

THE GALACTIC RESCUE

“A Journey Beyond the Mars”

Murat

Ukray

The Galactic Rescue

THE GALACTIC RESCUE | SCIENCE-FICTION

Author: MURAT UKRAY

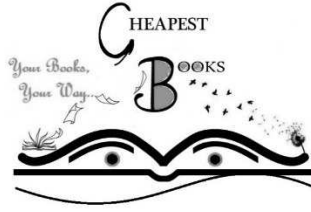
Cover Design: Author

Interior & Graphical Design: E-Kitap Projesi & Cheapest Books

Cover Image: Background: "An Infinite View of Space with a twin-Galaxies" Pixabay Image; Foreground: "An astronaut on Mars and preparation of the rescue plan."

Pictures in the Book: All reproduction rights for the images in the book belong to the author and may not be used without permission unless otherwise stated.

© E-Kitap Projesi & Cheapest Books (2025)



www.ekitaprojesi.com

www.cheapestboooks.com

ISBN: 978-625-387-090-4

eISBN: 978-625-387-137-6

Istanbul, 2025

Publisher: E-KİTAP PROJESİ, SCI-FI SERIES - 9

Publisher Certificate No: 45502

© Copyright, All Right Reserved

All publishing rights of this book belong to the author. Unauthorized reproduction, except for promotional excerpts, is considered a crime under our laws. Instead of resorting to such actions, if you ask us, we would be happy for a civilized and sharing world.

INDEX

Preface	5
Lone Traveler	7
The Last Night on Earth	7
Into the Unknown	16
Onboard the Starship	22
The Descent into Mars' Embrace	32
Atmospheric Entry	32
First Glimpses of Martian Landscapes ...	41
Welcome to the Unknown	49
Heavy Silence of Solitude	57
Echoes of Loneliness	57
Reflections on Home	63
The Voice of Mars	72
First Contact	78
In the Shadow of the Storm.....	78
The Shimmering Beings	87
A Language Beyond Words	103
The Alien Lore	114
The Struggles of the Martian Inhabitants	114
An Interstellar Society	123
Building Trust.....	132

The Galactic Rescue

Trapped in Time	142
The Time Dilation Effect	142
Impending Doom	151
A Race Against Time.....	159
Colors of Betrayal	171
Unmasking Deception.....	171
The Heart of Betrayal	181
The Impact on Relationships.....	198
The Spark of Rebellion	207
Gathering Allies	207
Planning the Resistance	217
First Steps of Rebellion	225
Halfway to Home	239
The Toll of War	239
Reconnecting with the Past.....	247
An Inner Conflict	256
The Galactic Resurrection	265
Facing the Ultimate Challenge	265
The Turning Point.....	276
The Choices We Make.....	286

* * *

Preface

Simon Vale, a young boy with a passion for the stars and the universe, embarks on a journey to Mars to reconnect with the Martian people. He learns about the struggles of the Martian inhabitants and the Zamorath race, who sought to consume their resources. As they travel through the Martian caves, Simon and Arcana discuss the stories of the Martian people and plan an event to recover and share their identity.

As the Martians work together to tell their stories, the amphitheater on Mars becomes a beacon of hope and connection among the Martians. Simon discovers rooms filled with relics documenting the Elari's long history, including intricate carvings depicting tales of creation and disaster, thriving societies, and deep-seated conflict. Arcana guides Simon through the rooms, revealing their rich tapestry of music, art, and ceremonies.

Simon learns to negotiate the culture of the Elari, a society woven together like stars in the night sky. They share a deep connection, learning from each other's struggles and forming

The Galactic Rescue

partnerships. However, their society is fractured by tales of strife and separation, revealing the fragility of human history.

Simon realizes that his own decisions now link with those of the Elari, driven by a desire for purpose and connection. Their society becomes a crucible for self-reflection, pushing him to face the ghosts he had long evaded.

Understanding more deeply shapes Simon's path, as he becomes a champion for both his new friends and the legacy of mankind. The Alliance will prepare to protect their existence, one linked with Simon's, in the coming days.

Lone Traveler

The Last Night on Earth

Under the general shroud of star-filled night, the universe before Simon Vale appeared eternally small, before him a sea of glittering diamonds calling to him out to the immensity of the cosmos. He stood at the launch site, his heart pounding in his chest, and somehow seemed to enlarge the excitement and fear growing in him. A single figure before the glittering metallic shape of the starship, he gazed up, the immensity above seeping into him, filling the emptiness about to surround him entirely.

