

# Extraterrestrial Truth and The Honest Planet

“Will you believe me if I say that I have never farted in my entire life?” the Sandman asked, turning up unexpectedly, as always.

“No, I won’t,” Marilyn said.

“Oh well,” the Sandman figured, “It’s not like I can lie or anything.”

“I can,” Marilyn said. “I can lie really well.” She gave it some thought and then added:

“I don’t think I know any person who couldn’t lie.”

“I do,” the Sandman said, looking important. “And not just one but an entire nation. They are not real people but then again, they are COMPLETELY honest. Through and through, you know.”

“They can’t be from our planet then,” Marilyn figured.

“But they aren’t,” the Sandman replied. “They are from the Honest Planet. One of them came to visit me recently – Extraterrestrial Truth. He was fun to speak to because he didn’t lie at all. He stole my sand sack and then told me honestly that it was he who did it. The sack is still missing.”

“Listen Sandman,” Marilyn said. “Tell me if there are

also beautiful lies?”

“How on earth could lying be beautiful?” the Sandman wondered.

“Well, there was this thing that happened to me on the bus once...” Marilyn fluffed her pillow and sat up.

“You were asking me about farting. Well, I’m going to be honest now. Once I was on the bus, coming home from school and my stomach was full of pea soup that had been served for lunch at the school cafeteria. My belly was so full that it was bulging. I started to look for something in my schoolbag and dropped a pen on the bus floor. When I bent down to pick it up, a pretty loud fart came out from my bulging belly.

I looked around me, scared, and saw three boys from our school who had heard me farting. I felt so embarrassed that I would have liked to sink through the floor.”

“And they boys were laughing out loud, right?” the Sandman asked.

“But they didn’t!” Marilyn answered. “There was one boy who cleared his throat and said in a loud voice that it was him and that it was from eating all this pea soup at the cafeteria.”

“But he lied!” the Sandman said.

“He did,” Marilyn agreed. “But see how nicely it turned out in the end!”

“Indeed,” the Sandman said. “Extraterrestrial Truth would have pointed his finger at you right away and said

that it was the girl with a pony tail who farted.”

The Sandman got a strong grip of his sand sack and started to tell his story.

“In the Honest Planet, there are said to be quite a lot of people who die of pure boredom every year. Because every-



thing is as it is and you can't imagine that anything is more beautiful than it really is. They say that this also qualifies as lie. Extraterrestrial Truth's grandfather had died of yawning

while sitting at the table and his uncle just dropped dead while standing, like an empty sack. The streets are supposed to be quite horrible there. Can you imagine, just walking down the street and people keep collapsing around you every now and then. Just out of pure boredom. Imagine that!”

“My god, this is awful!” Marilyn said.

“It is, isn’t it,” the Sandman continued. “They have invented all sorts of remedies to escape boredom. For example, one of these is singing. But if you sing that “I will bring the stars down from the sky for you” or “I live in your heart”, then you get sentenced to prison for life as you can’t really bring the stars from the sky or live in anyone’s heart. This is a complete lie for them. This is why even their songs are really boring. The titles of the songs go “It is impossible to bring the stars down from the sky for you” and “It is impossible to live in your heart”.”

“Oh dear, how sad!” Marilyn sighed.

“This is why Extraterrestrial Truth escaped his planet - he couldn’t keep on being completely honest anymore.”

“And where is he now, this Truth?” Marilyn asked.

“Truth stayed in our planet. He became a politician and soon he will be elected the prime minister and maybe even the president!”

“Really? How come?” Marilyn asked in a surprised voice.

“Well, because now he’s telling such beautiful lies that you even get a tear in your eye while listening to him. And of course you will vote for him after hearing such a wonderful speech.”

Marilyn got to thinking. She was thinking about how much she would have to lie to become the prime minister. Her eyes closed slowly and her breathing became calm.

The Sandman decided that his work was done in that house for the day. He raised a buttock and released a long and whiny fart.

“It was me!” Marilyn said in her sleep.

“Who else,” the Sandman thought, lifted his sand sack on his back and hurried on to work.

