

Chapter Six

“Wasn’t the lunar crater awesome today?” Emma said through mouthfuls of vanilla ice cream covered in chocolate sauce. Her dad had put a bowl of water, which was not quite empty, and a bowl of ice cream on the floor for me, which I was working diligently on making empty. I could not have chocolate like Emma, but the vanilla ice cream really was helping my tail wag, a lot. The peculiar lights and sounds seemed far away now.

“That crater *was* HUGE wasn’t it? The brochure I picked up says it is a 400-acre crater that is thought to have been formed by several volcanic explosions. It is one of two maars, m-a-a-r-s, in the volcanic field of the Pancake Range. I wonder what a ‘maar’ is. You’ve got a picture of it, right?”

“Yep, let me pull it up on my camera. Here it is. Look, I made a crater just like it with my ice cream. You know it almost looks like a UFO could land right in it. It is shaped like a bowl, like the bottom of the UFO we saw hanging from the tow truck at the restaurant. Maybe one has,” Emma said with a grin, obviously feeling a little better about the light show she witnessed earlier. Speaking of ‘bowl’, could I get more ice cream down here? Don’t make me use the paw....