

alien becomes a barista(speedruns getting a bestie)

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by [starsforevren](#)

Summary

Planet is an alien. Who knows how he got to earth but yeah, maybe he'll try enjoying this collapsing world.

Notes

hi yall ummm woe planet be upon ye

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Planet- get this- is not at all human! Look, he doesn't know how he came here or how shit works but his body adapts quickly and soon he's human. Or rather, looks human. He's not that far from looking like the average human on this... collapsing earth but his subtle unique look makes him someone that humans think look cool.

They're pale even when sun is on them and their white hair looks great. According to these humans, he could be a model of sorts? Man, they don't know, but taking up the job of a barista is easy enough.

"Hi," Someone comes up to him, a guy with black hair and pale silver eyes.

"Hello," Planet is still kind of awkward.

"Is Wemmbu not here? Sorry, I-"

"Ear infection." Planet says. Yeah, an ear infection unfortunately.

"Oh, shit." The man says. "Um.... well, I'll get a cafe latte then."

Planet picks up a cup along with a sharpie. "What's your name."

"Minute is alright." Ah, so he finally introduces himself.

Minute (awfully wierd name but hey, who is Planet to judge when their name is literally Planet) sits down by the window and waits for his coffee.

Planet is working with another person on this early morning. The person's name is Jaron who looks like the average person. Clear smile lines from a really normal life, dirty blond hair, and dark blue eyes. On Jaron's index finger on the left hand, a bandaid from almost cutting it.

Planet is basically on autopilot mode, making this guy's cafe latte as neatly yet swift as he can. He's been given the award of employee of the month which he really doesn't get but yeah, he'll take it.

"Order for... Minute." Planet calls out and Minute jolts out of his seat to grab his drink and pays for it along with a four dollar tip. What's the meaning of a tip? They don't know but yeah, probably to get more money or something along those lines.

The cafe has only a few people. A trio of nursing students in one corner talking amongst themselves who all ordered caramel macchiatos, some gay couple together in one side with different drinks, and someone by themselves on her laptop.

"Hey," Jaron calls out to them which stops Planet from thinking about everyone any further. "can I ask where you're from?" He asks.

Planet pauses. Technically, he's from a whole 'nother galaxy but he can't say that.

"Um...." Jaron is patient, cleaning his hands. "eeeeehhhh..... estonia? Estonia. But then I moved here, with my- my..... mom. Yes, my mom."

Planet can see Jaron is a little confused with his answer, but is satisfied with it nonetheless so Jaron just continues. Cleaning the counters and pushing cups into a more stable pose.

"So uh...." Planet taps on the counter. "You mentioned to me one time that you moved alot when you were younger..?"

"Yeah, it made me think my parents were running away from something but in reality they were just really hateful of staying in the same place."

"Can I ask where you liked it the most?" Planet asks.

Jaron thinks, elbow on the counter and searching through vague memories of different places of which gave him the most joy.

"I guess Chicago with my grandmother." Jaron answers. "She taught me how to do alot of math which really helped my grades and my parents wanted to settle down in her place but uh.... yeah, she- she, uh died of... stomach cancer."

"Oh." Planet says in response.

"It's alright, people die alot."

"I can't believe the talk of death is just normal." The words slip out of Planet's mouth and welp, he wants to turn into an insect like creature and kill that human in front of him for hearing those words.

"Yeah." Surprisingly, Jaron agrees with them. Jaron nods. "But yeah, you know, it's sometimes kind of weird that we can just accept the fact that everyone we know and love will just... fade. Become a memory."

'Not me though' Planet thinks. "Anyways, uh- do you like art?"

"That's really random, Planet." Jaron chuckles. "But yeah, looking at art is really cool."

"Now how do you feel about modern art?"

"Hate how it looks like something eight year old me could draw in just twelve seconds."

"We're best friends now."

Planet doesn't think that's how it works but he's used it on a few people and no one disagreed.

End Notes

what else do i put ummmm uhhhh follow me on tumblr and twitter :3 (@saturnevren)

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