Noland watched the flames outside the dark tinted porthole while the cockpit of the Chamber shook as the atmosphere of Libra Eta IV pounded on the hull. Greens and blues coalesced at the tips of the flames as the atmosphere devoured the thermal shielding, providing a beautiful but grim reminder that the Chamber could only bear a single descent from orbit. Noland was strapped into the pilot’s seat, and his head was throbbing from the violence of the sky’s barrage.

“*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. The shaking began receding from a tumultuous quake into a periodic strong vibration that felt like the ship was sitting in the bowl of a giant speaker. The flames crawled down the window and Noland had to squint as the sun Libra Eta shone through the glass. The sky gained its blue hue as Chamber fell and more of the atmosphere collected above the ship. Noland began wondering again if it was wise to land on the sunny side of the planet…

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