

Literal-Minded Canary

“So what do I do with this cube?” I looked down at it. It did not look back, because it was a cube.

The engineer rumbled, “You hold it in your hand - well, tentacles - and make sure that it keeps feeling like a cube.”

“When does a cube not feel like a cube?”

“When it’s unshielded and in a hyperluminal field. So if it starts to feel like a sphere, let me know; with any luck, I can cut out the hyperdrive in time.”

“And if you cannot?”

His silence was not eloquent, because silence is a lack of sound.

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