

## 'A Flight To Planet-Powder'

"Does she know she is twenty years behind the time of the sound and speed of light?" Asked the handsome young dromedian of an apparent male man. I looked on and as an astute female woman, I could not help but notice his comparison to David Bowie. The uncanny likeness drove me to consider that I had come to the heavenly divine place of the universe for an unchartered, and unremembered dispatch of a visit.

But schedules the way they exist nowadays, how would one know if they had put in for such a trip. Perhaps a fantasia holodeck. "Did I apply for an unscripted vacation?" I asked myself. I knew I needed one at times. But this? "Delightful Alice-In-Wonderland fantasy city," I said out loud. "Or was that Cinderella?" I said out loud again. None of the...*dromedians* replied back to me in return. And then, it was just at that moment that I remembered something about future cities. That contest I entered to design one online. Oh how I loved to draw and make up towns, cities, and people who don't exist and create those who do. Had my reality finally become one of my secret creations? I must buff and powder my nose in order to ascertain the truth, I thought.

So I did, and as I did, I must admit, there it was, my face amidst cool air on the other end of a make-up mirror for real. I breathed, remembering that my therapist always said, "Breathe." I never really did that, and for the longest time honestly I thought that was just a bunch of new age bunk. But one day, I was so stressed out that I tried it. And it miraculously worked. So I think I had better do that right now. Just breathe. Perhaps on the next inhale, or was that the exhale, it would all just clear up and go away. "Phew." Okay, I just blew out some air, cool but not hot, and all of it is still here.

Taking the time to look around, I think I really like this planet. However, coming from Tokyo, Japan and ending up in, "Where am I anyway?" "After all, this isn't San Francisco, or even that most large of cities I also have never been to. L.A. Is this L.A.?" And that city I see on the horizon right now, is that Oz? What, am I a wizard? Or am I Dorothy. If so, lol, where is Toto? Well, in any case, not really being certain what my geographical location is, I know one thing for sure. I think I'd better click the ole' shiny red Dorothies, 'tap-tap' together and zap myself a bowl of fruit or a hotdog or something, for I am starting to get awfully hungry, and by the looks of *that* modern city up ahead, it is hard to tell what people might use for money or give you for food.

But the most curious thing of all, is why I am the only person who got off of the airplane which now looks like more of a spaceship upon closer observation. And how did that change come about, and anyway where are all of the other passengers I spoke with on the airplane...er starship. "Ha!" I laugh to myself. 'The Starship Enterprise.' "Okay, where is Spock?" I half-say and half-laugh out loud about. I look around, and still only see the few *dromedian* on the horizon. "Hello there! Hello!" I call out. "Hey,

could you give some assistance to the woman who *Fell From Earth*." No, they don't hear me. I see that they speak without words and hear without sound. What is that all about? Perhaps I did fall on earth. "Naw...that is not possible." Well, whatever, I think to myself returning to my ladylike good-mannered stance. "Ne'r the mind, or is it impolite or polite to talk on this planet?" "Sirs!" I call out loud. "What is this planet?"

No answer. It is just me. Well, at least this is something I am used to. Lonliness-R-Me. Is that anything like Toys-R-Us. "Lol, Toys-R-Us." "Ha, ha. How did anyone ever come up with a name like that for a business? Toys-R-Us." So anyway, going on further regarding conversations with myself about, "Who are you where I am and what am I here for," don't seem to be going anywhere. Therefore, using the appreciative amount of common sense one was born with, I feel as if I should use analytical imagination on the present situation, that and a good dose of Spock regarding *this* Captain Kirk, and together, one me-myself & I, we should be able to get to the bottom of what is going on here. It would also be a good help if the several *dromedian* were able to speak. But, I hear no information from them now, they just seem more *droning* in the distance than anything. The only thing I like about them right not because of their impolite capacity to ignore me is the tailor silk shining resonance of their matching blue zuit-suits.

Suddenly, I notice two female women coming toward them or me as if some kind of advancement has been made. Certainly hoping so, I am glad to see kindred female sister humans who it is hoped will see that common thread of *I too belong* and volunteer to help me find a way to that large city in the distance finally without too much further ado. These wear matching pink zip-up zuit suits. And I absolutely adore everything about this city...er, planet, whatever so far! "Mam! Mam!" I cry out again and again. Finally, some action. The two begin walking toward me, and my heart skips a beat or two. I am fascinated, absolutely intrigued and excited about meeting new friends.

"Watzu!" They say together in unison. And instantly both startled, shocked and confused all at once, I say. "What's new?" Or in human translation terms for those of you who can't understand other languages, or in short ever or never studied *slang linguistics*, that is mod-natured street talk for, "What's up with you?" Or, "What's up with what you just said," simplistic query. As in, "I don't understand. Please translate and apparently it appears that I left my handheld *alien translator* on the airplane back there that was once a spaceship and has obviously turned back into one, yo."

