

DEAR GIANT SQUID #2

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I am trying to decide if it's worth signing up for the Mars colonization trip. Probably not – too old, too shot. Anyway, I'd miss my wife, my daughter, my cat. Oh dear, here's another show on TV about Giant Squids. Can't we just leave them well enough alone? This time it's in the Sea of Cortez.

You squids, listen up, they will attach a camera and a long, long line to a small squid and drop it into the water. Down, down, it drops to where you live. Now they have photos of one of you big guys chomping down on a little squid. They couldn't see all of you. But they could see your eyes,

so they measured the distance between your eyes – and that way measured your size. Over 60 feet. A record. That's not good. It's got these humans really excited. The next time you see a camera, eat it. The photos on the tape they'll show over and over and get more excited.

That's they way we humans are. Get an idea and we gnash on it until we go nuts, like dogs nashing a stick. You don't have dogs, sorry, but maybe you've got fish that chase seaweed or something until they go nuts. Or you go nuts watching them. Or you don't go nuts at all

because only we humans go nuts. That might explain a whole lot of things. As for being there in the Sea of Cortez, where you've been gliding around for millions of years, you've got to leave. Hey, do you think we like the idea of colonizing Mars? Well, maybe some

humans do, but they are not well adjusted and suffer probably from massive illusions of grandeur no matter how well they score on the tests. We are colonizing because we are frying this planet and sooner or later we have to vamoose. Here's the thing though,

you can't go outside on Mars. If you do, you fry, and if you stay inside too long without gravitational pull, your bones go. You don't know about bones because you don't have them. With us gone, though, you would have the oceans all to yourself if there are any oceans left.