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Kresge 65W Creative Writing

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Metal Connection (Standard Loneliness Package)

The only lights that dot the sky are satellites. Or at least that's what I've been told about Earth's sky. Living on Mars, millions of miles away, Earth just sounds like a fantasy.

From a telescope, it even seems a bit ugly. Just countless specks of light that make it uncomfortable for your dry eyes to see any sign of blue or green that I've been told about.

I race back from high school, although here, 16 years of schooling is required. After all, all Martian parents had advanced degrees before coming here. Most are engineers, since old money had little influence on who would be able to leave the planet as the path to the stars was closed to everyone. The amount of space debris now would make it impossible to even see any landmass back on Earth.

"Stop bouncing about, or you'll float right back to Earth!" a granny says as she plays Go with another elder. Board games are ridiculously popular here, especially with robots doing most of the work, farming, procuring water from asteroids far away, and even construction on Mars.

I open up my computer, loading up an antique social messaging app. All of my friends are here, despite being millions of miles away. Back in my childhood, when some satellites still worked, I would even voice chat with some of them, including a close friend with the happiest and silkiest voice I had ever heard.

It was interesting to hear about Earth, how livestock were sent to landfills to eat what they could, and then in turn processed into food. Of how traditional fasting and methods were used to ensure that food would last longer.

We would roleplay and I would act as a teacher, teaching them stuff I had learned just the day before. But as time passed, more and more disappeared, either for increased work duties or for unknown reasons, perhaps boredom, although death was far more likely.

The picture that my friend sent was almost done loading.

My father suddenly bursts into the room. "I heard you told your fiance in class today that you weren't interested in her!?"

Martians always had arranged marriages, as classism was still alive and real. "Dad, you know how boring she is!" So many here loved with their heads and not their hearts, always being realistic without any uncertainty. And I've always hated it.

"Who isn't here? I found such a pretty girl for you to marry and you can't even treat her with respect? I thought I raised you better than this!" Father grows angrier and angrier as he notices my attention isn't on him, but rather on my computer screen.

The image had finally finished loading. It was a beautiful hand drawn image of a valentine's card with my name and hers on it.

Father gets in between me and the screen as he reads the message.

"Did you really think that none of us played video games before?" Father questions me with a stern look. "Eventually, you'll only be filled with regrets and guilt." He unhooks the computer from its power source and sends me to my room, sending me to tears as I hear the disposal chute open, and with a whoosh, my metal connection to my friends is whisked away.

As I tire from crying, I find a star from my projected ceiling of the night sky and fall asleep with the thought: "I wish I could hold her hand as our worlds come to an end."