

Moon Poop

Description: it is, in fact, a *tightly* sealed container holding the organic residue of the first human solid excrement generated on Earth's moon, where said excrement was exclusively derived from food grown and prepared **on** the moon. If you're wondering how people could possibly know that, it's probably because this excrement (and no other) glows silver-white, with a pulse that waxes and wanes with the lunar cycle. Needless to say, Moon Poop tests as being of esoteric origin. It has no other known properties than its ability to drive physicists mad with its mere existence.

Moon Poop is not magical, per se. Neither is it 'psionic:' which is what most of the other Galactic races apparently like to call everything from stuff that **looks** like magic, to humanity's apparently unique ability to not suffer permanent mental trauma and despair from breaking a bone. We were all hoping that the Moon Poop effect was 'merely' ultra-tech, but it's not (we think). It's just *there*.

Why? Well, we've been told by the Smug Bastards (that's **literally** what the Galactic Standard name for the more advanced species out there translates to) providing

'guidance' to us benighted 'adolescents' that the Moon Poop thing doesn't happen to **every** sapient species. But when it does, the Moon Poop is entangled up with that's species' destiny, or something weird like that. Events will transpire to ensure that Moon Poop will be physically present at the most important events of our Galactic history, not least of which will be the death of the very last human being. So we *literally* shouldn't even bother to try to throw that crap away. It, equally literally, won't work for shit.

On the bright side, the species that did generate some form of Moon Poop tended to have interesting, dramatic Galactic histories. On the not-bright side: 'interesting' and 'dramatic' are words that have teeth in them, as witnessed by a liberal (but not exclusively so) use of the past tense when talking about species favored with the presence of Moon Poop. The Smug Bastards, for example, solemnly decline to mention whether any of **them** ever had a version of Moon Poop. Then again, the Smug Bastards do the same thing when people ask them if they have pornography, and everybody knows that they absolutely do (and some of it is *real* freaky, too).

As to where the Moon Poop is, right now? Ah. It's just been stolen from the last people to steal, buy, borrow,

seize, reive, loot, and/or acquire it via a postal mix-up, of course. I'm sorry, but are you **new** here?

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