



The Man Who Ate the World

One day Hungry Man got only the tiniest morsel of bread, an awfully small piece of meat, and just a wee bunch of carrots for dinner. He could not take it anymore. This was it.

After his meagre dinner, Hungry Man got up from the dinner table. He stared down at the table before him for a very long time. He could feel anger bubbling up inside of him. The blood rushed through his veins, his cheeks grew red, a vein pulsed in his neck.

And then feeding frenzy started. First he ate the entire content of the food closet. Then he moved on to something bigger: the house. He ate the dinner table, where had spent so many hours in torment, waiting for a proper meal. Next were the chairs. After that he ate some more chairs, and the rest of the furniture. He continued in this manner, until he had eaten his whole house.

The Hungry Man paused for a few minutes. He felt pleasantly revived. But he was still hungry, so he continued. He ate his village, then his district. Then his province, his state, his country. When he had eaten his country he felt that he had eaten enough for the time being, and took a little rest. He booked a hotel in the neighbouring country and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

The following morning his hunger returned. He even seemed to be much hungrier than the day before. That day he ate some more countries. And the next day. And the next. After 4 weeks, Hungry Man was still hungry. He had grown enormously, with the result that he now looked like a giant, perhaps somewhat like the old Cyclopes of ancient Greece.

By that time there were only two countries left in the world. But Hungry Man ate those too. When he held the penultimate chunk of the last country in his hand, he paused and looked at it for a moment. On his enormous hand rested the other half of a shopping mall, some cars, a small pond and an office block. It looked appealing enough. And who was to miss it? Most humans were dead anyway. He had eaten them too, because he was hungry. Besides, he liked them. They were a bit chewy, but they had a nice zesty flavour. With a happy sigh Hungry Man stuffed the second last piece of Earth in his humongous cave of a mouth.

But oh, what now?

When Hungry Man had swallowed his piece of delicious earth, he didn't feel so good. He had to lie down for a second. He stretched out upon the last piece of earth, on some pretty green woodlands. A giant sequoia pricked his nose. He sneezed. Hungry Man's stomach started to make rumbling sounds. It thundered inside of him. It wasn't a very pleasant feeling for Hungry Man. He turned on his right side. But the force with which he did that, was far too much for his pretty patch of woodlands. With a loud crack the patch broke in two halves. For a split second these two halves were still attached to each other and Hungry Man hung suspended over the two parts.

Then with a giant big bang all three of them exploded, Hungry Man included.

by Anna Visser