

Orion Works Sonova Quark

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A Life of Charm



"ping" suggested she might have crawled into what she perceived at the time as a safe ditch, culvert, or other hidden enclosure to avoid predators. Another possibility was that she had become trapped inside someone's garage. Of course, we also had to consider the possibility that she had fallen prey to wildlife.

It even crossed our minds that Charm might have decided she had simply had enough. After fifteen years—and now living with blindness, hearing loss, sundowning, and episodes resembling mini-strokes—had she chosen a moment when we hadn't checked on her for nearly an hour to quietly

On Friday night, July 3, our 15-year-old cat, Charm, went missing.

Charm is a rescue from a rest stop in the Idaho desert. She is mostly blind, her hearing is significantly diminished, and she has a health issue that has remained largely undiagnosed despite repeated veterinary testing. We also believe Charm has begun the process of sun-downing.

Fourteen years ago, shortly after rescuing Charm, we realized it would be wise to attach an RFID radio finder to her collar whenever we allowed her outside. That decision has saved her life more than once.

But on Friday night, repeated sweeps through our neighborhood produced no signal. The absence of even a single

etly leave the familiar territory she had known for so many years.

We desperately hoped she would still be found. But as the hours passed, I began to fear that if we did find her, it would not be an alive cat. We were heartbroken.

On the Nextdoor neighborhood app, we received an outpouring of hearts, encouragement, and wishes for Charm's safe return. We also received a handful of criticisms from people who believed it was irresponsible to allow an elderly, mostly blind and deaf cat outdoors.

I knew before posting that criticism would come, so I tried to prepare myself emotionally. Finding Charm mattered far more than protecting my ego.

Most of the criticism was expressed diplomatically. However, one particularly devoted cat advocate—someone who does admirable work helping locate lost cats and caring for feral cats—compared our situation to allowing a senile parent to wander the streets unattended and scolded me on what Social Services would think of such neglect. I could appreciate the frustration behind her post, but the analogy was of little use to me in seemingly trying to present me with a “teachable moment.” To her credit, she did offer to help us build a cat-proof fence if Charm were found. I felt little motivation to ask for assistance.

There were reasons we had never built a cat proof fence, though I won't go into them here in the interest of brevity. Suffice it to say that, of all the cats we have cared for, Charm has been the most feral. Once she came into our home, she made it abundantly clear that free-range outside time was not optional. Building a fence capable of containing the younger Charm would have required turning the perimeter of our property into something resembling a minimum-security prison. It reminds me of the movie *Papillon*.

Nor did it seem to matter that I openly acknowledged the risks. I explained that indoor cats generally live longer, healthier lives than cats allowed to roam outdoors. We understood that reality.

Charm's electronic radio finder had allowed us to keep track of her for years and had even saved her life after she broke her hip jumping a fence and became stranded, ironically, across the street from our home. But none of that changed the minds of some people.

There is also the matter of Madison's ordinance requiring cats outdoors to be on a leash. In practice, however, that law is widely ignored, probably because many don't know or care. There are plenty of free-roaming neighborhood cats.

Over the years we encountered a wide range of reactions (and threats) to Charm's visits.

One new homeowner telephoned and then wrote letters threatening to report us if Charm continued visiting his newly purchased property. It

didn't matter that Charm had been visiting that property long before he bought the house, nor that the previous owner had welcomed her visits.

Another homeowner threatened to shoot Charm if she came near the chickens he was raising in his back yard. Regardless of whether he actually had such legal authority, I doubt Charm would have been foolish enough to have challenged a flock of pissed-off hens inside their enclosure. Nevertheless, we did everything we could to discourage her from visiting. We supplied the homeowner with mountain lion urine to mark their garden perimeter, along with a high-powered squirt gun. His chickens survived, the eggs survived and were eaten by the humans — and perhaps a few of the hens, after they reached retirement.

We always knew the risks we were taking.

By far, most of our neighbors enjoyed Charm's visits and welcomed her free rodent-control services. Her catches were proudly deposited on our back doorstep mat.

But getting back to Charm's disappearance...

By Sunday, Charm had been missing for more than thirty-six hours. We were devastated and had begun to lose hope that she could survive much longer in the summer heat.

What I had not considered was that, despite all her disabilities, Charm was still capable of wandering northward across six lanes of University Avenue, past a block of businesses, across Locust Drive, over railroad tracks, and finally onto Tally Ho Lane, in Shorewood Hills.

