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# A TIME-TRAVEL POSTCARD...

"IT" (otherwise known as HD 36405.b) isn't your average "oddball" exo-solar planet made of rock that wobbles on its end & zips around a nearby star in less than 2.46 days.

bus tours, bus tour

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Seeking a spot of serenity somewhere in the universe, I recently booked a deep-discount dodgy berth on the 'White Elephant Express Space Shuttle', to a little known place in a galaxy far, far away.

If truth be told, (after reading random excerpts from "The Itty Bitty Bunkum Book About Life, the Universe & Practically Everything Under the Sun Not To Mention Stuff Going On In Remote Galaxies), I was basically delirious. According to its noted author, Dr. Jarn Leffer, "IT is a 'must-see' for those with little time on their hands & a passionate interest in Innocuous Things."

Most linear thinkers have a great deal of difficulty even comprehending why on earth someone in their "right mind" would be interested in visiting a planet called "IT". Not being a linear thinker with an investment in the "right" answer, I didn't give a hoot. After all, what does one (who walks on water & listens to miffed mortals all day long) do for a frigging night off, now I ask you?

As planets go, "IT" is a ho-hum celestial pit-stop with perhaps one exception. the welcome notice that reads, "Cosmic Cowboys - Welcome to the furthest unexplored outreaches of the Galaxy . Home to the Flop Fairy & Oodles of Gadflies!"

"IT" is populated by colonies of giggling, green grasshoppers . What else would you expect to inhabit a far-flung, fantasy-challenged hellhole like this? But, what made "IT" strictly speaking a strange place was the fact that the inhabitants munch on green, biodegradable garbage bags for fun. Lacking masticating capabilities, the gadflies process their food by vigorously jumping up & down on it. No wonder they have no need for fast-food franchises, strip malls or landfills!

To put "IT" bluntly, life on "IT" is shy of a tittynope\*. The jolly green grasshoppers & the carefully manicured green fairways with sand traps as far as the eye can see certainly make for an utterly harmless world. Regrettably, without a pair of golf clubs, a dimpled white ball, & the notion that 19th hole even exists on this planet -- "IT" is about as fun as bag of toads!

Anyway, I picked up this picturesque postcard of the blessed ballyhooing buglugs. they look perfectly happy but don't be deceived. In reality, they are a gang of glad-handing grasshoppers. they don't play golf, eat burgers, or drink beer -- & none can frost a rock! Come to think of it, apart from the company of bugs & the elusive flop fairy, this pathetic planet has precious little going for IT!!

Life Lesson 42: Remember to talk to your travel agent before ever embarking on a flight of fancy to a planet called "IT" in a galaxy named "Have-a-Nice-Day"!!

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If you need to know what those green, glad-handing grasshoppers from "IT" look like -- ask any four-year old, or failing that request some help from a Flying Saucer Club member.

\*"Tittynope" for you whiffing word-peckers means "a small quantity of anything left over".

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