He stared out at an endless sea of crashing waves, lit with reds and oranges by the setting sun. Soft footsteps padded up from behind him, and he smiled at the reassuring touch of his wife's hand on his. They had come so far to settle on this world of blue. He looked down at Rachel and said simply, "We're home."

*10 years earlier*

Andrew circled the hologram in the center of the hall, noting the splotches of gray and brown marring an otherwise breathtaking image of blue. He knew that only a century earlier much of that gray and brown had been a still verdant green. His grandfather had told him stories of hiking in evergreen forests on the west coast, listening to squirrels chitter as they chased each other over mossy stumps. In North Carolina he had witnessed those same squirrels abase one another amongst birches and willow groves. Andrew was thankful that Grandpa had passed before the trees. Perhaps he had planned it that way. Gramps knew that his generation and the generation before had not heeded the signs. They had neglected their role as Earth's stewards and consigned their grandchildren to lives on a dying planet. The Greenhouse effect had progressed to an irreversible stage. Average temperatures had risen five degrees. Because of melting ice caps, coastal cities now lived tens of feet above the ground. Ecosystems that had evolved over the course of millions of years had died in a couple decades. Synthetic plant production could not keep up with the loss of natural wildlife. The world was running out of air to breathe. That was why Andrew was here. He developed the plasma thrust systems for WASA, and the world government was tasking him and his team with designing engines for world-ships. sighed inwardly, glad that at least the oceans' color Andrew watched as President Chen Overlaid on each splotch were 1-4 red X's. Each X representedgrew increasingly dreary. White had disappeared from the top and bottom of the globe. Green turned to brown at an alarming rate.