Charm was found only a few houses from a home where I had lived during my high school years in the early 1970s. Had Charm somehow sensed and attempted to return to a place that once represented familiarity and safety? I'll never know. But stranger stories have been told about the remarkable homing instincts of dogs and cats.

A knowledgeable cat lover found Charm, gave her food and water, and placed her safely inside a carrier. We were told Charm never complained,

which surprised us because she hates being caged. Perhaps she sensed that she had finally been found.

Fortunately, our phone number was on her collar. Twenty minutes later, Charm was back home, and we had a wonderful conversation with the woman who rescued her.

It never occurred to me to search near University Avenue. I never imagined Charm crossing six lanes of traffic. I should have known better. When she was younger, Charm had wandered west across South Midvale Boulevard more than once. She had crossed Hilldale's parking lot and was eventually found near the Department of Transportation building—the very building where I happened to be working at the time. Once again, it almost seemed as though she possessed some mysterious ability to gravitate toward the people who cared for her.

After this harrowing experience, Darlene and I finally agreed it was time to revisit the idea of building a containment fence. Because of Charm's age and failing eyesight, erecting a fence had become much more practical. She no longer seemed willing—or able—to leap over barriers when she couldn't see where she would land. Following a quick trip to Menards, a Charm-proof fence stood in our backyard by Monday evening.

Its construction, however, did not mark the end of Charm's adventures. There were still a few surprises—and a few unexpected breaches—which I'll describe next.

Raccoons and Bunnies Strike Back and Return of the Chicken Wire Fence

I erected a fence around our backyard. Officially, it is not a cat-proof enclosure capable of containing a healthy young cat with powerful hind legs. But Charm is no longer such a cat. When we let her outside for her late-afternoon and early-evening dose of fresh air and sunshine, we continue to watch over her carefully, and of course, aided by the electronic locator fastened to her collar.

Charm simply walks up to the fence, gently boops it with her nose, decides it must be a solid wall, and heads off in search of another route.

Boop!

No luck.

She tries again, and again, somewhere else.



Fence breaches by Raccoons

Boop!

Still a wall.

Rinse and repeat.

She has no idea the fence is less than three feet high and that, years ago, she would have leaped over it without a second thought. After breaking a hip years ago—a fracture



Charm marking the boundaries of her territory

experiment involving an oversized rat that somehow escaped into the wild, opossums are always welcome visitors.

Raccoons, however...

Please enjoy your evening rounds—but kindly take any biological ejections with you.

Alas... the siege of our fence was not over.

In the days that followed, we discovered yet another intruder hard at work.

Young rabbits began chewing their way through

our veterinarian repaired in a surgery that cost us more than a thousand dollars (money well spent)—she recovered almost ninety percent of her youthful spring. But fifteen years of an occasionally rugged outdoor life eventually brings even feline Olympians back down to earth.

Soon, our fence was attacked. Ironically, the first real damage came from the outside, not from within.

Nighttime visitors—most likely a raccoon—tore down or trampled several sections to gain access to our compost pile. The solution was simple: once Charm is safely indoors for the night, we open sections of the fence so our masked neighborhood bandit can come and go without remodeling our fence.

We also have an occasional opossum wander through. Despite looking, at least to me, like a laboratory

the plastic fencing to gain access. The openings they created were probably not large enough for Charm to



Is that Catnip I smell?



Bunny chew hole

squeeze through, but we were not about to test that hypothesis.

The bunny invasion resulted in another trip to Menards, this time for chicken wire.

On a sweltering 95-degree afternoon, I sweated a quart while reinforcing the north side of our flimsy plastic fence with steel wire that no self-respecting bunny should ever be able to chew through. The south side of the fence was finished on Saturday afternoon, July 18.

As I finish writing this, it is evening. Charm is snoozing peacefully in a corner of the attic, in my office.

A little while ago she let out a string of soft meows.

Charm is having another nightmare.

We suspect they may be echoes of trauma she experienced during

Once again, Charm's world is safe.

G'Night, Charm... Don't let the bunnies nibble on you.

kitten-hood. Momma may have abandoned her because she didn't smell right. Charm takes enzymes to help her digest her food.

Quietly, I walked over, knelt beside her, gently blew my breath toward her, and lightly touched her whiskers so she would know someone was nearby.

