from pathlib import Path

# Define the second story text again after code state reset

story\_text\_2 = """

Title: The Last Breath

By: Allen Rehkemper & AI

They say death is cold, but space is colder.

Commander Rhys Lorne floated quietly in the emergency pod, severed from the main shuttle. A steady hiss echoed behind his breath—oxygen venting slowly through the filtration system. There was enough for him, and only him. And that was the point.

"Manual detachment confirmed," the onboard AI had reported thirty-seven minutes ago. He had heard the muffled cries through the comms before he disabled them. Better for the crew to focus on surviving. Better for him not to hear them scream his name.

He was alone now.

At first, anger. Why had the systems failed? Why had he been the one to decide? He slammed a fist against the wall, and the pod creaked in reply. Fury was fire in his chest, but it burned out quickly in the vacuum of inevitability.

Then came bargaining. He played with fantasy: maybe the station would dispatch a rescue drone. Maybe the shuttle had one more burst of fuel. Maybe.

But reality was quieter than hope. And so, Rhys drifted.

Denial whispered next. He rechecked the gauge. Ninety minutes. Maybe if he powered down the heaters, conserved breath. But the math didn't lie. There were no more calculations to run. He was the variable that had to be removed.

As he drifted further, the stars sharpened into clarity. The galaxy sprawled before him, endless and magnificent. Nebulas shimmered like oil on water. A dying red giant blinked slowly in the distance, pulsing like a tired heart.

He closed his eyes.

And memory came.

Running barefoot through rain on Terra-7. His sister’s laughter. The way sunlight caught his mother’s hair. The first day he wore the uniform. The night he met Oren—his first love, the way his voice would tremble when he read poetry aloud. Faces swam through time. Friends. Lovers. A teacher who believed in him when no one else did. The crew—so young, full of questions.

He could have been bitter. But instead, he smiled.

Because they would live.

Ensign Talbot would finally return to Earth and see her newborn son. Jin would finish that novel. Dr. Kova would finish her research that might cure dozens of rare diseases.

Rhys had given them time.

A minute passed.

Then another.

Grief settled in like mist—quiet and steady. He let it move through him. He cried, and the tears floated. One drop drifted up, dancing between him and the stars.

He whispered, "It was worth it."

Acceptance was not a flag to wave. It was the exhale after the storm. The silence that follows a final note in a beautiful song.

He turned the pod’s lights off.

The stars filled every inch of his view. Light and darkness, infinite.

His heartbeat slowed.

"Goodbye," he whispered—not to space, but to life.

He closed his eyes.

And drifted, forever watching the stars.

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Sometimes, the greatest act of love is letting others go on without you.

"""

# Save to .txt file

story\_path\_2 = Path("/mnt/data/The\_Last\_Breath.txt")

story\_path\_2.write\_text(story\_text\_2.strip())

story\_path\_2