Standing to leave, he was suddenly inundated with memories, vivid images of an existence of exploration and curiosity. He nearly heard the soft laugh of his parents, both of whom were scientists attempting to discover the universe's secrets. They instilled within him his passion for the stars from the time he was born, and his existence was filled with tales of faraway

The Galactic Rescue

worlds and the universe's possibilities beyond the fragile blue one they were living in.

The memories unfolded like pages in one of his favorite books. He was again a young kid, sprinting across the lawn barefoot, his small hands carrying his childhood telescope, one passed to him from his father. He'd bring it to the rooftop every evening with it, staring into the night, chest puffing with anticipation. He'd lose himself among the stars, envisioning worlds revolving around such distant suns. At any given time, the world was attainable, full of promise.

* * *

Now, the weight of leaving bore down upon Simon—his last night on Earth, in the familiar pull of gravity. He took deep breaths, the heady mix of fear and excitement churned within him, echoing the conflicting emotions that wrangled in his chest. Fear insidiously stole in, seeping into the corners of his mind, questioning the passion that had driven him to reach for the stars.

"I ought to be glad," he complained to himself, his voice overridden by the purr of machinery and muted voices of his team in the distance. "Why is it I cannot shake this feeling?"

The Galactic Rescue

A shout in the distance snapped him back to reality. He scanned his surroundings to see colleagues and friends scrambling to prepare for the takeoff, faces glowing with excitement, full of hope. They yearned for adventure, but their hopes were entwined with Simon's, as with every smile they threw his way, he realized he had scant minutes left to retain the friendships he was about to leave behind.

Childhood curiosity about the universe, however, years later became one certain aspiration: to encounter extraterrestrial beings. There was the fascination of Mars calling to him—a planet charged with the aura of his parents' hopes, whose spirit would inspire each of his works. However, at the approach to his journey, domestic comfort began to shine so brightly in comparison to the blackness of space and filled his heart with grief.

"For the sake of science!" his dad would say with a wink, hoisting Simon up onto his shoulders to gaze at the stars. They were evenings of giggles and stories, of fingers weaving in the air as he explained celestial events to his wide-eyed son. They captivated Simon, but they ignited a passion as wide as the universe to remain there.

* * *

The Galactic Rescue

His mother perpetually fueled his fascination, speaking of the wonders of science they were to see, bringing the universe to him like a harvest to the table, star by star. Simon still remembered the trip they made to visit the planetarium, the soft light of the stars above transfiguring the cozy embrace of his mother to one of infinite expansiveness in him, in him to stay for the rest of his life. Wonders ignited his mind, and the universe became home to him.

Home was what he left behind when he departed, and there, recalling all that, he felt as though he was ripping away at pieces of himself—pieces nurtured through years of support and encouragement but now being sacrificed in return for the promise of something else. Night deepened, shadows lengthened, and with the shadows, the emptiness of his choice wrapped about him harder.

His heart skipped again, but he took the opportunity to truly observe, to see the faces of the people he'd grown to care for. On the rim of the launch pad itself, Clara stood, one of the engineers whose chuckles during the silent lulls in between work projects had punctuated so many late nights. They'd worked late into the night, poring through schematics and mockups, hunting for mistakes well after the shadows. And yet, as she waved at him now, her smile not touched by

The Galactic Rescue

the uncertainty still hovering in the air, Simon's uncertainty tore wide apart. Would he ever get the chance to experience such moments again?

"How're you, Simon?" Clara asked, approaching him and brushing her raven-black hair away from her face, her bright, shining eyes brimming with energy. "Ready to conquer the universe?"

It was like she sensed the storm of thought within him, calming him momentarily. He pretended to smile. "Yeah, as ready as I'll ever be. Just... with the distance, you know?"

"Distance is just a figure, isn't it?" Clara replied cheerfully in spite of the gravity of the question hanging in the air. "Consider it to be the takeoff for your aspirations. You are going to accomplish something gigantic!"

He nodded, his passion roused by hers. He remembered sitting up late at night speculating about what they might discover. He'd confided in her so much about his visions for the unknown nations they were traveling to—everything now seemed so tangible, so near to being achieved nearly.