She caught my scent.....and marked me.

She began to purr.

After a few gentle strokes and scritches, she settled back down and drifted peacefully back to sleep.



The addition of chicken wire

Reviews

Project Hail Mary:

Darlene and I never got the chance to see *Project Hail Mary* on the BIG SCREEN. Fortunately, Amazon Prime recently came to the rescue, and we finally sat down for a home viewing on our new 50-inch LG flat-screen TV.

Some mild spoilers follow.

I enjoyed this cinematic interpretation of Andy Weir's novel. Some liberties were taken with the format and structure from Weir's novel, but all in all, I was satisfied with both the content and the way the plot unfolded.

My only complaint—or perhaps I should say, confusion—had to do with Ryland Grace, masterfully portrayed by Ryan Gosling, waking from an induced coma and trying to come to terms with the fact that he has no idea why he is aboard a spaceship hurtling through space toward another star. It felt as though the movie rushed too quickly through Ryland's gradual rediscovery of who he is. Perhaps a Director's Cut might clear up some of that confusion, should one ever be released.

The alien Rocky, voiced by James Ortiz, was believable to me, which is quite a feat considering that Rocky is essentially a moving boulder with spider-like arms and legs. While the cinematic Rocky struck me as a bit more animated—or hyper—than Weir's version, it added a welcome touch of humor to an otherwise dreadful situation.

As in the novel, I enjoyed the fact that we bear witness to two blatantly incompatible biologically distinct species that evolved from two different star systems, who quickly realize it is in both of their best interests to team up, as compatibly as possible.

As portrayed in the novel they quickly become fast friends. It was the icing on the cake for me. Their friendship felt genuine to me. Darlene was in tears at one point when a terrible accident leaves us uncertain whether Rocky will survive after deliberately sacrificing the safety of his own alien environment, exposing his rocky body to Ryland's poisonous atmosphere in order to save his partner's life.

The ending was bittersweet, but filled with joy.

My kind of story: human meets strange-looking alien, and together they team up to save their respective worlds.

What could go wrong?



Disclosure Day:

Daralene and I successfully made extra effort to see Spielberg's latest creation on the BIG SCREEN. We went to an early afternoon showing at Point Six. We got about three-quarters of the way through the film when the projector's light source gave out due to overheating. (I keep envisioning an inconveniently positioned squirrel nest up on the roof... or wuz I not supposed to see this film.)

The theater lights came back up, apologies were made, and everyone received two free tickets to return. ...which Darlene and I took advantage of several hours later that same evening.

Now... where was I...

Steven Spielberg clearly did his homework on the subject of UFOs and alleged abductions.

Oh dear... I feel another distraction coming on. Can't help it! But not by squirrels...

Neil deGrasse Tyson recently wrote a book about UFOs titled **Take Me to Your Leader**. **The New York Times** acknowledged the book's humor but described it as a "slender trifle," consisting primarily of brief scientific observations paired with references to fictional aliens from dozens of films. After I finished reading it, I realized I hadn't learned a damned thing that I hadn't already been exposed to decades ago. While Tyson briefly acknowledged stories of alien encounters, he largely steered clear of the abduction phenomenon, perhaps feeling it was simply too "woo-woo" to take seriously.

For those curious about the abduction phenomenon itself, I would recommend *John E. Mack*, M.D.'s **Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens**. Mack was a Pulitzer Prize-winning psychiatrist, a professor at Harvard Medical School, and head of psychiatry at The Cambridge Hospital. He won the 1977 Pulitzer Prize in Biography for **A Prince of Our Disorder**, his psychobiography of T. E. Lawrence, and later be-

came widely known for his controversial psychiatric research into alleged alien abductions.

And now... Back to Spielberg's movie review... really!

Spoilers abound...

Over the decades, Spielberg—director and producer of many outstanding films—has been remarkably open about his fascination with this subject matter, as demonstrated by films such as **Close Encounters of the Third Kind** and *E.T.*

We are shown brief scenes, including a reenactment of a long-circulating story that President Nixon secretly brought his friend and golf partner, Jackie Gleason, to view some frozen bodies of alleged extraterrestrials stored at a military facility. According to the story, Jackie was utterly unprepared for what Nixon wanted to show him. The experience profoundly disturbed him.

