

edewlogics

*Ade Ronke*

### Authors Notes

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### Planet Wzorh

Deep in the Innerear peninsula between the umbra and penumbra of a distal planet Earth and a proximal planet Wxorh, who were alarmed at each other's presence despite summoning the meeting, ensued a peculiar occurrence.

They engaged in a long ensued silence. And after the silence was long-ensued, none was smarter about the nature of each other's appearance.

Wxorh: You appear without primers.

Earth(frowning): how does one appear without primers?

Wxorh: one appears as though incomplete.

Earth: You appear without sutures.

Wxorh: How does one appear without sutures?

Earth: one appears as though one is broken where the curvatures may be and flat where the suction may be.

Wxorh: uhm, a juxtaposition, something existence can't afford to be without completeness, a funny situation for us. What are we, victims of space, contrast and differentiation?

Earth: (frowning) You missed the importance of the lack of interchangeability in rendering the juxtaposition. We become the victim not of chance but of mere placement. Talking about placement, why ever is our presence here incidental? Can you enlighten me about the nature of this meeting?

Wxorh: I am here to deliver a set of important complaints earth must take heed of as a planet. There are three complaints. This is important. Are you ready?

Earth: I don't remember not being ready for whatever may come. It's whatever may not come I am afraid of.

Wxorh: (twisting mouth) Whatever may not come does not exist. You're hallucinating fear.

Earth: is that a complaint?

Wxorh: Hardly. It's an observation. Whatever may come is not here. Whatever may not come is already here. The degree of misperception is absolute in the predisposition of the conception. Either it is or it isn't. Now to what is and isn't, complaint number one; Your need to wear Earth's atmosphere as clothing must stop. It's disgusting.

Earth (raising eyebrows): What the frack in hell does that mean? This is my planet.

Wxorh (slight twist of mouth): You can't be that stupid. If you're wearing the atmosphere wouldn't you be in upper-outer space as dead as a fool? This is not your planet. This is your habitation. The planet belongs to the complex systems of planets. There are too many things you don't have knowledge of about the systems in or out of earth. Earth's atmosphere is a self cleaning system that has little to do with earth but of the workings of the universe and the systems sustaining earth.

Earth (narrowing eyes before opening them,choosing not to enrage the Wxorhian): okay, one down, what's the next.

Wxorh: Complaint number two; Your need to use beach sand to bathe has to stop.

Earth (frowning): What the frack in hell does that mean and if it means anything, what does it have to do with you? What does that do to you?

Wxorh ( gazing at earth condescendingly): Beach sands make natural earth dirty.They need to be separated from earth's atmosphere and they are separated for a realistic natural reason you unintelligent beach bum.

Earth (containing anger for fear of angst) I believe there is only one more complaint. Can we get to that so we can figure this shit out?

Wxorh: You should stop your need to use beach bum water to sail.

Earth: What the hell does this one mean now?

Wxorh: It is a sickening, unscientific, unintelligent thought that you use beach bum water to sail in the first place. The beach is a beach. The atmosphere is the atmosphere. And there are reasons people drown. I did say you should never wear the earth's atmosphere. Do what you may with the beach, earth's waters must be what they are naturally for a reason, you idiot.

Earth (exhales heavily) So I am a death baiting bathing beach bum idiot. With all said, I need to know what the concise problematic complaint is here. What does this do to you?

Wxorh: Worse than a pain in the ass is the pain in the mind's eye. They are the mind's eye sore.

Earth: Now, what the hell does that mean? Is that a fourth complaint?

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