

The remains of Snoopy, as he thought of himself after his annual descent into summer, were cold. Happy, cold, of course. He settled into the calm rest of so much aluminum and drifted toward his winter apogee. Each winter was longer than the previous winter, which was a comforting routine. Summers were too hot. They were once the season of rotting metal and glass, evaporating rubber, plastic and bakelite, and general disease over the future of his assembly. The remainder of the year was relatively uneventful, comforting, and secure. Occasionally some special object would appear in view, a comet or planet. A micrometeorite would impact a panel or fitting. Or a tank or joint would creak, moan, or stir. Such was aging gracefully.