

## The Genius of Colonel Smith

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Colonel Smith had been in many battles before. However, the troops he was leading were new to him. He was new to them. Colonel Smith could tell from the look of the new troops that they had not heard of him before.

The ten soldiers were a group of elite fighters. They wore black boots. Colonel Smith did not like black boots on his troops. Colonel Smith made his troops wear yellow boots, because he liked bananas. He believed that everyone else liked bananas, too. His new troops liked bananas. They did not like yellow boots.

Some of the new troops had heard about Colonel Smith. They had heard stories. They stood at attention in their black boots, and looked ahead. What would Colonel Smith do first?

He stared at the men standing before him. He saw they were intimidated by his greatness. He could see it in the veins of their hands.

“At ease,” said Colonel Smith.

The men relaxed.

“First row, remove shirts,” ordered Colonel Smith.

The troops did as ordered.

“Second row, remove shirts,” ordered Colonel Smith.

The troops removed their shirts.

“Pick up the battle bags I put together for each of you,” ordered Colonel Smith. “Inside you will find a three-blade razor. Each of you will shave the man in front of you. When that man is hairless above the waist, you will trade roles. Each of you must be hairless above the waist before battle.”

The men thought this was strange. A soldier named Bumpy had not heard of Colonel Smith before.

“Colonel Smith, sir,” said Soldier Bumpy.

“Yes, soldier?” said Colonel Smith.

“Why must we be hairless above the waist, sir?” asked Soldier Bumpy.

“So you will be smooth in battle, soldier,” said Colonel Smith.

The soldiers that had heard of Colonel Smith thought this exchange amusing.

“But we will be wearing bullet-proof armor in battle. The hair will not affect us,” said Soldier Bumpy.

“Do not challenge me, soldier. I am a respected Colonel. Bullet-proof armor is not smooth. A soldier without hair above the waist is smooth,” said Colonel Smith. “You must be smooth for battle.”

Soldier Bumpy thought it best to leave the situation alone. The Colonel was not correct, but he would not be swayed. The troops began to shave each other. They shaved for a long time. When they finished, they got into formation. The Colonel had left while they were shaving. He came back when they were done.

The Colonel approached from the east. A large duck followed behind him and pulled a wagon behind it. Inside the wagon were ten pairs of yellow boots. The boots were all size seven. The men stared at the yellow boots. They stared at the duck pulling the wagon. The troops were baffled.

“Remove your boots, soldiers,” Colonel Smith ordered.

The men removed their boots and lined them up against the munitions tent. None of the men wore size-seven boots. Some of the men had size-nine feet, but those were the smallest feet. The men saw the bag of machetes slung over Colonel Smith’s shoulder.

“This doesn’t look good,” Colonel Smith said to the duck.

The duck did not respond.

“Soldiers, you will step forward one-at-a-time to receive your yellow boots. These boots are my special design. They will increase your smoothness in battle,” said Colonel Smith.

“Sir, they look a bit small, sir,” said Soldier Dunbar.

“Each pair of boots is size-seven, soldier,” said Colonel Smith.

“Sir, I have size-ten feet, sir,” said Soldier Dunbar. “Do you have any other sizes, sir?”

“Soldier Dunbar, I received the Honorary Strategic Design Star from the President for these boots. It is not the size that matters. It is the color that increases smoothness in battle,” said Colonel Smith. “Now, step forward, soldier.”

Soldier Dunbar approached Colonel Smith, the duck, and the wagon filled with yellow boots.

“Place your foot on the wagon, soldier,” ordered Colonel Smith.

Soldier Dunbar placed his foot on the side of the wagon. Colonel Smith held one of the boots up to Soldier Dunbar’s foot to judge what was not needed. Colonel Smith drew one of the machetes from his bag. The troops looked on in disbelief.

“This will hurt, soldier, but it will increase your smoothness,” said Colonel Smith.

