F. J. Bergmann - Astroculture

He hadn’t always wanted to be a star farmer. Frankly, when Great-Uncle Garafal left him the desert tract, with its sparse, wartlike cacti and decrepit shack, he had hoped to sell the place, and quick. But on a whim, he’d spent the night there, on the old man’s rickety cot, and when he woke from a dream he was lucky enough to forget immediately, heart pounding in the unfamiliar dark, and went to take a leak in what passed for a garden, he saw them shining between clumps of dry grass like exuberantly flung glitter, their suspicious little eyes staring up at him.

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