

Destination Lavatory

Aboard an orange space pod, Alpaca the Pluton flew through the Solar System one day. He was a jolly little fellow in the prime of his youth, possessed hands, feet, bellies and the scaly blue skin everyone in the universe wishes they had.

Alpaca was an awkward and dull person, and rarely understood specific orders from his betters. They always barked on about how dangerous the universe is and how easy it would be to fall victim to its hazards. But everything Alpaca had learnt about infinity evaded his comprehension. Simply speaking, he was an idiot.

It so happened though, that Alpaca was an intergalactic courier. He'd deliver messages across the galaxy in an orange space pod. On this particular occasion, he was on his way to the mining colony upon Sol to deliver vital supplies to harvest its minerals. Alpaca had just passed Mars when it struck. A painful tension in his lower intestine. It was that sort of feeling you dread when you're busy doing something else, feeling something and ultimately thinking of something else. Alpaca needed to tinkle!

But how? His little pod had no conveniences and Mars was inhospitable. Alpaca sat there, groaning in agony. Finally, after ten hours of this torture, he saw it. Basking in Sol's gentle flare, a tiny blue planet appeared in the distance. *Yes Alpaca thought. That is where I'll do it. It won't take long. I can land, do my business and take off again, be at Sol in time for lunch. Fantastic!*

Alpaca began his descent over the little blue planet, rather quickly because he was beginning to leak. At this point, Alpaca seemed to be travelling through a cluster of white

fluffy growths floating above the planet's surface, making it incredibly difficult to see where he was going. What made matters even worse was that they were turning grey. Seriously, they were like fifty shades of grey fluff casting giant forked bolts at him. *This is scary* Alpaca decided. But because he was an idiot he continued his descent, colliding with a few bolts on the way. Eventually his pod caught fire, and plummeted straight to the ground.

The citizens of New York stared in horror. They couldn't believe what they'd just witnessed! An orange ball had fallen from the sky, right into the middle of Times Square. Then, a little blue man hopped out, ripped his trousers off and tinkled, in front of millions! He didn't care. And why would he? Would you care if you'd landed onto an alien world which you'd had no idea were oblivious to the existence of extra-terrestrial beings? No neither would I. Besides, it was a moment of relief for Alpaca. He felt almost as if the Belt of Orion had cast a divine light upon him! Unfortunately though, he was shot dead by frightened American soldiers thereafter.

And the moral of this story is, always take a pee before you travel or you'll end up as Alpaca!

The End