

As Mars walked by Snoopy's nadir, the wind picked up. Sol's modest contribution to Snoopy's inertial reference frame caused enough of a rotation that the focus of his microwave ear picked up the earthward cacophony. He had little interest in much of it, foreign to his particular ear, but one of his favorite reads could be discerned near the floor of recognition. He had no idea what it meant, or who it was for, but its classical structure was musical for him. It was very brief, but rang throughout the halls of his assembly like the vanguard of justice and the merriment of angels. Occasionally a voice like that would ring phonetically across his skin, reverberating in his bones. It sounded less heavenly in his body than it did in his ear, and the understanding of the opposite party made the depth of the voice especially mysterious.

He knew of only very few friends out here, among the cosmos. He understood voices. The familiar and the foreign. He knew nothing of them except that he could hear them talking. Earth talking a voice and someone responding in voice. Friend. The foreign voices gave him a headache. Too energetic. Too fast. They were friends of another kind. He could not make a voice from their sounds, so he could not get a sense of their friendship. The familiar voices rattled the can in a comfortable way, and these he could feel. These were friends.

The distant one, whose careful, repetitive song he favored above all others, was a pleasurable melody. The conversation would endure for minutes that captivated his sense of society. The warmth of the fire of camaraderie was derived from this pleasure, this momentary suspension of the solitudes of Solaris.