



Constant Memorisation

Author: Stratton Vakirtzis



Dou wake up on something warm. Soft. Jelly-like. You can make out bits and pieces of dialogue. “...found em in the voidspace. Yeah, they didn’t even have neosuits on!” Groggily, you start to take in your surroundings. You’re lying in a pool of glowing green gelatin. What on earth...? You sit up, a little too quickly, and you feel the unwelcome stab of a headache. “Grah-hhh...” you moan elegantly. “Whup! Sounds like one of them’s awake. I’ll go see how they’re faring. I’m surprised most of their bodies made it to the ship intact!” Your vision is slowly clearing. Blinking lights, humming pipes, Josh, Xav and Leisl all still unconscious on similar green beds, silver walls, an octagonal doorway, and a purple figure, approaching. Huh? “Heyyyyy! You shouldn’t be walking around just yet. You’re still recov-” You lose your balance and tumble towards the floor. Just before you hit your head against metal, you feel tentacles wrap around your body. “Whup! You’re really out of it, aren’t you. Being totally exposed in the voidspace does that to you. Gimme a sec... this should set you right.” A sharp jab in your arm. “Hey!” You yell, pushing the creature away. “Looking better already!” You can balance properly now, and make out the figure clearly - it looks like something you’d see in a sci-fi film... Tentacles down from what seems to be a chin, four arm-like tentacles extending from a suit, and three yellow, friendly eyes, the center of which seems to blink independently of the others. With this new surge of awareness, you realise what’s missing - Oriana. “Where’s -” “The fifth human? She got picked up by a pirate ship. Not sure why they got her from the voidspace, but they did.” “What? We have to get her back!” Another figure, this time recognisably human, walks into the room. “Listen, buddy, we don’t take orders from people we rescue from the voidspace. But in this case, that pirate ship has something we’ve been chasing after for a while. So we’re headed in that direction anyhow. You can get your gal back.” You breathe a sigh of relief, perhaps a little too loudly, and the human chuckles. He heads back out into the adjacent control room, and as the alien follows, you do too, with a brief glance back at your still sleeping friends. “Problem is,” the human says, “these pirates’ ship seems to be damaged, or they just don’t know how to fly the damn thing. They’re headed straight into Beta-one, the biggest known sun in the world. They’re all gonna cook pretty soon, and so are we if we’re gonna try to get what we want.”



He flashes you a grin. “We’re gonna chase em down, and so what if we die doing it. You want some gum?”

You shake your head as the tentacled creature takes a piece of the frighteningly luminous candy. This plan sounds ridiculous, but also... you need to get Ori back. Out of the frying pan, into the fire, you think with resignation.

“*Three light years until certain fatal incineration.*” A cool, computerised voice reads from the flashing screens.

The human slaps the control desk. “Oh shut up, will you!”



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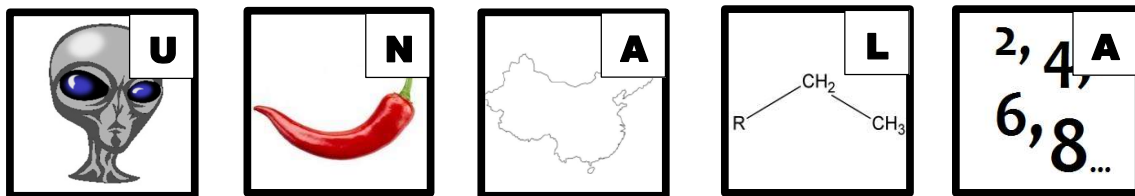
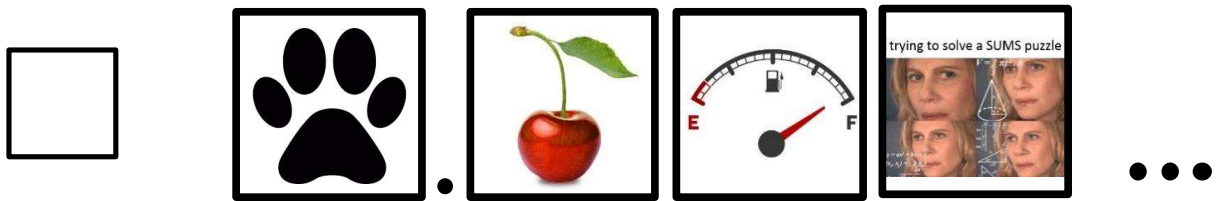
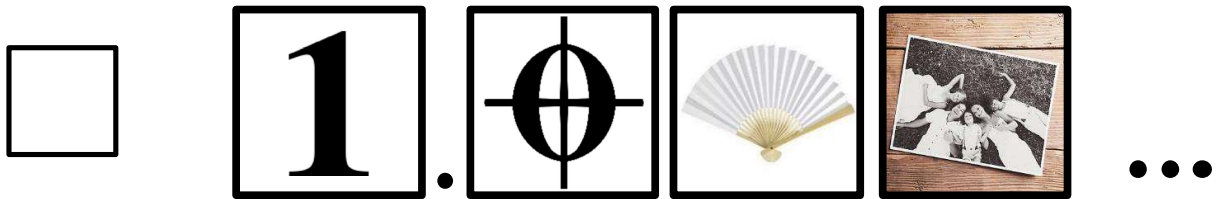
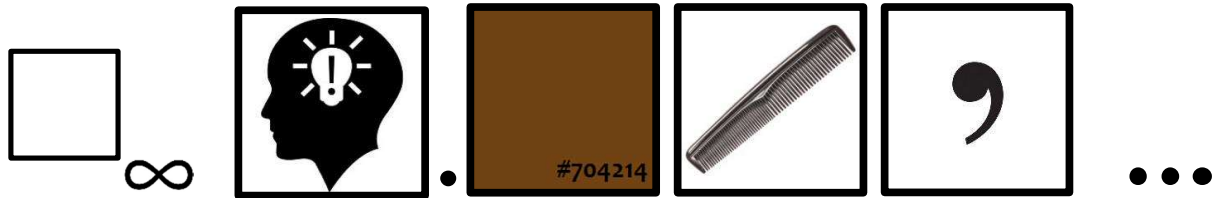
Surely there must be an easier way to memorise something this long ...

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