

The Weather Outside

I gave the alien explorer my best fisheye. “Snow doesn’t exist **anywhere** else in the universe?” You never know with these guys; it’s not so much that they lie, it’s that ‘truth’ has a somewhat different meaning for them. I mean, they’re *nice*, but they definitely don’t *think* like us.

The alien blinked several times and then gave me more attention. “The ice crystals form, yes. But those crystals are inert. Nothing but imprisoned math. But on your planet, this snow is **alive**. It looks back at me. I can only describe it as...”

“Beautiful?” I suggested, helpfully.

“No. **Hungry.**”

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