

Message Received  
by W.W. Baker

The silverly canister rested on the Cerulean ocean's sandy shore. It opened as my hand touched it.

A furred scroll, its symbols indecipherable, lay within. However, upon my touch, its symbols morphed.

"Greetings," it read. "I am LKXXZEOIT, messenger. Tell me your name and interests."

"You're kidding?" I jested, "Message much?"

I froze—my unkind words had appeared on the scroll.

Embarrassed, I said: "Sorry—I'm DeHaven Santini—I comb beaches."

I returned the scroll. The canister resealed.

It abruptly vibrated. Startled, I released it, but it never touched the sands.

Where'd it go, I wondered?

"Beyond," came the voice.

END