Noland watched the flames outside the porthole while the cockpit of the *Chamber* shook as the atmosphere of Libra Eta IV pounded on the hull. He was strapped into the pilot’s seat, and his head was throbbing from the violence of descent.

“*There’s no evidence that the inhabitants are monitoring our descent, or they are not responding to it. We are approximately 80 kilometers above the surface of the planet, and should touch down in about 5 minutes.”* Chamber’s feminine voice echoed inside Noland’s skull, which didn’t help the pain.