

Saturn Fell

by Christopher Cruz

It is far into the future when humanity has all but squandered the sustenance of its home, Earth. Because of this, myself and three other candidates are selected to participate in a top-secret mission to retrieve fresh sources of solidified hydrogen from deep within the atmosphere of Saturn. Strapped to my chair and hurling through the heliospheric stream at 1.5 million kilometers per hour, I feel a growing concern in my stomach. A rogue sect of Tibetan monks who desire the world's end have tasked me with the displeasure of sabotaging the mission via an explosive vest hidden beneath my flight suit. The nature of my alternate task is not necessarily what's bothering me, but rather that I made the unfortunate mistake of becoming romantically involved with one of my crew members, Captain Natalie Ross. The sexual tension between us was running thick throughout the huddled cabin of our vessel as several doubts frantically coursed through my brain. I was steadily growing concerned that she may have uncovered my motives during one of our romps, or worse, that I may have been asked to kill one of the better sexual partners of the latter half of my life. Regardless, I was finding the prospect of squeezing the red detonator button concealed within my sleeve increasingly disconcerting. It was not until I noticed Captain Ross cradling a similarly shaped red button in her hand that I began to think that we may actually be soul mates.

