

The Illustrated Geek

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Preface

I wrote this as a final project for my creative writing class over the course of 2-3 weeks. I wanted to write a series of hard science fiction short stories, and this is the result.

Space Truckers

I listen to the familiar creaks and groans of my ship as I relax and settle down for another solitary dinner. It's been a long five months since I have talked my family back on Earth. We normally send video messages back and forth to each other, but the latency this far out from Earth sadly makes video calls impossible.

I suppose I should introduce myself. My name is William, but most of my friends, the few that I have anyway, call me Bill. I'm a space trucker. I ship cargo to and from Mars, Earth, and Luna. Whenever anyone on Mars breaks a water filter or needs new equipment they can't make themselves, they have to order it from Earth. If they need it right away or if it's urgent, then it can be shipped faster, but then you need to slow it down when it gets to Mars orbit, and that uses a LOT more fuel, and therefore costs many times more per kilo than it would if it was sent at normal speed. As a result, people like me still have to make the long 9-month journey each way to Mars to drop off supplies and pick up exports from the colony. I read that Elon Musk and his company was working on automating the shipment of goods to and from Mars using some kind of electromagnetic launcher system in Earth orbit, but his company hasn't produced anything yet, so we still have to use inefficient and dirty chemical rockets to get stuff around in space.

Don't get me wrong though, I like my job. I like that I don't have to deal with the hustle and bustle of Earth or worry about being fired. I just wish that someone would get around to doing something about that stupid "No faster-than-light communication" problem. Depending on where I am in the trip, it can take anywhere from seconds to hours for a radio message to travel from my ship to Earth and back. People in the 10's thought that a three second ping was bad, but they clearly have never tried browsing the web or chatting with friends or relatives with a one hour ping.

Thankfully, there are other people making this journey too. Like the Earth truckers in the 20th century, before their entire industry was automated by self-driving trucks, us space truckers have ways of talking to each other. While we're still hundreds of thousands of kilometers apart, the latency is good enough that we can talk using video chat. Since we're so isolated from the rest of civilization, we've kinda developed our own little culture. We talk about our lives, discuss books we've read or TV shows we've watched, and gamble. We do a lot of gambling. While most of us prefer old school Texas hold'em, some of us prefer

to play video games.

During the brief few weeks we spend on Earth or Mars when we drop off a shipment, it can be difficult to adjust back to “civilized” society. It’s easy to forget sometimes that “ordinary” people are obligated make small talk instead of just saying what they mean. Personal hygiene is similarly easy to forget. Because people can’t smell you over a radio link, and deodorant is a consumable resource, us space truckers usually go without. I can’t even count the amount of dinner parties I’ve been kicked out of because of that. I honestly prefer the trucker way of doing things.

Mars Colony

Last note