Whether this reenactment depicts a true event or not, it represents one of countless stories circulating within UFOlogy that many people feel deserves at least some consideration, other than sounding like a tall tale. The curious can always Google "Nixon and Jackie Gleason UFO" and decide for themselves.

...and Roswell? Well... Spielberg wasn't about to leave that one out - that, along with a cute cameo scene from one of his earlier works, CE3K.

I came away with the impression that Spielberg genuinely wanted to express just how curious he remains about the UFO phenomenon. Perhaps he hopes to rekindle public interest in a subject that has been overshadowed by a weary, battered population tired of constant bombardments from the endless political rantings from carpetbaggers roaming the halls of our nation's government, and the White House.

Perhaps Spielberg will succeed in turning a few ears—and minds—in another direction. I wouldn't mind if he did.

Spielberg has openly admitted that he has never personally seen an alleged UFO. In one interview, he jokingly complained about how utterly unfair it seems that, after making so many films on the subject, he still hadn't been granted the opportunity to witness one himself.

I sympathize. Neither have I. I just happen to know quite a few people who claim they have. Curiously, once people begin reporting such sightings, the odds of experiencing additional sightings often seems to increase.

[Remember your recent "visions?" Careful what you wish for, Steve.]

The first four-fifths of the film is basically a winding protracted chase. That could have been a rather thin premise on which to build an entire story, except for what unfolds as both heroes and villains begin to realize they have developed unexpected "superpowers"—particularly an extraordinary capacity for experiencing empathy that gradually influences the decisions both sides make, whether to save lives or kill them.

What's at stake? A group of individuals determined to disclose what they believe the world has a right to know, the truth about decades of secrecy... versus those determined that they don't have that right.

The biggest takeaway for me was Spielberg's passionate plea for humanity to practice more empathy toward one another. Spielberg portrays mysterious aliens as messengers by not only urging all of humanity to empathize, but by deliberating triggering the activation of certain individuals toward an awareness of greater empathy towards one another—sometimes rather bluntly. Will we listen to the alien's plea?

Did we listen after *The Day the Earth Stood Still* was released back in 1951?

Well... We haven't nuked ourselves off the planet yet.

At least we've got that going for us.

I found it thought-provoking. I also thought it was imaginative, and a lot of adventurous fun, though others may feel differently.

"LISTEN"



Comments

Scott: I liked your interpretation of our alleged metaphysical past-lives competition for customers at the Colosseum. Maybe we finally realized there might be an increase in our collective profits if we we were to combine our wildly different “product” and bring in both your and my clientele into the same shop, thus, the beginnings of what eventually becomes the Targets and Wall Marts of today.

Jeanne: Hopefully I can clear up some confusion.

In Turbo #480 (June), you mentioned that you felt bad because I had perhaps misinterpreted a prior statement you made, something to the effect that you would be willing to discuss conjecture of aliens assessing Earth’s inhabitants, had I not buried the lead in obfuscation. Thus, I assembled a bibliography of sorts. You thanked me for the effort, knowing I had put a lot of work into assembling a list of references, while also mentioning that you wouldn’t be pursuing the leads.

Please don’t feel bad on my account because of all the work I put into assembling what you described as a bibliography. Granted, the bibliography was addressed to you, but it was by no means intended exclusively for you. As I see it, my response simply gives anyone else who might be curious the opportunity to investigate the information on their own terms—and with complete anonymity.

So... thank you for giving me the opportunity to carry out my little ploy!

Changing the subject, yes, there have been times when I’ve wondered whether it might be time for me to pick up a brush... and paint. Back in the ’90s, the last original painting I sold at a science fiction convention brought in a respectable amount of money—at least by my standards. So far, however, none of my digital artistic creations have not earned me much than a red cent. Granted, I also confess I haven’t been especially motivated to figure out how to market and sell my digital artwork. I have too many other projects competing for my time.

I continue to be impressed with AI image generation. For the moment, I think of these systems as employees who “paint” whatever I ask them to illustrate. Granted, it isn’t a perfect relationship, but the benefits have outweighed the disappointments and frustrations that inevitably come

along. They also generate imagery faster than I could produce myself, and that saves me enormous amounts of time.

Historically speaking, many of the great masters employed assistants who handled much of the repetitive background work, leaving the master free to focus his well paid talents primarily on the hands and faces of the composition. In a sense, many of those masters had their own AI assistants—even if they happened to be carbon-based.

