Excerpts from the most awaited book in planet history

Vamas, 0521405 (With additional inputs from ‘Mars Magnet’) – Ahead of the verdict of the legal battle between the government of Princely Ton and Mr. John Joanne Veneric Marven, the pre order of the allegedly biographical book “Life in Another Planet – My Quartz on Earth” has already broken all records.

According to the online shopping site GargantumHere.com, the sole distributor of the book (for the time being, at least), its pre-order sales has reached 295 within 2 quartz from the pre-order started. It is considerably higher than the figure 28.8765, the earlier record set by the young adult romance “Quentin and Nolan” by MonieRyam last autumn.

Earlier, after the content of the book was revealed by the publishers, the government had banned the book and asked for a stay on the release in the ‘Planetary Court of Mars’. The theme of the book “Life in Another Planet” deals with the alleged travel of Mr. Marven during Mars time 02201404 to Earth, where he claims life exists. Though various sightings of UFOs, mostly small objects with arms (bots, they call on Earth, according to Mr.

Since the earthlings were breathing something called ‘oxygen’ and the supply of ‘elpmidgas’ was only for this lucky Martian alone, the breathing was never like before, it was heaven.

PRANAY SUMAN
Fiction

Since the Scienziato had to go for his workplace, something known as NASA, I ventured out to the world outside. The quartz are more brighter and more noisy than that of ..........

Marven) have been reported in the past 3 prots, no concrete proof or theory has seen the daylight.

Here, we present excerpts from the book, exclusively for the readers of ‘The Vamasa Diario’, seven days before the release date. The excerpts are arranged in a fashion for our readers, so that it will be easier to understand.

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From the book “Life in Another Planet – My Quartz on Earth” by Mr. John Joanne Veneric Marven

Page 27: (from the chapter ‘Time keeping’, 2nd page of the chapter)

.... is pretty similar to that on our planet with minor differences. Unlike our planet, they call quartz as ‘Days’ and quirtz as ‘Nights’. They have further divided the time as hours, minutes and something which sounds like ‘sekhends’. I tried my best to understand the complexities as much as possible but to no result. Once you see how clumsily they try to understand time, you will be happy to be a Martian where we have only two units and a single 8-digit number as far as time is in question.

Prots can be roughly translated to ‘Decades’ on earth. ‘Decade’ is something which consists of 10 ‘years’, which again is 366 quartz and quirtz. Earthlings use a round object which is called “A clock” with numbers 1 to 12 written on it to count time. It has three arms and each moves at a different speed. When the slowest arm makes two rounds, it is a quartz for them. It is pretty funny when you see it for the first time. They also use a digitized version as we normally use. Unlike us, who have it installed within our retina, they keep it in their cell phones. Each time they need to see the time, they have to bring out the device and check it. The format is a four-digit number separated by a symbol, which is two vertical dots.

Another variation of the clock is a smaller one, although it may be of any shape, it is called watch and they wear it......

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Page 3: (from the chapter ‘In an alien land’, 3rd page of the chapter)

..... imagine my happiness when I realised, after all the surprises of last quirtz, they speak the same tongue as us. Though not totally same, they speak a more sophisticated version of ‘Martory’and call it ‘English’. And it was something which was making it hard for me to believe that I am on an alien planet. Some part of my heart was still sure that it was some prank, part of a bigger plan, for my upcoming birthday in 3 quartz. Similar life forms, similar language, similar atmosphere... I bet you could never expect these things in an alien planet.

Except the hugely relaxing breathing, everything else was feeling the same. Since the earthlings were breathing something called ‘oxygen’ and the supply of ‘elpmidgas’ was only for this lucky Martian alone, the breathing was never like before, it was heaven. My mind was still thinking about how the earthlings stay on top of the planet surface and we, in Mars kept on sending our space probes to the interior of the planet in search of life. They had also been doing the same mistake as they were sending their spacecrafts to the surface of Mars. I never knew when my brain, full of anxieties, needed a break and my eyelids, with no more patience to remain opened, took me to the first rational and fearless sleep on this new planet.

Next quartz, after we had a small discussion about how our planets are named the same in both planets, since the
Earthlings use a round object which is called “A clock” with numbers 1 to 12 written on it to count time. It has three arms and each moves at a different speed. Funny....

“See, she had drawn an alien.” It had a large triangular head, blue large eyes, pale blue body and small limbs.

“WOW!! It is nice.” I smiled in my head. “What makes you think aliens look like this?” I asked.

It had a large triangular head, blue large eyes, pale blue body and small limbs.

“WOW!! It is nice.” I smiled in my head. “What makes you think aliens look like this?”

Lee started, “The other day, Dad made us watch a movie. The alien looked like this, though he didn’t have a nose.”

“No, he had...you don’t know anything.” Erray replied before Lee completed her sentence.

They argued for some time and my mind drifted back to Mars, where we imagine earthlings or aliens as large creatures with tiny head and large limbs. “Movies are so misleading,” I thought out loud. My words broke their fight and they stared at me with interrogating eyes.

“Don’t you think aliens look like this?” Lee asked.

“No. They may be. But not always.”

I was trying to find a way to make them understand.

“Then?”

“They may look like you, you or me.” I pointed fingers at each of them.

“They may look like Mr. Marven,” they giggled and continued singing the line. If you are not in a situation where you were accused of being you, you can’t understand what was running through my head. That feeling can’t be written on paper. After a few seconds they ran away and continued playing.