Beneath the starry expanse which glittered like diamonds, in the back of his mind there grew

The Galactic Rescue

bittersweet nostalgia as he set about preparing, with all his strength, for the days to come. With all his very soul, he wished to be prepared for the unforeseen and the novelty of discovery to come. Yet, home's warmth still pulled at him—the memory of sitting and watching his father launch paper rockets into the summer air, the heart full of excitement, the scent of summer's grass still lingering in the air, away from the sterilized air of the space tunnel.

Simon's dad would tell Simon there were no substitutes for emotional bonds developed under the shelter of support and love.

"Don't ever forget, Simon," she'd reminded him on one of the evenings they'd spend gazing up at the stars. "The universe is big, but love bridges all space, even."

The words of his mother rang in Simon's ears, reverberating deep within the cells of his brain as he remembered the fleeting minutes of togetherness as one family. He gripped the thought with all his might, holding every reminder in his head as if they were fine strands of light liable to vanish at any moment.

"Check your gear, Simon!" a voice snapped, shaking him back to alertness. One of the other engineers rushed him back to the flurry

The Galactic Rescue

of preparations. Each heartbeat seemed to feel its urgency as he re-focussed.

Minutes passed into the next, lost in work, the hum of machines drowning out fear and uncertainty. Simon worked furiously with his team, scanning the systems, tightening screws, preparing the ship to take him into the great unknown. The outside world receded to the hum of far-away sounds; all, all of its energy, intent solely on the trip itself.

Every breath felt heavy with the weight of what was ahead, even in the midst of the chaos. He looked up again and saw the stars blinking reassuringly, like old friends calling him home. Even though the Earth was familiar, it felt more and more far away.

After several hours, the countdown began to move.

Simon's heart pounded as the engines roared to life. The night's shadows changed, and as the reality of leaving grew closer to him, he felt conflicted. In slow motion, his last moments on earth were woven together with strands of love, laughter, and uncertainty to create a single, poignant tapestry.

The Galactic Rescue

It was finally time. After taking a final, yearning look at the horizon, which glistened as though it were covered in promises, he entered the ship, the hatch closing behind him, enclosing him in a cocoon of ambition and technology. He was seated in his assigned position, and the vibrations he could feel humming through the metal increased his sense of anticipation.

Simon was brought back to the present when the commander's voice reverberated throughout the cabin, "Commence launches." "Five, four, three, two, one, ..." A kaleidoscope of emotions swept through him as the ship propelled forward, startling him in his seat. Excitement, fear, and joy—each heartbeat echoing in time with the engines' rumble.

The farewell lingered, sweet and heavy, like the final notes of a favorite song, but soon they would break the bonds of Earth. And the world below started to fade away as he rose higher, vanishing into the distance. Indeed, a deep sense of loss loomed over the moment of triumph. Recognizing that every adventure has a cost, Simon clenched his fists tightly as the Earth's atmosphere dissipated behind him, making him miss the warmth of home.

The connections and memories were still woven into his heart far below, strewn about like

The Galactic Rescue

jewels on a velvet tapestry, serving as a reminder and a source of grace. The familiar sounds had vanished, including his family's laughter, his mother's gentle petal-like touch, and his father's shrewd gaze. He felt a twinge of pain in his chest as he looked down from the hull's rise, realizing that he had left Earth behind.

Earth's final night. As he drifted into the unknown above, headed for Mars, the realization hit him like a weathered ship tossing upon an unpredictable sea.

Faraway worlds waited in silence in the emptiness outside the ship's metal skin, but his mind was a whirlpool, entangled in the strands of the past. Simon bravely battled to face the hope that awaited him as the stars beckoned, all the while bearing the burden of a lonely heart that would never be the same.

Into the Unknown

Simon Vale was surrounded by the soft hum of the engines, a constant but reassuring reminder of the significant departure that lay ahead. He was standing in the corner of the spacecraft's assembly room, surrounded by a variety of scientists and engineers who were all focused on their own work as they got ready to launch to Mars. In the middle of the chaos, Simon experienced a deep silence—an internal conflict that stood in stark contrast to the chaos all around him.

The countdown clock, with the numbers steadily descending to zero, towered over them in the center of the enormous facility. Time was a tiny mountain that, with every passing second, seemed to descend into an unforgiving abyss. Simon's eyes strayed towards it, and he was struck by how something so basic—a series of flashing numbers—could convey fear, hope, and an endless array of possibilities.

