The Pool of Forgotten Warriors

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The remnants of the thunderstorm have long passed; one by one, a series of raindrops continue to drip off the upper forest canopy and strike repeatedly against the leaves of plants that thrive below. Far below, on the surface of soggy peat, a miniature puddle has collected within the cavities of a low-lying killer. The grotesque appearances of the numerous, pubescent sacks display little intimidation amongst the creatures of the bog. The fluted lips, consisting of green and red, and the pleasant perfume of rich nectar tempt many a creature from their dark recesses.

As the rays of the Australian sun grow stronger with intensity, the odor emanating from the depths of the lotus’ parlors increases as well. A black ant, a warrior in his own right, cautiously climbs a spiked ladder and drinks the wine of the eccentric lotus. He soon feels dreamy and whirs and dances about on the ornamental lips of the pitcher plant.

“Oh there’s more my friend; please come inside and help thyself.” The ant is entranced by the generous advice and enters an orifice covered with pale walls—

to take yet another sip of nectar.

“Dear Cephalotus, thy drink is indeed fair. I remember not where my home is located and so I will stay here and drink for days on end.”

The intoxicated creature then stumbles before dropping into a translucent pool in the lower section of the chamber; He struggles and twitches until alas—he moves no more.

“Ah my friend, fear not, thou shall not return home again. Thou shall rest with thy brothers and abide in this magnificent hall of delights.”

The black, drugged corpse slowly sinks to the bottom of the watery tomb—and joins the bodies of six other warriors and travelers who also took one sip too many.

“Come one, come all, come and taste the nectar that I’ve prepared for thee,
I know you’ll want to drink a great amount of it... and you’re welcome to stay for all eternity.”