

Unit 79

“Oh God! It’s on my face!” I scream, clawing at my visor. “Dear God, help me please!” I don’t know what it is, but it’s in my helmet. I fumble with the latch for a few seconds and then rip it off. For a moment, I can’t breathe, then my vision turns red as if my eyes have started to bleed, and then it all turns black.

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“Beep...beep...beep...try again?” I hit “No” and turn off my simulator device and look over at John. John and I are supposed to be repairing a satellite, but we weren't prepped with the right tools, so we have to wait for a shipment from Earth that should be here in a couple more days.

“Hey John?” I yell. I turn around to look at him trying to fix the satellite.

“I can hear you perfectly fine. What do you want?” He replies in his thick, russian accent.

“How’s it going?” I ask, lowering my voice.

He looks at me with no emotion. “It’s going great,” He says sarcastically, putting a lot of emphasis on great. “It would be going even better if you ACTUALLY DID SOMETHING!” he yells at me.

“Yeah, you have fun with that,” I say, chuckling.

He boosts over to me using his jetpack. “Never seen that type of ship before,” he says, pointing at a small ship headed toward us.

I narrowly dodge the ship as it tries to hit me, then I watch as it turns around and slows to a halt. The doors open and two astronauts come out, their visors covering their faces.

“Hello, I am Captain Max from Unit 79 of the NASA Corporation, USA. This is my partner, John. Please state your name, unit number, and origin of launch,” I say to the Astronauts.

The astronauts say nothing.

One of the astronauts pulls out a gun and aims it at me. I turn around to find John isn't there. “Hey now, no need to get violent,” I say backing away, slightly scared. The astronaut moves behind me and puts the gun up to my helmet. The other astronaut boosts over to our space ship and walks inside. *Of course, I thought it would be a good idea to leave the door open.* I hear the cackling of electricity and a loud gunshot, then the astronaut is propelled out of our ship with a huge hole in his helmet. The gunshot distracts my captor long enough for me to break his wrist, grab his gun, and put two bullets in him.

John exits the ship holding an electrified shotgun. We both look at each other without saying a word and he nods toward their ship. I pull out my gun and we head inside.

What we found inside is something no person should ever have to witness.

The inside of the ship looks like a Red Wedding. Since it is a small ship, I am surprised there are that many bodies inside. There are dead bodies lying on the floor, strung up on the walls, and there is blood everywhere. Even though we are wearing

helmets, we could still smell it. Who knows how long they have been here for. As we try to maneuver around the bodies, John bends down and starts checking them.

“They have no eyes. It looks like something gouged them out.” He says, turning over a different body.

I pull out my gun and aim it at the corner of a wall.

“I think whatever did it is still here,” I warn him.

Something scuttles by and I see it in the corner of my eye. I turn to where it was and shoot a of couple times. It climbs on the wall and heads towards the ceiling, moving at a very fast speed. I can see it clearly now. It’s about the size of a tennis ball and it’s jet black with six legs. It jumps on my helmet and crawls inside. It feels slimy and I can smell blood.

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