

# Leisurely Apocalypse

“Oh, yes, the universe is alive,” the madmen announced.  
“And hungry, too. It eats *everything*. Just sucks up as much as it can from outside, and then... shloop!”

I reminded myself that, madman or not, three days ago he was also the greatest research wizard of our generation.  
“Okay. But what’s ‘outside’?”

He peered at me. “It’s wherever souls come from, girl! They’re trapped, and bodies are just what they use to keep from getting eaten! Won’t work, though.”

“And how long do we have before we’re, ah, eaten?”

He scrunched up his face. “Billions of years? It’s not *fast*.”

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