Amid their distant voices, I was thinking of a theory I had read earlier in Mars. When I applied the same on earthlings I realised why aliens were made to look like that. Unlike ours, earthlings believe they are evolved from apes. To apes, human are large brained, pale colored, small limbed creatures. So, humans, who believe aliens to be advanced creatures, accepted those criteria to define an alien.......

Page 92: (From the chapter ‘What they think of us’, first page of the chapter):

The arms of the clock were in rectangular position. Earthlings call it 09:30. It had been 3 quartz since that fateful day when I arrived here. The Scienziato and I had discussed at length about my situation and the government of United States had assured that they would make arrangements for my return trip. It was a blow to me when I had first heard about how both the Martian government and the government of this country United States, both knew about the existence of each other. According to the Scienziato there was high probability that governments of other lands (country) also knew about the existence of each other. According to the Scienziato there was high probability that governments of other lands (country) also knew about the existence of each other. Why they had concealed it, as our government is still doing, I had no clue. Yet, at that point of time, I started to stop worrying and started to enjoy life on earth.

I was reading the diario (they call it ‘Newspaper’) when two little daughters of the scientists came there running. Erray and Lee. They were both eight years old, twins. Erray had a book in her hand and with her sweet and charming voice she asked, “Have you ever seen an alien?” I smiled and nodded my head in denial. Lee was a bit taller than Erray, she snapped the book and gave it to me. “See, she had drawn an alien.” It had a large triangular head, blue large eyes, pale blue body and small limbs.

“WOW! It is nice.” I smiled in my head. “What makes you think aliens look like this?” I asked.

Lee started, “The other day, Dad made us watch a movie. The alien looked like this, though he didn’t have a nose.”

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Page 179: (From the chapter ‘A different country’, last page of the chapter):

...... I entered my room. It was a blow to me when Mr. Samant told me the quartz has arrived. Still unable to understand the time keeping procedure of earth, I had only asked Mr. Samant and his very beautiful wife Mrs. Manisha to tell me when I had
Fiction

There was something to this country, ‘India’ or ‘Bharat’, something different, the way they speak different tongues, the way they look into your eyes while talking, the way they smile at you, the inquisitive look in their face, the way they speak English, the way they trust, the way they believe in almighty.....Everything.

A knock on the door brought me to reality. Manisha entered. Her chubby cheeked, fair, curly haired face, which still carried the innocence of a child, at the age of 43, was sad for the first time in front of me.

to return to America. When my heart realised I won’t be able to spend any more time with Mr and Mrs. Samant, I felt as much pain as the day when I had realized I was on an alien planet, earth and not in my home planet. In no way America was hostile to me or anything, but the love I got here, from this two-named country, it was unmatchable.

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I had come to this country, with a lot of fear of unknown in my mind. The Scienziato had warned me the day of my travel, they are a bit different than Americans. I remember asking him, “In a positive way or negative??” He had replied, “Go. Find out,” with a smile on his face.

The day I had reached this country, they were celebrating the successful entry of a space vehicle in the Mars orbit. And you can only imagine how confusing it feels when someone asks you, “Do you think there’s life on Mars??” Someone had asked me on a bus from airport, not like ours, not like Americas, overcrowded to the maximum. I had just shrugged.

Fate had introduced me to Mr. Samant. I have no idea what had forced me to go to Pune, a city I had never heard of, but I got down from the bus on impulse. And what happened next, described in previous pages will always be the memories of earth closest to my heart, till death.

A knock on the door brought me to reality. Manisha (she had asked me to call her with her first name), entered. Her chubby cheeked, fair, curly haired face, which still carried the innocence of a child, at the age of 43, was sad for the first time in front of me. I didn’t know what made me do that but two drops of tear rolled down my cheek.

“I can never forget your and Mr. Samant’s care.” At first, I tried to check my tears but then I realised, if someone deserves to see this Martian cry, it was this lady. She was a friend I never had and I would never have again. I was dying to tell her I might never meet them again, because I am an alien. But I couldn’t do that. Never before in my life hiding something had pained that much.

She patted my back. Gave a weak smile and spoke, “No crying. Go now. Else you will make me cry. Mr. Samant is waiting downstairs. And you know, we will visit your place in a year. Mr. Samant may get an opportunity to shift to America. We will meet you there.”

I murmured, “If only...” I knew I had to return to Mars in 2 quartz. NASA had already made all the arrangements.

The drive to the airport was silent. Just before reaching the airport, Mr. Samant asked me how come the two planets were so similar. I thought about replying something like may be both are developing at the same pace and may be life has been introduced to these by the same comet. But I chose to remain silent. I was no scientist.

“You know, as a child, I had always thought, if there will be an apocalypse, a Martian troop will come and save us. I had always believed in life on Mars.” This had reminded me of how similar we two were.

Fixing my gaze at the distant horizon, I had replied, “And I had believed in life on earth. But never thought, it would be so alike.” After a minute’s silence, I asked him something, which I wanted to ask since the day I told him about who I was. “Will you ever tell her that I was an alien?”

He took a bit of time to think and his eyebrows came closer. “No” he replied without turning his head towards me.

“Would you always like her to be in the dark? Never knowing the truth?” The road was also unbelievably silent.

“It will break her heart if she knows that someone for whom she cared so much, never thought her worth to tell the truth.” Sometimes I felt jealous of earthlings. The way they love others. I nodded and......

If you have liked the excerpts, go order your copy on gargantumnnow.com. The first 25 users will get signed copies from the author and 0.865 lucky winners will get a chance to meet the author and listen to his accidental travel story first hand.)

(PS: The newspaper doesn’t guarantee the authenticity of the book. The verdict of the court will be respected by the newspaper. More excerpts from the book will follow till the release of the book.)

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