She didn't like the food. She never did. She made the usual complaints and started the tantrum he knew was coming. But this time was different. Instead of trying to placate her and her unreasonable demands, he just stared at her and watched her meltdown without saying a word.

The trees, therefore, must be such old and primitive techniques that they thought nothing of them, deeming them so inconsequential that even savages like us would know of them and not be suspicious. At that, they probably didn't have too much time after they detected us orbiting and intending to land. And if that were true, there could be only one place where their civilization was hidden.

I haven't bailed on writing. Look, I'm generating a random paragraph at this very moment in an attempt to get my writing back on track. I am making an effort. I will start writing consistently again!

She wondered if the note had reached him. She scolded herself for not handing it to him in person. She trusted her friend, but so much could happen. She waited impatiently for word.

She had been told time and time again that the most important steps were the first and the last. It was something that she carried within her in everything she did, but then he showed up and disrupted everything. He told her that she had it wrong. The first step wasn't the most important. The last step wasn't the most important. It was the next step that was the most important.

There was something special about this little creature. Donna couldn't quite pinpoint what it was, but she knew with all her heart that it was true. It wasn't a matter of if she was going to try and save it, but a matter of how she was going to save it. She went back to the car to get a blanket and when she returned the creature was gone.