

TOTCH AND GO
A bedtime story
By, Richard Tornello © 2011

TOTCH was born of the union of a genetically damaged universe forming spirit, BUTZ and the miscreant goddess of death, Merde. Totch, only hinted about in ancient myth, was hidden away for eternities, his true existence was known to none.

He was well sequestered. He looked like any other part of the creative multiverses. His body was sewn together with unbreakable filaments, strings, woven within and through out his blacker than black, no light escaping body, to form a great ball. He was continually being stretched to what seem like infinity, expanded and bloated, and finally exhausting foul and evil ethers through his 360 orifices. Then he would collapse, and then he would expand again. He was the begetter of universes.

He had one other outstanding characteristic, none of the other creative beings had. From a tiny nothing, he himself grew to this thing, this thing that ate all that he came into contact. The consumed ones, dissolved and digested, were then excreted as degenerate unconnected singularities, growing into new separate universes. All the other universes born of normal spirit/gods, remained connected by their common branes in a massive multiverse.

Normally, if Totch were like any other godlike offspring, his doings would amount to nothing within the almost limitless multiverses. However, Totch was prolific. His offal was beginning to become an issue.

”AND FROM WHAT UNHOLY UNION DID THIS THING SPRING?” demanded the council of leading gods one eternity ago. No being admitted to this. They hollered all the louder. “It’s all because of you, and we’ll get the two of you.”

No answer was forthcoming from the two gods that flew.

“What a bother!” exclaimed one god.

“It sounds like a lot of crap to me,” said another.

They all nodded in agreement. They had a guess who the guilty parties might be, but Merde and Butz were nowhere to be located.

Totch was fully aware that he was creating horrible universes. Luckily, none of the universes had the physics to support life; so in effect, they only took up space, as curled up balls of higher dimensional reality. Nothing was damaged. Things just stank. This was his lot, an eternal, never ending, defective universal universe creating spirit/god. He was not concerned, and rather content to fart along, his exhaust pushing him this way and that, creating nothing here and there.

But as things are apt to happen, where all probabilities and possibilities exist, during any one or more eternities, Totch felt something different moving through his system. This is new, he thought. I never felt one like this before. He peered within himself to see just what sort of crap he was creating. It scared even him, a spirit/god, and he'd seen a lot of shit.

This was a universe with potential. The physics would support life, just what life he didn't know, but it was life.

Time not being an issue for timeless ones, Totch saw the potential, and what we would call the future. He saw many possible potentials. He knew he would have to do something since any and every life form he so created would reflect his being, at a simpler level of course, but reflect the demented shit he himself knew he was and always would be. Totch had to do something and do something quickly. The singularity was passing through his system at an increased speed. It was as if the life potential, aware and sentient, was forcing the faster transit time.

Totch knew what he had to do and it was not a pleasant thought. This singularity must never occur. It had to be stopped or re-consumed, dissolved and begun anew. Could Totch stop this oh so potentially evil event, from arising? It was Totch and go

That was not to happen. It was as if the life forces understood the dire consequences shitus-interuptus would cause, and it wanted out. It wanted out to build, and create its own universe, to grow, and be just like its begetter, foul, mean and destructive.

Totch did the only thing he could do to keep this horror of this singularity from ever approaching anything resembling reality. He stuffed a cosmic cork up his cosmic butt. The gasses built up until, Kaboom, and the biggest bang any cosmic being ever heard anywhere, anytime, occurred. The result was the death of the creator and hopefully the singularity we would have called a universe.

This potential history was just one of many consumed by a local black hole close to the vicinity of Totch's self-sacrificing, self-destruction. This information, a form of energy, could not to be destroyed, and was eventually cast to the various galactic winds, again and again, and in an incomplete manner, with significant data missing here and there.

Some of the data was swallowed up by another expanding microscopic singularity. The strength of Totch's being overwhelmed the basic physics of that singularity, and forced drastic changes in what should have been a benign universe to what became, well dear reader, you and me, and all the rest. We are now living out its history.

Life will go on, and one cannot put out the Totch of creative energy, good or evil.

THE END

Epilogue:

The Baby Bang or Launched on Alert

Merde is softly crooning to herself in the heavens looking down at her son's handiwork: "Sirens in the night, oh distant sirens, lonely in the night, few lonely missiles, missing in their flights, oh you'll sleep tight tonight, for ever in the night, dee/dee/da/da, just turn out the lights, with sirens in the night."