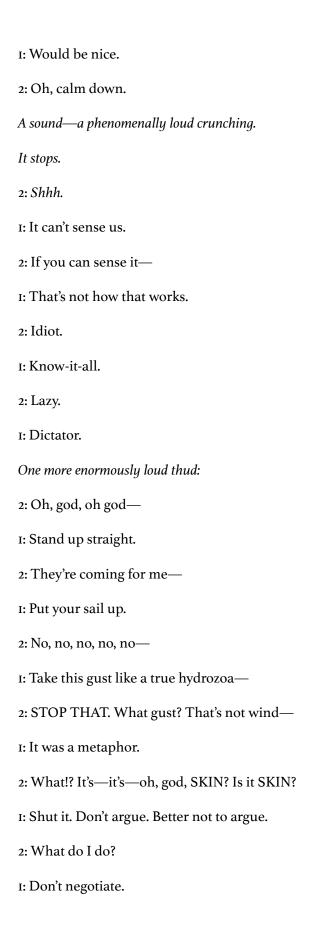


Two blue creatures on a California beach lay there.

Immobile.

The sun sets behind them. Dazzling. Burnt yellows and deep purples and angry oranges.

- ı: Well.
- 2: Well.
- ı: I told you.
- 2: What?
- I: I told you this would happen.
- 2: So?
- I: So. Acknowledgment.
- 2: Of?

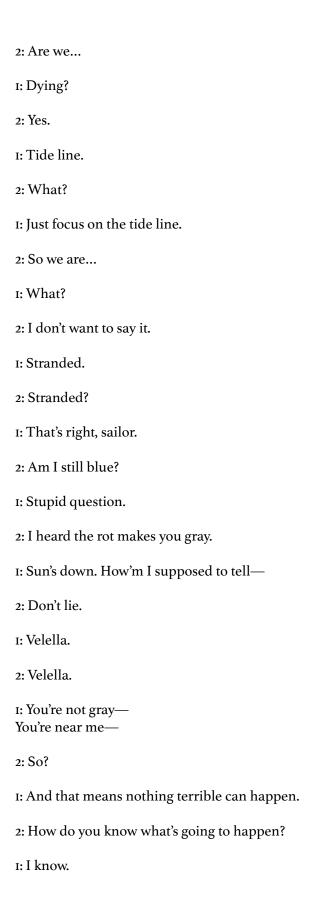


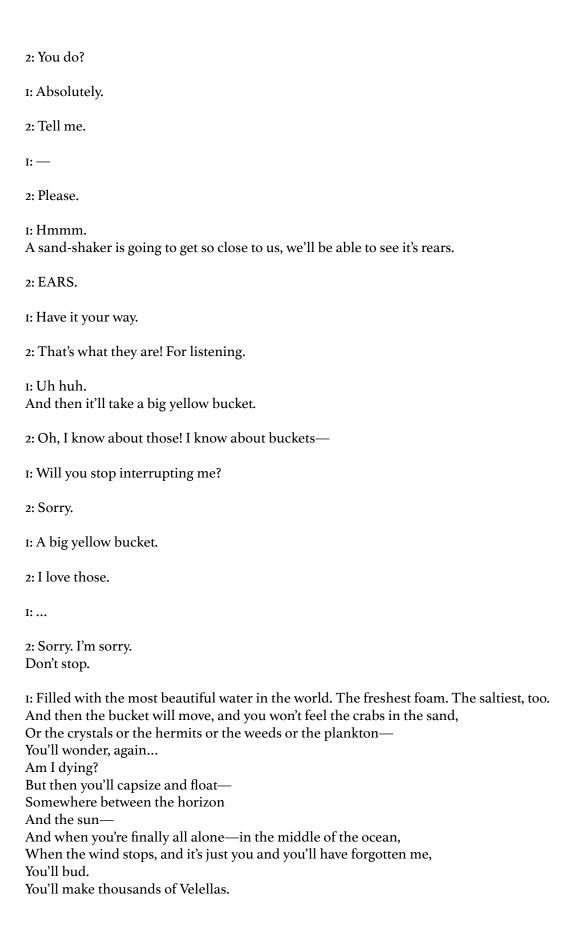
2: It's getting closer—
I: So the wind blows— A small relative of the mighty Portuguese War— From bubble to bubbles
2: STOP EULOGIZING.
I: This one did all they could— Known to some as a LOUD conceited colony—
2: SHUT IT.
I: Couldn't bear the truth. Not in life, nor death.
2: ENOUGH!!!
I:
2:
I:
2: Am I still here?
I:
2: Did it take me?
I:
ı starts giggling.
2: OH FUCK YOU.
Is it gone?
I: You tell me.
2: It's gone—
I: How can you be sure?
A moment. They're both waiting for the coast to be clear.

2: You know they have these things called ears?

I: Who?
2: The sand-shakers.
ı: Dears?
2: Ears.
ı: Yes.
2: Where'd you learn that?
I: Oh, you float, you listen, you pick things up. If you don't always have your tentacles up your polyps.
2: —
I: Ask me what ears are for.
2: No.
2: Please.
ı: Why?
2: What else are you going to do?
I: No.
2: If you do, I promise I'll stop—
I: What are ears for?
2: NPR.
ı: Good lord, Velella.
2: What?
I: Where do you come up with this stuff?
2: No, no, it's true! They sit sometimes like we do. They let the wind move around them or move them, I don't know.
I: Monsters. Worse than slugs. Disgusting.

2: But they just ground themselves—
I: Bull shit.
2: What?
I: They're always moving.
2: No, no, sometimes they sit.
I: Oh, yeah, and then what? What do they do with their rears?
2: EARS.
I: Whatever.
2: They listen to other sand-shakers. Ones that aren't close to them. It's probably cause they can't hear inside themselves— Unless they want to eat. Or reproduce? I think they listen to other people's colonies On NPR.
I:
2: Also BBC.
I:
2: OH! (A foreign word:) POD CASTS.
I: If you don't mind, I'd like to just feel the sun.
2: Sorry.
I: You promised you'd stop. If I asked.
It's getting darker, faster.
2: Velella.
ı: Yes, Velella.
2: I'm cold.
I: Yes.





And every single one will hail the sun like you taught them to with a salty smile
2: And then?
ı: They'll float away. And you'll put your sail back up.
2: Oh good.
I: Yes.
2: Yes.
I: Yes.
2: What do we do until then?
ı: Velella.
2: Velella?
ı: Shh
2: Are you going to answer my question?
ı: I did.
2: Oh.
I: Yes.
2: Velella.
ı: Velella.
The sun sets. They shine.