The machete crashed down on Soldier Dunbar’s foot. It fell across the area immediately before the toes. Bones crunched, flesh tore, but the blow went only halfway through. Rough-ended veins spurted blood and did not let up.

“Do not scream. This is for your betterment, soldier. You will thank me later,” said

Colonel Smith.

He raised the machete again. The blow went straight through, except for a shred of flesh near the big toe. Colonel Smith chuckled a bit at the toes trying to hang on and hit the strip of skin with a quick chop. Soldier Dunbar’s toes fell with a plop into the wagon. The duck

reared-up and flapped its wings three times. Colonel Smith grinned. He had trained the duck well.

“Next,” said Colonel Smith.

Soldier Dunbar fell down because he had no toes. He lay on the sandy ground and shoved the yellow boots over the bloody blocks of his feet. One by one the soldiers came forward. With each successful chop, the duck flapped its wings three times. In thirty minutes the task was completed. The wagon was filled with severed toes. It leaked blood out of the sides. The blood dribbled into the sand below the wagon. Colonel Dunbar saluted the duck. The duck put its harness back on. The wagon stuck in the fresh quicksand below it, but with an extra heave the duck was on its way. He waddled toward the east.

The men had no balance and were forced to lean on one another to stand. They did have their yellow boots on though, and Colonel Smith smiled at this successful re-booting. He watched the soldiers rock back and forth. Bloody winks flashed at him with each motion. He liked the contrasting colors. The troops would be in pain, but they would be smooth. They stood, shirtless and toeless, in the middle of camp.

“Now that you are ready to be smooth in battle, we must prepare for the hand-to-hand combat we will encounter,” said Colonel Smith.

The men groaned. They did not want to know what would come next.

“In your battle bags you will each find a toiletry pouch. Inside you will see mint floss, deodorant, and a tampon. Remove these items. Begin with the floss, move to the deodorant, and finish with the tampon. Separate into the same pairs as you did for shaving. Floss each other’s teeth until you see blood between tooth and gum. Cake the deodorant under the hairless armpits. Insert the tampon as far as you can into the vagina,” said Colonel Smith.

Soldier Dunbar was in pain, but he could still remember that he had a penis, and not a vagina.

“Sir, all ten of us are men. We do not have vaginas,” said Soldier Dunbar.

“Then why are there tampons in your toiletry pouches,” said Colonel Smith.

“Maybe you put them there, in case there were women in this unit,” said Soldier Bumpy.

“No, soldier, they are there for the toiletries, and they will be inserted into your vaginas,” said Colonel Smith.

“Sir, we have no vaginas to put them in,” reiterated Soldier Dunbar.

“Well, then, soldier, do you poop?” asked Colonel Smith.

“Yes, sir, I do poop,” said Soldier Dunbar.

“Does every soldier here poop?” asked Colonel Smith.

“Yes, sir,” the elite unite responded.

“Then shove the tampons into your a—s. It increases smoothness in battle,” said Colonel Smith.

The unit began their assignment. They flossed until bloody. They caked on deodorant. They shoved the tampons in their a—s. They felt terrible. They felt ashamed, but luckily, it was time to get some shut-eye.

Colonel Smith went to his bed. The soldiers went to theirs. They all got a good night’s sleep, except for the ten soldiers.

They woke in the morning, each soldier weak from the loss of blood, and strange from the swollen tampon.

The soldiers got into the best-possible formation. Colonel Smith approached from the east. He stood in front of them and saluted.

“We move out to the forest today, men. We will set up for battle there. Do you all have your tampons in? Do you have your yellow boots on?” asked Colonel Smith.

“Yes, sir,” the unit responded.

“Then, let’s move out, men,” said Colonel Smith.

Colonel Smith led the shirtless unit through waterfalls and mountain passes. The men hobbled behind him, dwarves on stilts. They leaned on

trees. They leaned on each other, but it was not a good trip. The troops continued to lose blood through their yellow boots. The smell from their tampons drifted to each man. They thought the stench was from dead animals, but it was from their a—s.

