

Rolling Thunder

We're stranded. That's the only thing that kept going through his mind. He labored to find a solution. He couldn't focus no matter how hard he tried. He had to calm down and think. His team wasn't the only ones aboard. There was the group of strangers from the other side of the station. They must be scattered around the area from the wreckage. He wanted to go to them soon. A search party would be formed and they could go out then. He thought of those lost. He felt bad for some, love for a few others.

You wouldn't believe it to look at them now, but the team was normally a calm, collective, and smart group of people. They know how to work together to make the best of all situations. That's why they were chosen for this. The selection tips for the team leads included the ability to act individually as well as a team. Seems strange at the time but he remembered the rules for selection were odd. Two full teams were chosen. One team at one end of the station isolated. On the other end, and also isolated was his team. They weren't told why they couldn't communicate. He expected it was a control experiment so he put it out of his mind. Now both teams would find each other given this terrible accident. There was nothing more to do except to get that search team together.

I understood it all. That's what he told himself. The process was flowing so smooth and reams of data poured in. How a team of minds like theirs couldn't see it, he'd never know. They were close to finding the answers, but now days were full of survival as opposed to solving the mysteries of life in zero G. He put that out of his mind for now. His total commitment to surviving the next day would entail finding that other team. He gathered supplies and survivors. Time is funny, he thought. His kids back on Earth. The last hugs. That was months ago, yet it was a few minutes to him. Well what do we have here? He found a med kit. It was badly damaged in the wreck. The sides of the armored case caved in. I'm hoping that it's still useful, he thought. His team gathered, and supplied, they set off to search for the strangers. Thinking about his family, he would be extra careful and concentrate. He had to make it back for them.

Of terror and tragedy, one would think they are siblings twined about each other. For him, it was only tragedy. Once you understand space travel, the terror just leaves. But there are still dangers, and they found them. No team member wouldn't want to go through that again. It was a miracle this many survived! They traveled for several hours. They would get to the other group by the end of the day. He saw the dust cloud. It took much longer to settle here than on Earth. This place just had different rules. The crater lip was several hundred meters to his two o'clock. They had walked from their part of the wreckage to nearly the crater's edge in a few hours. He ran a quick mental list of their supplies. Any deviation from their consumption would put them at great risk. They just didn't have enough. Maybe the group from the other wreckage would have enough to share. There were possibly several dozen people stranded here. He felt like the last guy on this world.