

What If?

By Weston Goodman

I couldn't sleep. I was tossing and turning, when all of sudden, my wife grabbed her pillow and started to smother me; in fairness, she's never been a fan of my restlessness. I couldn't breathe. Air wasn't getting to my brain. It was maddening— quite literally— everything I thought to be true, suddenly wasn't. Every problem, instantaneously, had a solution, as if the air that usually went to my brain made it too efficient, too prone to think and second guess. Without the air, there was no inhibition, no hesitation-- just plain 'ole, unadulterated genius. My brain was free without the air and for the first time ever, I had the answers; I had all the answers!

I thought about my son and his bully, Brad, from his elementary school, such a brash and immature asshole. What if my son tricked him with an innocuous prank? What if he gave Brad a handful of free candy, but it was actually crystal meth? Or what if he framed Brad by stuffing his locker with weapons-grade plutonium? What if my son secretly went online and registered Brad as a sex offender? The ideas kept on coming, so I got ambitious...

I thought about our global pandemic. What if we asked the virus to go away nicely? What if we audited the virus and arrested it for tax evasion? What if we filed a restraining order against the virus? What if we cyberbullied the virus until it was too ashamed to go outside? Or what if we gave the virus crippling trauma by introducing it to R.Kelly?

I thought about the Middle East. What if we moved Jerusalem into Wyoming, where nobody would want to claim it? What if we employed a low-flying aircraft to spray love potion over Saudia Arabia and Yemen? What if we gave ISIS guitar lessons and had them express their hatred with a musical number? What if we sent a cruise liner full of therapy dogs to comfort Syrian refugees? Maybe Israel and Palestine need to hug it all out...? Or maybe we need to sponsor a WrestleMania fight where leaders from both sides can duke it out in spandex?

Then, I thought about Global Warming. What if we built giant Hydroflasks around the North and South pole so that they would stay cold ~indefinitely~? What if we manufactured a giant ceiling fan and attached it to the moon? What if we bought every polar bear a life-jacket, so that they'd stop drowning when the ice caps melt? Or what if we got the sun a therapist? Maybe then she'd finally cool down.

I thought about World Hunger. What if we cooked a giant lasagna, the size of Central Park and baked it in the Sub Saharan sun where we could ration it out to local villages? What if we taught cows how to make burger meat by themselves and sent them on humanitarian missions? What if Easy-Bake Ovens were more widely available? What if owning a farm didn't make you a Republican? Or what if throwing away excess food became a hate crime against the hungry?

I thought about our energy crisis. What if we fueled our cars with something that we have an overabundance of? Like corn? Or boogers? Or pedofilia? What if owning a Prius was a tax write-off, but also a great way to get laid? What if we fed the NFL pinto beans and used their flatulence as wind power? What if the only crude oil we ever used was olive? What if we blackmailed Ariana Grande into persuading every nine-year old girl with a ponytail to major in renewable energy instead of becoming an Instagram influencer? Or maybe we just ask the Energizer Bunny to share?

As my wife murdered me, I thought about all these "What ifs." I could hear her laughing, maniacally, as the life faded from my body. It was with my last fleeting thought I realized two things: 1) A crazy plan is better than no plan. And 2) My wife is a fucking lunatic.