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Transit

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It was early June in Southern California. The graduating class of the Loma Linda High School began to party the moment the term ended.

Ricky sat on the hood of his old convertible. A girl emerged from the partying crowd: she had a nice body, with breasts that bounced as she approached. Ricky slid over and the girl sat beside him.

"I'm Idalia," she greeted.

"Ricky" he responded. "Are you a student? I don't remember seeing you."

"I'm only visiting. In fact, I came looking for you."

"Why?"

"Let's not talk here; maybe go for a ride?" she said.

"Where?"

"How about the Box Springs Park? It should be empty on a Tuesday afternoon."

They parked and Idalia led him on a trail that ended at a ledge from which there was a breathtaking view of the surrounding valleys.

They sat down next to each other, under a fir. They kissed, and their bodies joined in the action. Ricky then stopped and muttered: "I'd like for us to go all the way, but I brought no protection ..."

"Don't worry" replied Idalia. "I can't get pregnant."

"Really?"

"I'm not human. I'm from the planet you call Venus."



“Come on, stop kidding. Where are you from?”

Idalia pointed to the heavens. The blazing sun was starting to dip towards the horizon. “If you could stare at the sun, you’d see a black speck going across its surface. That’s my homeland, and what we are seeing is called a Transit of Venus.”

“So what?”

“We are scouts coming to Earth every Transit. Our planet’s mass shields us from the sun’s radiation and allows us to travel between Earth and Venus for about seven hours.”

“Why are you here?”

“We come to ensure you aren’t endangering the rest of the planetary system.”

“And what did you find?”

“There is no risk to other planets, but life on Earth may end soon from exhaustion of natural resources, toxic pollution, and warming and poisoning of the atmosphere. Unbearable scarcities of everything will develop and men will make war on each other until their extinction.”

The dire predictions fazed Ricky. “How long would we have left?”

“A few Transits.”

“How long is that?”

“Roughly, a couple hundred years.” Idalia’s voice turned wistful. “It would be a pity, for some Earth people, like you, have good traits.”

“We’ve never met. How do you know I have good traits?”

“I coupled with your brother Carlos in 2004, during the last Transit. He said that I should look you up. The way you acted today shows that you are a good guy.”

Ricky had a fleeting mental image of his older brother, lost in Afghanistan. He changed the subject: “How will you return to Venus?”

“I never left. We have perfected the use of quantum superposition, a process by which an object can be in more than one physical location at the same time. So, right now, I’m both here with you and there, in Venus. When the Transit is over, I can no longer stay here.”

“Will you be back?”

“At the next transit, in 2117.”

“I’ll be long gone,” observed Ricky.

“So, we must enjoy the time we have today.”

Much later, as the sun set, he asked her: “Is this the end, then?”

“For you and I, yes. But you will likely have descendants. I’ll seek out one of them, assuming Earth survives.”

“Wait, there may be several boys from which to choose. What then?”

Idalia pursed her lips in an amused smile. “I’ll think of something.” And she kissed him one final time.

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