I can’t end this without congratulating you on your ongoing stellar *Story Slam* adventures. That is soooo cool!

Steve Swarts: We recently watched *Sheep Detectives* on our new 50 inch LG flat screen TV. Darlene loved it. I felt it wuz sufficiently enjoyable. I focused on the sad lot of the winter lamb. Does the novel “*Three Bags Full*”, have a similar character? If so, does the winter lamb have a happy ending? The film version made it blatantly obvious that the lamb’s enforced banishment from the herd was uncalled for. Of course, the matter gets rectified at the end..

Jeanne Bowman: Indeed, inner dialogues can occasionally lead to unexpected responses, even insight.

Having recently undergone cataract surgery, I, too, “see” new things within my eyes. In the past, with eyelids shut, if I gently pressed the side of my eye near my nose, I could observe a burst of light—a bright circle—light up on the opposite side of my inner visual field. But now the same circle is surrounded by a ring of tiny glowing white dots, presumably due to the newly implanted artificial lens. Why that original white light is now surrounded by all those tiny bright dots remains a mystery to me. My only clue came from observing the artificial lenses before they were inserted. Each one looked like a flattened glass ball, like a tiny semi-transparent galaxy with two graceful spiral arms on opposite sides.

There’s other things I observe when my eyelids are wide open, “objects” that I have yet to get an optometrists or eye doctor to take seriously - meaning worth their time to investigate. They often call them floaters. NO. They aren’t.

I choose to walk two paths,. Acknowledging both the objective and the subjective worlds has never seemed much of a struggle or conflict, at least from my perspective.

May I put it this way?

Physics gives structure to metaphysics, while metaphysics gives meaning to physics.

Considering the controversial subject of alleged off-worlders, Neil deGrasse Tyson’s recent book, which was a humorous spin on the UFO debate, is titled “*Take Me to Your Leader*”. But reading the title made me want to blurt out:

OMG! Please! We really don’t want to introduce you to our current leader. Please come back... perhaps in another twenty years, after we’ve sorted out our current embarrassment.

I personally suspect such an imagined introduction may have already happened—at least according to many of stories that have been handed down over the centuries. It made me conjecture that perhaps our planet, currently, is processing an awkward adolescent stage. We’re no longer willing to accept off-world visitors as parental figures—or as wise demigods. All teenagers need to strike out on their own. “*Please don’t interfere while we go about the awkward business of establishing our own planetary identity.*”

Personally, I think we can learn something from stories handed down by indigenous cultures around the world. Many Native American traditions include accounts of “*Star People*”—sacred stories describing celestial beings who descended to Earth to share wisdom, participate in creation, or guide souls. Similar traditions appear in a number of cultures on other continents as well.

It strikes me as premature, maybe even arrogant of us, to dismiss all such accounts as nothing more than tall tales.

If anyone is curious, try asking Google:

“*Give me a list of indigenous tribes around the world whose traditions include encounters with, or stories about, Star People.*” ...Bon appétit!

That said, I certainly agree with your larger observation. There remains so much for us to understand about the interactions within our own planetary environment.

We ought to be doing a much better job of caring for it.

Tracy: Regarding my first UFO experience, waking up in bed as a 6 year old and freaking out. I wish I had had the sense to ask the simple question: *Who the hell are you, and*

why are you hovering over my bed! I honestly think I would have gotten an answer... at least an answer that a six year old might have comprehended.

As to your review of *Colossal*, it does sound like it was marketed to the wrong audience. At least there was no jiffy pop marshmallow man to battle with. ...A sticky business.

Marilyn: Cancer is such a messy business. It touched me, attacking my prostate. The surgeons excised the ungrateful organ, back in 2020. So far, I’ve been free. I wish the same freedom for you. Regarding Gus, are you sure you that isn’t a polar bear?

Carrie: Gardening is definitely Darlene’s strong point. Not mine. I’m constantly getting into trouble when I foolishly mow down another tulip bed. I’ve pleaded for warning sticks stuck it the ground next to obscured gardens where no lawn mower has any business mulching there.

Andy: Concerning Expo Dojo and the nudity show...

Carve a hole in a fence, and it’s guaranteed to attract peepers. I keep thinking Mark Twain might have had something prurient to say about such matters, but perhaps that’s just whitewash on my part.

