

Sonova Quark

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Once more unto the breach,



“Curiously enough, the only thing that went through the mind of the bowl of petunias as it fell was Oh no, not again. Many people have speculated that if we knew exactly why the bowl of petunias had thought that we would know a lot more about the nature of the universe than we do now.”

Douglas Adams
Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy

Complements of Shakespeare, Douglas Adams, and DALL-E AI

dear friends, once more

Douglas Adams described himself as an avowed *radical* Atheist. He insisted on adding the “*radical*” term to his philosophical perception of Life, the Universe and Everything. I gather it was to press the point that as a true atheist he wasn’t holding onto any agnostic hope of surviving the finality of death.

I wonder what the bowl of Petunias would have to say about that. As for the whale, I guess Ignorance is bliss.

Adams’ imagery inspired me to modify lyrics to a song that many a dotting parent might sing to their progeny at bed time... lyrics, such as:

I'm a bowl of petunias
Short and stout.
Here are my flowers
and here are my stems
When I get dropped
You can hear me scream
I'm about to plop again
And spill my loam!

If you haven’t figured it out, I feel like a bowl of petunias falling out of the sky. I fear dissemblance with an indifferent hard surface. I suspect many TURBO members, and perhaps at least half of the U.S population may be suffering from similar psychological metaphors. There is, after all, a lot to be concerned about.

Back around 2020 to 2022 during Trump’s first reign I came down with prostate cancer, complicated with chronic anxiety, aka PTSD. Today, with the latest petunia toss-out, I’ve noticed that the current vomit of anxiety I’m retching up seems muted. Five years later I appear cancer free, and I’m sure that’s one of the reasons why I’m calmer. I seem to be processing my fears and anxieties more matter-of-factly. Please understand, I still hate being forced to reexperience all of this emotionally retching chaos. It’s just that the horrible feelings I barf up are not as terrifying to me in as before. I’m more prone to simply ride out the emo-

tional horrors. No need to pass judgement on how threatening the process makes me feel. Often, it leaves me feeling battered, exhausted, and just plain lousy for the rest of the day. But I pass through the storm intact. And that’s a triumph.

Yes, I’m a falling bowl of petunias. And Trump and all his ardent obedient followers remain blissfully ignorant whales.

Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.

Like many here, I why in God’s name do I have to go through another repeat of “Oh no, not again.” But we have to. Meanwhile, on occasion, my Personal Narrator steps in with: *What you fear might unfold... will it unfold in the exact same way as before? Don’t forget, you and everybody you know have already acquired four years worth of inoculations.* Trump will continue playing a blissfully ignorant whale while the petunias watch his cognitive abilities continue to fail. Just about everyone on the planet knows sooner or later this wannabe dictator is going to disassemble. Then Vance eagerly steps in. While the petunias are likely to loath seeing Vance in charge, he doesn’t possess the charisma Trump instinctively possessed. And he never will. It’s the Achillies heel of the Republican party. When the crown is passed, what’s left of what’s essentially the TRUMP party begins a slow-motion dissemblance as internal fighting and bickering ramps up, eventually infecting the entirety of the party. Meanwhile, the petunias will be powwowing together. They will be focusing on what they want to put forth, which I hope the next time around may include some things the whales might be hoping for as well. At first glance petunias and whales may not look and behave like each other. But if we can learn more about each others differences, maybe we can discover what we DO agree on. Maybe together, we can avoid yet another

“oh no, not again.” 