

# A Not So SETIified Customer

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A Letter to the editor:

Dear respectable interstellar sir!

I roamed the galaxy for many spiral arm revolutions, and it is never before that I met such impudence!

An eatery like the one I describe here should forever be closed!

Well, let me tell you all about that incident:

I was not too active at the time. In fact, I loitered near the outer spiral arm of the galaxy, hungry as a starved black hole. It has been a long time since I budged into places where I could eat a decent meal.

Then, suddenly, I encountered the most encouraging predicament in quite some time. It just so happened that I detected a broadcast from – would you believe it – carbon based life forms! Just imagine that! It's been eons since I ate anything but silicone based creatures, and guess what, they all taste like sand.

Since those carbon based life forms were an awesome treat to someone like me, I filled up with zip and zing. Furthermore, the carbon based owners of that joint advertised their merchandise all over the place with their genetic DNA description that wets the taste buds, exact location description, and all.

I hit the road. To be on the safe side I checked and found that nobody heard of the joint before! I am not going to let you in on the location . It's a god forsaken place anyway. It's not too far from that damned tourist attraction, the super-nova site in the Cancer slums. That's where some low-lives sometimes skim complex molecular grit, which takes forever to collect.

The goodies place was on the third planet from a G type star, and I was as happy as a Magnetar. But as I came near that spot the message was getting kind of spooky.

For some obscure reason the middle course was not too happy with the northern appetizers. That made the middle course apply a campaign of terrorism. I don't quite know that means, but I thought it was supposed to add some zing to the flavor.

In any case, my appetite just made me disregard the trivial details. My famous zeal for grab was at an all time high as I treated my visuals to the sights of the planet that boasted first rate ocean, land hors d'oeuvre, and a first rate brine dip. Ohhh. I could eat a horse head nebula just then!

But just as I approached things started to go somewhat sour when some tiny bright metallic things flew from land mass to land mass, and then, suddenly, it happened. The food decided to burn itself of its own volition!

The fires burned the forests that were supposed to be my appetizer, and all of the main courses dropped dead, and there is nothing that is more annoying than eating dead food. Even the briny dessert caviar they called whales in their broadcasts turned belly up in the oceans.

It so happened that this little incident made me somewhat edgy, and I shoved the planet's

ludicrously large moon into its land side. Hey, I know, I know. Some other respectable patrons may hope to knock my lights off for such behavior, but they would have probably done the same thing.

Well, I guess you may still be critical, but I tell you: you may sell me a super giant before it goes Hyper-Nova, but I am never going to frequent such a crummy eatery again!

Now that this certain eatery happens to be closed for renovations I am voicing my opinion that such a hash-house shouldn't be opened in the first place!

The irresponsible gang that seeds such a place "just because it's there" really tick me off!  
Yours truly.