The mysterious distinction between sleep and wakefulness can be a razor’s edge. It’s a vision of an event horizon—the choice either to remain awake or to dive deeper. Methinks many things lurk within that mysterious borderland. But can we bring its treasures back to conscious awareness?

I can certainly sympathize with your continuing hope that some version of the Extraterrestrial Hypothesis may eventually come about. It’s not all that different from my own point of view.

One of the more outrageous predictions currently circulating within the Bashar community, along with several related channelers, is the claim that sometime during the years of 2026-2027 the world may witness a globnal event making it abundantly clear humanity is not alone.

Bashar has remained mum about what form such an event might take. But one example he has been willing to suggest is the appearance of an enormous craft—a massive “mothership” — hovering silently off the shoreline of a major city such as Los Angeles. According to the scenario, it would remain there for weeks, perhaps even months, de-

liberately allowing photographs, videos, helicopters, aircraft, and military jets ample opportunity to examine it close. Apparently, in this scenario, the visitors aren't concerned about a nervous military shooting missiles at them.

Will such an introduction unfold? Your guess is as good as mine. In my memory, the track record for predictions of this kind are not good. Consider, for example, the claims surrounding the *Harmonic Convergence* which was all the rage back in the 1980s.

Nevertheless, I'd be pleased as punch if I had to stuff my skepticism where the sun don't shine, if something even remotely like that unfolds.

Meanwhile... *Dear Putin, why do rich, powerful nonsupporting Russians seem to be inclined to accidentally fall out of windows?* I got a big laugh out of that one, too.

Luke: Regarding some of my grammar...

"Had I one done it all by himself"

I probably meant to write:

"Had I done it all myself"

No doubt, careless editing on my part.

J. Bergmann: Yes, indeed, some of the UFO enthusiasts I've described seem to be colorful individuals. "*Colorful*" is a polite way to describe it. Others have been far less charitable.

Indeed, not everyone liked Spielberg's *Disclosure Day*. You certainly aren't alone. I was curious about what the critics might have to say. I remember commentary from two critics I browsed out on You Tube, which I viewed hours after watching the film. The first critic, a distinguished looking well dressed elderly chap who gave off vibes that he was cultured and financially well off, a male about my age who warned us not to be taken in by Spielberg's propaganda.

Warning, spoiler alert next!

The next reviewer I browsed really caught my attention. It came from a younger podcaster, probably in his 30s, who ended his review of Spielberg's film on the note of how disturbing it was for him to watch the main character, Margaret Fairchild, played by actor Emily Blunt, manipulate her way out of getting a speeding ticket from a stunned cop

who suddenly stopped attempting to give her a speeding ticket.

We, the audience, later discover that Margaret's coveted ability of avoiding a speeding ticket is the result of alien intervention. As a child, she underwent a procedure—which as an adult she no longer remembers, but is absolutely terrified of remembering—and which was responsible for activated a dormant human trait most people apparently possess but don't consciously access. The result is an extraordinary capacity for empathy. Margaret can instantly sense not only another person's emotions but the thoughts weighing most heavily on their mind.

In one memorable scene, a police officer orders Margaret to step out of her car after pulling her over for speeding. Instead of attempting to argue her way out of the fine, she calmly begins talking to the cop about the argument he just had with his wife earlier that morning. She intuitively realized they just had a brand new baby to take care of. She senses that the officer is terrified that an early morning spat means their marriage is falling apart.

Unexpectedly, Margaret gently reassures the cop.... Buy your wife those flowers she loves. Take her out to that favorite restaurant. Couples have arguments like this all the time. Your marriage isn't falling apart. *It will be ok!*

All the officer can do is stare back at Margaret... stunned motionless. Margaret says goodbye and speeds away because she is desperately late to get to the television station to deliver the weather forecast. As she makes her getaway we see that Margaret is every bit as bewildered. She asks herself, *how the hell did I know all of that?*

Getting back to pod-caster's last warning. He expressed how disturbing it was for him to watch various individuals in the film, such as a cop rendered stunned still, allegedly due to clandestine alien influences, thus preventing the officer from performing his duties of giving out a speeding ticket. ...A stunned MALE cop seemingly paralyzed in the presence of an altered FEMALE TV Weather Caster - A FEMALE essentially subjugating a dominant MALE.

I wonder what some feminists might care to conjecture about what was really bugging the pod-caster.

