I'm Never Going Home

by Aaron S.

After the ship stopped shaking, the angry flashes of warning lights discontinued, a few people could be heard sobbing or whispering prayers. With all the sharp banking maneuvers and acceleration, it was no surprise the passengers were a little jumpy. Len just looked out the window, a few trails of smoke from the unexpected meteor shower still visible in the glow of the setting sun. He smiled, thinking: *My first brush with death outside the Martian Gladiator Pits. If this is what life is like outside the Sun system...*

He was still a long way from the colonies, but the excitement burned in him. He'd heard there were no walled cities there. No war between the highborn and the low. Many lost their lives out in the void, but they died for what they wanted to die for; carving out a piece of existence all their own. He watched the dark side of the Earth fade from view. *I'm never going home.*

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