On the side of a mountain there is a small cave entrance. A tunnel leads back into the mountain and pitching upwards, opens into a vast circular crater bed. The steep inner cliffs are flecked with moldavite from the heat of an ancient meteorite explosion. One coming out into the sun, would see only a cold plain of shallow water, startling blue, over the blank darkness of synthetic/immortal tar. It's just rainwater. If earth still rains. If not, it's just a hot black field.

Somewhat in front of the tunnel opening, but also to the side, not blocking the view beyond, sits a small building. It's peak presents a huge twisted piece of scrap metal. We call it the sample, although no one else does. The exterior of the building is covered in small tiles, each with a clear illustration of the sample above. The inside of the building is walled with tiles, each one with an illustration of the sample above. They make a kind of all over arabesque but instead of a vine crossing tile boundaries to blossom, each cell is a picture of the sample pillowed in a glossy white hexagon.

Buried in the crater is a deep geological repository for nuclear waste. The sample is radioactive scrap, one tiny example of what lies below. We were given this job, because as ghosts, we have nothing to fear from the radioactive. Even when humans wandered the earth, the small piece exposed to the air was little enough to risk.

To the side of the building, looking up to the sky is a telescope and we've let time pass while watching the sky. Waiting for another meteorite to find this exact location twice or waiting for aliens to find this building and deduce what lies below.

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