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## Particles

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# Particles

Jeriann Watkins

Floating, flying, dancing through the air as we usually do, we orbit our moon. We shoot out to the limits of gravity's pull and squeal with excitement as we get pulled back into her cool embrace. We do this constantly, always moving. Moving is how we obtain our knowledge. Sounds and actions, thoughts and colors from all over the universe bounce by at lightning speed. If we move quickly, we can see them.

This is how we learned that the humans are coming. Any day now, they will be here. We can see the rocket – large and white – leaving fire in its wake. We hope that none of us are harmed when it arrives. The humans are gigantic, though not as large as the rocket. What will we look like to them?

When the ship arrives, we feel the disturbance in our atmosphere. We are sucked toward the center of our moon, pulled by the powerful vacuum. We feel the heat and hear the humans plan their landing. The spaceship is even more monstrous than we thought. As it lands and powers down, we circle the giant machine. Their technology is wonderful! The exact measurements in both the temperature of the fire and the shape of the vessel show how hard they have worked. Oh what the humans can invent! They are surely one of the more advanced species we've seen in several millennia.

We gather in front of their ship, waiting for them to emerge. We listen to their conversation; they are looking for life forms. They don't want to be harmed while leaving their ship. We hope they know we are friendly.

"There's no sign of life out there. Looks like we're alone."

That's not right. How can the machines not sense us? We will have to tell them that their equipment is flawed. Slowly, the door opens. Out walks a gargantuan human, made even bigger by his astronautical suit. Glancing around, he looks right through us. We are everywhere, yet we do not even register in his vision.

Maybe these humans are not as advanced as we

thought.

We try congregating in his line of sight and hovering around their life-sensing machine, but nothing works. We put all of our weight on the buttons of their equipment. They do not detect us.

They stay for several days and we learn wonders about their world, but we cannot share what we know about so many other worlds. We cannot tell them our own story – our moon's history – about which they are so curious but could not even begin to imagine. These humans are a puzzle. Parts of their brains are very developed, as shown by their ability to be here. But vital parts of their minds seem unused, hidden from themselves. They leave without knowing that they have been observed this whole time, disappointed by the lack of life on the beautiful grey organism that they see as a rock.

We wish we could help them, but we have tried everything. So, we continue zipping about our moon, enjoying the lightness that returns with the departure of the vacuum-spaceship. The next visitors will be able to communicate with us. No other species has ever had this problem. We keep track of the humans though, to see if we can determine where their flaw lies. Perhaps someday, we can find a way to overcome it.