



Wentworth's eyes dart open. He blinks twice, then immediately hauls himself up onto four clawed feet. What just happened?

He looks around. The rest of the crew has disappeared. He's alone, surrounded by the same empty wasteland...

But it's not the same. It looks... distorted, somehow. He had sensed this from the moment they landed, and this would seem to confirm it. A distributed wormhole – extremely rare, and dangerous. He had to find the others and get back to the ship before something even worse happened.

If the others were still alive. If the sudden rupture in spacetime hadn't torn them to pieces on the spot. More likely, they'd been transported somewhere else. Hopefully above the surface, rather than inside it...

"Damn," he growls to himself, though of course it sounds suitably alien with no augmented ears around to translate it.

He looks up. The smaller world is still visible, along with the shining star, and fortunately he remembers their positions at the landing site. His internal biological clock – extremely reliable – tells him that it's been only seven minutes since the flash, which means he can figure out which direction he needs to head in to get back to the ship. Assuming the wormhole hadn't distorted time as well.

But as he begins to move, something catches his eye. A slab of red brick – not a natural formation – protruding slightly from the grey dust at his feet. He bends over, and pulls the slab free, revealing an unusual array of letters...



Act V
Scene 2

Pent Up

Author: Sean Gardiner



IMFENTIDLUCKECA
OBCEANGIONYQUAR
VUETOANIMICHLGO
ERTHEMEMEINFER

NAMESTOOWIDN
LDEALELZTTHE
ATETECEEDWIX
RREOTPOXSTUU
NALTALYSUALS

STARELIORG
NODTENTEAO
ENEDOREINU
SGVWEFNPUN
ROERHSTTUC
UPELIXRBOE