

The Planet Maker

By A. C. Zito

"It's landing, George, head back to your seat!"

"*By golly*; what *is* that thing, Monsen?" Monsen scratched his beard at the odd site. It was not a planet he had ever seen or been to before. Nor did he get the sense that it was habitable either; for what they gazed upon wasn't your ordinary spherical planet but, instead, it had the odd shape of a croissant. And this croissant showed no ordinary sign of what a brown, toasted croissant you would find in the baker's market of your local store would look like. But within the realm of this freakishly weird-shaped planet were the colors of misty white clouds and grassy green landscapes. And within the rough terrain of it all were the swirling blue waters that they sorely needed to help in quenching their thirst.

"What's that?" George asked, sticking his finger out into dead space.

"By George, I think that's a cylindrical-looking rod thing, there! Look and it's on the ends of the misshapen planet! You see it?"

"By God, I think you're right, Monsen! How in the hell did that strange thing in happenchance get made?" They looked at the whole scene in aghast. It had a thick black coating and roundish bulbs receding from every corner. It was a spaceship, nonetheless. And the spaceship seemed to carry a great mass with it for no ordinary spaceship like George and Monsen's could have ever come to be the size of this magnificence. It was indeed the size of their planet, in all actuality; their far-off planet in the boundaries of nowhere.

As they got closer, the bigger the planet became, the larger the strange mechanism sticking out of it as well. It was like it was attached to the planet like some sort of parasite; sucking the planet's energy up until every last drop of it was gone.

"George, my boy, I'm afraid this awful mechanism is *eating* this poor planet!"

"Monsen; say it isn't so!" But Monsen only nodded in confirmation. He took a breath and let a tear fall from his eye, letting it splash down onto the metallic floor.

"How odd it is, Georgie-boy. This weird galaxy we've fallen into has brought us into a new future of technology impossible to be understandable." George stared at him, silently. It was like the future they had fallen into was too much to take in all at once.

"Monsen; I can't quite find the words to say." Monsen nodded his head in agreement. He couldn't quite hold in this feeling for the dexterity of it. It was too unbelievable. He then straightened up, put a stern face on, and *took a grip* like the kids these days say.

"Hold onto your panties, my dear man, and then pull them back into place for we are in for a *wild ride*! Yes, this one is truly about to be an experience! *Wooh!* I'm feeling it now, Georgie-boy!"

“Feeling... what, sir?”

“EXCITEMENT; It’s in the air, Georgie! It’s in the air!” Monsen blurted this out, getting in a few jumping jacks and fist bumps in here and there.

The ride in was bumpy but the directions were cheaply made. Halfway through the atmospheric entrance process, Monsen had decided he would lead the spaceship in closer towards where the metallic rod of a vessel protruded from. As they neared it, Monsen proved to be wrong about how he thought the spaceship was sucking up the planet like he had feared. But it showed to be, instead, *producing* the planet from its chambers. And at an alarming rate too!

George was driving their ship downwards at a great speed when, suddenly, Monsen came from behind him with a sandwich in hand.

“George, give me the wheel!” Monsen garbled out with parts of his sandwich in his mouth only half-chewed. “I desire control of this ship at once!” George gave it to him, reluctantly. But it was already too late. They found themselves tumbling downward into the planet’s developing atmosphere and landed with a splash into one of the many lakes inside a valley of small mountains.

Monsen looked around, in a daze. He felt at the sticky ground his head now lay upon. His head wouldn’t stop ringing, and yet, he still decided to get up anyway. Immediately, he realized he had made the wrong choice for as soon as he was on his feet, he was back on the ground.

“George!” Monsen yelled, giving out fits of coughs, all throughout the difficult process, coughing up bits of his undigested sandwich. “I’m alright now, George. Quit your worrywarts!” Monsen shouted out. He felt sick as he tried to get up. Suddenly, out of nowhere, George sprang out of the blue and was, at once, at Monsen’s side.

