



**TO THE EARTH**  
**ALEX BENEDICT**

Alex Benedict

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«Издательские решения»

**Benedict A.**

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This is an English edition of the story, much talked of in Russia. Scandals, intrigues and politics in a fantastic wrap. Two intergalactic friends travel along the planets they used to know in the past. An action, grim humor and easily recognizable leaders of the global powers will make reader's day. Recommended for all Milky Way planets. Prohibited everywhere else.

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# Содержание

Chapter 1. The Dumble	6
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	8

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## Chapter 1. The Dumble

We flew a little longer than it was supposed to be. We had to drop in to the intergalactic diner, since a flight through the whole Milky Way took a huge amount of time.

The owner of the diner hasn't changed at all over the last hundred thousand common galactic years. At least that's what we told him. Generally, he was still a lovely person and the only upsetting thing was that he refused to do his third neck's tightening (of course, it sagged a little – age is taking its toll).

We were bored, so, at the decline of our lives, we started out to cross the space planning to see sweet and beloved corners of the universe where we haven't been such a long time. Together, we were going to see the newly discovered worlds and the worlds that have stepped over the Stone age since our last holiday visit.

The Dumble became one of these worlds. We noted the level of technical progress the inhabitants have achieved, when we were just approaching it – these guys were crossing their solar system with all their might, dawdling on their tiny spaceships in the same funny manner as they messed around in the mud of stinky caves a while ago.

– Have a look, Herma, they remind me of you when you were young, – I jabbed my companion and friend into her ribs, – same small, young and stupid, messing around here and there looking for better life instead of exploring the universe. And what have you done through 50 thousand years, up to your age of majority? You were too busy growing your boobs and begged your dad for planets to dance on.

– Go to a black hole, Frod! – Herma bit me.

– It hurts indeed! – I was insulted and sent a batch of cosmic energy to the injury. – Let's stick to business. Let me remind you, that we need to collect maximum information on evolution of peripheral planets. Have you read something useful from their mass media? I've just downloaded their language data to the aura interface.

– Yes, of course. Look, I think you should go to Crapmerica and I will have my feet on Dumbkraine. Now they are in a quiet, but rather an open war with Grosia. This is indeed a great deal of useful barter sharing – so many emotions and faecal emissions!

– Good idea. I am downloading geo location to our interfaces. Remember, that we need to update the Earth data and this is our last destination. We shall take records of everything we do on our way for personal archiving. Don't even think of sending it to your retarded friends on cosmobook.mw<sup>1</sup>, even privately.

– Piss off, Frod! Don't get smart! You probably forgot your business trip to the Andromeda Nebula, didn't you? How shouldn't you remember that coming round on Magellanic cloud and having a hangover for 120 years on the way home.

– You seem like a hangover expert, don't you? Try a brand Orionic “Skywatcher” – and you will feel sick the whole 300 years, – I scratched my forehead thinking of my wild youth. Now let's get back to our planets. Meet me in the bar on Green Men Str. in Hashsterdam at the same our tomorrow. We'll be collecting information on technical achievements and social development.

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“Which train will you use yourself and which one will you choose for your mom? – asked the newspaper headline. A government official slouched in an armchair, reading the article about recent

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<sup>1</sup> Milky Way's domein

testing of new trains. Ballsenukh, the prime-minister of the Dumbkraine, also known as western SIA<sup>2</sup> agent vexatiously grunted as he finished reading the bottom line.

“The next elections are coming but we still have no idea where to get gas for car construction plant” – he scratched his red bald pate. At that very moment, a deputy, creaking and grunting, stumbled into a room. “What a bitch!” – the deputy thought – “this motherfucker is gonna take my door down soon. Such morons never get enough of crapmerican currency”.

– What do you need? – Ballsenukh screamed formidably, spraying spit on the table.

– They need you there urgently! Not you, actually, but seeing you, – the deputy started stammering – a person called Herma. She said “Listen, kiddo, let’s come to understanding, I have flown too long to mess with all this bureaucracy, getting acquainted with ideological idiots”.

– How interesting, – the prime-minister looked angrily but had an a spark of interest in his eyes – where did she ever fly from?!

– My Lord, for pity’s sake! She says she is from the center of the Milky Way.

– Get out of here, moron! Let the blessed one in and assign a couple of bodyguards for her. I’ve no fucking idea what else to do.

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<sup>2</sup> Secret Intelligence Agency

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