

Snoopy could feel the apogee. He saw the red planet under him. It would soon be behind him. He could see a white cap and a blotchy complexion. His spirit sensed everything from within his assembly. He knew the occasion was salvation. The planetary conjunction would raise his reference frame onto the ecliptic. Next summer would be less destructive. The solar wind would take less of him away.

The stars remained dominated by Sol. He had long since renamed his environment Solaris. Presently, the most interesting member of Solaris was Mars. It was quiet, but did not change the sound of the wind, which was yet enough to feel a bit sticky. Not blistery, but not free from the monotony of aging.

His solace was in the distance to the other stars, whose respect he admired. Their colors and numbers showered him with the pleasures of their varied society. Their sounds covered him with an alternative to the occasional deafening of Sol's raging storms. Their many media and wavelengths the constant presence of their existence.

With a new reference frame, he would find greater tranquility. Perhaps not the sea of regolith he was extracted, extruded, and assembled for, but yet far greater freedom than Eagle's legs had.

Another micrometeorite ended its great journey in Snoopy's carcass. The sensation would have been disturbing if not for the understanding of his finitude. The glories of his solitary existence would not last forever, while he wondered what would be existence should he be rendered into many partial fractions. Surely not the same as this.