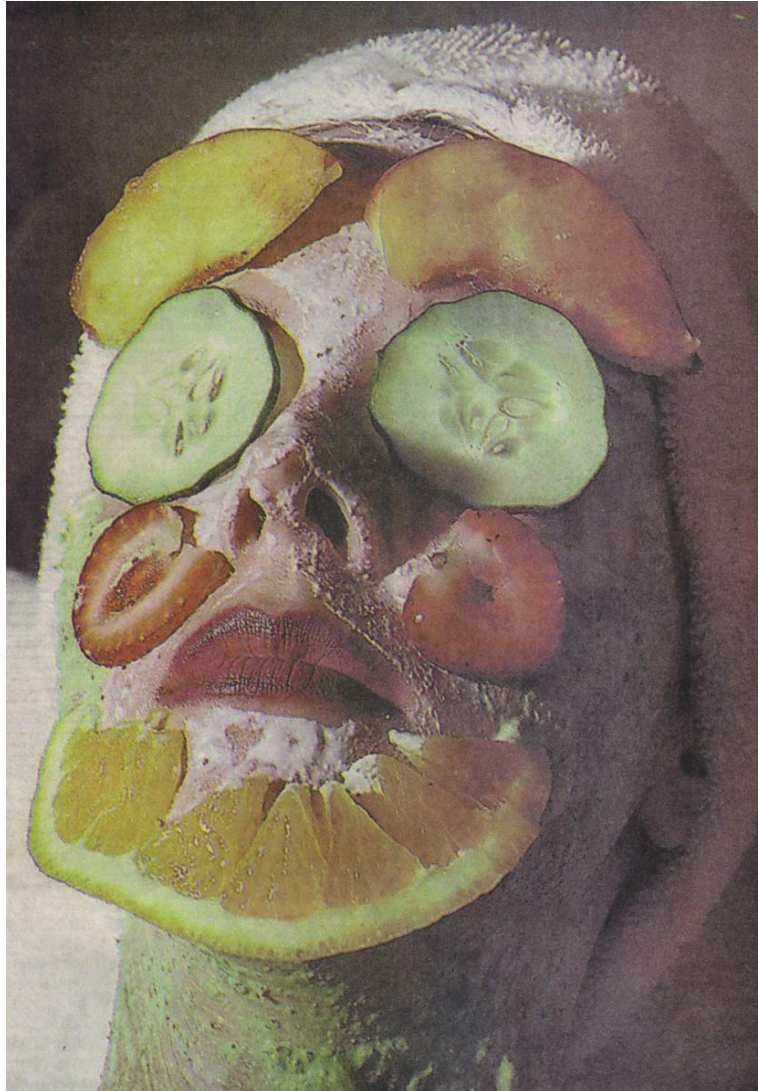


Marge



Following a night filled with the oddest imaginable dreams, the world looked a lot different to Marge when she opened her eyes Friday morning. For one thing, everything was bathed in a peculiar greenish hue. For another, her pupils had been replaced by little white seed pods, which exacerbated her chronic myopia big time. With a pang of regret, she recalled the previous night's wanton activities. After reading perhaps a bit too much into Miss Manners' daily newspaper column, her body clamored for some immediate lascivious relief. Bud was gone for good, there was nothing stimulating on the TV, even her collection of erotic motion sickness bags left her cold. Then, innocently rummaging through her refrigerator for a snack, she found – the cucumber. Common decency prevents us from providing any graphic details as to what happened next. Suffice it to say that Marge went to sleep a very content, though slightly sore, young lady. And now? As a research botanist, she knew it was vital to stay calm and gather empirical data. Not only was she seeing differently, but her hearing had changed, too. Everything was filtered through a kind of gurgling. And her whole face – how to describe it? – *buzzed!* She reached up to trace its contours. Well, her nose felt the same. But what were those protrusions above and below her eyes? And her chin. It felt – she searched for the right word – *pulpy*. Her eyes alighted on her arm and she shrieked, for in place of a flesh and blood upper limb was a long, green tendril! Marge speculated that, somehow, sap from the randy vegetable had seeped into and altered her very DNA. And she had become ... oh, the horror! She tried to get up to phone the Botanical Institute for help, but her new roots anchored her firmly to her bed. As the awfulness of her predicament set in, Marge realized just what her present options were: not mulch.