Sci-Fi Sample – Space Opera

The ship landed, if landed was the right word: Gerard had barely felt it take off. The main door to the spacecraft (because that was what it had to be, right?) opened and showed what Gerard had expected to be land a few meters away or an otherwise unimpressive trip. Instead, he looked out on a whole set of buildings in various stages of decay: ramps that descended into nowhere, launch pads broken in midair, and hallways that seemed to run through them all. Gerard had a gun but wasn't comfortable using it unless it became an emergency. He kept it in mind but didn't take it out.

Christopher Rivera and his band of military men seemed to not share any of the qualms, as guns were instantly pulled. Gerard was in the front but not actually considering going into the wasteland. In fact, they could breathe there, next to the ship, but what guaranteed that they would be able to breathe when they were deep in--whatever this was?

He was getting ready to walk back into the ship and make a game plan when he heard screaming, and not just anyone screaming: Row. He had been on the opposite side of the ship, which seemed to have opened off into the distance. Even Row calling was more conversation than he and Gerard had had in a long time, but Gerard still went sprinting for the nearest landing pad. Rivera stepped in front of him, gun pulled, but Gerard reached out and socked him in the nose, and there was the sound of cracking. Rivera looked more surprised than hurt; it seemed like his bent nose had been broken before.

Gerard kept going, and Rivera motioned on his men. "Let's move then."

The next landing pad wasn't actually a jump forward; it was right underneath. However, if you stumbled back at all, you would fall to--well, whatever was below what looked like miles of mist. Gerard wasn't going to ignore screaming, though, and made the jump, forcing himself to land with stability rather than lean either way. As he moved on, he didn't know if anyone would follow him, but Christopher and his friends did. Apparently, he wasn't the sort of man who liked to be left behind.

Clara surprised Gerard when she followed, as the only woman and the CEO of the oil rigging company. Gerard had expected her to be both too proud and unwilling to get dirty. They all made it safely, however.

Gerard led the pack in the direction of the screaming, and they took off. Still, even while focusing, Gerard couldn't help but think of what was around him: the high ceilings, with what looked like human-made lights above them, and all the hallways, all the doorways, seemed to be human-sized. For a moment, *human* passed through Gerard's mind, but instead, he kept running towards the screaming. There was no need to notice any of the building right now, except enough not to fall and die.

"I'm coming, Row!" he screamed, and his feet pounded hard against the ground. As he traveled, some of the mist was less thick, and he saw more of what was out of the ruins around him. It looked like they were on some sort of barren planet or maybe a moon. Gerard didn't know much about that sort of thing. The mist didn't cover as much as it seemed to, and as he worked his way down the hallways, he was able to get past it.

Sometimes, the floor creaked beneath him. However, he was a bit more apprehensive about running on a foundation that was screeching even before he touched it. He considered testing with one foot, but with the way Row was screaming, he couldn't be somewhere safe. He decided to bound on it and hope that speed would make up for his weight. When his first foot hit it, a crack resounded throughout the whole structure. Gerard didn't know if he still wanted to run over it, but his foot was already there, so he sprinted.

The crack followed him, the landing pad cracking and falling, first where he came from, then where he was going. He felt one foot fly through the air, but Gerard stomped it resolutely on the ground in front of him. He put it down and then realized the second foot had nowhere to go. Gerard didn't think he could get his foot on the landing pad, it was too far, so instead, he pushed himself forward till he fell painfully on his face. Still, it kept him from falling off the cliff, and he was able to pull himself up, though his jaw was undoubtedly bruised.

He didn't look back at the others until Rivera called, "You going to help us across?"

Gerard really didn't want to help him, but he turned anyway. "Go back to the ship."

"What if you need more than you to save him." Gerard wanted to think that wasn't true, but he knew he wouldn't be so lucky. There could be aliens or even humans to fight, and if Row was in a very precarious position, it would take more than one of them to get him out.

He looked back over the jump. It had grown exponentially after the piece of the crack had fallen. There wasn't one easy pass. The ground also looked like it might break further if they got too far onto the precipice of their side. "Give me one second," Gerard called. Then he looked above him: a landing pad in the air, hanging high. It was bigger than the hole, which was exactly what he needed. He jumped up to reach it and was able to catch it with his fingers. Then, as he tried to push more weight on it, it began to fall.

The man knew he couldn't be there when it hit the ground, so he jumped back and waited till it landed hard across the gap. "There," Gerard said while everyone gaped at him. Still, they stepped across dutifully, guns aimed in every direction.

He could still hear Row's screaming, so he called out once more, "I'm coming," and then sprinted away. He wasn't sure how much danger Row was in, but he couldn't keep hearing that ear-piercing scream. He wanted more than anything for his two sons to stay safe.

The screams were getting closer until he finally entered a vast room. It had a number of landing pads in all directions, and a part of their ship, still intact but taking up much of the room. There, a few landing pads down was Row hanging from one of them, mist all below him and no handholds above. Gerard wasn't sure he could make it down, but if he had to die, he wanted Row to see that it was because he loved him.