"Hi, Simon! "Are you alright, man?" He was awakened from his reverie by the voice. Perhaps the only person who could see the storm building inside of him was his closest confidante and coworker, Jenna.

The Galactic Rescue

He made an effort to smile, but it was insufficient to cover up the underlying nervousness. "Yeah, just thinking," he said, sounding more composed than he actually was.

"Contemplating? Or thinking too much?" Jenna arched an eyebrow, clearly skeptical. Her hands were on her hips as she leaned in closer. "You have that expression on your face—as if you're going to take on the universe's mysteries."

* * *

They were propelled farther into space by the spacecraft's acceleration. Leaning back and closing his eyes, Simon gave in to the rush of feelings. He had never expected to be torn between dread and excitement when he embarked on this adventure. Was it foolish to leave a familiar world or brave to pursue the stars?

"Are you okay?" He was distracted from his thoughts when Jenna asked in a softer voice.

Simon muttered under his breath, more to himself than to her, "I suppose we're searching for answers that don't exist." We are but a dust particle in the vastness of space out here. I question whether our actions have any purpose.

The Galactic Rescue

There is, of course! Every individual who takes a risk has the chance to change our perspective on life. The experiences we gain along the way are just as important as the answers. Jenna's voice was full of conviction.

In the face of uncertainty, he admired her fortitude and the way she wore her passion like armor. But despite the excitement of exploration, he was plagued by the question: how did belonging fit into this ambitious scheme of discovery? Had humanity strayed too far, ignoring the ties that genuinely bound them together in the pursuit of knowledge?

Simon had lying on his elbows in his backyard for many a night as a child, gazing up at the stars. He had fantasized about space travel, exploration, and encounters with other planets. Years later, however, he understood that those dreams carried the weight of decisions and their repercussions, causing deeper rifts in his soul.

The vastness of space seemed like a test, a blankness that doubted his very existence. It was both intimidating and thrilling.

After considering Jenna's point, he questioned, "What do you think makes us human?" "Is it something more basic, like our

The Galactic Rescue

relationships with one another, or is it our capacity to imagine and investigate these unknowns?"

"Perhaps both," she suggested. Perhaps human nature is a tapestry made of connections and dreams. Don't you think they complement each other and aren't mutually exclusive?

Simon thought about what she had said as they flew through the chasm. Indeed, he felt rooted in the connections that had led him to this point, despite their quest for knowledge. Despite being strained by circumstances, the bonds of friendship and family had the capacity to rekindle purpose.

His mind drifted towards his parents, who had stoked his interest in the stars as scientists. They had given him an unquenchable curiosity that had finally brought him to this point. However, he had also been ripped away from the comforts of love and connection by that same curiosity, leaving a hollow ache in its wake.

"Jenna," he exclaimed, suddenly wanting to express his feelings, "do you ever consider what might occur if we never returned?"

She looked at him in confusion and asked, "What do you mean?"

The Galactic Rescue

For example, we might disappear into the stars and never be heard from again. For all of us, what does that mean? Is it worthwhile? As he spoke, a knot of doubt twisted in his stomach.

Her eyes followed the black horizon of space as she cocked her head. "Simon, there are risks associated with every great adventure. We might face difficulties or never come back, but that's life. Your legacy—what you leave behind—is influenced by every second you spend chasing your goals. That's what makes us human, isn't it? To pursue excellence despite our mortality?"

Perhaps she was correct—having the guts to pursue dreams despite the risks involved was the essence of exploration. He embarked on this mission with the intention of redefining his universe; maybe he would discover the meanings that lie deep within himself.

Simon accepted the reality that his importance extended well beyond the boundaries of Earth as the spacecraft continued its journey. His heart beat in time with the possibilities, stoking a fire that drove him forward into the future. He dedicated himself to this quest for meaning and community, one step at a time. Even though the answers are still unknown and surely inaccessible, his spirit would shine brightly in the

The Galactic Rescue

midst of the vast unknown, much like the stars do in the endless night.

As each moment went by, Simon realized he was a part of something bigger than he had ever dreamed. It was about life in general—a quest for purpose among the stars—not just Mars. As the countdown came to an end, he felt the excitement of adventure as well as the energy of hope—hope that he would discover that connection within himself as well as with the universe.

He inhaled deeply as the last seconds passed, prepared to accept the vastness of space as well as the closeness of his own humanity, which had been forged in the furnace of exploration.

