



**Your On the
Street Reporter**



Uyless Black

Mork Meets Earthlings in America's Backyards

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Dedicated to Robin Williams. I trust this piece reflects his gentle jibes at society.

“Na-Nu Na-Nu! Greetings from Mork. At the direction of Orson, my superior, I recently landed on this strange place called earth. My job is to report to Orson on the earthlings and why they are the way they are. My first assignment is to examine America’s backyards. Orson informed me this part of earth continues to baffle those in the universe who exhibit intelligence. I am to gather first-account evidence to support or refute this claim.

“I have already come across a few of earth’s citizens. Orson made reference to a fine earthling named Mindy. I’m eager to meet her. ...Na-Nu Na-Nu! Here is yet another terrestrial, the first of this species I’ve come across.



“He is giving me a salutation with his right arm. I’ll return the greeting:

“Na Nu! Who goes there?!”

“B-BQ, a nephew of C-3PO.”

“And what brings you to this American backyard B-BQ?”

“To encourage the earthlings to migrate from their cloistered and closed lives to the outdoors, to nature.”

“Where are they living in their cloistered lives?”

“They are living in their kitchens.”

“But my nose reveals that the earthlings have been trying for millions of years to migrate to their kitchens, away from nature. Yet, you are telling me they are migrating back to the past?”

“Yes, they wish to commune with nature.”

“Why did they leave nature in the first place?”

“To avoid communing with nature.”

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“I take leave of B-BQ, as he is involved in BBQing several pieces of food over strange coal-like pieces. He tells me these coals will assist the migration of the humans back to nature even sooner.



“ Na-Nu Na-Nu! Here is another species. She looks similar to some of my friends on Ork. I do confess, some of them are dishes, and I miss them. I’m glad Orson has given me a calling card for Mindy. I hope she’s a dish. But back to the job.

“Hello there. Are you also trying to encourage the humans to move back to nature? ...Say, why is your back turned to me?”

“If you must know, I’m busy and I don’t usually talk anyway. I receive but I don’t send.”

Mork is impressed, “Ah the strong, silent type. Hm, a John Wayne dish.”

“Look here you...you...you foreigner! Nobody calls John Wayne a *dish*. If you must know, I’m dedicated to keeping humans away from nature. My mission is to impregnate them onto their couches.”

“Couches?”

“Of course. You appear confused. Sofas, settees, divans.”

“Shazbot! Orson told me of these contraptions. He warned me of my becoming a couch; of staying on them and watching earth’s plague: TV.”

“How can you become a couch?”

“Oh, sorry. I’m still learning the language here. Orson counseled me to avoid becoming a potato to the couch.”

“You mean a couch potato?”

“KO!”

“Don’t worry, if you become a couch potato, I’ll keep you healthy.”

“How so?”

“I’ll tune you into a TV program called, “Nature.”

“But that keeps me on the couch.”

“Sure, but you are vicariously communing with nature.

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“Orson warned me about the behavior of these odd earthlings. And I have come across another of these weird terrestrials. This one has no resemblance to any of my friends on Ork. But my mission is to learn about the earthlings and report back to Orson. So here goes:



“ Na-Nu Na-Nu!”

Silence

“ Na-Nu Na-Nu!”

“Don’t be so impatient. I am lying limpid, not spouting fountains of water.”

“Why so?”

“Because I am running out of water. How can I spout with nothing to spout with?”

“How so?”

“Instead of taking to nature and seeking natural fountains, humans commune with nature by building spouting fountains in their waterless back yards. ---I’m ashamed of myself.

“Wasting water! Fountains in arid lands, cities in deserts, hour-long showers, open irrigation. When it comes down to it, that’s all I am: a cement faucet.”

“Well, I have noticed that you look depleted.”

“Depleted! If you think I look depleted, take a look at the earth’s lakes and rivers, my role models.”

“KO.”

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“As I said, Orson did his best to brief me about the strangeness of the humans. BB-Q offered more assistance. After leaving my new friend the fountain, who calls himself, *The Fountain Greene*, I came across BB-Q again.”

“Mork, for your report to Orson, it might be helpful to note another interesting aspect about us earthlings.”



“Shazbot!” More?

“Yes, take a look at what lies underneath my feet. Wood.”

“Wood, as in wood from terrestrial trees?”

“Yes, and look at the different colors of the wood. Not that I am color-biased or such. I’m a liberal grill, but...”

“What? Get to your point.”

“Shazbot yourself! The owners of this deck are sanding-off my carpet. With my thermometer-controlled voice sensor, here is what I recorded:”

- Human husband, “We must rid ourselves of the faded redwood tree color of our deck.”
- Human wife, “Yes, nature has rendered the stain from Home Depot to be less than natural. But how can we remove it? It’s engrained into the wood.”
- Husband, “Not entirely. With days of power washing and sanding, we will restore the wood to its previously un-natural, natural state. Then, by buying gallons of more stain, and applying the very same redwood tree color to the naked yet natural wood, we can recapture nature at its best.”

Mork offers, “Why not leave the wood as it is, and let nature take its course?”

BB-Q counsels, “For humans, that would be unnatural.”

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“I leave America’s backyards. I must transport a report to Orson. Hm, I’m told some of those dishes can both listen and talk. Maybe I’ll use this one for my message to my boss. Next, I take my egg-shaped spaceship to an American fast-food eatery. Signing off for now!”