“This isn’t how a planet is supposed to feel. They are supposed to feel *spherical!*” George whined out. He nodded to Monsen as he helped him keep his balance. Monsen couldn’t deny that he felt a little sick. They were about to start off on the journey to the end of the world, some might say. Others might say it was the journey to *The Planet Maker*. Not George or Monsen, however. They weren’t exactly sure how to pinpoint it. But it was rather plainly simple: the both of them thought of it as a mission to see the known God, Himself; the One that oversees over this particular universe. Not to say that there *are* other universes... but this particular universe seemed to have *this* particular specimen as a *Maker of Things*. But one might possibly say nothing at all. For this type of on-goings should have been noticed by now. But then again... it was still never noticed at all until George and Monsen happened to stumble upon it. But now... now, it was going on right before their very eyes.

Monsen felt even sicker than before as they started the journey on foot. The shape of the planet made the climb downwards to the very bottom tip of the planet’s body actually cumbersome. Monsen already felt his feet getting swollen and was already thinking about how they would be requiring future recuperation before he would ever be walking again.

Many foot massages and warm water. That’ll cure it right away Monsen thought.

“The gravitational pull seems to be coming not from the center of this crescent-shaped planet, but the *tips* of it.”

“How odd, George. You’re right!” Mosen felt his feet being dragged towards the direction in the distance where the spaceship could be seen shooting up into infinity. After they had climbed over the mountains from which their ship had landed, they had a fairly moderate trip downward to what barely had much mass at all.

“Well *c’mon* now, George. Let’s get a moving!” George looked at Mosen, flabbergasted.

“*Uh, y-you w-want to go... there?*” George pointed to the very end of the planet.

“Yes, to that ship, *dammit!* By God, George, boy you *are* stupid!” George shuddered as he stared at the ship in all its size and glory. And before George could say any more, he quickly spun around and bolted off back towards the mountains they had left behind.

“GEORGE!” Mosen yelled at him. But George kept at his slow trudge of a run. Mosen began his chase after him as well, quickly catching up and tackling the scared boy to the ground.

“Get *off* me, Mr. Mosen! I... I... don’t want to go on adventures with you anymore!” Mosen was taken aback. After getting off of George, he then dusted off his trousers and took out his pocket watch.

“I didn’t think you would give up so quickly this time, boy.” George shrugged at this as Mosen kept a fixed stare on his pocket watch.

“I don’t like the size of that thing, Mosen.” George whispered this with fear pouring forth from his eyes.

“Me neither.” And at that, Mosen closed his pocket watch and, putting it away, dragged George to his feet. They began their walk to the darkness. And it seemed, all the while, as they kept their gaze upon it, to be a *ship* creating the tiny rock that would soon enough begin its rotation around the star that had domain over this tiny area.

On their way, many animals started coming up to them in herds. They moved out and onward into the very depths to what lay beyond their little eyes as the small planet became larger and larger. The animals each began to come up to them in pairs now that they were getting even closer to the end. The little duos would stop and look up at them like in some sort of greeting, and then they were on their way like how all of the other animals were on *their* way, ready to inhabit the planet and make it a prosperous settlement.

“These animals, they are *most* peculiar!” declared Mosen as he would pet ones that caught his fancy.

“Yes, but, I do say, some of them give me the *creeps!*” Mosen shrugged off George’s remark and then began his decent down the hill they had only just recently come upon.

“There it is!” gasped Monsen. George shuddered. It seemed like nothing either of them could have expected. The base of the spaceship came down to a pencil of a point while the planet that the tip was connected to was more like a lump as volcanoes, oceans, and mountains came swarming out of the tiny base of the spaceship.

Suddenly, the base of the ship began to emit a bright light that shined forth all across the planet. The candescence seemed to begin radiating, and at that same time, it lit up all across the massive space ship. Every spherical, charcoal black bulb that the ship had on it began to shine like the summer sun. Then, suddenly, the planet’s crescent-shape was gone and it had transformed itself into a spherical planet like the ones George and Monsen were used to.

“Monsen, look,” George yelled this out with such passion, helping him come out of his sudden delirium. The spaceship took off, and there, before their eyes were a pair of figures about the same distinction in size as George and Monsen were. Their hair seemed to be different, however, for it protruded from their heads. They came up to George and Monsen with such elegance. Their posture and manner of presenting themselves was exquisite. Looking to the two travelers before them, they asked, simultaneously:

“Will you be living on Earth too?”