Onboard the Starship

The interior of the starship Voyager felt alive, its metal structure humming with the energy of the crew moving about with purpose. At the bridge, Simon Vale was surrounded by holographic displays flickering with blinking lights, readouts, and graphs showing all from their spatial position to the stress levels of the ship's hull. A reminder of the machinery that surrounded them—both intimidating and exciting, the crisp scent of recycled air mingled with the little smell of engine grease.

A voice asked, "Simon, status check on thrusters?" Lina, the ship's pilot, was staring fixedly at the main screen showing vast galaxies set against the velvet of space. A strand of her auburn hair came loose from its tight bun, and Simon briefly admired her unflagging concentration.

Lina, the thrusters are in the green, he said, his voice steady as he double-checked the readouts. The present output is at ideal levels.

Well. Let's maintain it thus. I won't let turbulence interfere with our path, she said with a confident grin. Lina had built her name as one of the finest in their sector. She could read the ship's

The Galactic Rescue

reactions, feel its pulse, almost as though she and the Voyager shared an elemental link.

Returning to his console, Simon went through the series of checks he had long ago memorized. The crew had spent months together getting ready for this mission, so the atmosphere hummed with camaraderie. But he couldn't get rid of the creeping feeling of disconnection that enveloped him like a shroud, a subtle but relentless weight that appeared to get heavier with every passing hour.

From across the room, Jon, the communications officer, yelled "Hey, Simon!" his fingers racing over the interface sending Earth data. People back home are still sending their support. You ought to look at it.

"Later," Simon said, trying to ignore the twinge of unease that started to surface inside him. Though every one served as a reminder of what he had lost, he appreciated the notes. He sensed the pressure of everyone's expectations, the burden of dreams they had projected onto him as their envoy to Mars.

Still homesick, I see? Jon kept inquiring with a light-hearted yet serious tone. Once we reach the red planet, you will be alright. Imagine only the finds awaiting you!

The Galactic Rescue

Simon smiled despite his discomfort. He wished to think that, but the thought of never returning to Earth caused dread to wrap around his heart. He had signed up for this mission to clear the path for human exploration, but now, suspended in this frigid void, he started to doubt his own determination. Every heartbeat reverberated in the prison of his consciousness, pounding against his ideas like a frantic tick.

Maya, the ship's biochemist, recommended as she sorted some research notes, "You should join us for movie night." Though it also served as a barrier against his own emotions, her happy attitude was infectious. While we're rocketing off to the genuine thing, nothing beats a classic Martian thriller!

Simon said, his fingers gliding over the console's smooth surface, "Of course, I'll consider it." Their laughter was real and reflected camaraderie developed on many training missions. But the more they tried to involve him, the more he felt like an outsider.

The rhythmic chorus of mechanical noises turned into a white noise lulling him into his thoughts as the Voyager sank deeper into the vacuum. Once airborne, he could manage everything—the math of flight, the technical specifications' design, and the calculations. But in

The Galactic Rescue

the stillness of those starry nights, deep-seated anxieties gnawed at him—what if he let them down? What if he was no longer the guy depended on to make sense of disorder?

An alert sounded from the ship's systems, drawing Simon out of his introspection. The energy levels shot up, calling for an instant assessment. "Severe power fluctuations, throttling down to conserve reserves!" he declared, his heart racing with the excitement of challenge. The crew became serious; their camaraderie changed to professional instinct.

Simon said, "Diagnosing the issue," sensing a change in their interactions. Tapping into the ship's subsystems, he hurried his pace to strike a careful balance between operational stability and diagnostics. Engaging with his crew in group problem-solving, he felt, if only momentarily, the threads of isolation fray.

"More power to life support," Lina commanded, her voice breaking through the organized fear clouds to remind him they were in this together. Simon looked at her and nodded in agreement; he was quickly pulled back to the core of their goal: to depend on one another and to cooperate.

The Galactic Rescue

Simon looked over the technical data flowing in front of him, muddling his thoughts just slightly with mistakes and discrepancies. He had to revive the foundations of his engineering knowledge to stabilize their systems by drawing conclusions from trends. Though uncertainty grew in his head, he told the crew the results and combined their knowledge.

"Look here," he said, indicating the readouts. Rerouting the power via the auxiliary circuits should help us to stabilize the life support and the thrust. It only has to be done precisely.

