

## **My Favorite Martian**

by

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I used to like watching the hit TV series X-Files. But the show began getting far too paranoid for me. The characters almost had me convinced that everyone around me was a government agent. The stories were increasingly becoming far-fetched and I had a hard time buying into recurring themes like secret alien invasions resulting in the conquest of our planet. But then something extraterrestrial happened to me. I was abducted by an alien.

She was out of this world, a real live Martian from Mars. I think it happened while I was eating ostrich burgers at Good Ole Uncle Bob's in Mars, PA but I can't be sure. I have no memory of the original event. However, I believe she paralyzed me with some kind of laser beam that shot out of her eyes.

You might wonder what I'm talking about. Well I tell everyone that I skipped my first marriage because I never married. I wanted to wait until I found someone that took my breath away. I waited so long that one day I was abducted by a Martian.

In a wild 72 hour period the following happened. I took a new job. The next day I bought a new house. The following day as far as I can remember, I was abducted by my future Martian wife Dana. Just another day in the life of me.

I believe I was transported (which was great because the traffic is horrendous) to the Wal-Mart in Cranberry and she transformed me into a compliant, low-key, non-descript husband-type guy. There I was merrily buying a blender of all things. What on earth would I do with a blender? But hey, I was under some kind of spell.

Next, she beamed me over to Borders in the Northway Mall. It was there that I found myself buying old-fashioned love songs. I then began singing them over & over & over again. I was singing the Troggs "Love is All Around Me" on McKnight Road to an alien that other drivers may or may not have been seeing.

Then my vehicle headed over to North Park. Most people walk, run or hike around the park trail. I began skipping. I was making folks around me sick by skipping around the park telling everyone that I was in love.

Months went by and I have no recollection of what happened next. All I know is that I was back at North Park by the Ice Skating Rink. We rode bicycles and I started balancing myself upside down on the handlebars. It began pouring rain but I didn't care. Raindrops kept falling on my head. But that didn't mean my eyes would soon be turning red.

Then we started racing around the park. Although she possessed super- human strength, I was beating her pretty badly up the golf course hill. As I looked back to gage the distance between winner and loser, I fell. When I came to, this woman I had never met was standing over me. "Who the heck are you," I asked. "I am your future wife Dana," she replied. You fell and hit your head. I think you have amnesia. She told me that in the previous months I had proposed to her and we were getting married. "Really?" I said.

I naturally didn't believe any of this. She said, "well look in your tape deck and you'll find the Troggs . Look at your house and you'll find a blender. What more proof do you need." Sure enough I found those things and a vacuum cleaner. "Ugh, no, no, no.." I began sobbing uncontrollably.

Anyhow the invitations already went out and hundreds of people are expecting me to say "I do". Most of my family already thinks I am a little wacky. Imagine the reaction I'd get if I tried to tell them that all this marriage stuff was part of an alien abduction.

So in a few months I will be just another mild-mannered husband trying to catch glimpses of a Steeler game or two. I'm not sure what they put in the ostrich burgers at Good Ole Uncle Bobs but you may want to bring a crash helmet along.



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