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## Earth Day, 1996

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webbed feet slapping across the tile floor. Standing over him, tentacles crossed and tapping one webbed foot on the floor tiles, was Tellidor Zwellbrog, his mate. She first eyed the disheveled pile of publications, then Tweezor.

"Just look at the mess you've made."

"Yes, dear," he answered.

"Tweezor, what am I to do with you? No wonder we have trouble making ends meet. Between your subscriptions to every magazine on Twa and your laboratory in sublevel one, it's a miracle we have food to put on the table. Mother warned me about marrying a Twazil whose antennae were in the clouds."

"Yes, dear."

"You do intend to clean up this mess, don't you?"

"I thought there might be time for me to do some work in the lab before evening meal."

"That's just like you, Tweezor Zwellbrog. Leave a mess for me to put away, and you spend the rest of the night in

sublevel one playing with your machines. You spend more time with that computer than you do with me."

"I'll get this cleaned up."

"Well, don't take too long; I've a nice fungoid salad growing in the incubator."

"Yes, dear," he said, his mate turned and stomped back toward the food preparation area. Tweezor looked around him at the disarray of Twazil periodicals and spotted the torn envelope of the Twazillane Periodical Dispersal Center. A sigh escaped his throat.

Tweezor rose to his feet and headed toward the gravity lift that would lower him to his laboratory on sublevel one of his living quarters. As he passed the children's room, Tweezor noticed a new sign posted on their door; the sign read "UP THE UNIVERSE." Tweezor guessed the sign had been put their by the older of the pair; he wondered where the youngster was picking up such deviant behavior. Tweezor rapped his tentacle against the doorway frame.