Well, I wasn't getting anywhere with that form of linguistics. So I thought I'd better try another approach. "Do you like fashion?" I inquired shaking my head and feeling vague. "Well that was dumb," I thought to myself calmly and quietly. Finally, it occurred to me. The profound simplicity of it all! "Watzu!" I said and nearly jumped back exclaiming, "Watzu!!" They both said smiling and both also in unison nodded back to me. "Hajima, mishi, mishiti," I bowed and nodded in Japanese. The two looked

at me sternly at first, and then suddenly laughed and nodded. It must be a light jesture of friendly, for their planet, their country I queried within myself, a rising wonderment. My soul could barely contain the enthusiasm and the joy and the happiness I felt rising within myself. The handheld apparatus of the two lit up suddenly. "What wonder and what sweet delight," sang the device the two held and stared at together.

"A song the subject friend used to sing at her building of delightful visits and choice," said the apparatus instructing the duo. So they did speak English in this country, or had translation for it at least, I thought. "Curiosity did not kill the cat!" I exclaimed as well. "Not getting enough of or the right kind of information is what took care of that." Memories of Tabby flooded my heart, soul & mind. Poor Tabby at home with a new babysitter, someone she had never really gotten enough time to know, but was just able to acquaint herself with at the last moment, just long enough for me to take this journey. I worried about Tabby right now, that babysitter would be able to prepare her tuna with the right amount of vitamins and nutrients to get her through the week.

On the other hand, would I get successfully back home within the week, or at all? Suddenly, everything felt like *Gilligan's Island*. I had only prepared to take the trip to California for one week. And now what were fate and perhaps the forces of nature after. I only had enough luggage for my formerly prepared temporary stayover. What would I do? What would I wear? What would I eat? And then suddenly, I remembered those good teachings from my childhood Sunday school days on good planet earth. Since the birds did not worry about such things, neither should I. God would provide.

Then again, I remembered the astronauts, John Glenn, Michael Collins and all of the rest. When they began to circle the moon and saw the earth from the moon, they passed around a glossed sheet of writing sent with them and each man read a little excerpt from Genesis, from the bible. All about how God & Tom Hanks had created our good earth in seven short days. But the writing from which they read, and the way they read it all, so beautiful. They saw, embarked on and did the most astonishing things anybody from Planet Earth ever did. That and they also went to the moon. And solar earth day and the lunar eclipse for the first time in what, seventy-five years almost approaching, how in the world did my airplane end up here. "Where am I?" I immediately began to ask the women. "And why did you call me here?" After all, I don't know what they want from me, and so like an off' *Forest Gump*, I really do wonder at times. It is only normal, only natural to do that thing, that activity we all often do.

After all, it is not always just enough to hold onto the philosophy that 'life is just a box of chocolates.' Chocolate only goes so far along for a girl, you know - And then you are going to have to have some real substance, some concrete answers to things. And I know that we are all here just to learn our preparation for that next earth. That, and I wonder standing here looking around at a beautiful panorama, "*Is this just all made up?*"

Or is this just some kind of *dream world* and if I touch that sky out there, right there, will it all fade away. Or fall, or drop. So, squinting my eyes a little, I ask the women, again. "Why do you have me here. What is it you want from me?" "Do you want me to tell you something or something?" They seem like an obedient pair. So I stand back a little and wait, because if there is one thing I know for sure by now, I expect some answers.

Typing something into the translator just by thinking about it together, I watch them as carefully as I suspect they watched me, perhaps with some other kind of spy apparatus while I was on the airplane. So did they scrutinize the way I ate, or what I ate while on the airplane coming here? Perhaps they taped me and watched me watching what I watched on youtube or Netflix, or that exciting movie on the plane. What was it, I can't even remember now. Some future movie called, *Passengers* I think. It was so good. I was glad the nice man who fell in love with the movie and she decided to stay together, and did not put her away back into that mundane capsule for another hundred years. After all, I began to wonder how these women who came before me thought.

Would they care if the woman stayed or would they not care if she spent another hundred years in the space capsule and stood here like I do now. Slowly, something began to crystalize. "Am I in the future?" I asked myself kind of getting that look of puzzled mystique on. OMG, I knew I should have brought my other outfits. It takes everything I have got and then some to 'fit in' back from where I came from. And now this. Well, all I can say or think at the moment is, "If I am in the future, boy am I certainly glad. Because I am projected five-hundred or something or whatever however many years this is a light-speed ahead, and look how young I look, and how good I feel in order to be able to still be able to enjoy it all." I laugh with joy. I am *so* happy.