbed the two men and clapped them together like a couple of dusty old blackboard erasers. "Bad men, *mean* men!" he cried as he tossed them on the ground. He ate the cameras, however, because they smelled like his mum's plasma pudding. Even tasted like it – and that brought a pang of regret. *Gosh*, he missed his mum! If only she hadn't made him mad, too! A tear-bot formed in his lachrymaltronic duct – but he was a *big* boy, and big boys don't cry. They do, however, sometimes lose control of their autonomic bladder discharge systems, and that just made Big Ed madder. Or wetter, anyway.