

A matter of choice

The concept that earth is visited by aliens from outer space has always caused a marked increase in my contempt for human reasoning. I could never see any reason why this Buck Roger's philosophy, this colossal disregard for fact, is thrust continually upon a population suffering from an incurable science-fiction mania. A strange light, diminishing in intensity and pulsating in rhythmic cadence, is ALWAYS a space ship. The moan of the wind through a grove of willow trees becomes a sophisticated form of communication used by a society far advanced in scientific accomplishment. Even an abnormal change in weather is attributed to meddling Martians whose interplanetary mission is to hover over someone's orchard in a space vehicle.

I have never believed in aliens from outer-space. Just as I have never believed in Nixes, Kobolds, or Leprechauns.

But yesterday my skepticism vanished when I came across a strange man sitting beside the road. He was so strange, in fact, that I went up to him, and asked, "Are you from outer space?"

"Yes" replied the strange man,

Country Philosopher

Amos Arthur Holmes



"I am from the planet OMINO which is far beyond your galaxy."

"Why have you come?" I asked.

"Well" said the strange man, "OMINO is terribly short on females and so I must search elsewhere if I wish to secure a wife."

I really didn't think the strange man was going to have much luck finding a mate. It wasn't so much that he didn't have a nose, or the fact that he had a large antenna protruding from his forehead, but his purple skin was absolutely hideous.

"What kind of girl are you looking for?" I asked.

The strange man fondled his antenna, and replied, "I would

insist on a girl with a fairly massive chest."

"That's reasonable" I said.

"And" the strange man continued, "I would like a girl with nice legs."

"Wouldn't we all!" I smiled.

All of a sudden the strange man jumped up, and yelled, "Hey! Look at that doll over by the fence. Wow! She's terrific."

"That's a cow" I said.

"She's beautiful" cried the strange man.

"Look" I sneered, "Our cultures might differ but your interest in a cow is both repugnant and distasteful. I suggest you leave here immediately and go back to OMINO."

"I've offended you" the strange man pouted.

"You certainly have" I said.

The strange man looked at me for several long moments, and said, "Our two worlds must be entirely different. I meant no offense. Even though that cow has a massive chest and four lovely legs...still...it would be wrong for me to romance her."

"That's right" I said.

"Kissing a cow" continued the strange man, "would be quite repulsive."

"It would be sickening" I replied.

"Then" said the strange man, "I will leave here immediately. I will go back to OMINO and forget these mad desires that are swishing around inside me."

"It's the best thing" I nodded.

I started walking down the road and I was pleased with myself. I had been honest with this stranger from outer-space. I didn't think this type of person would be welcome on earth and I certainly wasn't pleased with his taste in women. When I had walked about one hundred yards I looked back over my shoulder. The strange man had disappeared.

And so had the cow.