Parallex W’s Problem

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PARALLEX W'S PROBLEM

“Mummy, Mummy, read me a bedtime story.”
“Okay. But just a short one. This story is from

The Galaxy Annals of Knowledge, 2180 A. D.
Filing Code- Macro:  Extinguished Worlds
Micro:  Racism
Source:  Retrieved Space Capsule.”

Parallex W was a nice planet. Tall trees arched gracefully in the eternal 90 m.p.h. methane winds. Streamlined homes stooped elegantly in the intense glow of the Twins-givers of light by day. And nighttime held a special treat for romantics, for the habitats glowed radiantly for several hours after lightdown and burnout. Ah, how well I remember perching on the lawn, anterior to the wind, my quills flapping gently in the breeze, soaking in their nightly deluge of soothing methanol. And I remember Ptarsis as we mind-linked on those tranquil nights, waiting for those last few moons to be chased away by the coming of day. We hoped to glimpse those glimmering stars before the daily ignition of the upper atmosphere.

But enough reminiscing. Let me tell you of our problem. We were an orderly yet simple world. Quite logically, we were divided into Protector and Protected. We felt a great responsibility for the Protected. In fact, we brought them here from the Other Continent so that we might better protect them. As an obviously inferior race-their tenacles are much too short-they were expected to do some necessary labor, but certainly that’s not too much to ask in return for all we gave them. Yet, being considerably more populous than we were, they managed to stage a rebellion.

So war came to Parallex W. It was fought with hyper-atomics and gases of the most horrid nature. (Oxygen was used extensively.) Our farms and homes—even our beautiful Yorga trees were lost to H20 bombs. Now our rhythmic nightly rains bring only death. The sweet, sweet methanol is tainted with H20; and without our nightly imbue, we will die.

“So there’s your bedtime story. Oh, the moral: Racial strife endangers life. Now go to sleep or I’ll sic a Subordinate on you.”

* * *

This Terran dialogue (and thus the story-lesson) is from

The Galaxy Annals of Knowledge, 2192 A. D.
Filing Code- Macro:  Unenlightened Worlds
Micro:  Earth
Source:  Retrieved Space Capsule.