

THE SLUG and the SNAIL

Part of a Random Autobiography.

Once upon a time in a beautiful garden in England (Cheshire to be exact) lived a snail. Not just a snail, but a family of snails. They lived with bees a buzzing and butterflies a flying in their beautiful English garden.

Each snail had a house. Do snails have a house? Does a hole have a mouse? And each beautiful snail house was grander than the other. Better than her sisters and much better than her brother. There were small snail houses in shades of pink and tawny green and huge snail houses with great color schemes. (Mostly grey. Very snail fashionable at the time.)

The garden was surrounded by high walls of vines and brick. And as the spring, summer, sunshine and rains came and went the snails loved to live in their beautiful English garden. Although they were all related (being that each one was a snail) they kept to themselves, each in their own private part of the garden. Snails tend to be very jealous of other snails. They didn't socialize with each other or with the other creatures in the garden because each one of them was a grandiose snail and thought themselves to be posh.

One summer day a slug came into the garden. It just appeared like that! Did it fly in on bird, bat or plane? Don't be insane. The slug just came. Although the slug had every right to be in the garden, by the laws of nature and as garden rules go, the snails were not happy. After all it was a slug and wasn't posh like them. At first the snails pretended to be friends with the slug. They showed the slug their grandiose houses and where the best places were to live in the garden.

Then they said, “But you are a slug. You could never live where we live. Because we are posh and you don’t have a house. You don’t even have color. You’re no more than a mouse. You’re really worth nothing with no house on your back. You’re foolish and ugly, you’re squishy and fat. So why don’t you live in this part of the garden?”

The snails got together and made up a plan, in hopes that the slug would go with the bin man. They showed the slug a spot near the old wooden gate. “You can live here for now. We really can’t wait. You can’t live by us, in our part of the garden. We are snails, with big houses and each one is larger. You’re just a lonely old slug, all dressed in black. You’re no more than a bug with no house on your back.”

Actually, the slug was not lonely because she had her slug son with her. She was a kind and optimistic slug and very proud of her son. While the snails of the garden thought that he was disabled, with no house on his back, the slug saw her son as perfect. He wasn’t sad that they didn’t have houses. He was just happy to be with his mom. After all, they had lived in many gardens together, through the spring, summer, sunshine and rains.

Now the snails were satisfied that they had tricked the slug and her son into living by the gate and the bin. Although the slug had every right to live wherever she wanted to, by the laws of nature and as garden rules go. She humbly agreed to live by the old garden gate, just to appease the snails. She really had little choice because the snails were screaming all the time and it upset her son. (Slugs have good hearing you know.)

So, it came to be that the slug and her son lived at one end of the garden, while the snails lived on the other. Which I forgot to mention, was full of beautiful, colorful, blooming flowers.

Now although the snails hated to admit that they were related to the slug (slugs are just snails without houses) they did all have one thing in common. That was a fear of salt. Slugs, snails and witches, as we know, are all afraid of salt.

One warm sunny day, a human came into her wonderful English garden. She loved to watch the bees a buzzing and the butterflies a flying. This day she came to gaze at her beautiful flowers that she had been growing..... and the snails had been eating!

“SALT!” she cried. “BRING ME SALT!!!” Upon hearing that the snails went into a panic. “Oh, NO, Not salt! We have to escape from the garden but how? With our house on our backs, we can’t escape now.”

The smallest snail looked up to see a gap in the brick. “Follow me! follow me! We have to be quick. Through the vines up the wall and try not to slip. If your house is too big, then that’s not my fault. Let’s escape from the human and her horrible salt.”

She climbed the brick wall through the vines and the flowers. It took her more than several hours. But she couldn’t get through the gap in the wall. Her house was too big, though her body quite small. She may have got through, be a bug or a mouse. They don’t have much luggage or even a house. Another snail tried but all was in vain. The others tried, too, with the outcome the same. The youngest snail cried “Oh what a to do!” The oldest snail shouted “Oh F*#@ me, we’re screwed!” (Snails curse a lot.)

Calmly and slowly, the slug looked up and saw the gap in the wall of red brick. She measured the distance and had a quick think. Sucked on some weeds and had a quick drink. Then looked at her son and smiled her slug smile. Looked over her shoulder, at the snails for a while. Although they were cruel to her and her son, she wanted to help them, one by one.

Brave and sure yet slow, with her son close behind, she never turned back and then they both climbed. Up the wall, through the vines up to the small gap, into a new garden, without looking back. She hid her son's ears as she heard the snails scream, "We are sorry. Please help us. It's not what it seemed. I know we are posh but you, too, can have dreams. We really did like you all slimy and fat. We can even forgive there's no house on your back."

The human couldn't hear the cries of the snails, as one by one they melted under the punishment of salt. She had her headphones on and was playing "Purple Rain" by Prince way too loud. The human wouldn't be able to hear the cries of the snails even without her headphones on because she wasn't related and snails don't talk to the other creatures in the garden because they think themselves to be posh.

The snails cried to the slug "Save us from the salt. SAVE US FROM THE SALT!!!" (Because slugs, snails and witches are all afraid of salt.) But alas, there was nothing the slug could do but to start a new wonderful life in a new beautiful English garden, with her son. In hopes that the day would never come when she would again be confronted with salt or snails or witches.

THE END

The morale of the story is easy?

Never carry your house on your back and avoid salt, snails and witches.