

A Tale of Two Families

by Judith Irwin

Once upon a time, there were two families – the Tron family and the Ton family. The daughter of the Tron family, Elec, by name, had much Beauty. The son of the Ton family, whose name was Pro, had much Charm. What their Parental Distribution did not Virialize, was that ElecTron and ProTon felt a strong attraction for each other.

At first, they met with wild a Bondi. ... “It’s Larmor”, sighed Electron. “Hot Jupiter!”, cried Proton. It was like they were Gluoned to each other. But with Space and Time, their relationship became more Sirius and they learned to Compton each other.

But a Dark Matter loomed... The Quintessance of the issue was that ElecTron’s brother was, well, .. a CycloTron. He had a Dark Energy that was truly Maxwellian. Disliking ProTon, he Observed the Local Neighbourhood, hoping to catch the Para in Degeneracy.

Having laid out his Cosmic Web, the plan Bohr fruit. CycloTron caught ElecTron and Proton, shall we say, crossing Forbidden Lines. “Free-free!” he yelled, Doppler Beaming at his success.

“Boltz– mann!!” shouted Electron to Proton. Proton, Uncertainty at first, soon Bound-Free.

But Proton had had enough MACHO for one Rotation. “That’s it”, he said, “I’m at my Turn-off Point”. He went down to the local H-Bar and Quarked a few back. Then he Random Walked home, lit a Standard Candle, and listened to Heavy Metals all night.

Learning of ProTon’s Response Function, ElecTron went Non-Linear. “That WIMP!” she exclaimed. “I’m at my Lyman Limit”. In a highly Excited State, she jumped into her Nova and Accelerated. Blueshifting and Redshifting, she eventually disappeared over the Horizon.

As for CycloTron, he hadn’t realized the Gravity of his personal situation and spiralled more and more into a Black Hole. Eventually, he ended up on the Instability Strip. When last seen, he was circling about in a Magnetic Field, laughing to himself, Ha Ha Ha, H_0 , H_0 , H_0 .

Meanwhile, the Parental Distribution took a well-deserved Local Standard of Rest at a Club with an Exclusion Principle. Radiative Coolers in hand and Speckles on their skin from catching a few Cosmic Rays, they said with much Convection, “Kids are all Self-Similar these days”. Then, exchanging Reactions, “But who knows? Maybe some day they’ll all grow up to become Prominences.” The Tons and Trons shook hands, then jumped in the Polaris for a Little Dipper.

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