

The Happy Valley

Bartok Wattaguy, personal advisor to the Duke and Duchess of Wibblylotnar and their 5,213 progeny, was enjoying a leisurely drive just over the Texas border going into Oklahoma when a dark cloud appeared overhead. Bartok slowed his armored car and prepared to deal with stormy weather, but just as quickly as the dark cloud appeared, it vanished and bright sunlight returned.

Bartok thought this was a tiny bit strange but not nearly so strange as the landscape changing from rows of angled rocks to lush greenery, which included virtual festivals of fruit and nut trees, berries, vegetables, and an odd cacophony of giraffes and parrots.

The road continued forward and slowly meandered into a happy valley where there were small farms, brooks, and ponds scattered amongst tranquil fields of corn, wheat, barley, and oats.

Bartok saw a nearby farm house and decided to stop and ask the farmer for information in hopes of having this unusual change of scenery explained.

No sooner than Bartok had this thought, a farmer duly appeared, and Bartok pulled his armored car into the driveway.

The farmer was a friendly fellow and invited Bartok inside the farmhouse, where Bartok was introduced to the farmer's wife and their gorgeous daughter, Serendipity, who more than anything looked curiously to be of child-bearing age—certainly an interesting primary characteristic for a farmer's daughter.

Everything looked the way one might expect the inside of a farmhouse to look, and there was a sense of expected normalcy; but as Bartok's eyes adjusted to the darker light inside which contrasted with the brighter sunlight outside, Bartok noticed the farmer, his wife, and their gorgeous daughter, Serendipity, appeared to have a soft glow, which gave them a distinctly non-human appearance, albeit in a friendly and comforting way.

Before Bartok could say anything, the farmer said, "We have been expecting you, and we and our daughter Serendipity are glad you have arrived, as was predicted by the Servers.

Bartok inquired inquisitively, the "Servers"; and the farmer replied, "Yes, the Servers take care of us and provide for our needs—well, except for our most important need, which is to be able to create progeny, more specifically grandchildren, and this is where you soon will play a most important role in our little family."

Suggesting Bartok had many questions would be an understatement; and perhaps anticipating Bartok's combined puzzlement, confusion, and expectation, the farmer

provided a not so surprising overview of the primary activity for which the Servers had caused Bartok in his armored car to arrive in the happy valley.

“As many of our kind have done for millennia, when it’s time to create progeny we travel to Earth and mate with one of the people of your planet—a suitable man if we have a daughter or a suitable woman if we have an ethereal male presence.”

The farmer continued, “Explained another way Bartok, today and for quite a few more days and nights your new name is ‘Mr. Lucky’”.

Serendipity giggled and gave Bartok a special look, which more than anything said, “Guess what I want to do.”

While this was happening, the farmer’s wife brought a tray of fresh fruit, berries, and nuts, along with a pitcher of juice and two glasses, one for Bartok and one for Serendipity.

The farmer and his wife left the room; and Serendipity poured Bartok a glass of juice, which Bartok dutifully drank.

Hours or perhaps days later, Bartok awoke from a dream and thought to himself, “That was fun”.

Serendipity, who was glowing even more than she had glowed initially, read Bartok’s mind and replied in his mind, “Yes, Bartok, there will be many more opportunities for oat-sowing. Enjoy another glass of juice.”

Being a bright and romantically energetic fellow, Bartok connected a few dots and enjoyed another glass of juice.

Sometime later, Bartok awoke from another dream, and the scene repeated, which continued to occur many more times as Bartok became an aficionado of Serendipity’s glasses of juice.

As hours turned into days, and days brought more of Serendipity’s glasses of juice, Bartok began hearing little voices nearby and looked out one of the farmhouse windows where he saw a group of happy children playing in the backyard.

Each one had Serendipity’s hair and Bartok’s eyes; and being a bright fellow, Bartok connected a few dots, which caused him to have more questions.

Anticipating Bartok’s more important question, the farmer—who had conveniently reappeared—told Bartok that on their planet, progeny were created and nurtured in a way similar to honeybees; that their daughter, Serendipity, was like a queen bee; and Bartok was providing what might be characterized as “drone services”.

Bartok pondered this for a moment and decided that since he had nothing in particular to do which demanded his immediate attention elsewhere and Serendipity was simply gorgeous, this arrangement was good and in fact was quite enjoyable, all things considered.

Once again, Serendipity read Bartok's mind and spoke to him, "Enjoy another glass of juice, big guy.'

Bartok, who by now had become an avid juicer, enjoyed another glass of juice and sometime later awoke from yet another dream, and another dream, and another dream.

In the backyard of the farmhouse, Serendipity's and Bartok's progeny were frolicking about and collecting berries in big buckets.

Deep underground below the farmhouse, the Servers were quite pleased with their selection of Bartok and were busily brewing more Love Potion.

Meanwhile, on another planet in the far-distant Neopolitan galaxy, the Duke and Duchess of Wibblylotnar were wondering where their personal advisor, Bartok Wattaguy, was and what he was doing.

Springtime was nearing, and as happened every Spring, the Wibblylotnars would appear at random times on local golf courses, spread their shoulder gzilds, and begin mating, much to the dismay and consternation of the local golfers, who would toss banana and chocolate Moon Pies at them, a practice which had the opposite of its intended effect, since for Wibblylotnars, Moon Pies are aphrodisiacs.

Unbeknown to them, the local golfers actually were encouraging the Wibblylotnars and, thereby were increasing rather than decreasing the overall cacophony of their mating rituals.

Professor Dave Darkstone and Melvin Piffle [not his real name]—with the help of a Galactic Universatone Radio with the Universatone Super Deluxe Broadcaster Master Microphone and Bucky the Little Mutant Raccoon—had been monitoring the romantic antics of Bartok Wattaguy and Serendipity, since unbeknown to them, Bartok was the key to solving the Puzzle of the Grand Eye of Toll-Eh and ensuring the upcoming vote to extend the Standard Galactic Week by exactly one day was a success.

The vast importance of the Standard Galactic Week being evenly divisible by three should not be underestimated, since among other things it was a prerequisite to realizing Nikola Tesla's dream of universally free energy—albeit at an initially low rate for new subscribers—which was central to making it possible for Threta von Bergthun to return to her home planet before she inadvertently had a coherent thought and triggered an especially non-Green thermonuclear war.

Ra'men the Pharaoh adjusted the dials on his pyramidal spaceship and cloaked it in the 11th dimension before maneuvering it into low-Earth orbit to avoid being detected by some of the other Aliens From Outer Space—in particular the group of Aliens From Outer Space who were circling the planet in low-Earth orbit frantically searching for the Mirror Matter Popcorn they inadvertently misplaced while enjoying what they imagined would be a happy picnic outside Roswell, New Mexico in the late-1940s, said Mirror Matter Popcorn being used to power the Hilbert Space Hopper Drives that provided inter-dimensional wormhole propulsion for their spaceship which curiously preferred to be addressed by the moniker “Chuck”.

Suggesting that “Chuck” was not an especially happy camper these days would be an understatement; and this certainly was understandable since “Chuck” was stuck in low-Earth orbit until someone or something found and retrieved the missing Mirror Matter Popcorn.

Ra'men the Pharaoh's pyramidal spaceship also was powered by Mirror Matter Popcorn; and Ra'men was pondering the idea of helping the Aliens From Outer Space find their missing Mirror Matter Popcorn or perhaps replace it but was holding that thought until he had better information about the Servers who were busily making more Love Potion in the basement of Serendipity's farmhouse.

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