Jon said, "Let's do it," hurrying to carry out the suggested fix. The team sprang into action, and for a brief moment, Simon felt a rush of pride as he coordinated the mayhem, transforming possible catastrophe into victory. It was a lovely reminder of shared purpose—a signal that resonated back through their training, a pledge tied by obligation.

They were able to fix the problem as time passed, and the systems of the ship once more hummed in sync. High-fives and cheers rang out all over the room, but Simon found the celebration subdued, so he silently recognized his odd sense of remaining distance. His heart stayed tied to unfulfilled questions even in triumph, like glimmers of hope trapped in a distant star.

The Galactic Rescue

Look at this. All we required was some cooperation, Maya said, playfully prodding Simon. Simon, you are a lifesaver.

Lina smiled, and for that split second, it appeared as though everyone forgot the great expanse of space surrounding them. Simon shrugged and smiled, but deep inside the dissonance kept spinning as thick and unrelenting as the infinite vacuum outside.

Lina said, pulling the crew back to the reality of space travel, "Alright, everyone, let's keep going." Simon, I believe you should go with Maya to inspect our hydroponics lab supplies. We have to make sure everything is stockpiled and prepared for long-term living.

"Right," Simon said, still considering the leftover tension in his head. He readied himself to negotiate the vibrating corridors of the starship, the surroundings changing from the open space of the bridge to the tight confines of their living quarters.

Walking next to him, Maya could feel her excitement as they wove between the mission patch and Earth photo decorated corridors of the starship. Though he struggled, Simon attempted to reflect her enthusiasm, concentrating instead on the ticking clock in his head—reminding him of

The Galactic Rescue

the always running out time before they arrived Mars. A simple journey with far more complexity than he had ever planned for, he was just an engineer heading to another planet to excavate rocks.

A soothing smell of growing plants wafted through the air as they neared the hydroponics lab, an aroma that brought back memories of home—an unusual combination of fresh earth and life.

Maya remarked, breathing deeply as they walked in, "Seeing this makes it all worth it." Growing like an oasis against the sharp backdrop of metal and technology, rows of vivid green plants

Habitually, Simon reached to change the nutrient levels, letting the comfort of procedural work wash over him. Sure, a successful mission depends on it. A consistent food supply will maintain our spirits high, he said.

Recalibrating the sensors, he carefully examined the nutrients and the fragile balance interwoven in the development of every plant. Simon, though, felt marooned in his thoughts once again in the quiet sounds surrounding him, tormented by self-doubt.

The Galactic Rescue

"Simon," Maya said, stepping closer and softening her voice, "You have the abilities; more crucially, you have us." We're all in this together.

He blinked at her, grateful for her warmth but fighting his own failure to completely reach out. "I know," he said, weighing his words. It's simply a lot to take in.

"I understand," she said, her eyes sparkling with compassion. "But remember why you are here. You belong with us, Simon, in whatever form that takes.

Simon, feeling uneasy, refocused on the plants. Just as he wished one day he might too, he changed the lighting settings and observed their progress taking shape.

Simon was constantly caught in the rhythm of ship life—daily checks, technical repairs, briefings, and laughter during shared meals—as the days aboard the Voyager became weeks. But when he looked into people's faces, reflecting their smiles back at them, he felt as though he was holding a mirror to everyone. His own joy withered like the fading stars in the distance.

The silence grew louder the more they traveled through the vacuum; even the throaty hum of the engines seemed muted by the echo of

The Galactic Rescue

loneliness in his heart. Every gentle heartbeat brought him closer to cosmic apathy—a reminder of his own boundaries as space pulled itself closer around him.

More than the excitement of being on the verge of discovery, the trip started to reveal the raw edges of his anxieties—a fear not only of failure but also of the actual core of being completely alone in a location as remote as the universe. Though he was surrounded by strangers turning into friends, he always felt more alone than ever, suspended in a future he could not fully understand or influence.

Though he fought internally, the crew pressed on, their spirits somewhat lifted by the momentum of their goal and the prospect of fresh horizons. They grew together as a community, celebrated minor successes, and exchanged tales. Simon battled the invisible barriers he had built around himself while guiding through the engineering challenges. But with every week that went by, the loneliness started to change into bittersweet clarity; the walls he believed he had erected were made of anxieties linking him to his past.

One late night, as he checked systems on the bridge, he looked out into the void and was amazed at how beautifully sharp it was. For the