After three days Colonel Smith found the forest. It was not as wooded as the soldiers thought it would be. They wondered how they would not be shot. There was no cover for them, only saplings. To answer the questions he knew were coming, Colonel Smith drew the troops together.

“Men, we will fight here,” said Colonel Smith.

“Where will we find cover, sir?” asked Soldier Cutsy.

“We will set up our own cover. Not much cover is needed. We are much better equipped and much smoother than the enemy. We will defeat them easily,” said Colonel Smith.

The soldiers did not believe a word that he said. Colonel Smith had mutilated them. That was his idea of battle readiness. But the hope the Colonel gave them picked up their spirits a little.

“When do we begin building our fortifications, sir?” asked Soldier Cutsy.

“We begin now, soldiers. The enemy will be upon us soon,” said Colonel Smith.

The soldiers heard a low rumbling not far away. They wondered if it could be the enemy. The smile on Colonel Smith’s face told them it was not, but it could be something just as terrible. It was not the enemy. It was a dump-truck from Irene’s Nursery. The driver pulled the truck up almost on top of the soldiers and proceeded to turn it around, the back of the truck facing the Colonel and his elite force.

“This, gentlemen, is our fortification supply,” said Colonel Smith.

The truck was stuVed with shrubs. They ranged in size and age. There were no sandbags. There were no timbers. There were only shrubs and shovels.

“Each of you men, grab a shrub, and a shovel. Choose a spot and

plant your shrub. Where you plant your shrub will be your battle position,” said Colonel Smith.

“Sir, do we have any real fortifications coming? Will we dig any trenches? Will we dig any holes?” asked Soldier Cutsy for Soldier Dunbar, who was too weak to speak.

Before the Colonel could respond, Soldier Dunbar fell to the ground. Soldier Cutsy checked his pulse. Soldier Dunbar had died. His soul stepped from his body and leapt to Heaven.

“Is that soldier alive?” asked Colonel Smith.

“No, sir,” replied Soldier Cutsy.

“He was not cut out to be a soldier if he died that easily. This is basic,” said Colonel Smith. “If he could not perform these simple tasks, he should not have joined this elite force. Leave his body for the wild beasts and dig your fortifications.”

The soldiers planted their shrubs. They did not like the view. Colonel Smith paced back and forth. He thought about how great a leader he was. Soldier Dunbar had died, but Colonel Smith did not see that as his problem. Colonel Smith believed Soldier Dunbar was a moron.

The soldiers finished their fortifications. The fading sunlight made the sky tie-dyed. They drew into formation.

“The enemy is no more than an hour away. But we are ready for them, and we will be victorious,” said Colonel Smith.

“Sir, do we have any weapons, sir?” asked Soldier Bumpy.

“We do not need weapons, Soldier Bumpy. You men have your yellow boots. You have flossed, deodorized, and applied tampons. You are shaved. All of this will make you smooth in battle. The enemy will not be smooth. We have already won,” said Colonel Smith. “Return to your shrubs and prepare for battle.”

The soldiers moved to their shrubs. In the one hour it took the enemy to arrive, six more soldiers died from infection and blood loss. Their souls stepped from their bodies and leapt to Heaven.

The enemy appeared on the horizon. There were more than ten thousand enemy troops. The last three soldiers sat behind their shrubs. They did not know what to do. They did not know how to use their smoothness. This was not war as they knew it. Colonel Smith stood ahead of them. He had pinned all of his medals and awards to his uniform. The enemy did not daunt him. He knew he was smooth. The enemy charged. They fired thousands of bullets. The last three soldiers were mutilated in seconds. Their souls did not have to step out of their bodies. They merely leapt to Heaven.

Colonel Smith was shot, stabbed, mutilated, and raped. He did not die. He knew his elite soldiers had been idiots, and he received many more medals. He made many more smooth soldiers with yellow boots and swollen tampons. Colonel Smith was proud. Colonel Smith knew what was necessary. Colonel Smith recognized his genius.