

The Unfortunate Kyle Willett, Commander Of Delian 7

by C. A. Fulwell

The moon is a tedious place to haunt: thanks for that, poorly-timed aneurysm. Real helpful.

I loop around the crumbling craters with a lackluster lollop. Lunar gravity applies even in death, apparently.

Something new approaches: a shuttle! Ugh—those smug assholes from Delian 8. I should scare them shitless.

Patience, Kyle- they're your ticket home. My heart would be pounding if I still had one. The shuttle looms.

The flash is entirely silent. Delian 8 cracks like an egg, then bursts.

Fuck.

Four ashen figures drift down, bewildered and ethereal. I'll have time to explain while we wait for Delian 9.