

Science-Fiction

May 23, 2019

Prompt: Write for a Genre

"Ten minutes till impact" the robotic voice droned, and as the pod broke atmosphere, a bright meteor flashed in the dark night sky.

Just like the simulations, Jeb mused to himself calm and collected as the capsule descended.

It was almost silent in the shuttle, except for the chirping of an alarm, demanding attention.

Probably nothing. Jeb reached in front of himself, up toward the rows of toggles and switched a couple off.

The beeping stopped.

Cue silence.

He was alone, the nearest anybody a couple hundred kilometers either direction. Jeb enjoyed his own company.

Peaceful, Jeb thought as he admired his view.

Through the round portal he could barely make out the space station which, until recently, he called home.

How many months had he been up there, conducting research? How many orbits?

It was difficult to tell. Time seemed to flow differently in space, (the closest Jebediah had come to understanding relativity).

Beyond the space station the sky was blanketed in stars, so many, so distant. Jeb had often found himself staring into space, just wondering.

Wondering what lay beyond, what other life was out there, other civilizations simulated vividly in his mind.

Bye old friends, Jeb bid adieu. He would miss this view, in the city the stars were difficult to see, drowned out by light pollution.

"Five minutes till impact" announced the voice, and as the atmosphere thickened the shuttle began to shake from turbulence.